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War and Peace

BY LEO TOLSTOY

Translated by LOUISE and AYLMER MAUDE



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CHICAGO LONDON TORONTO GENEVA SYDNEY TOKYO

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

LEO TOLSTOY 18 8—1910

COUNT LEO ALOLAYEVICH TOLSTOY was born
in his family estate of Yasnaya Polyana

interested in the popular progress reform movement of the time and in 1871 he decided to go abroad and study the educational and municipal systems of other countries. That year and the next he travelled in Europe. At Yasnaya Polyana

tances. He had, however, done a great deal of reading, of French, English and Russian novels, the New Testament, the Bible and Herodotus. The three exercises of the greatest influence upon him at this time was Rousseau, he read his complete works and for sometime wore a boot on his neck in memory of Rousseau.

Immediately upon leaving the university Tolstoy returned to his estate and perhaps inspired by his enthusiasm for Rousseau prepared to devote himself to agricultural and to improve the condition of his serfs. His first attempt at social improvement disappointed him and after six months he withdrew to Moscow. St. Petersburg was his chosen place to live and to study the character of the Russian people. In 1862 he decided to escape my debts, more than anything else my habit, he had left the Army gentleman volunteer during the Crimean War. While in Tiflis, preparing for his examination, he wrote his first poem in the trilogy *Childhood Boyhood Youth* which he elaborated to happiness in the novel *Anna Karenina*. He also began his acquaintance with her. He also began to see that culture is the enemy of happiness. Although conscious of his army life, he gradually came to realize that military career is the most difficult and sooner I get out of it I decide to say I rely on literature the better. His *Servant of Two Masters* (1863) were so successful that Czar Nicholas issued orders that he should be exempted from post office duty.

Returning to St. Petersburg, Tolstoy was rewarded with great success both in official and literary circles of the capital. He soon became

shameful. He started to write novels to provide his necessities and at the same time served as an official arbitrator for grievances between the nobles and the recently emancipated serfs. By the end of 1862 he was so exhausted that he could not work and he returned to the steppes to drink and misfrustrate his health.

Tolstoy had been contemplating marriage for some time, and in 1862 he married Sophie Behrs, fifteen years his junior and the daughter of a fashionable Moscow doctor. The early married life of the two was peaceful. Family cares occupied the Countess, and in the course of the life she bore thirteen children, one of whom survived infancy. Yet he also acted as a copyist for her husband, who after their marriage turned again to writing. He was soon at work upon a novel of the 1860s which embodied all his time and effort. He went frequently to Moscow studying letters, dramas, and traditions and accumulated a whole library of historical material on the period. He traveled through Russia for the titles of that time and traveled to Rostov to draw up a map of the battleground. Finally in 1869 after he had undergone several changes in occupation and he had spent five years of uninterrupted and exceptionally strenuous labor under the best conditions, he published his first novel.

co-temporary writers.

The years immediately following the completion of his first novel were passed in great variety of occupation, some of which Tolstoy found satisfying. He tried busy

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himself with the affairs of his estate under took the learning of Greek to read the ancient classics turned again to education wrote a series of elementary school books and served as school inspector With much urging from his wife and friends he completed *Anna Karenina* which appeared serially between 1855 and 1859 Disturbed by what he considered his unreflective and prosperous existence Tolstoy became increasingly interested in religion At first he turned to the orthodox faith of the people Unable to find rest there he began a detailed examination of religions and out of his reading particularly of the Gospels gradually evolved his own personal doctrine

Following his conversion Tolstoy adopted a new mode of life He dressed like a peasant devoted much of his time to manual work learned shoemaking and followed a vegetarian diet With the exception of his youngest daughter Alexandra Tolstoy's family remained hostile to his teaching The breach between him and his wife grew steadily wider In 1859 he wrote the *Kreutzer Sonata* in which he attacked the normal state of marriage and extolled a life of celibacy and chastity In 1881 he divided his estate among his heirs and a few years later despite the opposition of his wife announced that he would forego royal ties on all the works published after his conversion

Tolstoy made no attempt at first to propagate his religious teaching although it attracted

many followers After a visit to the Moscow slums in 1881 he became concerned with social conditions and he subsequently aided the sufferers of the famine by sponsoring two hundred and fifty relief kitchens After his meeting and intimacy with Chertkov Tolstoyism began to develop as an organized sect Tolstoy's writings became almost exclusively preoccupied with religious problems In addition to numerous pamphlets and plays he wrote *What is Art?* (1896) in which he explained his new aesthetic theories and *I Have Myself* (1903) which became the favorite work of his old age Although his activities were looked upon with increasing suspicion by the official authorities Tolstoy escaped official censure until 1901 when he was excommunicated by the Orthodox Church His followers were frequently subjected to persecution and many were either banished or imprisoned

Tolstoy's last years were embittered by

poverty living on his great estate Finally at the age of eighty-two with the aid of his daughter Alexandra he fled from home His health broke down a few days later and he was removed from the train to the station master's hut at Astopovo where he died November 19 1910 He was buried at Yasnaya Polyana in the first public funeral to be held in Russia without religious rites

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THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARRANGED IN FAMILY GROUPS

THE BEZUKHOVS

Count Cyril Bezukh a wealthy nobleman of the 18th century
 Pierre his nephew legitimate first son of the deceased Count
 Bazukh — the character of the novel
 Princess Catherine his cousin

THE ROSTOVS

his eldest son the army cadet

Countess Vera Rostova the eldest daughter
 Countess Natalya (Natalia) Rostova the young daughter the central
 family
 Sonya her youngest daughter
 Lieutenant Alphonse de Berg the officer who marries her

THE BOLKÓNSKIS

Princess Anna Andreyevna Bolkonskaya the daughter

the most

Princess Anna (Anatoly) Andreyevna Bolkonskaya the daughter

THE KURÁKINS

Princess Anna Kurákin the daughter
 Princess Hippolyta Kurákin the daughter
 Princess Anna Kurákin the daughter
 Princess Hélène Kurákin the daughter

THE DRUBETSKOVS

Princess Anna Drubetskaya the daughter
 Princess Boris (Boris) Drubetskaya the son
 Princess Anna Drubetskaya the daughter

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARRANGED IN FAMILY GROUPS

THE BEZUKHOVS

Co t Cyril Bezukho u e lthy n blem f Cath rine the G e t t me
 P erre his u h l'git m zed f r l s f thers d e th be omes Count
 B rukh -th e t l h c t r f the ovel
 P r n cas Cat che P e e s c us

THE ROSTOVS

Cou t Ilyá Rostó u lthy obl m n
 Cou tess N t ly R tó'a h u f
 Co t N ch l E tó t l l d s u h g e s t the rmy as a cadet
 Count Pete (Pétya) R st the y
 Count m Véra Rostó th l d d ht
 Co tess N taly (N tá h) Rostó th r j o g r d ught the central
 f m le h ter
 Só ya, p e f the R t
 Lie t n nt A p l nse kárl ch B rg fñ u h m rri l é a

THE BOLKÓNSKIS

Pri ce N ch la And ée ch Bolkó k a t d g er l
 Prince A d e v E l kó ská his m mb of Kut ov st ff
 P r ess M ry B lk skaya h d ght
 P cess El sabeth (Lás) B lkón k ya Pri A d ew u f th most
 fas t g m P te b g
 Prin N ch l s (k k) A d é ch Bolkó k P A d ew s on

THE KURAGINS

Pri e l i kurá g n lderly bñ m
 Pri H ppolyc kurá h u k m d d lders
 Pri e An le kurá h p fl g te y g s
 P r es Hélè kurá g hus da gñt th b t f l Hélè e"

THE DRUB ETSKOVS

Pri ess An M khá l n Drub ts lá ya m p o r ush d bleu m n
 P r Bo (B ry) Drubetsk y h u h t th my
 J l k rá g li wh l t m s B s

DATES OF PRINCIPAL HISTORICAL EVENTS

	O S	N S	
	Oct 11	Oct 3	Kutuzov inspects regiment near Braunau <i>Le malheureux Mack</i> arrives
	Oct 3	Nov 4	The Russian army crosses the Enns
	Oct 4	Nov 5	Fight at Amstetten
1805	Oct 28	Nov 9	The Russian army crosses the Danube
	Oct 30	Nov 11	Defeats Mortier at Durrenstein
	Nov 4	Nov 16	Napoleon retreats to Murat from Schonbrunn
	Nov 4	Nov 16	Battle of Schon Grabern
	Nov 19	Dec. 1	The Council of War at Ostrauitz
	Nov 8	Dec.	Battle of Austerlitz
1807	Jan 7	Feb 8	Battle of Preussisch Eylau
	June 2	June 14	Battle of Friedland
	June 13	June 25	The Emperors meet at Tilsit
	May 17	May 29	Napoleon leaves Dresden
	June 1	June 24	Napoleon crosses the Niemen and enters Russia
	June 14	June 6	Alexander sends Balashev to Napoleon
	July 13	July 25	" "
	Aug 4	Aug 16	" "
	Aug 5	Aug 17	" "
	Aug 7	Aug 19	Prince Nicholas Bolkónski leaves Bald Hills for Boguchitovo
	Aug 8	Aug 20	Kutuzov appointed Commander in Chief
	Aug 10	Aug 22	Prince Andrew's column abreast of Bald Hills
	Aug 17	Aug 29	Kutuzov reaches Tsárevo Záyimshche and takes command of the army
	Aug 17	Aug 29	Nicholas I ostóv rides to Boguchitovo
1812	Aug 24	Sept 5	Battle of the Shevárdino Redoubt
	Aug 26	Sept 7	Battle of Borodínó
	Sept 1	Sept 13	Kutuzov orders retreat through Moscow
	Oct 8	Oct 18	Battle of Tarutino
	Oct 6 7	Oct 18 19	The French leave Moscow
	and 8	and 20	
	Oct 18	Oct 4	Battle of Málo Yaroslávets
	Oct 21	Nov 2	Cossacks harry the French at Vázma
	Oct 8	Nov 9	The French at Smolénsk
	Nov	Nov 14	" "
	Nov 4 8	Nov 16 20	Battles at Krásnoe
	Nov 8	Nov 21	Ney with rearguard reaches Orshá
	Nov 14 16	Nov 17 28	Crossing of the Berezina
	Nov 23	Dec 5	Napoleon abandons the army at Smorgóni
	Dec. 6	Dec 18	He reaches Paris

Book One 1805

*

CHAPTER I

m told with you dy r no l u g r my
frie d l ger my f thf l l you
call y nsel But h w do y u do I se I h e
frie hte d you—ut d wn nd tell m all the
ne s.

It was n July 80 nd the speaker was th
w ll kn wn A n Pál n Schérér m d of
h d f rit of the Emp ess Márya Fe-
d ro n W th these d she greeted P
V T k raon m n f h h r a k d mpor-
t ce wh wa the first t r r e ther recep-
t A Pál n h d h d cou h f som
d ys. Sh as, he sa d sufferi g f om l
g r p p g r p p be the new word n St.
F ienb rg, used ly by tl cl t

All her tat n with t ex cept n wnt
t Fre ch d d l er ed by sca let l er
ed footman that m ru ra as f llow

If y h n thing b tter to d Co nt [r
F] d f the prospect of pe ding n
even with poo al d n t too terr bl
l hall be ery h rmed t se y ut nght be
t r 7 d o—A u Sché

Hea en w l t rul t t k l epl ed
th p th least d sc cert d by th
recept He h d j ter d eari nem
bro dered court n f rm knee b eeches, nd
boes d had tars h breast d e
ex p es h f t f H pok n th t
refi ed F h which grandf thers t
l pok b t d ght, d w h the gentl
p tr u n n tural to m n f
mport w h had grown ld soc ty nd
t urt ff went p An PÁ lovn k ssed
her h d present g her h b ld scen d
d sh head, d ompl cently sea d
h mself the sofa.

First f ll, dear fri nd tell m h w y

a e Set yo friends m d at rest sa d he
tho t lte m h s t ne beneath the pol te
ness and affected symp thy of wh ch nd fier
nc a d even irony could be d scerned.

Can e be w ll wh le sufferi g m rally?
Can o e be calm n t mes l ke these if one l
a y f l ng? sa d \ na Pál \ na "You are
stay ng th hole even I hope/

And th fete at the E l h ambassad rs?
Tod v Wednesday I m t put n an appear
nce there sa d the p nce My dau l ter
com fo me to t ke me ther

I th u l t today fet had been ca celed
I co fess all these fest ues and fireworks are
be om g rison

If they h d kno n that y u w hed t, the
en r r nme t would h e be n put off said
the p ce wh l ke wound up clock by
fo ce of hab t sa d th n he d d n t e en wish
to b bel eved

D t tease Well and wh t has been de-
cided bo t N stter s disp tch? You kn w
everyth ng

Wh t can m say about t? epl ed th
p n cold l dless tone What h s be n
decided They h e dec ded th t B ap te
ll b rnt h bo t and I bel eve that ar
re dy t b r mours

P e Vasil lw y poke l nru d l k
n ct r peau tal p rt Ann Pál o n
Schérér n the contrary desp t her forty y rs
o f w d w th m t n d m p l enes
T be n nthu a th d bec m h social o-
cat n d som t mes even wh n h d d not
f l l ke t she became eathu ast c n order
n t t d sappoint the expect t m f th se
wh k ew her Tl subd ed smle wh h
th gh t did n t u t her f d d f tures al

—

WAR AND PEACE

I don't understand things but Austria never has wished and does not wish for war She is betraying us! Russia alone must save Europe Our gracious sovereign recognizes his high vocation and will be true to it That is the one thing I have faith in! Our good and wonderful sovereign has to perform the noblest role on earth and he is so virtuous and noble that God will not forsake him He will fulfill his vocation and crush the hydra of revolution which has become more terrible than ever in the person of this murderer and villain! We alone must avenge the blood of the just one

Whom I ask you can we rely on? England with her commercial spirit will not and cannot understand the Emperor Alexander's

ch. 1. f. 10 v. 11

abnegation of our Emperor who wants nothing for himself but only desires the good of mankind And what have they promised? Nothing! And what little they have promised they will not perform! Prussia has always declared that Buonaparte is invincible and that all Europe is powerless before him And I don't believe a word that Hardenburg says or Haugwitz either This famous Prussian neutrality is just a trap I have faith only in God and the lofty destiny of our adored monarch He will save Europe!

She suddenly paused smiling at her own impetuosity

I think said the prince with a smile that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintzingerode you would have captured the King of Prussia's consent by assault You are so eloquent Will you give me a cup of tea?

In a moment *A propos* she added becoming calm again I am expecting two very interesting men tonight Le Vicomte de Mortemart who is connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans one of the best French

f. 10 v. 12
the
you
n re

carelessness as if it had only just occurred to him though the question he was about to ask was the chief motive of his visit It is true that the Dowager Empress wants Baron Funke to be appointed first secretary at Vienna? The baron

by all accounts is a poor creature

Prince Vasilii wished to obtain this post for his son but others were trying through the Dowager Empress Maria Fedorovna to secure it for the baron

Anna Pavlovna almost closed her eyes to indicate that neither she nor anyone else had a right to criticize what the Empress desired or was pleased with

Baron Funke has been recommended to the Dowager Empress by her sister was all she said in a dry and mournful tone

As she named the Empress Anna Pavlovna's face suddenly assumed an expression of profound and sincere devotion and respect mingled with sadness and this occurred every time she mentioned her illustrious patroness She added that Her Majesty had deigned to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d'estime* and again her face clouded over with sadness

The prince was silent and looked indifferent But with the womanly and courtierlike quickness and tact habitual to her Anna Pavlovna wished both to rebuke him (for daring to speak as he had done of a man recommended to the Empress) and at the same time to console him so she said

Now about your family Do you know that since your daughter came out everyone has been enraptured by her? They say she is amazingly beautiful

The prince bowed to signify his respect and gratitude

I often think she continued after a short pause drawing nearer to the prince and smiling amiably at him as if to show that political and social topics were ended and the time had come for intimate conversation— I often think how unfairly sometimes the joys of life are distributed Why has fate given you two such splendid children? I don't speak of Anatole your youngest I don't like him she added in a tone admitting of no rejoinder and raising her eyebrows Two such charming children And really you appreciate them less than any

— them

Later

would have said I lack the bump of paternality

Don't joke I mean to have a serious talk with you Do you know I am dissatisfied with your younger son? Between ourselves (and her face assumed its melancholy expression) he was mentioned at Her Majesty's and you were pitted

The prince answered nothing but she

looked t h m s g n f i c a n t l y w a t g a r p l y
H f n e d

— A > he a d a t
f r
n e d
b u t

ut fools H p p o y a
A a t l n c t n Th t s the only d f
f e r e c e b e t w e n t h e m H e a d t h m l g
i a y m t r a l a n d n m t e d t h a n
l s o t h t t h e w r n k l e s r u d h s m o u t h
e r y c l e a r l y r e c l e d s m t h g u n e p e c t e d l y
o r e a d u p l e s n t.

A d w h y e c h l d e n b n t o u c h m e n a s
y u ? I f y o u w n t i f t h e r t h e w o l d b e
t h I o l d p h y o u w t h s d A n n a

most d e o t e d s l a v e s t h a n f a s a s l l a g e
e l d e r o f m e w r i t e s n h r e p o r t s S h e i s r i c h
a n d f g o o d f m l y a n d t h t a l l i w n t
A n d w t h t h e f m l a r t y n d e a s y g r e
p e c l r t o h m h e r a i c e d t h e m a d o f h n s
h n d t o h s i p s k i s s e d i n d s w u n g i t t o a n d
f r o s h e l y b k n h s r m c h n l o o k n g i s
n o t h e r d r c t o n

A t t e d m d A n n a P á v l o v n a r e f l e c t i g
I l l p e a k t o L u c y u n g B l k ó n s k i s s e d
v e r y e n n g d p e r h p s t h e s h n c a b e
a r r a n g e d I t h l l b e o n y u r f m l y b e l l f
t h t i l l s t a r t m y a p p r e n t c e s h u p o l d m d

CHAPTER II

Arga. Proom was gradually

1

m e d t e d

H e y u e v t h o g h t f m r r y g y o u r
p d g a l n A t o l e ? h e a k e d " T h e y a y
l d m a d a h e m e f o m t c h m k n g a n d
w k e s n m e l l

t t h m b s d s e t e r t a n m e t a l e w r e
b a l l d s a n d h e b a d g e a m a d o f h o r T h e
y o u t h f u l l i t t l e P r n c e s B l k ó k a y a k n w n
a s l a f m m e l p l u s s d u a t d e P é t e s b u g

q c k o f m e m r y a d p p t n b h t t g
m n f t h e w l d h d c a t d b y a m e
m t f t h e h e d t h t h e w a c n s d n g t h u s
f r m a t

D y k w h e s d a t l t d n t l y
b l t h k t h d r r t f h u s t h g h t s,
t h t A t l c u n g m e f t y t h o u n d
r u b l e s y e a r ? A d h w e n t l i e r p e
h a t w l l t b n f y s f b e g o e o n l i k e
t h P e s e t l y h e d d e d T h a t w h t w e
f t h e r s h e t p t u p w t h I s t h u s p n c e s
f y s c h

H e f h e r e r y h a n d s t u n g y H l e s
c h u n t r y f f e t h w f k n o w n P r c e
B l k ó k w h h d t t r e f r o m t h r m y u n
d t h l t e E m p d w a s n k a m d t h e
K g f P r u s s H e s e r y c l e v e r b t n
t c, d b o e T h p o o r g l i s e r y u h a p p y
S h a b r o t h e r I t h k y k n w h m, h
m r r i e d L u s e M a n n l t l y H i s a n d e d e
c m p f k u t d w i l l b h e t n g h t.

L u t e d e a r A e t t e s a d t h p n s d
d e l y t a k g A n P á l n h a d a d f r
s o m s o d r a w g i d m w r d l r r a
t h a t f l m e d i l h a l l l y b e y u

m e w t h M o r t e m r t w h m h e i n t r d u c d
T h e A b b é M o a a n d m n y t h e r s h d a l s o
c o m e

T o c h n e w a r r i l A n n P á l o n s a d
T u k e n o t y e t e n m y u n t r l u d o
n t k w m y u n t ? n d e r y g r a e l y c o n
d u c t e d h m o h e r t o a l t l e o l d l d y
l a r g e b o w s f b b o n n h e r c a p w h h d m e
s l g n f r m n t h e r r o o m a s s o o n t h e
g u e t b e g a n t o a r r i v n d s l o l y t r n h e
e y e s f r m t h e v i t o h e r a u n t A n n P á
l n m e n t d a c h o n e n m a d t h
l e f t t h e m

E a c h t p e r f m e d t h c e m n y o f
g r e e t n g t h o l d u n t w h m n t n f t h e m
k n w n t o f t h e m w a n t e d t o k n o w a d
n o t o n f t h e m c r e d b t A P á l n
o b s e r v e d t h g r e t w s w t h m o r n f l a n d s o l
e m n n t e r t d s l n p p v a l T h e u n t
s p k e t o e a c h f t h e m n t h e s a m e w r d s a n d
t h e i r h e a l t h a d h e r w n a n d t h e h e l t h o f
H e r M j e s t y w h t h a n k G o d w a s b e t t e r t o

Th most fas t g m r b

her the whole evening

The young Princess Bolkónskaya had

too short for her teeth but it lifted all the more sweetly and was especially charming when she occasionally drew it down to meet the lower lip. As always the case with a thoroughly attractive woman her defect—the shortness of her upper lip and her half open mouth—seemed to be her own special and peculiar form of beauty. Everyone brightened at the sight of this pretty young woman so soon to become a mother so full of life and health and carrying her burden so lightly. Old men and dull dispirited young ones who looked at her after being in her company and talking to her a little while felt as if they too were becoming like her full of life and health. All who talked to her and at each word saw her bright smile and the constant gleam of her white teeth thought that they were in a specially amiable mood that day.

The little princess went round the table with quick short swaying steps her workbag on her arm and gaily spreading out her dress sat down on a sofa near the silver samovar as if all she was doing was a pleasure to herself and to all around her. I have brought my work said she in French displaying her bag and addressing all present. Mind Annette I hope you have not played a wicked trick on me she added turning to her hostess. You wrote that it was to be quite a small reception and just see how badly I am dressed. And she spread out her arms to show her short assisted lace trimmed dainty gray dress girdled with a broad ribbon just below the breast.

Soyez tranquille, Lise you will always be prettier than anyone else replied Anna Pávlovna.

You know said the princess in the same tone of voice and still in French turning to a general. My husband is deserting me? He is going to get himself killed. Tell me what this is stretched for? she added addressing Prince Vasilí and without waiting for an answer she turned to speak to his daughter the beautiful Hélène.

cc

built young man with close-cropped hair spectacles the light colored breeches fashionable at that time a very high ruffe and a brown

dress coat. This stout young man was an illegitimate son of Count Bezukhov a well known grandee of Catherine's time who now lay dying in Moscow. The young man had not yet entered either the military or civil service as he had only just returned from abroad where he had been educated and this was his first appearance in society. Anna Pávlovna greeted him with the nod she accorded to the lowest hierarchy in her drawing room. But in spite of this lowest grade greeting a look of anxiety and fear as at the sight of something too large and unsuited to the place came over her face when she saw Pierre enter. Though he was certainly rather bigger than the other men in the room her anxiety could only have reference to the clever though shy but observant and natural expression which distinguished him from everyone else in that drawing room.

It is very good of you Monsieur Pierre to come and visit a poor invalid said Anna Pávlovna exchanging an alarmed glance with her aunt as she conducted him to her.

Pierre murmured something unintelligible and continued to look round as if in search of something. On his way to the aunt he bowed to the little princess with a pleased smile as to an intimate acquaintance.

Anna Pávlovna's alarm was justified for Pierre turned away from the aunt without waiting to hear her speech about Her Majesty's health. Anna Pávlovna in dismay detained him with the words Do you know the Abbé Morio? He is a most interesting man.

Yes I have heard of his scheme for perpetual peace and it is very interesting but hardly feasible.

You think so? rejoined Anna Pávlovna in order to say something and get away to attend to her duties as hostess. But Pierre now committed a reverse act of impoliteness. First he had left a lady before she had finished speaking to him and now he continued to speak to another who was headed for the doorway. With his head bent and his big feet spread apart he began explaining his reasons for thinking the abbé's plan chimerical.

We will talk of it later said Anna Pávlovna with a smile.

And having got rid of this young man who did not know how to behave she resumed her duties as hostess and continued to listen a little watch ready to help at any point where the conversation might happen to flag. As the foreman of a spinning mill when he has set the hands to work goes round and notices here a

sp dl that has st pped there one that
 creaks makes more n e tha t sh uld, nd
 hasten i check the ma h e r set tin proper
 motion so A Pá l n mo ed about her
 drawn room approach n w l ent n w
 too-n iv gro p and b word l-hi re
 rran'em nt kept th e great nal ma h e
 steady proper d regular moti B t
 amid these cares her nxi ty about P err wa
 evicent. She kept n nx ou watch n hum
 hen he pproached th group ound M rt
 mart to l i tent wh t was be nguid there nd
 rain hen he p ssed to an th group whose
 enter was the bbe

P erre had been ed cated broad and ths
 receptu at Ann F l vn wa th first h
 had tte ded Russ H knew that l th
 int llectual hts f Petersburg were gathered
 there and, like ch ld ton h p d d not
 k w h ch wa t look fraul of missing any
 clever co versat that wa to be heard. See
 in the self-co fid t d refined express o
 th fa es f those present he w l av s ex
 pectn t hear som ths ere prof u d. At
 last h came p t M ro Here the con ersa
 tion seemed interest d h stood waitin
 for an pportun ty t express his wn tws
 u. peopl ar f d old

CHAPTER III

A P lo s recept was full swing
 The spindles l mmed ead ly d caselessly
 on ll des. W th th excep so of th unt,
 beside hom sat onl on eld-ly l d wh
 w th her th careworn f was rather out of
 place th brillia t soc ty th wh le com
 p ll ds, tiled into thre gro p O e chief
 mascul had f rm d ound th bbe An
 other of g peopl wa crouped round
 th bea ulful Princes H l Prince v sil s
 daugh er d th ltl Pr cress Bolk n ka a
 ery pretty and rosy th b rather too plump
 f w her a, e. Th th rd gro p wa gathered
 rou d M rtemart and A l lo na.

Th ont was n look youn man
 w th soft features d pol shed man ers, who
 re d ntlr on dered himself a el brity but
 out f pol tene modestly placed himself at
 th disposal f th cird n which H found
 h mself Anna Pá lovn was obvio sly servin
 hum p treat to her guests. As clever
 maitre d'hôtel serves up spectly cho ce
 d heavy pec fmez that o who had
 seen t the kitchen would ha cared t eat,
 so A na Pá loyna served up to her guests, first
 th com.e and then the bbe as pecularly

cho ce morsels. The gr up abo i M rtemart
 mmedat l beand scuss gth m rder of tl
 B cd En h e Tle comte sa d that tle Duc
 d En-h en h d perished b l o n ma
 n m t nd th t th e were part cular reason

sou d of that se ten e l. ter our gels
 l e mt

Th vicomte bowed nd m led courteou l
 n t ken of h: will n-ness to comply Ann
 P l vn arra ved a group ro nd hum n i
 everso t l i n to hual

Th comte knes the du person ll
 wh ppered Anna P lo n too e of the guests.
 Th comt wo derful ra out ur sa d
 s. t an ther H wes denly h belon to
 the best soc ety sa d she to a th d nd th
 vi omnt wa served up t th comp n in the
 ch est nd most ad antageou t l l le
 well-arn shed j nt of oa t beef on hot
 di h

Th comt wh ed to begin his st ry and
 ga e ubtl n le

Come er her H lène dea sa d A n
 ll lo n to the bea tfuly u p cess ho
 was s tta s me wa ll, the c ter of nother
 gr up

The princess smiled. She rose w th the same
 u ch n o m le w th wh ch he h d first en
 tered the oom-th m le of a perfectly beaut
 f l nom W th l h t ru l of b wh te
 d es trimmed w th moss nd th leam
 f wh te ho ld rs, los h n d sp kl
 diamo ds, sh passed between t e m m who
 m de wa f rther n t look n t ny of them
 but sm l m n all s f gr ously ll w n
 ea h th p ter f dm her beautul f
 floure d shapel hould rs, back, and bosom
 -wh ch n th fash n of those d vs were ery
 m ch exposed- nd sh seemed to b o the
 glamou f b lroom th h she m ed
 s word t n P l vn Hete wa so lo el
 that n t l d d sh n t sh w trace of
 coquetry b t n the m trary sh ev n ppeared
 sh f h quest n bl nd ll oo t
 ou beaut Sh seemed t w sh, but t be un
 bl t d m m sh is effect.

H w lo n ly sa d very m who saw h r
 and th comt l fted his h ulders nd
 dropped h eyes s f tarted by som thn ex
 tra rd ry wh sh took her seat oppos t nd
 beamed pon him also with her u chang
 smil

Madame I doubt my ability before such an audience said he smilingly inclining his head

The princess rested her bare round arm on a little table and considered a reply unnecessary She smilingly waited All the time the story was being told she sat upright glancing now at her beautiful round arm altered in shape by its pressure on the table now at her still more beautiful bosom on which she rested just a diamond necklace From time to time she smoothed the folds of her dress and when ever the story produced an effect she glanced at Anna Pavlovna at once adopted just the expression she saw on the maid of honor's face and again relapsed into her radiant smile

The little princess had also left the tea table and followed Hélène

Wait a moment I'll get my work Now then what are you thinking of? she went on turning to Prince Hippolyte Fetch me my workbag

There was a general movement as the princess smiling and talking merrily to everyone at once sat down and gaily arranged herself in her seat

Now I am all right she said and asking the vicomte to begin she took up her work

Prince Hippolyte having brought the workbag joined the circle and moving a chair close to hers seated himself beside her

Le charmant Hippolyte was surprising by his extraordinary resemblance to his beautiful sister but yet more by the fact that in spite of this resemblance he was exceedingly ugly His features were like his sister's but while in her case everything was lit up by a joyous self-satisfied youthful and constant smile of animation and by the wonderful classic beauty of her figure his face on the contrary was dulled by imbecility and a constant expression of sullen self-confidence while his body was thin and weak His eyes nose and mouth all seemed puckered into a vacant vacated grimace and his arms and legs always fell into unnatural positions

It's not going to be a ghost story? said he sitting down beside the princess and hastily adjusting his lorgnette as if without this instrument he could not begin to speak

Why no my dear fellow said the astonished narrator shrugging his shoulders

Because I hate ghost stories said Prince Hippolyte in a tone which showed that he only understood the meaning of his words after he had uttered them

He spoke with such self-confidence that his hearers could not be sure whether what he said was very witty or very stupid He was dressed in a dark green dress coat knee breeches of the color of *cuisse de nymphe effrayée* as he called it shoes and silk stockings

The vicomte told his tale very neatly It was an anecdote then current to the effect that the Duc d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to visit Mademoiselle George that at her house he came upon Bonaparte who also enjoyed the famous actress's favors and that in his presence Napoleon happened to fall into one of the fainting fits to which he was subject and was thus at the duke's mercy The latter spared him and this magnanimity Bonaparte subsequently repaid by death

The story was very pretty and interesting especially at the point where the rivals suddenly recognized one another and the ladies looked at it

Charming! said Anna Pavlovna with an inquiring glance at the little princess

Charming! whispered the little princess sticking the needle into her work as if to testify that the interest and fascination of the story prevented her from going on with it

The vicomte appreciated this silent praise and smiling gratefully prepared to continue but just then Anna Pavlovna who had kept a watchful eye on the young man who so alarmed her noticed that he was talking too loudly and vehemently with the abbé so she hurried to the rescue Pierre had managed to start a conversation with the abbé about the influence of power and the latter evidently interested

Europe and the rights of the people the abbé was saying It is only necessary for one powerful nation like Russia—barbaric as she may be—to place herself disinterestedly at the head of an alliance having for its object the maintenance of the balance of power of Europe and it would save the world

But how are you to get that balance? Pierre was beginning

At that moment Anna Pavlovna came up and looking severely at Pierre asked the Italian how he stood the Russian climate The Italian's face instantly changed and assumed an offensively affected sugary expression evidently habitual to him when conversing with women

"I'm so enchanted by the brilliancy of the wit and culture of the society more especially of the feminine society in which I have had the honor to be received that I have not yet had time to think of the dilemma said he. Nevertheless the abbé and Prince escape Anna Lovina the more conveniently to keep them under observation brought them into the larger circle.

CHAPTER II

Just then as they were entering the drawing room Prince Andrew Bolkonsky the little princess Anna had. He was very handsome

added in a voice so silent to disturb the vicomte who was continuing his story. Impossible said Prince Andrew though gaudy as Prince Shand to show that there was no need to ask the question.

Princess

You must excuse me dear vicomte said Prince Vasili the Frenchman smilingly when by the lecture finally prevented his going. "The magnificent fête at the ambassador's deprives me of a pleasure and obliges me to interrupt you I am very sorry to leave your enchanting party said he turning to Anna Pavlovna.

radiantly on her beautiful face. Prince gazed at her with rapacious, almost frightened, eyes he passed her.

"Very elegantly said Prince Andrew. "Very said Prince

I knew nothing of the drawing room, but had found them to be so tiresome that I wearied him to look to listen to them. And among all these faces that he found so tedious, seemed to bore him so much that of his pretty wife. He turned away from her with grimace that did not hide his indignation, kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand and screwed up his eyes scanned the whole company. "If it were Prince said Anna Pavlovna

General Kutuzov said Bolkonsky peaking in French dresses with a twinkle of the general's like Frenchman has been pleased to take me as aide-de-camp

And leave your wife

"She will go to the country

Are you ashamed to discuss your harm

He said his wife addressed her husband in the same coquettish manner in which she spoke to other men though the vicomte has been illius us uch tal bou M demouelle George de B part

Prince Andrew screwed up his eyes and turned away from the vicomte. Prince Andrew entered the room and watched him though disaffected eyes, on came and took his turn. But he looked round. Prince Andrew frowned and expressed his annoyance with whoever was talking. But he saw Prince's beams of light and he expected to be pleased and pleasant to him.

"There now! So you, too, are in the great world? said he to Prince

I know you would be here replied Prince I will come to supper with you My dear

in this and thus the first time I have seen him in society. Nothing so necessary for young men as the society of level men.

Anna Pavlovna smiled and promised to talk. Prince had. She knew his father's behavior on of Prince Vasili's. The elderly lady who had been with the old vicomte hurriedly and overtook Prince Vasili in the anteroom. All the affection of interest she had as much as did to her kindly desire to be with him and to be praised only anxiety and fear

"About my son Boris, Prince said she, hurrying after him into the anteroom. I can't remain any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what news I may take back to my poor boy

Although Prince Vasili then reluctantly did not expoliate the elderly lady even betraying some impudence she gave him no reason and appeal of smile and took him to that he must not go away

What would it cost you to say word to the

Madame I doubt my ability before such an audience said he smilingly inclining his head

The princess rested her bare round arm on a little table and considered a reply unnecessary She smilingly waited All the time the story was being told she sat upright glancing now at her beautiful round arm altered in shape by its pressure on the table now at her still more beautiful bosom on which she readjusted a diamond necklace From time to time she smoothed the folds of her dress and whenever the story produced an effect she glanced at Anna Pavlovna at once adopted just the expression she saw on the maid of honor's face and again relapsed into her radiant smile

The little princess had also left the tea table and followed Hélène

Wait a moment I'll get my work Now then what are you thinking of? she went on turning to Prince Hippolyte Fetch me my workbag

There was a general movement as the princess smiling and talking merrily to everyone once sat down and gaily arranged herself in her seat

Now I am all right she said and asking the vicomte to begin she took up her work

Prince Hippolyte having brought the workbag joined the circle and moving a chair close to hers seated himself beside her

Le charmant Hippolyte was surprising by his extraordinary resemblance to his beautiful sister but yet more by the fact that in spite of this resemblance he was exceedingly ugly His features were like his sister's but while in her case everything was lit up by a jovious self-satisfied youthful and constant smile of animation and by the wonderful classic beauty of her figure his face on the contrary was dulled by imbecility and a constant expression of sullen self-confidence while his body was thin and weak His eyes nose and mouth all seemed puckered into a vacant veiled grimace and his arms and legs always fell into unnatural positions

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which was why Anna Pavlovna disapproved

The means are the balance of power in Europe and the rights of the people the abbé was saying It is only necessary for one powerful nation like Russia—barbaric as she is said to be—to place herself disinterestedly at the head of an alliance having for its object the maintenance of the balance of power of Europe and it would save the world!

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I hope this will prove the last drop that will make the Russian over-Anna Pávlovna conquered. "The sovereign will not be able to endure this man who men ce to every thing."

"The sovereign I do not speak of Russia," said the vicomte, "poor but hopeless. The Whigs have done

reward of th ir betrayal of the Bourbon cause
The sovereign Wh they are sending am-
bassadors compliment the usurper"

And in his disclaimers he was charged
 to prove.

Princess Hippolyte, who had been visiting the vicomte for some time through his lot, suddenly turned completely round toward the little princess. She was asked if she had, and began tracing the Condé coat of arms on the table. He explained that her with such gravity as if she had led him to do so.

B ton d g e u l e s e n n l d g e u l e s d
e n n o n C d s a d h e

The prince listened amazed.
If Bonaparte remain on the throne of France earloner the court continued with the aim in which matter with his his is be acquainted nan. He does listen to others but follows the current of his own thought. Things will have gone too far Bonaparte. Hence exile and executions. French society—I mean good French society—will have been forever destroyed, and then

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. Pierre's bed made remark of the conversation interested him, but a father who had him under observation interrupted.

The Emperor Alexander said that with the march which always accompanied reference to him to the Imperial family he declared that he will leave the French people themselves to choose their own form of government and believe that once free from the usurper the whole nation will eventually throw itself into the arms of the right king, the conclusion to be arrived at by the royalist emigrant.

That is doubtless said Prince Andrew
Mon sieur I count quite rightly supposes
that matters have bread gone so far I think
will be difficult to return the old regime.

From what I have heard said Pierre
blushing and breaking to the conversation
almost all the aristocracy has already gone
out Bonaparte said

It is the Bureau's view that "replaced the vicomte without looking at Pierre. At the present time it is difficult to know the real state of French public opinion."

"Bonaparte has said so," remarked Prince Andrew with a sarcastic smile.

It was evident that he did not like the room and was aiming his remarks at him though without looking at him.

I showed them the path to glory but the

justified in saving so

"Not in the least," replied the vicomte. After the murder of the duc even the most partial ceased to regard him here. If to some people he went on turn to Anna Pálovna, he was here after the murder of the duc there was on martyr more n heaven and on here less on earth.

Before Anna Pálková and the others had time to smile their appreciation of the complimentary poem, Peter Gaňák broke into the conversation, and though Anna Pálková felt sure he would say something in appropriate she was unable to stop him.

"The execution of the Duc d'Enghien" declared Minister Perre "was political necessity and seems to me that Napoleon showed greatness of soul by not fearing to take on himself the whole responsibility of that deed."

Don't you Don't" muttered Anna Pi
lovna in terrified whisper

"What, M n eur Perr Do you con
sider that assassination shows greatness of
soul," said th litt princess, "smul n a d
th draw her work nearer t her

"Cap'tain" said Prince Hippolyte in English, and began slipping his knee with the palm of his hand.

The vicomte merely shrugged his shoulders. Fern looked solemnly at him and once or twice his spectacles dropped.

I saw so he continued desperately "be-
 cause the Bourbon fled from the Revolution
 left the people to anarchy and Napoleon
 alone understood the Revolution and led
 it, and so for the general good, he could not
 stop short of the task for man himself.

difficult for me to ask the Emperor I should advise you to appeal to Rumyantsev through Prince Golitsyn. That would be the best way.

The elderly lady was a Princess Drubetskaya belonging to one of the best families in Russia but she was poor and having long been out of society had lost her former influential connections. She had now come to Petersburg to procure an appointment in the Guards for her only son. It was in fact solely to meet Prince Vasilii that she had obtained an invitation to Anna Pavlovna's reception and had sat listening to the vicomte's story. Prince Vasilii's words frightened her; an embittered look clouded her once handsome face but only for a moment then she smiled again and clutched Prince Vasilii's arm more tightly.

Listen to me, Prince, said she. I have never yet asked you for anything and I never will again nor have I ever reminded you of my father's friendship for you but now I entreat you for God's sake to do this for my son—and I shall always regard you as a benefactor should he add hurriedly. No don't be angry but promise! I have asked Golitsyn and he has refused. Be the kindhearted man you always were, she said trying to smile though tears were in her eyes.

Papa said he was late, said Princess Hélène turning her beautiful head and looking over her classically molded shoulder as she stood waiting by the door.

Influence in society has ever been a capital which has to be economized if it is to last. Prince Vasilii knew this and having once realized that if he asked on behalf of all who begged of him he would soon be unable to ask for himself he became chary of using his influence. But in Princess Drubetskaya's case he felt after her second appeal something like qualms of conscience. She had reminded him of what was quite true: he had been indebted to her father for the first steps in his career. More over he could see by her manners that she was one of those women—mostly mothers—who having once made up their minds will not rest until they have gained their end and are prepared if necessary to go on insisting day after day and hour after hour and even to make scenes. This last consideration moved him.

My dear Anna Mikháylovna, said he with his usual familiarity and earnestness, let me at

least have my hand on it. Are you satisfied?

My dear benefactor! This is what I expected from you—I knew your kindness! He turned to go.

Wait—just a word! When he has been transferred to the Guards, she faltered. You are on good terms with Michael Ilarionovich Kutuzov? I recommend Boris to him as adjutant! Then I shall be at rest and then.

Prince Vasilii smiled.

No, I won't promise that. You don't know how Kutuzov is pestered since his appointment as Commander in Chief. He told me himself that all the Moscow ladies have conspired to give him all their sons as adjutants.

No, but do promise! I won't let you go! My dear benefactor.

Papa said his beautiful daughter in the same tone as before. I shall be late.

Well, *au revoir!* Good by! You hear her?

Then tomorrow you will speak to the Emperor?

Certainly, but about Kutuzov I don't promise.

Do promise, do promise, Vasilii cried. Anna Mikháylovna as he went with the smile of a coquettish girl which at one time probably came naturally to her but was now very ill suited to her careworn face.

Apparently he had forgotten her age and by force of habit employed all the old feminine arts. But as soon as the prince had seen her face resumed its former cold, artificial expression. She returned to the group where the vicomte was still talking and again pretended to listen while waiting till it would be time to leave. Her task was accomplished.

CHAPTER V

AND what do you think of this latest comedy, the coronation at Milan? asked Anna Pavlovna and of the comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca laying their petitions before Monsieur Buonaparte and Monsieur Buonaparte sitting on a throne and granting the petitions of the nations? Adorable! It is enough to make one's head whirl! It is as if the whole world had gone crazy.

Prince Andrew looked at Anna Pavlovna straight in the face with a sarcastic smile.

Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche! They say he is very fine when he said that he remarked repeating the words in Italian.

God has given it to me, let me who touches it beware!

Won't you come over to the other table suggested Anna Pavlovna

But Pierre continued his speech without heeding her

No, cried he, becoming more and more eager. Napoleon is great because he rose superior to the Revolution, suppressed its abuses, preserved all that was good in it—equality of citizenship and freedom of speech and of the press—and only for that reason did he obtain power

Yes, if having obtained power without availing himself of it to commit murder he had restored it to the rightful king, I should have called him a great man, remarked the vicomte

He could not do that. The people only gave him power that he might rid them of the Bourbons, and because they saw that he was a great man. The Revolution was a grand thing! continued Monsieur Pierre, betraying by this desperate and provocative proposition his extreme youth and his wish to express all that was in his mind

What? Revolution and regicide a grand thing? Well, after that. But won't you come to this other table? repeated Anna Pavlovna

said the vicomte

I am speaking

regretted

they

are not what is most important. What is important are the rights of man, emancipation from prejudices and equality of citizenship and all these ideas Napoleon has retained in full force

been discredited. Who does not love liberty and equality? Even our Saviour preached liberty and equality. Have people since the Revolution become happier? On the contrary. We wanted liberty, but Buonaparte has destroyed it.

Prince Andrew kept looking with an amused smile from Pierre to the vicomte and from the vicomte to their hostess. In the first moment of Pierre's outburst Anna Pavlovna, despite her social experience, was horror-struck. But when she saw that Pierre's sacri-

legious words had not exasperated the vicomte and had convinced herself that it was impossible to stop him, she rallied her forces and joined the vicomte in a vigorous attack on the orator.

But my dear Monsieur Pierre, said she, how do you explain the fact of a great man executing a duc—or even an ordinary man—who is innocent and untried?

I should like, said the vicomte, to ask how Monsieur explains the 18th Brumaire, is no no

was horrible! said the little princess, shrugging her shoulders

He's a low fellow, say what you will, remarked Prince Hippolyte

Pierre, not knowing whom to answer, looked at them all and smiled. His smile was unlike the half smile of other people. When he smiled, his grave, even rather gloomy look was instantaneously replaced by another—a childlike, kindly, even rather silly look, which seemed to ask forgiveness.

The vicomte, who was meeting him for the first time, saw clearly that this young Jacobin was not so terrible as his words suggested. All were silent.

How do you expect him to answer you all at once? said Prince Andrew. Besides, in the actions of a statesman, one has to distinguish between his acts as a private person, as a general, and as an emperor. So it seems to me.

Yes, yes of course! Pierre chimed in, pleased at the arrival of this reinforcement.

One must admit, continued Prince Andrew, that Napoleon, as a man, was great on the bridge of Arcole, and in the hospital at Jaffa, where he gave his hand to the plague-stricken, but—but there are other acts which it is difficult to justify.

Prince Andrew, who had evidently wished to tone down the awkwardness of Pierre's remarks, rose and made a sign to his wife that it was time to go.

Suddenly Prince Hippolyte started up, making signs to everyone to attend, and asking them all to be seated, began

I was told a charming Moscow story today and must treat you to it. Excuse me, Vicomte—I must tell it in Russian or the point will be lost. And Prince Hippolyte began to tell his story in such Russian as a Frenchman would speak after spending about a year in

turning and glancing at her husband Prince Andrew's eyes were closed so weary and sleepy did he seem

Are you ready? he asked his wife looking past her

Prince Hippolyte hurriedly put on his cloak which in the latest fashion reached to his very heels and stumbling in it ran out into the porch following the princess whom a footman was helping into the carriage

Princesse au revoir cried he stumbling with his tongue as well as with his feet

The princess picking up her dress was taking her seat in the dark carriage her husband was adjusting his saber Prince Hippolyte under pretense of helping was in everyone's way

Allow me sir said Prince Andrew in Russian in a cold disagreeable tone to Prince Hippolyte who was blocking his path

I am expecting you Pierre said the same voice but gently and affectionately

The postilion started the carriage wheels rattled Prince Hippolyte laughed spasmodically as he stood in the porch waiting for the vicomte whom he had promised to take home

Well *mon cher* said the vicomte having seated himself beside Hippolyte in the carriage your little princess is very nice very nice indeed quite French and he kissed the tips of his fingers Hippolyte burst out laughing

Do you know you are a terrible chap for all your innocent airs continued the vicomte

I pity the poor husband that little officer who gives himself the airs of a monarch

Hippolyte spluttered again and amid his laughter said And you were saying that the Russian ladies are not equal to the French? One has to know how to deal with them

Pierre reaching the house first went into Prince Andrew's study like one quite at home and from habit immediately lay down on the sofa took from the shelf the first book that came to his hand (it was Caesar's *Commentaries*) and resting on his elbow began reading it in the middle

What have you done to Mlle Schérer? She will be quite ill now said Prince Andrew as he entered the study rubbing his small white hands

Pierre turned his whole body making the sofa creak He lifted his eager face to Prince Andrew smiled and waved his hand

That abbé is very interesting but he does

not see the thing in the right light In my opinion perpetual peace is possible but—I do not know how to express it not by a balance of political power

It was evident that Prince Andrew was not interested in such abstract conversation

One can't everywhere say all one thinks *mon cher* Well have you at last decided on anything? Are you going to be a guardsman or a diplomatist? asked Prince Andrew after a momentary silence

Pierre sat up on the sofa with his legs tucked under him

Really I don't yet know I don't like either the one or the other

But you must decide on something! Your father expects it

Pierre at the age of ten had been sent abroad with an abbé as tutor and had remained away till he was twenty When he returned to Moscow his father dismissed the abbé and said to the young man Now go to Petersburg look round and choose your profession I will agree to anything Here is a letter to Prince Vasilii and here is money Write to me all about it and I will help you in everything Pierre had already been choosing a career for three months and had not decided on anything It was about this choice that Prince Andrew was speaking Pierre rubbed his forehead

But he must be a Freemason said he referring to the abbé whom he had met that evening

That is all nonsense Prince Andrew again interrupted him let us talk business Have you been to the Horse Guards?

No I have not but this is what I have been thinking and wanted to tell you There is a war now against Napoleon If it were a war for freedom I could understand it and I should be the first to enter the army but in

at Pierre's childish words He put on the air of one who finds it impossible to reply to such nonsense but it would in fact have been difficult to give any other answer than the one Prince Andrew gave to this naive question

If no one fought except on his own conviction there would be no wars he said

And that would be splendid said Pierre Prince Andrew smiled ironically

Very likely it would be splendid but it will never come about

"Well, why are you going to the war?" asked Pierre.

"What for? I don't know. I must. Besides what I am going. He paused. I am going because the life I am leading here does not suit me!"

CHAPTER VII

THE STYLE of woman dress was heard in the next room. Prince Andrew shook himself as if waking up and himself assumed the look he had in Anna's private drawing room. Pierre removed his feet from the sofa. The princess came in. She had changed her gown or house dress as fresh and elegant as the other. Prince Andrew rose and politely placed her for her.

He was, as usual in French, sitting down brusquely and fustily in the easy chair. "How is Anne? Is she never got married? He whispered you men all are not to have married! Excuse me for saying so, but you are no sense about women. What an armamentary fellow you are, Monsieur Pierre!"

"And I am still at-ruin with your husband. I can't understand why he wants to go to the war," replied Pierre, addressing the princess. "It is not of the embarrassment at so much shown by young men in their intercourse with young women."

P

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which was so plainly ill-suited to the family circle of which Pierre was almost a member. "Today when I remembered that all these delightful associations must be broken off and then you know André" (she looked significantly at her husband) "I'm afraid, I'm afraid," she whispered, and a shudder ran down her back.

Her husband looked at her as if surprised to notice that someone besides Pierre and himself was in the room, and addressed her in a tone of friendly politeness.

"What is it you are afraid of, Lise? I don't understand," said he.

"There, what egotists men all are! All egotists. Just for a while of his own goodness only knows why he leaves me and locks me up alone in the country."

"What if they don't suffer remember!" said Prince Andrew gently.

Alone all the same without my friends. And he expects me not to be afraid."

Her tone was now querulous and her lips drawn up giving her not joyful, but a animal, squirrel-like expression. She paused as if she felt it indecorous to speak of her pregnancy before Pierre, though the gist of the matter lay in that.

"I still can't understand what you are afraid of," said Prince Andrew slowly, not taking his eyes off his wife.

The princess blushed, and raised her arms with a gesture of despair.

"O, Andrew, I must say you have changed."

— — — — —
short down lip quivered. Prince Andrew rose, shrugged his shoulders, and walked about the room.

Pierre looked at his portables with an upward eye, not at him and not at her moved as if about to rise too, but changed his mind.

"Why should I mind Monsieur Pierre being here," exclaimed the little princess suddenly, her pretty face all at once distorted by a terrible grimace. "I have long wanted to ask you, Andrew, why you have changed so to me. What have I done to you? You are going to the war and have no pity for me. What?"

Lise was all Prince Andrew said. But that on a red expressed an entreaty threat, and so all conclusion that she would herself greet her words. But she went on hurriedly.

"You treat me like an animal do child. I

demand why men can't leave without wars. He was it that women don't want anything of the kind, don't need it? Now you shall judge between us. I always like him. Here he is, Lise, added camp, most brilliant position. He so well known so much excited by every. The third day with Apraksins I heard had asked if that famous Prince Andrew? I did indeed. She laughed. He is so well received everywhere. He might easily become added camp to the Emperor. You know the Emperor spoke to him most graciously. An eye and I were speaking of how to arrange it. What do you think?"

Pierre looked at his friend and, noticing that he did not like the conversation, no reply.

"When are you starting?" he asked.

"Oh, don't speak thus. You do. I won't hear it. Speak of, said the princess in the same politely playful manner which she had spoken to him previously in the drawing room and

see it all! Did you behave like that six months ago?

Lise I beg you to desist said Prince Andrew still more emphatically

Pierre who had been growing more and more agitated as he listened to all this rose and approached the princess. He seemed unable to bear the sight of tears and was ready to cry himself

Calm yourself Princess! It seems so to you because I assure you I myself have experienced and so because No excuse me! An outsider is out of place here No don't distress yourself Good by!

Prince Andrew caught him by the hand No wait Pierre! The princess is too kind to wish to deprive me of the pleasure of spending the evening with you

No he thinks only of himself muttered the princess without restraining her angry tears

Lisel said Prince Andrew dryly raising his voice to the pitch which indicates that patience is exhausted

Suddenly the angry squirrel like expression of the princess' pretty face changed into a winning and piteous look of fear. Her beautiful eyes glanced askance at her husband's face and her own assumed the timid deprecating expression of a dog when it rapidly but feebly wags its drooping tail

Mon Dieu mon Dieu! she muttered and lifting her dress with one hand she went up to her husband and kissed him on the forehead

Good night Lise said he rising and courteously kissing her hand as he would have done to a stranger

CHAPTER VIII

THE FRIENDS were silent. Neither cared to begin talking. Pierre continually glanced at Prince Andrew. Prince Andrew rubbed his forehead with his small hand

Let us go and have supper he said with a sigh going to the door

They entered the elegant newly decorated and luxurious dining room. Everything from the table napkins to the silver china and glass bore that imprint of newness found in the households of the newly married. Halfway through supper Prince Andrew leaned his elbows on the table and with a look of nervous agitation such as Pierre had never before seen on his face began to talk—as one who has long had something on his mind and suddenly determines to speak out

Never never marry my dear fellow! That's

my advice never marry till you can say to yourself that you have done all you are capable of and until you have ceased to love the woman of your choice and have seen her plainly as she is or else you will make a cruel and irrevocable mistake. Marry when you are old and good for nothing—or all that is good and

from yourself in the future you will feel at every step that for you all is ended all is closed except the drawing room where you will be ranged side by side with a court lackey and an idiot! But what's the good? and he waved his arm

Pierre took off his spectacles which made his face seem different and the good natured expression still more apparent and gazed at his friend in amazement

My life continued Prince Andrew an excellent woman one of those rare women with whom a man's honor is safe but O God what would I not give now to be unmarried. You are the first and only one to whom I mention this because I like you

As he said this Prince Andrew was less than ever like that Bolkonski who had lolled in Anna Pavlovna's easy chairs and with half closed eyes had uttered French phrases between his teeth. Every muscle of his thin face was now quivering with nervous excitement his eyes in which the fire of life had seemed extinguished now flashed with brilliant light. It was evident that the more lifeless he seemed at ordinary times the more impassioned he became in these moments of almost morbid irritation

You don't understand why I say this he continued but it is the whole story of life. You talk of Bonaparte and his career said he (though Pierre had not mentioned Bonaparte) but Bonaparte when he worked went step by step toward his goal. He was free he had nothing but his aim to consider and he reached it. But tie yourself up with a woman and like a chained convict you lose all freedom! And all you have of hope and strength merely weighs you down and torments you with regret. Drawing rooms gossip balls vanity and triviality—these are the enchanted circle I cannot escape from. I am now going to the war the greatest war there ever was and I know nothing and am fit for nothing. I am very amiable and have a caustic wit continued Prince Andrew and at Anna Pavlovna's

n s they l ten t m And that up d set h
 th t wh m my f c not x st nd tho e -e
 m l knew wh t those soc ety

nel eman mongour wh leser kes)
a chon e wh : you will us ll the

So, should n d r yourself in p
d ur life a sp led life. You ha a very

and how much he expected of him in the future.

What would you ha = my dear fellow?
 nsw r d Perre, i rugg g l ho lders.
 W men my d ar f l l w women!

I don't understand the replied Prince Andre. Women who are omniscient that is a different matter but the husband's set of mind on women and we I don't understand.

P r e w a s t y n g t P r c e V s i l k u r d n s
and sharing the d s s p a t e d l f e o f h u s s o n A n a
t o l t h e s o n w h m t h e y e r e p l m t g t o r e
f o r m b y m a r r y m t o P r n c e A n d r e s
s u e r

Đi yuk ow? a d Perre a f s d d c ly

e eryth g and had n op u bout every
th g) b t bo all ths cap ty i wo k
d i dy A d i P erre was ft stru k by
And ew l of cap ty f r pl i soph k bay
m dist n (t wh ch he h m lf was p rt cu
larly dd cted) l e garded n this t as
defect b t as g i tr ngt-

E en in the be t m t f r e d l y d m
p l e s t l u f l f e , p s e n d o m m e d
t n a r e e s e t l j t g r e a s e n e s s a r y t o
w h i s t a t t h y m y r u n m o o t h l y

My part is played, I find peace And
drew what they use I talk go by them?
Let us talk, boy, you have added five
I am, I go, I assure go through

Time was immediately allotted to

But he is there to say to me? said
 The little girl, "I am here, merry
 smile. What am I? An all-gum to so! He

He had a great effort to say this. "We are not really..."

really B t h e d d t s a y w i t r e a l l y
as. F r t h e p e s e n t I a m f e n d a m I l
r i g h t O l y I h a r t i b l e t d e a w l I n
t d I w t e d t o c o u l t y s e s l y

Princess drew looked kindly at him, and

thing One head die and ne p ds ll
o e mney H ask d m f t nglt but
I w t go

g? me your d of h no not to

O my hon t

CHAPTER IX

tr As past ne o'clock wh n Perr left h s
f nd It was a l udl se n thern umn t
ght Perr took an pen cab n nd ng to
dn tra ght home B tlen arer h dre t
th h use th m he flt the mpo bly f
go ng t lap n such n ght lt w lgt
gh to lo gwyn d d ted str t
d t med m elke m n re n g

I would like to go to the right

B t h e m m d e l y r a l l d l p m e t o
P n A d r e n t t g o t h T h e n a s h p
p n s t p p l f w e a k c h r a c t e r h e d e e d
s o p a s s t l y e m t j o y t h a t d i s s i
p u b e w a s o c c u r r e d t o t h a t h d e
c u d d t o g T h t h u g h t m m d i a t e l y o c c u r r e d

see it all! Did you behave like that six months ago?

Lise I beg you to desist said Prince Andrew still more emphatically

Pierre who had been growing more and more agitated as he listened to all this rose and approached the princess He seemed unable to bear the sight of tears and was ready to cry himself

Calm yourself Princess! It seems so to you because I assure you I myself have experienced and so because No excuse me! An outsider is out of place here No don't distress yourself Good by!

Prince Andrew caught him by the hand No wait Pierre! The princess is too kind to wish to deprive me of the pleasure of spending the evening with you

No he thinks only of himself muttered the princess without restraining her angry tears

Lise! said Prince Andrew dryly raising his voice to the pitch which indicates that patience is exhausted

Suddenly the angry squirrel like expression of the princess pretty face changed into a winning and piteous look of fear Her beautiful eyes glanced askance at her husband's face and her own assumed the timid deprecating

lifting her dress with one hand she went up to her husband and kissed him on the forehead

Good night Lise! said he rising and courteously kissing her hand as he would have done to a stranger

CHAPTER VIII

THE FRIENDS were silent Neither cared to begin talking Pierre continually glanced at Prince Andrew Prince Andrew rubbed his forehead with his small hand

Let us go and have supper he said with a sigh going to the door

bore that imprint of newness found in the households of the newly married Halfway through supper Prince Andrew leaned his elbows on the table and with a look of nervous agitation such as Pierre had never before seen on his face began to talk—as one who has long had something on his mind and suddenly determines to speak out

Never never marry my dear fellow! That's

my advice never marry till you can say to yourself that you have done all you are capable of and until you have ceased to love the woman of your choice and have seen her plainly as she is or else you will make a cruel and irrevocable mistake Marry when you are old and good for nothing—or all that is good and noble in you will be lost It will all be wasted on trifles Yes! Yes! Yes! Don't look at me with such surprise If you marry expecting anything from yourself in the future you will feel at every step that for you all is ended all is closed except the drawing room where you will be ranged side by side with a court lackey and an idiot! But what's the good? and he waved his arm

Pierre took off his spectacles which made his face seem different and the good natured expression still more apparent and gazed at his friend in amazement

My wife continued Prince Andrew is an excellent woman one of those rare women with whom a man's honor is safe but O God what would I not give now to be unmarried You are the first and only one to whom I mention this because I like you

As he said this Prince Andrew was less than ever like that Bolkonski who had lolled in Anna Pavlovna's easy chairs and with half closed eyes had uttered French phrases between his teeth Every muscle of his thin face was now quivering with nervous excitement his eyes in which the fire of life had seemed extinguished now flashed with brilliant light It was evident that the more lifeless he seemed at ordinary times the more impassioned he became in these moments of almost morbid irritation

You don't understand why I say this he continued but it is the whole story of life You talk of Bonaparte and his career said he (though Pierre had not mentioned Bonaparte) but Bonaparte when he worked went step

had read and like a chained convict you lose all freedom! And all you have of hope and strength merely weighs you down and torments you with regret Draining rooms gossip balls vanity and triviality—these are the enchanted circle I cannot escape from I am now going to the war the greatest war there ever was and I know nothing and am fit for nothing I am very amiable and have a caustic wit continued Prince Andrew and at Anna Pavlovna's

l s gla ce—fr endly and affectionate as it was
—c pressed a sen s i f h s own s p r r ty

I a n s o d o f y u e j e c ally a s y u a r e t h e
o n e l e n n a i n g o u r w h o l e a c t Y e s y u r e
a l l r i g h t! C l o o s e w h a t y o u w i l l t s i l l t h e
s a m e y u l l b e a l l r i g h t a n y w h e r e B t l o o k
h e r e g a v e p s t i g t h o c h u s h n a n d l a d
i g t l t s o r t o f l i f e I t s t s y o u s o b d i l y— l l
t s d e b a l e r y d s i t t n a d l e r e t o f
t l

in them li t there n th g oth g n u
m g l N d t marry my dear fellow d n t
m r r y l n c l u d e d P r i n c e A n d r e w

It seems f y to me, m d P e r r e t h t
y u y u s h l d e s i d e r y o r s l f n c p l e
n d y o l i f a p l e d l i f e Y u h e c e r y

t e

H w a n l e t a l k l l e t h t t h o g h t P e r r e
H e d d h f n d a m o d e l i f p r e c
i b e e P e A d r e w p s e e d n t h e

e e r y t h g d l d n o p n b o u t e r y
t h g b t b o e l l t h s c a p a t y i f w o k
d t d y A d f P r r e w l t s t r u k b y
A n d w l c k f c a p t y i p h i l o s o p h a l
m e d t a t n t w h c l h e h m s e l f w s p t c u
l l y d d t d h e g d d e n i l t
d l e c t b t s a g f s a r g t h.

E v t h e b e s t m t i f e d i l y n d m
p l t l t f l i f e p s e d m m d a
s e t l j t a s g r n n e s s a r y t
w h e e l t h a t t h e y m y r u n s m t h l y

M y p a r t p l y e d o t a d P e A n
d e W h t t h o t t l k g b t m e?
L e t t l k b t y u h e d d l f t e
l e m l g t h s g t h u g h t

T h t m i w m m d i a t l y r f l e c t d
P r r f

B t w h t s t l t y b u t m? d
P r r e h f l i g t l e m e r r y
m l e W h t m l P A l l g t m t e s o! H e
d d e l y b l s h e d e r m s o d t s p l n t h t
h h d m d g r t f t t o y t h u s W i t h
t a m d w i t h t m A n d t
a l l y B u t h d d t s a y w h t t e l l y

F o r t h p n t i m f d m l l
g h t O l y l h n t h l t d w h t i m
t d l w t d t n l k y l y

A d r w l o o k d k a n d l y t h m y e t

W l a t w u l d y o u h v e m y d e a r f e l l w
a n s w e r e d P e r r e l r u g g g l s h o u l d r e
W o m e n m a y d e r f l l w o m e n!

I d n t u d e r s t d u t r i g e d l r n c e A n
d r e w W m e n w h o a r e c m e i f u s t h t s
a d d i e r n t m t e r b u t t h e h r a g n s s e t o f
w m e w o m e n d w i e l d o n t u n d e r
t a n d l

I e r r e w a s t a y n g t P e c e V a l l i h u s g n s
a n d a h r g t e d s p a t e d l i f e o f l i s o n A n
t o l e t h e s o n w l t h e y w e e l l n n g t o r e
f o r m b y m r r y n g h m t o l r i n c e A d r e s
s i s t e r

D o y u k n w? s a d P e r r e a s l d d e c i l y
s t r u k b y a h p p y t h g h t e r l y l h e
l g b n i l k g t t L e d g u c h
l i f e I c a n t d e c i d e o r t l k p r p e r l y b u t m y
t h n g O n e h e d a d a d o r e i c i d a a l l
o e m e y H e a k d m e f r i g h t b u t
l w n g

y i g e m e y u r w d f l n o n o t t o
g?

O m y h o l

CHAPTER IV

I t a s p a s t e o l k w h e n P e e l e f t h s
f d l t w s l u d l e s s n d u m e r
g h t P e r t o o k n o p e n c a b t e d n g t o
d e s t a g h t m e B u t t h e n l d e w t s
t h h e t h e m s h e f e l t t h e m j b l t y o f
g g t s l e p o n u d n g h t l t w l g h t
e g h t s e e l g w y t l d e e r t e d s t r e e t
d t m d m e l k e m n g m h

I l l d l k e t o g o t o h u s g t l u g h t
l e

B t h m m d t e l y r e a l l d l s p m e t o
P A d e n t t g t h e T h n h p
p s t o p e o p l f w e k h a r t h e d e d
s o p t l y o e m e t e j y l t d s
p t h w s t o m d t o t l t h e d e
d d t o g T h e t h g h t m m e d t e l y o c c r e d

to him that his promise to Prince Andrew was of no account because before he gave it he had already promised Prince Anatole to come to his gathering besides thought he all such words of honor are conventional things with no definite meaning especially if one considers that by tomorrow one may be dead or something so extraordinary may happen to one that honor and dishonor will be all the same! Pierre often indulged in reflections of this sort nullifying all his decisions and intentions. He went to Kuragin's.

Reaching the large house near the Horse Guards barracks in which Anatole lived Pierre entered the lighted porch ascended the stairs and went in at the open door. There was no one in the anteroom empty bottles cloaks and overshoes were lying about there was a smell of alcohol and sounds of voices and shouting in the distance.

Cards and supper were over but the visitors had not yet dispersed. Pierre threw off his cloak and entered the first room in which were the remains of supper. A footman thinking no one saw him was drinking on the sly what was left in the glasses. From the third room came sounds of laughter the shouting of familiar voices the growling of a bear and general

bear one pulling him by the chain and trying to set him at the others.

I bet a hundred on Stevens! shouted one.
Mind no holding on! cried another.

I bet on Dolokhov! cried a third. Kuragin you part our hands.

There leave Bruin alone here's a bet on

At one draught or he loses! shouted a fourth.

Jacob bring a bottle! shouted the host a tall handsome fellow who stood in the midst of the group without a coat and with his fine linen shirt unfastened in front. Wait a bit you fellows. Here is Petya! Good man! cried he addressing Pierre.

Another voice from a man of medium

the bets! This was Dolokhov an officer of the Semenov regiment a notorious gambler and duelist who was living with Anatole. Pierre smiled looking about him merrily.

I don't understand! What's it all about?

Wait a bit he is not drunk yet! A bottle

here said Anatole and taking a glass from the table he went up to Pierre.

First of all you must drink!

Pierre drank one glass after another looking from under his brows at the tipsy guests who were again crowding round the window and listening to their chatter. Anatole kept on refilling Pierre's glass while explaining that Dolokhov was betting with Stevens an English naval officer that he would drink a bottle of rum sitting on the outer ledge of the third floor window with his legs hanging out.

Go on you must drink it all said Anatole giving Pierre the last glass or I won't let you go!

No I won't said Pierre pushing Anatole aside and he went up to the window.

Dolokhov was holding the Englishman's hand and clearly and distinctly repeating the terms of the bet addressing himself particularly to Anatole and Pierre.

Dolokhov was of medium height with curly hair and light blue eyes. He was about twenty-five. Like all infantry officers he wore no mustache so that his mouth the most striking feature of his face was clearly seen. The lines of that mouth were remarkably finely curved. The middle of the upper lip formed a sharp wedge and closed firmly on the firm lower one and something like two distinct smiles played continually round the two corners of the mouth this together with the resolute insolent intelligence of his eyes produced an effect which made it impossible not to notice his face. Dolokhov was a man of small means and no connections. Yet though Anatole spent tens of thousands of rubles Dolokhov lived with him and had placed himself on such a footing that all who knew them including Anatole himself respected him more than they did Anatole. Dolokhov could play all games and nearly always won. However much he drank he never lost his clearheadedness. Both Kuragin and Dolokhov were at that time notorious among the rakes and scapegraces of Petersburg.

The bottle of rum was brought. The window frame which prevented anyone from sitting on the outer sill was being forced out by two footmen who were evidently flurried and intimidated by the directions and shouts of the gentlemen around.

Anatole with his swaggering air strode up to the window. He wanted to smash something. Pushing away the footmen he tugged at the frame but could not move it. He smashed a pane.

"You have try Hercules, said he, turning to Pierre.

Pierre seized the crossbeam, rugged, and reached the oak frame out with a crash.

"Take it right out, or they'll think I'm back on," said Dolokho.

"I the Englishman braggin Eh? Is it right?" said Anatole.

"First rate," said Pierre, looking at Dolokho who with bottle of rum in his hand was approaching the window from which the light of the late dawn merrily with the after glow of sunset, was visible.

Dolokho took bottle of rum with his hand, jumped onto the window sill. Listen cried out, standing there and addressing those in the room. All were silent.

"I bet five imperials—he poke French that the Englishman might understand him, but he did not speak it very well—I bet five imperials or so you wish to make it hum-dred," added he, addressing the Englishman.

No, he replied the latter.

All right. Five imperials—that I will drink when bottle of rum without taking it from my mouth sits outside the window on this spot (he stooped and pointed to the wooden ledge outside the window) and without holding on to anything, I that right.

"Quite right," said the Englishman.

Anatole returned the Englishman and taking him by one of the buttons of his coat and looking at him—the Englishman was short—began repeating the terms of the wager to him in English.

"Wait," cried Dolokho, hammering with the bottle on the window sill to attract attention. "Wait, but, hurragin. Listen! If an oise does the same I will pay him hundred imperials. Do you understand?"

The Englishman nodded, but gave no indication whether he intended to accept the challenge or not. Anatole did not release him, and though he kept nodding to show that he understood, Anatole when translating Dolokho's words in English, to the own lad, as a Hussar of the Life Guards, who had been known that evening limbed on the window sill, leaned over and looked down.

Oh Oh Oh he murmured, looking down from the window with the strokes of the pavement.

"Shut up," cried Dolokho, pushing him away from the window. The lad jumped awkwardly back into the room, tripping over his spurs.

Placing the bottle on the window sill where he could reach it easily Dolokho limbed carefully and slowly through the window and lowered his legs. Pressing against both sides of the window he adjusted himself on his seat, crossed his hands, moved a little to the right and then to the left, and took up the bottle. Anatole brought two candles and placed them on the window sill, though it was already quite light. Dolokho sat back in his wheelchair, and his curly head, were lifted up from both sides. Everyone crowded to the window where the Englishman in front. Pierre stood small but silent. O the man, older than the others present, suddenly pushed forward with scared and angry look and wanted to seize head of Dolokho's shirt.

"Is this is foul! He'll be killed," said this more sensible man.

Anatole stopped him.

"Don't touch him! You'll startle him and then he'll be killed. Eh? What then?" Eh.

Dolokho turned round and, with both hands, arranged himself on his seat.

Now then

Saying this he again turned round, dropped his hands, took the bottle and lifted it to his lips, threw back his head and raised his free hand to balance himself. One of the footmen who had stooped to pick up some broken glass remained in that position without taking his eyes from the window and from Dolokho's back. Anatole stood erect with staring eyes. The Englishman looked on sideways, pursing up his lips. The man who had wished to stop the affair ran to the corner of the room and threw himself on the sofa with his face to the wall. Pierre hid his face from which a faint smile failed to fade though his features now expressed horror and fear. All were silent. Pierre took his hands from his eyes. Dolokho still sat in the same position only his head was thrown further back till his curly hair touched his shirt collar and the hand holding the bottle was lifted higher and higher and trembled with the effort. The bottle was empty perceptibly and rising still higher and his head tilted even further back. "What is it so long?" thought Pierre. It seemed to him that more than half an hour had elapsed. Suddenly Dolokho made backward movement with his

to him that his promise to Prince Andrew was of no account because before he gave it he had already promised Prince Anatole to come to his gathering; besides, thought he, all such words of honor are conventional things with no definite meaning especially if one considers that by tomorrow one may be dead or something so extraordinary may happen to one that honor and dishonor will be all the same! Pierre often indulged in reflections of this sort nullifying all his decisions and intentions. He went to Kuragin's.

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Cards and supper were over but the visitors had not yet dispersed. Pierre threw off his cloak and entered the first room in which were the remains of supper. A footman thinking no one saw him was drinking on the sly, what was left in the glasses. From the third room came sounds of laughter, the shouting of familiar voices, the growling of a bear and general commotion. Some eight or nine young men were crowding anxiously round an open window. Three others were romping with a young bear, one pulling him by the chain and trying to set him at the others.

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Jacob bring a bottle! shouted the host, a tall, handsome fellow who stood in the midst of the group without a coat and with his fine linen shirt unfastened in front. Wait a bit you fellows. Here is Pétal. Good man! cried he addressing Pierre.

Another voice from a man of medium height with clear blue eyes particularly striking among all these drunken faces by its sober ring, cried from the window. Come here! art

here said Anatole and taking a glass from the table he went up to Pierre.

First of all you must drink!

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I don't understand. What's it all about? Wait a bit he is not drunk yet! A bottle

behave so properly at an *epu* n.

And know how to live he was ever
from that time offered armises about the
cather touched on questions of health,
some time in Russia and some times in cry
bad himself. Fident Fen then a like
man vary by the nchong nthe fulfillment
of duty. He rose to see some matters off and,
stroking his scanty gray hairs, he bald
patch, also asked the matter dinner. Sometimes
on his way back from the anteroom he would
thru the conservatory and pantry to

I am so sorry for the poor count, said the
sit. He is such a delicate and nervous
thing, but this son ought to kill him.
What is that? led the news. I did
did not know what the visitor blundered
though she had already card about the case
of Count Berukh a distress some fifteen men.
"That is what comes of a modern educa-
tion," exclaimed the visitor. It seems that
while he was abroad this young man was
educated as he liked and now in Petersburg
he has been doing such terrible things
that he has been expelled by the police."

You don't say so, replied the countess.

He how he finds badly interposed
A. Mikhailo na. Prince Valis so he
d. eria n Dol kho has it said, been
up to hear of only know what. And they have
had to suffer for it. Dol kho has been de-
graded to the ranks. d. Berukhov's son sent
back to Moscow. An tole hurig n. I der
man. "ed some how to get his son all r
I washed up but even he was ordered out of
Petersburg.

But what have they been plotting led the
countess.

"They are regular brigands, expect all Dol
kho replied the visitor. His son is
Marya I. Ino na Dol kho a, such worldly
woman but there just fancy. Thove through
held of bear some where, put in carriage
and set free with it to sit some dresses. The
police tried to interfere and what did it
young men do. They sed a policeman and the
bear back to the clock and put the bear in the
Myska Canal. And there was the be-
m. g. b. o. with the policeman on his back.

"What figure the policeman used
he cut, my dear," shouted the countess, the
daughter.

Oh how dreadful! How can you let
it, Countess.

Yes, they had themselves led not help
I gung.

It was all they could do to rescue the poor
man, continued the visitor. And that is all.
Cyril Vladimirovich Berukh's son who
muses himself in this sensible manner. And
he said to be so well educated and clever.
This is all that his foreign education has do-
ne for him. I hope that here in Moscow he
will see him in possession of his money. They
wanted to introduce him to me, but I quite
declined. I have my duties to consider."

asked him to call Dmitri Valis-
ch, man of good family, the man get of
all his affairs, and while looking with pleasure
at the enormous table would say, "Well

he would return to the drawing room.

"Marya I. n. Karagin and her daughter
ter! an unced the countess gigantic foot
man in his bass shoes entered the draw-
ing room. The countess reflected moment and
took a pinch from a gold snuffbox with her
husband's portrait.

I must be with you by these calls. How-
ever I'll see her and in a moment. She is so affected.
Ask her to send the footman in and
say as if saying, Very well, finish me off.
A tall stout, and proud looking woman with
round-faced smile, the daughter entered the
drawing room, the dresses rustled.

"Dear Countess, what an hour! She has
been laid up poor child," said the Countess.
She ball and Countess Apraksina. I was
so delighted. came the sounds of animated
feminine voices, interrupting on another
mingle with the rustling of dresses and the
scrap of chairs. Then those voices
sations began who last until the first
push the guests rise with rustle of dresses
and say, I am so delighted. Mamma
health and Countess Apraksina and
then again rustle of pass into the anteroom
put cloaks, mantles, and in a way. The
errand was the chief part of the day-
the less of wealth and liberated by us
Catherine da Count Berukhov and his
his illegitimate son. Perre the one who had

spine and his arm trembled nervously this was sufficient to cause his whole body to slip as he sat on the sloping ledge. As he began slipping down his head and arm wavered still more with the strain. One hand moved as if to clutch the window sill but refrained from touching it. Pierre again covered his eyes and thought he would never open them again. Suddenly he was aware of a stir all around. He looked up. Dolokhov was standing on the window sill with a pale but radiant face.

It's empty!

He threw the bottle to the Englishman who caught it neatly. Dolokhov jumped down. He smelt strongly of rum.

Well done! Fine fellow! There's a bet for you! Devil take you! came from different sides.

The Englishman took out his purse and began counting out the money. Dolokhov stood frowning and did not speak. Pierre jumped upon the window sill.

Gentlemen who wishes to bet with me? I'll do the same thing! he suddenly cried. Even without a bet there! Tell them to bring me a bottle. I'll do it. Bring a bottle!

Let him do it! let him do it! said Dolokhov smiling.

What next? Have you gone mad? No one would let you! Why you go giddy even on a staircase exclaimed several voices.

I'll drink it! Let's have a bottle of rum! shouted Pierre, banging the table with a determined and drunken gesture and preparing to climb out of the window.

They seized him by his arms but he was so strong that everyone who touched him was sent flying.

No you'll never manage him that way said Anatole. Wait a bit and I'll get round him. Listen! I'll take your bet tomorrow but now we are all going to—

Come on then! cried Pierre. Come on! And we'll take Bruin with us.

And he caught the bear took it in his arms lifted it from the ground and began dancing round the room with it.

CHAPTER X

PRINCE VASILY kept the promise he had given to Princess Drubetskaya who had spoken to him on behalf of her only son Boris on the evening of Anna Pavlovna's soiree. The matter was mentioned to the Emperor an exception made and Boris transferred into the regiment of Semenov Guards with the rank of cor-

net. He received however no appointment to Kutuzov's staff despite all Anna Mikhaylovna's endeavors and entreaties. Soon after Anna Pavlovna's reception Anna Mikhaylovna returned to Moscow and went straight to her rich relations the Rostovs with whom she stayed when in the town and where her darling Bory who had only just entered a regiment of the line and was being at once transferred to the Guards as a cornet had been educated from childhood and lived for years at a time. The Guards had already left Petersburg on the tenth of August and her son who had remained in Moscow for his equipment was to join them on the march to Radzivillov.

It was St. Natalia's day and the name day of two of the Rostovs—the mother and the youngest daughter—both named Nataly. Ever since the morning carriages with six horses had been coming and going continually bringing visitors to the Countess Rostova's big house on the Povarskaya so well known to all Moscow. The countess herself and her handsome eldest daughter were in the drawing room with the visitors who came to congratulate and who constantly succeeded one another in relays.

The countess was a woman of about forty-five with a thin Oriental type of face evidently worn out with childbearing—she had had twelve. A languor of motion and speech resulting from weakness gave her a distinguished air which inspired respect. Princess Anna Mikhaylovna Drubetskaya who as a member of the household was also seated in the drawing room helped to receive and entertain the visitors. The young people were in one of the inner rooms not considering it necessary to take part in receiving the visitors. The count met the guests and saw them off inviting them all to dinner.

I am very very grateful to you *mon cher* or *ma chère*—he called everyone without exception and without the slightest variation in his tone my dear whether they were above or below him in rank—I thank you for myself and for our two dear ones whose name day we are keeping. But mind you come to dinner or I shall be offended *ma chère*! On behalf of the whole family I beg you to come *mon chère*! These words he repeated to everyone without exception or variation and with the same expression on his full cheerful clean shaven face the same firm pressure of the hand and the same quick repeated bows. As soon as he had seen a visitor off he returned to one of those who were still in the drawing room.

through arse of ghater and was h d h c f
The sator compelled t look on t d
family scene thou ht it ne essary to take some
part

"T l l m my dear s d she to N d l
M m a rel u f yours. A d a ghter l
p p o s e ?

N tasha did not l k t h e t s t e o f
co desce s n to ch l d h t n g s. Sh d d n t
reply h t l o o k e d t h s e r u s l y

M w h u l t y u g e g e n e r a t i l l
the f i e r l n M k h i l n s s o n d l
th u n d r g r a d t h c o u n t s l l s t w
So j a t e u f i t n y r o l d i n d
l l l P e t y h u g e s t b o y h d l l t l d
l t h e d r g r o o n n d r b l
t r y g e c a r a t h t l b o u d f l o
r u m t h t d t h t a t l e

l i t h f e s. E d e n t l y n d b k n o u s
f w h d t e y h a d d s h e d t p e t
s l y h e c o r s a t n h d b e e m s
s g h a d e d r a w g r o o n t l k o f s o c i t y w a
d a l s t h w t h r d C o u t e s s l p d k n a
N w d t l y g l a e d t t l r
h a r d l y b l u p p e a d l g l t

T h t n t t u d e n t d h e
f i e r f r i e n d f n d l d l o o d w e r f t l
s a m d b t h t h o f l l w d t l
t a l k B o i w t l d f d l l m
d h d s o m f h d r o u l d e l t f
t u r e s. N d l w a s s i t c u r l y h a d
p e p e s s n D a r k l r s w l r e d y
s h g h p p e r l y d l l l f
e p p e s s i m p e t u s i t y d n i l u s m l o
l l l s h e d w l e n h a t r e d t h e d r a w r o o m
H e e d l t r i e d t o f i d s o m t h t o s a y
b i f l d B o i t t r a r y t f u d
h f o u d l a t e d q u l y n d l m r

u s l h w h l d k w l t d l M m w l e n
s l t l l q t y u g l d y b e f l o s e
b r o k h w l h d g e d d r i n g t l f i e
j e h i d k w h e r n d h w l f d
l d e r k e d r h e c r s t l k l l H g s a d
t h h g l e d t n s h S i t d w y
f m h u m d g l n d t l y o b t h e r
w h w a s s c r w n p h a y a n d d k a g
w t h p p e s s e d l a g h t d u n l l m n
t r o l h r e l f y l n o e s h j u m p e d p a n d
r u s h e d f m t h o o m f a s t a s h b l
l t l f t w u l d c a r r y B o l s d d n l h

l u w m n g t g o u w r e t u
M m m ? D y w t l d r r h e
a s k e d h m t h e r w t h s m a l e

"Y e s, y e s, g o d l i t h m a t e e t d y
s h a n s w e r e d, t u r n g h i s m i

B o g l y l i f h r o o d w a

search of N a t a l a The plump boy ran fter
them a n g r l y a s i f v e d t h t t h e r p r o v r a
h a d b e e n d t u r b e d.

CHAPTER VII

T h e o l d y n g p e o p l e r e n a n i n g i n t h e
d r a w i n g r o o m n t c u t s i g t h e y o u n g l d y
t r a n d t h c o u t e s s e l d e s t d a u g h t e r (w l
w l l r y e a r s l i e r t h n l e r s i s t e r a n d b e
f e d a l r e a d y l i k e a g r o w i p p e r s o n) w e r e
N l l d s y t l e n i c e S o n y a w a
l i n d e r l i t l e b r u n u e w t h a t e n d e r l o o k i
l r e y s w l l e r e c i s e d b y l o n g h a d e s
t h k b l k p l t s o i n g t e r u i d h e r l l
d t w a y t i n h r e s p l o n n l e s p e
c l l v n t o l r f i e r l e i d e r b u t g c s u l
a d n u u l a r r u s d n k l y t h e g r c e o f
l t t b y t h e s o f t n e s s a n d l l i t y
f i r s m a l l i m b s, n d b y c r t a n c o y e s
d r e s e r v e f m n e r s h e r n d e d o n e o f a
p r e t t y l l g r w k t e n w h d p r o n s e t
b e c o e b e u s f l l l d c a t. S h e e v d e n t l y
e r l i n l t n r p e r t o d w t i t e c a t t l e

a n y w t h u d p s a n t e h f i d d o t
d t i e r t e u l d n t f i g l e s t a r t
p o s e p o n a y n e d e t w c l e a t t
d l k u e n l d s e t t l e d d s o l y t y j
w t n o e e r g y n d g n j a y w t h t r
n a s o o n a s t h e y c o u l d l k N t a l
d B o r s c a p e f o m t h e d r a w i n g r o o m
W e v d e s d d u t d d e s

n d l s o l d f t h e r n d e t e r n g t h e n l
t a r y s e r v e m y d s a n d t h e s j l e
d e r y t h g w u f r i m n l e A r
l D p t m t l l n t h t f i s d s h j
e m k e d t h e c o u n t n n n q r g t e

B u t t h e y s a y t h a t a h s b e n d e l l
r p l d d i s t o

"T h y s b e e n s a y g s o l o n g w l l
s a d t h c o t e n d d y l l s a y s o g n d
g a t. d t h t w l l b t l e n d o f t. M y d
t l f r n d s h p f y o u l r e p e a t e d
H j n g t h h u s s a r s.

T h s u n t k n w n g h a t t o s a y
s h o k l e r l e d

l t t l l f o m f r d s h p d d e d
N d l l n g u p n d t u r n n g w y s f
f m s h a m f u l j e r s l t s n o t f m
f m d s h p t l l l m j l y f e e l t h t t h e a n n y
y o c a t

Why do you say this young man is so rich? asked the countess turning away from the girls who at once assumed an air of inattention. His children are all illegitimate. I think Pierre also is illegitimate.

The visitor made a gesture with her hand.

I should think he has a score of them.

Princess Anna Mikháylovna intervened in the conversation, evidently wishing to show her connections and knowledge of what went on in society.

The fact of the matter is, said she significantly and also in a half-whisper, everyone knows Count Cyril's reputation. He has lost count of his children, but this Pierre was his favorite.

How handsome the old man still was only a year ago! remarked the countess. I have never seen a handsomer man.

He is very much altered now, said Anna Mikháylovna. Well, as I was saying, Prince Vasilí is the next heir through his wife, but the count is very fond of Pierre, looked after his education and wrote to the Emperor about him, so that in the case of his death—and he is so ill that he may die at any moment—and Dr Lorrain has come from Petersburg—no one knows who will inherit his immense fortune, Pierre or Prince Vasilí. Forty thousand serfs and millions of rubles! I know it all very well for Prince Vasilí told me himself. Besides, Cyril Vladimirovich is my mother's second cousin. He's also my Bory's godfather, she added, as if she attached no importance at all to the fact.

Prince Vasilí arrived in Moscow yesterday. I hear he has come on some inspection business, remarked the visitor.

Yes, but between ourselves, said the princess, that is a pretext. The fact is he has come to see Count Cyril Vladimirovich, hearing how ill he is.

But do you know, my dear, that was a capital joke, said the count, and seeing that the elder visitor was not listening, he turned to the young ladies. I can just imagine what a funny figure that policeman cut!

And as he waved his arms to impersonate the policeman, his portly form again shook with a deep ringing laugh, the laugh of one who always eats well and in particular drinks well. So do come and dine with us! he said.

CHAPTER VI

SILENCE ENSUED. The countess looked at her callers smiling affably, but not concealing the

fact that she would not be distressed if they now rose and took their leave. The visitor's daughter was already smoothing down her dress with an inquiring look at her mother when suddenly from the next room were heard the footsteps of boys and girls running to the door and the noise of a chair falling over and a girl of thirteen, hiding something in the folds of her short muslin frock, darted in and stopped short in the middle of the room. It was evident that she had not intended her

and a plump rosy-faced boy in a short jacket.

The count jumped up and, saying from side to side, spread his arms wide and threw them round the little girl who had run in.

Ah, here she is! he exclaimed laughing. My pet, whose name day is it? My dear pet!

Ma chère, there is a time for everything, said the countess with feigned severity. You spoil her, Ilyá, she added, turning to her husband.

How do you do, my dear? I wish you many happy returns of your name day, said the visitor. What a charming child, she added, addressing the mother.

This black-eyed, wide-mouthed girl, not pretty but full of life—with childish bare shoulders—much after her run, heaved and shook her bodice with black curls tossed back, and thin bare arms, little legs in lace-trimmed drawers and feet in low slippers—was just at that charming age when a girl is no longer a child, though the child is not yet a young woman. Escaping from her father, she ran to hide her flushed face in the lace of her mother's mantilla—not paying the least attention to her severe remark—and began to laugh. She laughed and in fragmentary sentences tried to explain about a doll which she produced from the folds of her frock.

Do you see? My doll, Mimi. You see, as all Natásha managed to utter (to

~ ~ ~

Now then go away and take your monstrousity with you, said the mother, pushing away her daughter with pretended sternness and turning to the visitor, she added, She is my youngest girl.

Natásha, raising her face for a moment from her mother's mantilla, glanced up at her

st p d q k a t l r n g was well brought up
and had a pleasure in what she said was
true and appropriate to the situation say e cry
one—the sister of the countess like—turned
to look at her as if wondering why she had said
that backward.

W l u g n n
Our dear countess was too clever with her
said the countess. Well what if that? She's
turned to playfully all the same he added
inking Vera.

The guests gathered and took their leave
promising to return to dine.

What matters to them they would never
go said the countess, who had seen the
guests.

CHAPTER VIII

W l n tish ran to the drawing room
she only went far the conservatory. The
she passed the toilet in getting the
said the drawing room waiting for
came out. She was busy growing
tense and stamped her foot ready to cry.

m g t h f e r t b d h d t h e

She passed the middle of the room
looked at and brushed the dust from the
leaves. This time she went up to the
examined her dress. Some of the tishas, cry
"I peeped into her bush and got
see what she would do. He took the white
before the glass and looked at it and
the other two tishas were both calling him
back and he did. Let him look at me
the girl said. Hardly had Boris gone than
so she shed tears and in an angry
came in the door. The tishas checked
her first impulse to run in to him and re-
mained behind the glass as usual—as usual
derivable cap—seewh went in the
door. She went to the garden and peculiar
saw the countess. So she muttered to herself kept
looking around with the drawing room door
it peeped at the children.

So a while then she went with her
cousin to the garden.

It is this garden that is the most beautiful
sabbath day.

Ah, I know what is.

Well, if you do so much better and

you can go back to the

So-o-o-yal Look at the children's
re me and myself like that for
the day? said the cholera kingler and.

Sonyad did not pull the day and left the
girl did not bring the day and left the
girl watched the girl's bush and the girl's
eyes. What will happen now the girl's
said. What is the new news to the
you are crying and the girl's

Adel the pretty one
I don't like you to talk like that
Well then I am only a girl's
So? He drew her to him and kissed her
Oh how nice the girl's day and the
Sonyad did not pull the day and left the
servant's wife and called her to her
Boris om here said he with a shy
girl's took the girl's to the girl's
Her her day and he led her to the
story to the place among the tubs where she
had been hiding.

Boi I'll wed her smile
What is the matter with her? he
She grew so fused with the girl's
the girl's had thrown down on the
the tubs, peeped up
he said the girl's day and the
Boi look at the girl's day and the
eagerly he did the girl's

D n t y u w a t t o? Well the girl's
said she and the girl's name of the girl's
and the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

Sh ca gl t h y o u g f i e r b y l f l a n d
look solemnly and fear appeared under
flushed face

And m y w o l d y u l i k e t o l a s s m e h e
whispered almost audibly the girl's
himself in the girl's bush and the
most cry the girl's day and the
Boris did the girl's

H w l u n y y u r e h e s a d b e n d i n g
d w t h e r n d b l a h g s t l l m o b t l e
wanted and did the girl's

Sudd ly h j u m p d u p o t o a t u b t o b
higher than the girl's day and the
and b e r m l p d h m a b o h n c k
and the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
Th she slipped down the girl's
pots in the girl's day and the girl's
li g g h e r h e d

The girl's day and the girl's
you but
You are not the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

the girl's day and the girl's
the girl's day and the girl's

He glanced at his cousin and the young lady visitor and they were both regarding him with a smile of approbation

Schubert the colonel of the Pávlograd Hus

I have already told you Papa said his son that if you don't wish to let me go I'll stay But I know I am no use anywhere except in the army I am not a diplomat or a government clerk—I don't know how to hide what I feel As he spoke he kept glancing with the flirtatiousness of a handsome youth at Sónya and the young lady visitor

The little kitten feasting her eyes on him seemed ready at any moment to start her gambols again and display her kittenish nature

All right all right! said the old count He always flares up! This Buonaparte has turned all their heads they all think of how he rose from an ensign and became Emperor Well well God grant it he added not noticing his visitor's sarcastic smile

she giving him a tender smile

The young man flattered sat down nearer to her with a coquettish smile and engaged the smiling Julie in a confidential conversation without at all noticing that his involuntary smile had stabbed the heart of Sónya who blushed and smiled unnaturally In the midst of his talk he glanced round at her She gave him a passionately angry glance and hardly able to restrain her tears and maintain the artificial smile on her lips she got up and left the room All Nicholas' animation vanished He waited for the first pause in the conversation and then with a distressed face left the room to find Sónya

How plainly all these young people wear their hearts on their sleeves! said Anna Mikháylovna pointing to Nicholas as he went out *Cousinage—dangereux voisinage* she added

Yes said the countess when the brightness these young people had brought into the room had vanished and as if answering a question no one had put but which was always in her mind and how much suffering how much

Cousinhood is a dangerous neighborhood

anxiety one has had to go through that we might rejoice in them now! And yet really the anxiety is greater now than the joy One is always always anxious! Especially just at this age so dangerous both for girls and boys

It all depends on the bringing up remarked the visitor

Yes you're quite right continued the countess Till now I have always thank God been my children's friend and had their full confidence said she repeating the mistake of so many parents who imagine that their children have no secrets from them I know I shall always be my daughters' first confidante and that if Nicholas with his impulsive nature does get into mischief (a boy can't help it) he will all the same never be like those Petersburg young men

Yes they are splendid splendid youngsters chimed in the count who always solved questions that seemed to him perplexing by deciding that everything was splendid Just fancy wants to be an hussar What's one to do my dear?

What a charming creature your younger girl is said the visitor a little volcano!

Yes a regular volcano said the count Takes after me! And what a voice she has though she's my daughter I tell the truth when I say she'll be a singer a second Salomon! We have engaged an Italian to give her lessons

Isn't she too young? I have heard that it harms the voice to train it at that age

Oh no not at all too young! replied the count Why our mothers used to be married at eleven or thirteen

And she's in love with Boris already Just fancy! said the countess with a gentle smile looking at Boris' mother and went on evidently concerned with a thought that always occupied her Now you see if I were to be severe with her and to forbid it goodness knows what they might be up to on the sly (she meant that they would be kissing) but as it is I know every word she utters She will come running to me of her own accord in the evening and tell me everything I perhaps I spoil her but really that seems the best plan With her elder sister I was stricter

Yes I was brought up quite differently remarked the handsome elder daughter Countess Véra with a smile

But the smile did not enhance Véra's beauty as smiles generally do on the contrary it gave her an unnatural and therefore unpleasant expression Véra was good looking not at all

"The pleasant things were said to me
reminded Vera I said in to anyone.

M dame de Genl! M dame de Genl!
shouted in ghing es thro' the door

Th handsom Vera wh p o d ced such an
ur iau g and u ple sant fl t on every o n
smiled and e de tly unmo ed by wh t ha l
been said t her we t to the looking glass d
arra ged her ha and scarf. Look g tler
ha dsom face se seemed to become ull
colder nd calmer

In the draw g room the co ersati n was

the co try d w many es? Th uricals
b u g and h n kn w what bes d B t
d t l t s talk b t me tell m h w y u
ma god eryth g l often nder t y o
A t -b w t y e y can rush fl
in carrying t M se w to P tersburg
t those m nsters d gre t p ple nd k
h w so deal w th them all! It qu te aston d
g H w d d y ug t things settled? I uldn t
pos bly d t

Ah myl e anwered Ann M kháy! vn
God grant y u e kn w wh t t t be
left d w w th t means nd th a so
y l tod traction O el m m yth gs
then l dded w th crtain pride. Th t

t the f urum s- ill g t what I want.
f d t m d wh t they th k f me.

Well nd t wh m d d y u pply bout
Bori? ask d the o n ess y u se y urs
lr d n fi n the Guards h l my
ch las g cade Thert s n t
terest hum lf f hum To wh m did y u
ppl e

"T P Vas l H w s so k nd. H t
greed to eryth and p t h m t
bel th Empero s d Pr n ess Ann M
kháy! n th as cally qu t f rg tu gall
th humil t sh h d d ed to gas her
d.

H Pri V fl aged m ch? asked the
cess l h n t se f m cre w acted
w th t h Rumyanso the treal l
pecth has l rgo m H p d m t t n t s
n thos days s d th countess w th m le.

He t just the s z ne as e er repl ed An a
M kháy! n n erflow ng with am bity
ll po tion l as n t u ned h s h e d t ll He
s d t n e I m sorry I can do so l tle so
y u dear Pr n ess I am t y ur con u a d
yes, h s f n e f l w nd very kind rela
u n But A taly you k ow my lo e f r y
so I uld d ytl f r h l p p n ess
And my f m re t uch b d w ytl t my
po u n n w t err ble one n t nued
Ann M kháy! n s dly dropp ng h r v o e
My wret d l w t takes all l l e and
makes no progress. Wo l d y u bel e v e t I
ha el t r ally n t p n y d d t h n whow
t equ p Boris. She took out her l nd l e r e l
nd began to cry I need f e hu dred rubles,
and ha e o ly m e twenty five ruble note. l
h a t e M only l ope now s

godianer—a u
m ten nce all my ur ble l l h e be
thr wn away I shall n t be bl t ery j
hum.

The co te eyes filled th t ear nd l e
poude ed n l nce

I ofte th nk th ough perh j s t s
s d th pr n ess th t here l es Co t Cy l
Vladim ro h Bex kho sor ch l l a l e
that treme d u fortu m nd wh t is l s
l f w rth? It s burden to h m a d B r y s
l f e ly j t b e n g

Su ly h w l l e e someti ng to Bor s,
d th cou tess.

to h m tr ght out Lerp pleth nk what they
w l of me t really ll the same t me he t
my so s f t s t take Th pr n ess rose
It n t o o lock nd y u d e at f ur
Th re w ll just be t me

And l k pract cal Petersburg l dy ho
kn w s h w t m k the m t o f t me Ann
M kháy! n se t someone to call he so
and went to th n room w th h m

Good by my dear s d she t th c u t ss
who saw her to th doo nd d d d n
h per so that her son should n t l e ar
Wsl me good l k.

Ar y g g t Count Cyr l V l d m o-
ch, my d ar? s d th count om g ut
from th d ng hall t th anteroom and
l l dded l f h bette l P err m d n
th us. H h been to th l se you k w
and d ced th th ch ldre Be u to n

Yes I am but please don't let us do like that In another four years then I will ask for your hand

Natasha considered

Thirteen fourteen fifteen sixteen she counted on her slender little fingers All right! Then it's settled?

A smile of joy and satisfaction lit up her eager face

Settled! replied Boris

Forever! said the little girl Till death itself

She took his arm and with a happy face went with him into the adjoining sitting room

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER RECEIVING her visitors the countess was so tired that she gave orders to admit no more but the porter was told to be sure to invite to dinner all who came to congratulate The countess wished to have a tête à tête talk with the friend of her childhood Princess Anna Mikháylovna whom she had not seen properly since she returned from Petersburg Anna Mikháylovna with her tear worn but pleasant face drew her chair nearer to that of the countess

With you I will be quite frank said Anna Mikháylovna There are not many left of us old friends! That's why I so value your friendship

Anna Mikháylovna looked at Véra and pressed her friend's hand

Véra she said to her eldest daughter was as evidently not a favorite how is it you have so little tact? Don't you see you are not wanted here? Go to the other girls or

The handsome Véra smiled contemptuously but did not seem at all hurt

If you had told me sooner Mamma I would have gone she replied as she rose to go to her own room

But as she passed the sitting room she no-

out some verses for her the first he had ever written Boris and Natasha were at the other window and ceased talking when Véra entered Sonya and Natasha looked at Véra with guilty happy faces

It was pleasant and touching to see these little girls in love but apparently the sight of them roused no pleasant feeling in Véra

How often have I asked you not to take my things? she said You have a room of your

own and she took the inkstand from Nicholas

In a minute in a minute he said dipping his pen

You always manage to do things at the wrong time continued Véra You came rushing into the drawing room so that everyone felt ashamed of you

Though what she said was quite just perhaps for that very reason no one replied and the four simply looked at one another She lingered in the room with the inkstand in her hand

And at your age what secrets can there be between Natasha and Boris or between you two? It's all nonsense!

Now Véra what does it matter to you said Natasha in defense speaking very gently

She seemed that day to be more than ever kind and affectionate to everyone

Very silly said Véra I am ashamed of you Secrets indeed!

All have secrets of their own answered Natasha getting warmer We don't interfere with you and Berg

I should think not said Véra because there can never be anything wrong in my behavior But I'll just tell Mamma how you are behaving with Boris

Natasha listened very well to me remarked Boris I have nothing to complain of

Don't Boris! You are such a diplomat that it is really tiresome said Natasha in a mortified voice that trembled slightly (She used the word diplomat which was just then much in vogue among the children in the special sense they attached to it) Why does she bother me? And she added turning to Véra

You'll never understand it because you've never loved anyone You have no heart! You are a Madame de Genlis and nothing more (this nickname bestowed on Véra by Nicholas was considered very stinging) and your greatest pleasure is to be unpleasant to people! Go and flirt with Berg as much as you please she finished quickly

I shall at any rate not run after a young man before visitors

Well now you've done what you wanted put in Nicholas said unpleasant things to everyone and upset them Let's go to the nursery

All four like a flock of scared birds got up and left the room

A little later of this period a process of educational work and so on.—FR.

he had d e n Petersburg at Anna Schérrer's
m ep

Try to serve well ndash wj urs lfwo thy
add d he d d r e s s g B r i s w t h s e v t y I
am gl d. Are you h e c o n l e e? he went
h u s a l t o m f n d i f f e e n c e.

I m w a n g r d e r s t j o n m y n e w e g
m e n t, y o u r e e l l c y r p l e d B o r i b e t r a y
i n g e t h e n n) n e t i h p r m s b r u s q u e
d e s e t n t e r n t o c o n c e r s a u n

na that tw uld bed if cult to get r d of \n a
M kháy! n

Would not such meet g b e t o o t r y g f r
h m d e r A n a M kháylo n a? s a d h e. L e t
u s w t u n t l e e n m The doctors are expect
n g a c r s s

It n e c a n o t d e l a y P r i n c e a t s u c h a m o -
m e n t! C o d e r t h a t t h e w e l l r e o f j s s o u l i s
a t s t a k e A h, t i s w f u l t h e d u t c s o f a C l r s
t n

A door of one of the e r r o o m s p e n e d i d
f h r i s e s t h e c o u t s n m e t e d

taly Shunsh í s a d A n M kháylo n a.

I l n w l k w a n e d P r i V a s i l n
h u m t o c e I n e e r c o u l d u d e r
d h w N t a l y m a d e p h e m d t o m a r r y

M kháy! w t h p t h t m u l e, a s t l g l
h e t o o k e w t l t C o n t R t d e r v e d i l
m u r b t a s k d l m t t o b t o o h a r d
t h e p o o l d m a n W h t d t h e d o c t o r s s a y?
a s k d t h p l i e r p s h w r n f c e
g a e x p e s s g d p s o r t w

T l y g l t i l e h p p l e d t h e p r e
A d l h l d s o l k t o t h a k U l o c e
f l l h l s d n e s t o m d B o f H s h
g o d s o h e d d d, h e r t o g g e s t g t h t
t h u s f c t h i t g e P c e V l m c h t s -
f n.

P c e V a s i l b e c a m t h g h t f l a n d
f r n e d A M kháy! s w t h t h w a s
f d f f i d g l l f C o n t B
l h f t a n d h a s t e n e d t o e a s u r e h m
I f t e r n t f m y c e r e f f e c t n n d
d t t U l d h u t t e g t h w d
w t h p u l a s s d u n c o c e r n I
l w h u s c h r a e r n b l u p r i g h t b t y u
h h a s m w t h h m c p t h y u g
p e s s T h e y a r t i l l y u g S h e
b e t h h e a d d o o t e d n w h p e r
H a s h p f r m e d h u s f i a l d u t y P r c e? H w
p l e s a r t h l a t m m e t s l t c a n m a k
t h g s w r s d t b s o l t l y n e s s a r y
t o p m h m f h i s s o d l W e w m n P r i c e
d l m l e d t d l y l y k w h w t o
s a y t h e s t h g s. I b s o l t l y m u s t s e h m
h e v p a u l u t m a y b f m l m u s d t o
u f f m

E d t l y t h e p m e u d r s t o o d h e r d a l
s o d t o o d a s h h a d d n t A n P a l

Et Well h w s h e

S c i l t h e s a m e b u t w h a t c a n y o u e x p e c t t h s
n o u s e s a i d t h e p n c s s l o o k g t l i a
M kháylo n a s t s t r a n g e r

A h m y d e a r I h a d l y k n e w y o u s a d i n a
M kháylo n w t h h a p p y s m i l e, m b l n
l g h t l y u p t o t h c o t s n e c e I h s e c o m e
a n d a m t y o u r s e r v c e t o l e p y o u u r n e m y
u l e l m a g e w h a t y u l h a e g o e d u g l
n d h y m p a t h e t c a l l y t u e d u p f e r e y m

T h e s g a e n o e p l y a d d d n t e c

pu armch u g P n c e V a s i l t a k a c a t
h e s d e h r

B o f h e d t o h e r s o n w t h a s m i l e I
l l l g n t o e e t h e c o t m y c l e b u t y u
m y d e r h d b e n r g t P r r e m e a n w l e a n d
d n t f r g t t o g e h m t h R o t s n v t a
t n T h e y a s k h m t o d i n e r l u p p e l e
w t g? h e c o n t u d t u r n n g l d e p c e.

O t h e c o n t r a r y r e p l e d t h e p n c e w h o
h d p l a n l y b c o m d p e s s e d I h l l b e o l y
t o o g l d f y u l e e m f t h t y u n g m n

H e h e a n d t h e c o n t h a s n t e
a s k d f h m.

H e h r u g g d h h u l d e r s. A f o o t m n
d t d B o f d w n o f l i g h t o f t a i r s d u p
n t h t P e a r s r o o m s.

CHAPTER XVI

s e t t M c o w T l e t r y t l d b o u t h m f
C o t R t w s t r u e P r r h a d t a k e n p t
t y g p o l m n t o b r H e h d n w
b n f s o m e d y M c o w n d w a s t a y g
a s u s l a t h f t h h u s T h u g h h
p c t d t t h t o r y f h e s c a p d w u l d b e

vite him my dear We will see how Tarás distinguishes himself today He says Count Orlów never gave such a dinner as ours will be!

CHAPTER XX

MY DEAR BORIS said Princess Anna Mikháylovna to her son as Countess Rostóva's carriage in which they were seated drove over the straw covered street and turned into the wide courtyard of Count Cyril Vladímirovich Bezukhov's house My dear Boris said the mother drawing her hand from beneath her old mantle and laying it timidly and tenderly on her son's arm be affectionate and attentive to him Count Cyril Vladímirovich is your godfather after all and your future depends on him Remember that my dear and be nice to him as you so well know how to be

If only I knew that anything besides humiliation could come of it answered her son coldly But I have promised and will do it for your sake

Although the hall porter saw someone's carriage standing at the entrance after scrutinizing the mother and son (who without asking to be announced had passed straight through the glass porch between the rows of statues in niches) and looking significantly at the lady's old cloak he asked whether they wanted the count or the princesses and hearing that they wished to see the count said his excellency was worse today and that his excellency was not receiving anyone

We may as well go back said the son in French

My dear! exclaimed his mother imploringly again laying her hand on his arm as if that touch might soothe or rouse him

Boris said no more but looked inquiringly at his mother without taking off his cloak

My friend said Anna Mikháylovna in gentle tones addressing the hall porter I know Count Cyril Vladímirovich is very ill that's why I have come I am a relation I shall not disturb him my friend I only need see Prince Vasíli Sergéevich he is staying here is he not? Please announce me

The hall porter sullenly pulled a bell that rang upstairs and turned away

Princess Drubetskáya to see Prince Vasíli Sergéevich he called to a footman dressed in knee breeches shoes and a swallow tail coat who ran downstairs and looked over from the hallway landing

The mother smoothed the folds of her dyed silk dress before a large Venetian mirror in

the wall and in her trodden down shoes briskly ascended the carpeted stairs

My dear she said to her son once more stimulating him by a touch you promised me!

The son lowering his eyes followed her quietly

They entered the large hall from which one of the doors led to the apartments assigned to Prince Vasíli

Just as the mother and son having reached the middle of the hall were about to ask their way of an elderly footman who had sprung up as they entered the bronze handle of one of the doors turned and Prince Vasíli came out—wearing a velvet coat with a single star on his breast as was his custom when at home—taking leave of a good looking dark haired man This was the celebrated Petersburg doctor Lorrain

Then it is certain? said the prince

Prince humanum est errare but replied the doctor swallowing his *rs* and pronouncing the Latin words with a French accent

Very well very well

Seeing Anna Mikháylovna and her son Prince Vasíli dismissed the doctor with a bow and approached them silently and with a look of inquiry The son noticed that an expression of profound sorrow suddenly clouded his mother's face and he smiled slightly

Ah Prince! In what sad circumstances we meet again! And how is our dear invalid? said she as though unaware of the cold of

to o y u t i ~ ~
ly Prince Vasíli without acknowledging the bow turned to Anna Mikháylovna answering her query by a movement of the head and lips indicating very little hope for the patient

Is it possible? exclaimed Anna Mikháylovna Oh how awful! It is terrible to think

This is my son she added indicating Boris He wanted to thank you himself

Boris bowed again politely

Believe me Iince a mother's heart will never forget what you have done for us

I am glad I was able to do you a service my dear Anna Mikháylovna said Prince Vasíli arranging his lace frill and in tone and manner here in Moscow to Anna Mikháylovna whom he had placed under a obligation assuming an air of much greater importance than

To e r human

would come off badly. You know if the police get across the Channel. I think the expedition is quite feasible. If only Villeneuve doesn't make mess of this."

Boris knew nothing about the Boulogne expedition, he did not read the papers and it was the first time he had heard Villeneuve's name.

"We better in Moscow are more occupied with dinner parties and scandal than with politics," said he in his quiet ironical tone. "I know nothing about it and have not thought about it. Moscow is chiefly busy with gossip," he continued. "Just now they are talking about you and your father."

Pierre smiled in his good-natured way as if afraid for his companion's sake that the latter might say something he would afterwards regret. But Boris spoke distinctly, clearly and dryly looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

Moscow has nothing else to do but gossip. Boris went on. "Everybody is wondering to whom the count will leave his fortune, though he may perhaps outlive us all, as I sincerely hope we will."

"Yes," said very bored, interrupted Pierre, very bored.

Pierre was still afraid that this officer might say something disconcerting to himself.

"And it must seem to you," said Boris, with a smile but not changing his iron attitude, "it must seem to you that everyone is trying to get something out of the rich man."

"So it does, though," said Pierre.

"But I just wish to say to you and to understand something, you are quite mistaken if you reckon me or my mother among such people. We are very poor but for my own part I am not for the very reason that your father is rich. I don't regard myself as a relation of his and either I or my mother would ever ask or take an iota from him."

For long time Pierre could not understand, but when he did, he jumped up from the sofa, seized Boris under the elbow in his quick, clumsy and, wishing far more than Boris, began to speak with feeling of mingled shame and exaltation.

"What is this strange? Do you suppose I do count much. I know very well."

But Boris again interrupted him.

"I am glad I have spoken out fully. Perhaps you did not like it. You must excuse me, said he, pausing. Pierre came instead of being put to ease by him, but I hope I have no wounded vanity. I always make it a rule to speak out."

Well, what answer am I to take? Will you come to dinner to the Rosts?"

And Boris, having apparently relieved himself of an enormous weight and extricated himself from an awkward situation and placed another in it, became quite pleasant again.

"No but I said," said Pierre, calming down, "you are a wonderful fellow. What you have just said is good. Of course you do it."

"I could not have done it myself, I know you would have had the courtesy but I pleased. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. It is queer he does after a pause, that should have suspected him. He began to laugh. Well, what of it? I hope we'll get better acquainted, and he pressed Boris's hand. Do you know I have not once been in to see the count. He has not sent for me. I am sorry for him as man, but what can one do?"

"And so you think the police will manage to get a army across," asked Boris with a smile.

— — —
of the Boulogne expedition.

A footman came in to summon Boris—the princess was going. Pierre, in order to make Boris better acquainted as he promised to come to dinner and warm press his hand looked affectionately at his pericarditis into Boris's eyes. After he had seen Pierre continued pac-

man.

As often happens in early youth, especially to one who leads a lonely life, he felt an uncountable tenderness for this young man and made up his mind that they would be friends.

Prince Vasil saw the princess off. She held handkerchief to her eyes and her face was tearful.

"It is dreadful, dreadful," she was saying, "but cost me what it may I shall do my duty. I will come and spend the night. He must not be left like this. Every moment is precious. I can think why his messes put it off. Perhaps God will help me to find a way to prepare him! Adieu, Prince Vasily. God support you."

Adieu, madame answered Prince Vasily turning away from her.

"Oh, he is in a dreadful state," said the mother.

already known in Moscow and that the ladies about his father—who were never favorably disposed toward him—would have used it to turn the count against him—he nevertheless on the day of his arrival went to his father's part of the house. Entering the drawing-room where the princesses spent most of their time he greeted the ladies, two of whom were sitting at embroidery frames while a third read aloud. It was the eldest who was reading—the one who had met Anna Mikháylovna. The two younger ones were embroidering, both were rosy and pretty and they differed only in that one had a little mole on her lip which made her much prettier. Pierre was received as if he were a corpse or a leper. The eldest princess paused in her reading and silently stared at him with frightened eyes. The second assumed precisely the same expression while the youngest, the one with the mole, who was of a cheerful and lively disposition, bent over her frame to hide a smile probably evoked by the amusing scene she foresaw. She drew her wool down through the canvas and scarcely able to refrain from laughing, stooped as if trying to make out the pattern.

How do you do, cousin? said Pierre. You don't recognize me?

I recognize you only too well, too well.

How is the count? Can I see him? asked Pierre as lightly as usual but unabashed.

The count is suffering physically and mentally and apparently you have done your best to increase his mental sufferings.

Can I see the count? Pierre again asked.

Oh! If you wish to kill him, to kill him outright, you can see him. Olga go and see whether Uncle's beef tea is ready—it is almost time, she added, giving Pierre to understand that they were busy and busy making his father comfortable while evidently he, Pierre, was only busy causing him annoyance.

Olga went out. Pierre stood looking at the sisters; then he bowed and said: Then I will go to my rooms. You will let me know when I can see him.

And he left the room, followed by the low but ringing laughter of the sister with the mole.

Next day Prince Vasilí had arrived and settled in the count's house. He sent for Pierre and said to him: My dear fellow, if you are going to behave here as you did in Petersburg, you will end very badly; that is all I have to say to you. The count is very, very ill, and you must not see him at all.

Since then Pierre had not been disturbed

and had spent the whole time in his rooms upstairs.

When Boris appeared at his door Pierre was pacing up and down his room, stopping occasionally at a corner to make menacing gestures at the wall as if running a sword through an invisible foe and glaring savagely over his spectacles and then again resuming his walk muttering indistinct words, shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating.

England is done for, said he, scowling and pointing his finger at someone unseen. Mr. Pitt as a traitor to the nation and to the rights of man is sentenced to . . . But before Pierre—who at that moment imagined himself to be Napoleon in person and to have just effected the dangerous crossing of the Straits of Dover and captured London—could pronounce Pitt's sentence, he saw a well-built and handsome young officer entering his room. Pierre paused. He had left Moscow when Boris was a boy of fourteen and had quite forgotten him, but in his usual impulsive and hearty way he took Boris by the hand with a friendly smile.

Do you remember me? asked Boris quietly with a pleasant smile. I have come with my mother to see the count, but it seems he is not well.

Yes, it seems he is ill. People are always disturbing him, answered Pierre, trying to remember who this young man was.

Boris felt that Pierre did not recognize him but did not consider it necessary to introduce himself and without experiencing the least em-

barrassment made Pierre feel uncomfortable.

Ah, Count Rostóv! exclaimed Pierre joyfully. Then you are his son, Ilyá? Only fancy! I didn't know you at first. Do you remember how we went to the Sparrow Hills with Madame

Boris son of Princess Anna Mikháylovna Drubetskáyá Rostov, the father is Ilyá and his son is Nicholas. I never knew any Madame Jacquot.

Pierre shook his head and arms as if attacked by mosquitoes or bees.

Oh dear, what am I thinking about? I've mixed everything up. One has so many relatives in Moscow! So you are Boris? Of course! Well, now we know where we are. And what do you think of the Boulogne expedition? The English

they were kindhearted, and because they—
friends from childhood—had to think about
such base thing as money and because their
youth was over. But those tears were pleas-
ant to them both.

CHAPTER XVIII

h went t to ask Hasnt she come etc
They wer expecting Marya Dmitrievna Akhromova, kn n n society as le terrible d

lady distinguished not for wealth or rank, but for common sense and frank plainness of speech. Maria Dmitrievna was known to the Imperial family as well as to all Moscow and Petersburg and both cities wondered at her laughing privacy at her rudenesses, and told good stories about her while none less all about except no respected and feared her

In the count's room, which was full of tobacco smoke, they talked of the war that had been announced, manifesto and both the recruits. None of them had yet seen the manifesto, but they all knew it had appeared. The count sat on the sofa between two guests who were smoking and talking. He neither smoked nor talked, but bending his head first to one side and then to the other watched the smokers with evident pleasure and listened to the conversation of his two neighbors, whom he eyed against each other.

O f them was tallow clean-shaven
ilian w th thin and wrinkled face, already
ro ing ld, though he was dressed lik most
fashionab young man. H sa with his legs up
the sofa as f quite t hom and, ha ing
stuck an amberno thp ece far into his mouth,
as inhale the smoke spasmodicall and
screwn phis eyes. This was an old bachelo
Shimshu cousin f th countess man w th
sharp to ru as they said in Moscow socie
ety ■ seemed to be co descendin to his com
panion. The latter, fresh, my officer of the
Guards, irreproachably washed, brushed, and
buto ed, held his p pe n th middl of his
mouth and w th red lips gentl inhaled the
smok lettin escape from his handsome
mouth in no-ns. This was Lieutenant Berg, an
officer in the Semeno re-ment with whom
Boris was to tra el to join the army and bou
whom \ tasha had teased her elder sister's tra
peaki g of Berg as her intended. Th count

sat between them and listened attentively. His favorite occupation when not playing basketball, card game he was very fond of was that of listener especially when he succeeded in setting two loquacious talkers to one another.

"Well, then old chap m i h ble
 Alph use kárl ch. said Shmsh n la h "
 ironically and mixed th most ordinary Rus-
 sian expressions w th the cho cest French
 phrases—which was pecul arny of his peech.
 I us mpter vousf des nt s fetal
 you want to make something out of our com-
 pan

No Peter \ koláev ch. lo lywa it show that in th ca alry the d a tags are far less than in the infantry Just consider my own position now Peter \ koláevich

Berg always poked quiet politeness and with great precision. His conversation always related entirely to himself; he would remain calm and silent when the talk related to any topic

than two hundred rubles every four months, even with the rank of lieutenant, but as I received two hundred and thirty said he looked

at Shunshin and the count with a joyful, pleasant smile as if it were obvious to him that his success must always be the chief desire of everyone else.

Besides that, Peter Kolosch, by exchanging to the Guards I shall be in more prominent position continued Berg and vacancies occur much more frequently in the Foot Guards. Then just think what can be done with two hundred and thirty rubles I even manage to get a little aside and send something to my father" he went on, emitting smoke.

Labla y r A German knows h w
to kin flint, as th pro erb says, remarked
Shinshin, movi his p pe to the other d of
his mouth and winkin at the count.

The count burst out laughing. The other guests seen that Shinsbin was talking came up to listen. Berg, blushing furiously and in deference, continued to explain how by exchange

You expect to make an income out of the government.

So that squares matters.

titude to Pierre? asked the son

The will will show that my dear our fate also depends on it

But why do you expect that he will leave us anything?

Ah my dear! He is so rich and we are so poor!

Well that is hardly a sufficient reason Mamma

Oh Heaven! How ill he is! exclaimed the mother

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER ANNA MIKHAYLOVNA had driven off with her son to visit Count Cyril Vladimirovich Bezukhov Countess Rostova sat for a long time all alone applying her handkerchief to her eyes At last she rang

What is the matter with you my dear? she said crossly to the maid who kept her waiting some minutes Don't you wish to serve me? Then I'll find you another place

The countess was upset by her friend's sorrow and humiliating poverty and was there fore out of sorts a state of mind which with her always found expression in calling her maid my dear and speaking to her with exaggerated politeness

I am very sorry ma'am answered the maid Ask the count to come to me

The count came waddling in to see his wife with a rather guilty look as usual

Well little countess? What a *sauté* of game *au madre* we are to have my dear! I tasted it The thousand rubles I paid for Taras were not ill spent He is worth it!

He sat down by his wife his elbows on his knees and his hands ruffling his gray hair

What are your commands little countess?

You see my dear What's that mess? she said pointing to his waistcoat It's the *sauté* most likely she added with a smile

Well you see Count I want some money

Her face became sad

Oh little countess! and the count began bustling to get out his pocketbook

I want a great deal Count! I want five hundred rubles and taking out her cambric handkerchief she began wiping her husband's waistcoat

Yes immediately immediately! Hey who's there? he called out in a tone only used by persons who are certain that those they call

will rush to obey the summons Send Dmitri to me!

Dmitri a man of good family who had been brought up in the count's house and now managed all his affairs stepped softly into the room.

This is what I want my dear fellow said the count to the deferential young man who had entered Bring me he reflected a moment yes bring me seven hundred rubles yes! But mind don't bring me such tattered and dirty notes as last time but nice clean ones for the countess

Yes Dmitri clean ones please said the countess sighing deeply

When would you like them your excellency? asked Dmitri Allow me to inform you

But don't be uneasy he added noticing that the count was beginning to breathe heavily and quickly which was always a sign of approaching anger I was forgetting Do you wish it brought at once?

Yes yes just so! Bring it Give it to the countess

What a treasure that Dmitri added the count with a smile when the young man had departed There is never any impossible with him That's a thing I hate! Everything is possible

Ah money Count money! How much sorrow it causes in the world said the countess

But I am in great need of this sum

You my little countess are a notorious spendthrift said the count and having kissed his wife's hand he went back to his study

When Anna Micháylovna returned from Count Bezukhov's the money all in clean notes was lying ready under a handkerchief on the countess little table and Anna Micháylovna noticed that something was agitating her

Well my dear? asked the countess

Oh what a terrible state he is in! One would not know him he is so ill! I was only there a few moments and hardly said a word

Annette for heaven's sake don't refuse me the countess began with a blush that looked very strange on her thin dignified elderly face and she took the money from under the handkerchief

Anna Micháylovna instantly guessed her intention and stooped to be ready to embrace the countess at the appropriate moment

This is for Boris from me for his outfit.

Anna Micháylovna was already embracing her and weeping The countess wept too They wept because they were friends and because

A fine lad. My word! A fine lad! He is laughing at his deathbed and he amuses himself setting policemen and a bear! For shame, or so sham! It would be better if you let the war.

She turned away and gave her hand to the man who could hardly keep from laughing.

"Well, I suppose it is time we are at table?"

said Mária Dmitri.

The count went first with Mária Dmitriena, the countess followed in the arm of Colonel Fyodor, man of importance to them be-

two soups he chose turtle with saffron patties and went on to the game which followed a single dash, one of the wagers. These latter the butler thrust mysteriously forward, wrapped in napkins from behind the next man's shoulders and whispered. Dry Mária

Hugarian or Rhene as the case might be. Of the four crystal glasses engraved with the count's monogram the first stood before his plate. Pierre held out one at random and drank with enjoyment; gave the ever increasing amiability to the other guests. Natasha who sat opposite was looking at Boris as glasses of thirteen look at the boy they were looking at and had just used for the first time. Sometimes that same look fell on Pierre, and then the full eyelids of the girls looked down lined to the ground with unknown by.

Nicholas sat somewhat near from Solyubevskaya Julia, to whom he was talking in with the same familiar smile. Sonya was a companion smile but was evidently tormented by jealousy; she turned pale and flushed and trained every nerve to overhear what Nicholas and Julia were saying to one another. The governess kept looking ground easily as if preparing to resent a slight that might be put upon the children. The German tutor was trying to remember the dishes, wines, and kinds of dessert, in order to send full description of the dinner to his people in Germany, and he felt greatly offended when the butler with bottles wrapped in paper passed him by. He frowned trying to remember.

He did not want any of that wine, but it was mortified because no one would understand that it was not to quench thirst or for mere greediness that he wanted it but simply from a conscientious desire for knowledge.

CHAPTER XX

AT THE MEN'S end of the table the talk grew more and more animated. The colonel told them that the declaration of war had already appeared in Petersburg and that a copy of the declaration had been seen by him that day been forwarded by courier to the commandant.

And why then do we are we going to fight Bonaparte? remarked Shunshin. He has expelled Austria and I fear it will be our turn next.

The colonel was stout, tall, plump German, densely dressed to the service, a particularly Russian. He presented Shunshin's remark.

As, threw significant glances from behind the people her husband whose face and bald head seemed to their redness contrast more than usual with his gray hair. At the ladies' end an even chatter of voices was heard all the time, the men's discussion died loud or died especially that the colonel of the Hussars who grew more and more flushed and drank so much that the count held him passively to the other guests. Berg with the derisive smile was in the Véra's hand, is not earthly but only feeling Boris was still his new friend Pierre, both guests were and exchanging glances with Natasha who was sitting opposite. Pierre poked him but examined the new faces, and to great deal. Of the

ing into the Guards he had already gained a step on his old comrades of the Cadet Corps how in wartime the company commander might get killed and he as senior in the company might easily succeed to the post how popular he was with everyone in the regiment and how satisfied his father was with him Berg evidently enjoyed narrating all this and did not seem to suspect that others too might have their own interests But all he said was so prettily sedate and the naïveté of his youthful egotism was so obvious that he disarmed his hearers

Well my boy you'll get along wherever you go—foot or horse—that I'll warrant said Shishin patting him on the shoulder and taking his feet off the sofa

Berg smiled joyously The count followed by his guests went into the drawing room

It was just the moment before a big dinner when the assembled guests expecting the summons to *zakuska* avoid engaging in any long conversation but think it necessary to move about and talk in order to show that they are not at all impatient for their food The host and hostess look toward the door and now and then glance at one another and the visitors try to guess from these glances who or what they are waiting for—some important relation who has not yet arrived or a dish that is not yet ready

Pierre had come just at dinnertime and was sitting awkwardly in the middle of the drawing room on the first chair he had come across blocking the way for everyone The countess tried to make him talk but he went on naively looking around through his spectacles as if in search of somebody and answered all her questions in monosyllables He was in the way and was the only one who did not notice the fact Most of the guests knowing of the affair with the bear looked with curiosity at this big stout quiet man wondering how such a clumsy modest fellow could have played such a prank on a policeman

You have only lately arrived? the countess asked him

Our madame replied he looking around him

You have not yet seen my husband?

Non madame He smiled quite inappropriately

You have been in Paris recently I believe? I suppose it's very interesting

Very interesting

Hors d'oeuvres.

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikháylovna The latter understood that she was being asked to entertain this young man and sitting down beside him she began to speak about his father but he answered her in head the countess only in monosyllables The other guests were all conversing with one another The Razumóvskis It was charming You are very kind Countess Apráksina was heard on all sides The countess rose and went into the ballroom

Márya Dmitrievna? came her voice from there

Herself came the answer in a rough voice, and Márya Dmitrievna entered the room

All the unmarried ladies and even the married ones except the very oldest rose Márya Dmitrievna paused at the door Tall and stout holding high her fifty-year-old head with its gray curls she stood surveying the guests and leisurely arranged her wide sleeves as if rolling them up Márya Dmitrievna always spoke in Russian

Health and happiness to her whose name day we are said in drowned

went on —

her hand you're feeling dull in Moscow I daresay? Now here to hunt with your dogs? But what is to be done old man? Just see how these nestlings are growing up and she pointed to the girls You must look for husbands for them whether you like it or not

Well said she how's my Cossack (Márya Dmitrievna always called Natásha a Cossack) and she stroked the child's arm as she came up fearless and gay to kiss her hand I know she's a scamp of a girl but I like her

She took a pair of pear-shaped ruby earrings from her huge reticule and having given them to the rosy Natásha who beamed with the pleasure of her saint's day fête turned away at once and addressed herself to Pierre

Eh eh friend! Come here a bit said she

tacles

Come nearer come nearer friend! I used to be the only one to tell your father the truth when he was in favor and in your case it's my evident duty She paused All were silent expectant of what was to follow for this was clearly only a prelude.

"I had better leave! a dith cou tess
Mamma! What ocs re we going to
N tasha ga cr d boldly w th saucy
ga ry co sident that he p kw uld betaken
good part.

So y nd fat l ttle P ty d ubl d up with
l ghter

Y scell ha asked wh pered Natisha
t her l il brother ndt Perr gla ci g t
hum na

I p dd ng b t you w t get any said
Máry Dmítr ev a.

Natisha w th e was ouh gt b afra d
fa d so he b d en Márya Dmítr ev n

Máry Dmítr ev n! What k d of e pud
du g l d t lke ce cream.

C m

What sl ll we s ng? sl e sa d.
"The Brook s ggested N íolax.
W ll it en let s be qu ck. Boris come here

sa d Natisha. But wht m s Sony
e looked rou d nd see h that her fr nd
w s n t n the room ran to look for l cr

R n ng to So y s roo s nd s t f d g
her there Natísl ran t tle mery but So y
yawas not there the N t d haco luded that

swer b t t the cr d bl bold ess d smart
es l th l t l g l w l had dared to t eat
Márya Dmítr n this fash m

N tash lydes t dwh n h h d b e told
th t lter l d b e apple e. Bef e th
es champ n w r v d u d. Th b nd
ga truk p l co t d countess used
d t l guests l g th s w t up to
co gra l t the co tess nd reached
cros t t ble to d k g l ses w th the cou t
th the cl ldr dw l o ther Aga
the loome ru hed bo t ch us scrap d d
th sam de w l h l y l d e t ed
b t w th edd l ces the guests t rned to
l d w oom d t th cou t tudy

CHAPTER XX

T CARD LR w drawn ut sets m d
p l boss d t l t m settled
thems l e some th tw draw w ooms
som t l t m oom some the library

Tl co t, bold g l e a ds fa w e k pt

h rp Jul byg ral q est pl y d first Aft
ersl had pl y d l t l w th
tl harp h y d t l t l e y u l d es
begg g n t á ha d N ch las, wh ted
f th mus l t l t to g som t l g
N tasha who w ted th gh h w
gr p w cr d ly ryp d l th b t
t th sam t me f l l y

that sa t s d y uddenly d ged her eyes be-
came fi ed d then l erp ssed down her
broad neck d the co ers of l er m ul
drooped.

Sonyal What s t? W l t is the matter?
O O Oo l \ d N tál s l rge
mouth w de ed, mak gh r look q te ugly
d l e bega t w l lke b by w l ut know
g w l except that So y w cry So y
tr d t l f t her head t anwer b t could t
d hud l e f est l l deeper t l e bed. N t á
sha w pt, s t t go the bl e t j d f e t l er
bed d hugg gh fr e d. W l n eff r
Sony sat up d began w p g l e r eyes nd
e pl n g

N chol s go ngaw y n a w e k s t me l
p pers ha e com het l d me h n
self b t t l l l l d n t cry d l
h owed p per l e h l d n t r l d w t l t e
res N ch las had w t n sull l l o l d ot
cry b t y u cant o e ca u d rstand
wh t soul he hasl

A d l began to cry ga n b cau e h e l d
such bl so l

Its ll cry well f r y l am n t e
ous l l y u d Borí also shew e to
ga n gal ttle tre gh h s e there
ar d f l l c t l e s y ur y l l t N chol s
my us n n w uld l t the
Mítr p l t n l mself de n t l t cant
l l do And bes des f h t l l M m n
(So y) look d pon th co t s s a f e motl
d call d h r so) t l t l am p e l g
N h l ca e d m h r tless du gr t
f l wh l arul God s my ess d
h m d t l gn f the cross l l e l
much d ll of you o ly vé A d wh t

It is for the reason my good sir said he speaking with a German accent for the reason zat ze Emperor knows zat He declares in ze manifesto zat he cannot siew wiz indifference ze danger wreatening Russia and zat ze safety and dignity of ze Empire as well as ze sanctity of its alliances he spoke this last word with particular emphasis as if in it lay the gist of the matter

Then with the unerring official memory that characterized him he repeated from the opening words of the manifesto

and the wish which constitutes the Emperor's sole and absolute aim—to establish peace in Europe on firm foundations—has now decided him to despatch part of the army abroad and to create a new condition for the attainment of that purpose

Zat my dear sir is vy he concluded drinking a tumbler of wine with dignity and looking to the count for approval

Connaissez vous le proverbe Jerome Jerome do not roam but turn spindles at home? said Shishin puckering his brows and smiling *Cela nous convient à merveille* Suworov now—he knew what he was about yet they beat him *à plate couture* and where are we to find Suworovs now? *Je vous demande un peu* said he continually changing from French to Russian

will be well And we must discuss it as little as possible he dwelt particularly on the word *possible* as possible he ended again turning to the count Zat is how the old hussars look at it and zere's an end of it! And how do you a young man and a young hussar how do you judge of it? he added addressing Nicholas who when he heard that the war was being discussed had turned from his partner with eyes and ears intent on the colonel

I am quite of your opinion replied Nicholas flaming up turning his plate round and moving his wineglasses about with as much decision and desperation as though he were at that moment facing some great danger I am convinced that we Russians must die or conquer he concluded conscious—as were others—after the words were uttered that his remarks were too enthusiastic and emphatic for

Do you know the proverb?
That suits us do to the ground
Holla
I just ask you that

the occasion and were therefore awkward

What you said just now was splendid! said his partner Julie

Sónya trembled all over and blushed to her ears and behind them and down to her neck and shoulders while Nicholas was speaking

Jerre listened to the colonel's speech and nodded approvingly

That's fine said he

The young man's real hussar! shouted the colonel again thumping the table

What are you making such a noise about over there? Márya Dmitrievna's deep voice suddenly inquired from the other end of the table What are you thumping the table for? she demanded of the hussar and why are you exciting yourself? Do you think the French are here?

I am speaking ze truce replied the hussar with a smile

It's all about the war the count shouted down the table You know my son's going Márya Dmitrievna? My son is going

I have four sons in the army but still I don't fret It is all in God's hands You may die in your bed or God may spare you in a battle replied Márya Dmitrievna's deep voice which easily carried the whole length of the table

That's true!

Once more the conversations concentrated the ladies at the one end and the men at the other

You won't ask Natásha's little brothers as saying I know you won't ask!

I will replied Natásha

Her face suddenly flushed with reckless and joyous resolution She half rose by a glance in turning Jerre whosat opposite to listen to what

of the table

What is it? asked the countess startled but seeing by her daughter's face that it was only mischief she shook a finger at her sternly with a threatening and forbidding movement of her head

The conversation was hushed

Mamma! What secrets are we going to have? and Natásha's voice sounded still more firm and resolute

The countess tried to frown but could not Márya Dmitrievna stole her fan from

Cossack! she said threateningly

Most of the guests uncertain how to regard this sally looked at the elders.

Natasha blushed and laughed.

Will callly Mamma Why should you?
Why is there to be urprised u?

In the midst of the throng as there was
clatter of chairs being pushed back in the
dining room where the countess and Marya Dmitri-
evna had been playing cards with the czar's
sister. The men distinguished older visitors.
They were striking themselves first un-
solicited playing purses dropped
back, entered the ballroom. First came Marya
Dmitrievna and the countess, both with merry

What we pressed by the whole of the count's
pl mp figure n Vdya Dmitr na found x
press o only n l e r m re a u d m re be m ng
face nd q r nose B t f t l u u n t get
l m e t the w g f t, charmed

Asian and I went up to the gallery and
rested for a while.

Sen Do you know that D I C p ?
Th was the court I nt da ce which
e had wa ed his y uth (Struly peak
ng, D I Coop was e figur of the

Look : P pal h ted N tasha to the
hol compa y nd q t f rg tu g that sh
asda gw h gr wn up partner h bent
sercurily d to h k ees dmadethe h le
oom n gw thlerl glter

A d indeed erybody al room looked
th ml fplasure t th j lold g n
Ueman wh tands bes de hus tall nd tout
partner Mry Dmatrne curved his arms

were watching the count and Mirya Dm
tre n N tisha kept pulling everyone by
the end of the wax, with it looking Pap i
the girls was they never took their eyes off
the couple. In the very first day the
couple bathed deeply and had a heated

ul turn gh part er round to l er seat he
 ex cu ed the fi al pas raus hussoffootback
 wards,bo glispersp gh d smi g d
 m k g w de w ep with l rm amud
 th derof pplause ndl lterled by N d
 sha Bothp r t ers woodst il bre th ghea ly
 and w p their f es w th their cambric
 ha dl rich fe

That's how we used to dance in our time
 I'll say the count.

"That was a D I C op exclaimed
M r y D stine n tucking up her sleeves a d
puffin he ly

CHAPTER 22

d mo p pared t o look m f what
w t f ll w As soo as the p o ocatu ly way
tra f D f C per (som wht e) seem
bl g h se f merry p asa t dan e) began
to so d, ll t doov f th ballroom
d ly filled b h d mess serfs-th
me d d th w men on tae other
-wh w t beamu g f ceshad com tose their
m t m k g try

Just look the master A regular eagle
I dly remarked th urs h tood in
I th doorw ys.

Th cou t d ed well d kn w B hus
p r t r ld d did n wan to da
w ll l r mous figu t ood erect her pow
erf larmu h g d n (h had ha ded her
et ul to th co ess) d ly her tern
b t ha dsome face cally jo ed the dance.

W LE the Rest ballroom the sixth
l u s w be gdanced to t nwl h th
w ary musician blundered nd whl t rec
footin n nd ooks were gett le s pper
cout Ber kh had s th u k The doc
t rs pro u ed re o r y mposible. After a
m te co less n commu n was dm tered
to th d man p parat s mad f tl
sacram t of u t d h s h u s th re
was the bustle and thrill f usp us al f
chm ts. O s de tl h use b y nd th
gates, gr p of derak rs, wlo h d w n
ever carr ll dro eup wated n pectatio
of mporta t rder f n exp su e
al. Th Military Go ern of Moscow who

for? What have I done to her? I am so grateful to you that I would willingly sacrifice every thing only I have nothing

Sonya could not continue and again hid her face in her hands and in the feather bed Natásha began consoling her but her face showed that she understood all the gravity of her friend's trouble

Sonya she suddenly exclaimed as if she had guessed the true reason of her friend's sorrow I am sure Véra has said something to you since dinner? Hasn't she?

Yes these verses Nicholas wrote himself and I copied some others and she found them on my table and said she'd show them to Mamma and that I was ungrateful and that Mamma would never allow him to marry me but that he'll marry Julie You see how he's been with her all day Natásha what have I done to deserve it?

ing her

Sonya don't believe her darling! Don't believe her! Do you remember how we and Nicholas all three of us talked in the sitting room after supper? Why we settled how everything was to be I don't quite remember how but

And we are only second cousins you know And Boris says it's quite possible You know I have told him all about it And he is so clever

anything to Mamma Nicholas will tell her himself and he doesn't care at all for Julie

Natásha kissed her on the forehead

Sonya sat up The little kitten brightened its eyes shone and it seemed ready to lift its tail jump down on its soft paws and begin playing with the ball of worsted as a kitten should

Do you think so? Really? Truly? she said quickly smiling her frock and hair

Really truly! answered Natásha pulling in a crisp look that had strayed from under her friend's plait

Both laughed

Well let's go and sing The Brook

Come along!

Do you know that fat Pierre who sat op-

posite me is so funny! said Natásha stopping suddenly

to
om of her dress close to her bony little chest ran after Natásha down the passage into the sitting room with flushed face and light joyous steps At the visitors request the young people sang the quartette The Brook with which everyone was delighted Then Nicholas sang a song he had just learned

*At night the stars are so fair glow
How sweet as fancies and desires
To feel that in this world there is one
Who still is true but of the
The while the first is to the last
Waste not the music of the life
It is for thee thou still her heart
Still is the message to thee
Advertise to the bliss you poll
But till the end of the*

He had not finished the last verse before the young people began to get ready to dance in the large hall and the sound of the feet and the coughing of the musicians were heard from the gallery

Pierre was sitting in the drawing room where Shushin had engaged him as a man recently returned from abroad in a political conversation in which several others joined but which bored Pierre When the music began Natásha came in and walking straight up to Pierre said laughing and blushing

Mamma told me to ask you to join the dancers

I am afraid of mixing the figures Pierre replied but if you will be my teacher And lowering his big arm he offered it to the slender little girl

with a smile
happy she was dancing with a grown-up man who had been abroad She was sitting in conspicuous place and talking to him like a grown-up lady She had a fan in her hand that one of the ladies had given her to hold Assuming quite the pose of a society woman (heaven knows when and where she had learned it) she talked with her partner fanning herself and smiling over the fan

Dear dear! just look at her! exclaimed the countess as she crossed the ballroom pointing to Natásha

talk to business, Catherine, muttered the prince, seating himself wearily in the chair she had just vacated. "You have made the plan, I must say," he remarked. "Well, sit down, let's have talk."

I thought perhaps something had happened, she said with her unchanging stony severe expression, and, sitting down opposite the prince, she prepared to listen.

I wished to get napkins for you, but I can't.

"Well, my dear?" said Prince Vasili, taking her hand and bending it downwards as was his habit.

It was plain that this well-referred to much that they both understood without nam-

ing. You know, Catherine, that we—you three sisters, Maman and myself—are the count only direct heirs. I know I know how hard it is for you to talk or think of such matters. It is no easier for me, but, my dear, I am getting on for sixty and must be prepared for anything. Do you know I have sent for Perre? The count, pointing to his portrait, definitely demanded that he should be called.

Prince Vasili looked questioningly at the princess, but could not make out whether she was considering what he had just said or whether she was simply looking at him.

"Then, my dear, I constantly pray God

might have been taken as an expression of sorrow and devotion. I weariness and hope of me before I. Prince Vasili understood it as an expression of firmness.

And then he said, do you think it is easier for me? I am as worn as a post horse, but still I must have talk with you, Catherine, a cryer, as talk.

Prince Vasili said no more, and his cheeks began to twitch nervously now and then, now the other in his face an unpleasant expression which was never to be seen on his drawn room. His eyes too seemed strangely moment they looked unpendently and at the excited round in alarm.

The princess, holding her little dog on her lap with her thin bony hands, looked attentively at Prince Vasili's eyes, densely resolved to be the first to break it. (She had to wait till morning.)

"Well, my dear princess, do cousin Catherine Semenovna, continued Prince Vasili, turning to his theme, apparently not thoughtful or struggling at such moment as this must think of everything. One must think of the future, I tell you. I tell you all, like children, I say when you know.

The princess continued to look at him without moving, and with the same dull expres-

And then, of course my family has also to be considered. Prince Vasili went on testily pushing away a little table without looking at Catherine.

that he had pushed away. But in short, this is, you know yourself, that last winter the count made a will by which he left all his property to us his direct heirs, but to Perre.

He has made wills enough, quietly re-

clutching the little table and becoming more animated and talking more rapidly what I tell you has been written to the Emperor, in which the count asks if Perre's nomination? Do you understand that in consideration of the count's services, his request would be granted?

The princess smiled as people do who think they know more about the subject under discussion than those they are talking with.

I cannot tell you more, continued Prince Vasili, with her hand, that letter was written though it was not sent, and the Emperor knew of it. The only question is, has it been destroyed or not? If not, then as soon as it is over and Prince Vasili had to intimate what he meant by the words "it is over" and the count's papers are opened, then will the letter will be delivered to the Emperor.

ironically as if anything might happen only in that.

But, my poor Catherine, it is as clear as day light. He will then be the legal heir to everything and you will get anything. You must

had been assiduous in sending aides de camp to inquire after the count's health came himself that evening to bid a last farewell to the celebrated grandee of Catherine's court Count Bezukhov.

The magnificent reception room was crowded. Everyone stood up respectfully when the Military Governor having stayed about half an hour alone with the dying man passed out slightly acknowledging their bows and trying to escape as quickly as possible from the glances fixed on him by the doctors, clergy and relatives of the family. Prince Vasilii who had grown thinner and paler during the last few days escorted him to the door repeating something to him several times in low tones.

When the Military Governor had gone Prince Vasilii sat down all alone on a chair in the ballroom crossing one leg high over the other, leaning his elbow on his knee and covering his face with his hand. After sitting so for a while he rose and looking about him with frightened eyes went with unusually hurried steps down the long corridor leading to the back of the house to the room of the eldest princess.

Those who were in the dimly lit reception room spoke in nervous whispers and when ever anyone went into or came from the dying man's room grew silent and gazed with eyes full of curiosity or expectancy at his door which creaked slightly when opened.

The limits of human life are fixed and may not be surpassed, said an old priest to a lady who had taken a severe dose of him and was listening gravely to his words.

I wonder is it not too late to administer unction? asked the lady adding the priest's clerical title as if she had no opinion of her own on the subject.

Ah madam it is a great sacrament, replied the priest, passing his hand over the thin grizzled strands of hair combed back across his bald head.

Who was that? The Military Governor himself? was being asked at the other side of the room. How young looking he is!

Yes and he is over sixty. I hear the count no longer recognizes anyone. They wished to administer the sacrament of unction.

I knew someone who received that sacrament seven times.

The second princess had just come from the sickroom with her eyes red from weeping and sat down beside Dr. Lorrain who was sitting in a graceful pose under a portrait of Catherine

learning his elbow on a table.

Beautiful, said the doctor in answer to a remark about the weather. The weather is beautiful. Princess and besides in Moscow one feels as if one were in the country.

Yes indeed, replied the princess with a sigh. So he may have something to drink?

Lorrain considered.

Has he taken his medicine?

Yes.

The doctor glanced at his watch.

Take a glass of boiled water and put a pinch of cream of tartar and he indicated with his delicate fingers what he meant by a pinch.

There has never been a goose, a German doctor was saying to an aide de camp, that one lifts after de sire stroke.

And what a well preserved man he is! remarked the aide de camp. And who will inherit his wealth? he added in a whisper.

It won't go begging, replied the German with a smile.

Everyone again looked toward the door which creaked as the second princess went in with the drink she had prepared according to Lorrain's instructions. The German doctor went up to Lorrain.

Do you think he can last till morning? asked the German addressing Lorrain in French which he pronounced badly.

Lorrain pursing up his lips waved a severe

self-satisfaction at being able clearly to understand and state the patient's condition.

Meanwhile Prince Vasilii had opened the door into the princess's room.

In this room it was almost dark, only a few tiny lamps were burning before the icons and there was a pleasant scent of flowers and burnt pastilles. The room was crowded with small pieces of furniture, hats, cupboards and little tables. The quilt of a high white feather bed was just visible behind a screen. A small dog began to bark.

Ah is it you cousin?

She rose and stretched her hair which was as usual so extremely smooth that it seemed to be made of one piece with her head and covered with varnish.

Has anything happened? she asked. I'm so terrified.

No, there is no change. I only came to have

BOOK ONE

talk bout bus ness Cat che mutte ed the
p e, se u gh m elf w ar lyo the d air she
l d just ca d. y u l e made the place
w rm, I m t s y he emark d. W ll st
d wn let ha e a talk.

I tho ght pe haps someth g had h p
pe ed, sh d th her u ch g ng ston ly
ev ere exp es n nd tu g d wn ppos te
the p in e she p ep red to l ten
I shed to get n p mon co n but I
cant

W ll my d ar? d P ce Va l tak g
her ha d and b d g t d nw ds wash s
hab t.

It was pl th t th s w ll? referred to
m ch th t they both u d stoo d w thout n m

p m e tgr yeyes Th he hook ne u
d gl n ed p t the co il gh Th s
w ght h b e tak n exp es n f sor
d d m l fwe nes dh pe f

A
f me? I m as w m t a po th rse b t
still I must h a talk th y u Cat che
cry eri us talk
Pr v l d m e dh che la be

o e m me t they look d mpude tly sly and
t the ext gl d und n larm.
Th p ess h ld gh l tle d g n her
l p th her ths bo y h ds look d ue
u ely t P Vasil s yes de tly e
sol ed t t b the first b e k l c f he
h d t still m g

W ll, y see my d p es d cou
Cath Seru n co u d P c Va
ll, eturn g m his theme pp ently n t
th tan e struggle n ch m m nt
asth must th k f ryth g O must
th k f the f tur fall f y u Il ey u
ll k chldr f my w y u kn w
Th p n ess co t u d t look thum w th
t mo g d w th the m d ll exp es
n.

A d th f course my fam ly h lso to b
ad d, Pr v l w t test ly
i h g y l tle tabl w th t look ng at
Cath ine.

ler Y u kn Cat d e that we—you three
s ters Mámonto nd my w fe—are the count s
ly d re tle rs I k s w I kn w how hard it
f r y u to talk or t k of such matters. It is
no e s e r f me but my dear I am getting o i
f r s y and must be prep red for n thing
Do you know I l a esent for P er? Tl e count,
po nt g to his portrait defin tely demand d
i id h called.

er h was s mply look ng at him.

There s one th ng I co stantly pay God
to grant mo ou l e repl ed, d it s
t t He wo ld be merciful to h n and w ul l
all wh s ble soul pe esfully to le e t s
Yes yes of course nt rupted l ce v
ll mp t e tly rubbing h s b ld head a d an
g ly p ll g b ck toward l m t e l tle table
t d l ed w y But n sh r r

Perr

ll as m de w ll s e o gl qu ely re
m l d the p ccess. But l e ca t l e a the
est

d

ll co nt serv ce h req est would be
gr nted?

Tl p n ess m l d s people d w l o th nk
they kn w m about the s b ject under d
uss n t i a n t e they e talk ng w th.

I can tell y um re conu ed P nce V
sil se ng h e ha d th t lett r was written
though t w n t ent, d the Empe r kn w
of t. The nly quest on s has t b n de
st yed o not? If n t then as soon as ll is
ou and Pr ce V l s gh d to nt m te
wh t he me t by th w rds all is e and
th cou ts p pers e ope ed the w ll d

ro cally as f anyth g m ght happ only
n t th t.

B t my poo C t d e t s as clear s day
l ght H w ll d n be the legal l e r to every
th ng d y won t get anytl ng y u must

know my dear whether the will and letter were written and whether they have been destroyed or not And if they have somehow been overlooked you ought to know where they are and must find them because

What next? the princess interrupted smiling sardonically and not changing the expression of her eyes I am a woman and you think we are all stupid but I know this an illegitimate son cannot inherit *un batar!* she added as if supposing that this translation of the word would effectively prove to Prince Vasili the invalidity of his contention

Well really Catuchel Can you understand? You are so intelligent how is it you don't see that if the count has written a letter to the Emperor begging him to recognize Pierre as legitimate it follows that Pierre will not be Pierre but will become Count Bezukhov and will then inherit everything under the will? And if the will and letter are not destroyed then you will have nothing but the consolation of having been duped *et tout ce qui s'en suit!* That's certain

I know the will was made but I also know that it is invalid and you *mon cousin* seem to consider me a perfect fool said the princess with the expression women assume when they suppose they are saying something witty and stinging

My dear Princess Catherine Semenovna began Prince Vasili impatiently I came here not to wrangle with you but to talk about your interests as with a kinswoman a good kind true relation And I tell you for the tenth time that if the letter to the Emperor and the will in Pierre's favor are among the count's papers then my dear girl you and your sisters are not heiresses! If you don't believe me then believe an expert. I have just been talking to Dmitri Onufriich (the family solicitor) and he says the same

At this a sudden change evidently took place in the princess ideas her thin lips grew white though her eyes did not change and her voice when she began to speak passed through such transitions as she herself evidently did not expect

That would be a fine thing! said she I never wanted anything and I don't now

She pushed the little dog off her lap and smoothed her dress

And this is gratitude—this recognition for those who have sacrificed everything for his

At last!

And still at last the end

sake! she cried It's splendid! Fine! I don't want anything I since

Yes but you are not the only one There are your sisters replied Prince Vasili

But the princess did not listen to him

Yes I knew it long ago but had forgotten I knew that I could expect nothing but mean

insisted Prince Vasili his cheeks twitching more than ever

Yes I was a fool! I still believed in people loved them and sacrificed myself But only the base the vile succeed! I know who has been intriguing!

The princess wished to rise but the prince held her by the hand She had the air of one who has suddenly lost faith in the whole human race She gave her companion an angry glance

There is still time my dear You must remember Catuchel that it was all done casually in a moment of anger of illness and was afterwards forgotten Our duty my dear is to rectify his mistake to ease his last moments by not letting him commit this injustice and not to let him die feeling that he is rendering unhappy those who

Who sacrificed everything for him chime!

ber that in this world one must expect no reward that in this world there is neither honor nor just ice In this world one has to be cunning and cruel

Now come come! Be reasonable I know your excellent heart

No I have a wicked heart

I know your heart repeated the prince I value your friendship and wish you to have as good an opinion of me Don't upset yourself and let us talk sensibly while there is still time be it a day or be it but an hour Tell me all you know about the will and above all where it is You must know We will take it at once and show it to the count He has no doubt forgotten it and will wish to destroy it You understand that at my sole desire's conscientiously to carry out his wishes that is my only reason for being here I came simply to help him and you

Now I see it all! I know who has been intriguing—I know! cried the princess.

"That n t the po nt my de r
 Is s th t protégé f yours t at we et Pri
 cess Drubesiáya th r Ann M kh ýlo na
 hom l ld not take fo a h usema d

"h lef rin ght. I kn w t as th n h wrote
 this le sam us paper b t I thought the
 thu g was inval d.

W egott t t l t—why d d y u not tell
 m bo r tsoo er?"

It s the lad port f lo that he k p un
 der h pillow said the pri cess, gn g hus
 q est h w ik w les f l ha e a
 great n t h rd f th t le w ma l l
 most hneked the pr cess n v q te cha ged
 A d hat does le come w rm g lersell in
 ler fo ? B t I w ll g e l r a p ece of my
 m d. Th tme w ll come!

CHAPTER XXII

W lz these c n rsat o were go g o n
 the re ept o oom d th p ss room, a
 arr ta g P rr (who had b nsent
 f) and A M kháy l (w l f u d t nec
 essary t mp y h m) w d g to the
 r f Co t B kh l use. A the wheel
 roll d softly o e the traw b t the w
 d A M kháy l na h g turned w th
 da f comf r t l er comp n l d
 hat he a sl p h corner and w le hum

fatl wh d ted h m He n t ed th t
 t l y had t come t th fr te tranc butt
 t l k d door Wh le h w g t t g d w f m
 t l carr ge teps two me who looked like
 tradespeopl f r dly f m the e tra ce
 d h d t le had w f l wall P us g f
 tnom t P rre ticed eral the men of
 the sam k d h d g t l sl d w of the
 bo se both dex. B t sl Ann M k
 háyl the footman th co chm

cou t at all st ll less why le had to go by the
 back t r s yet judg g by An a M kl ýlo na
 a r of ass ra ce a d hase P erre co d ded
 that t w s all absolutely necessary ll f w y
 up the t s they w re almost k ocked o er by
 some men who carry g p l came run ng
 d w n ta rs the r boots cl ttering Tl ese me
 pressed close to tl e wall to let P erre and A
 M kháy l vn pass nd did not e nce tl e least
 surp e t see g them there.

ll thus the way to the pr ncesses j r
 ments? asked Ann M kháy lo na of o m f
 tlem

Yes repl ed footman n bold loud v ce
 as if nyth ng were now perm ss ble the door
 to the left ma am.

Pe hap the count did not a k for me sa d
 P erre when he reached the l d g l d bet
 ter go to my own room

An M kl ýlo rna paused and waited for
 him to come up

Ah, my fnc dl she said, touch g h s rm
 as he h d do e her sons when spe k ng to

m ýla beend neyo Th k that l e s your
 f lter perhaps n the go y f death. She
 ghed. I ha e lo ed y u l ke so from the
 f t. Trust y urself to m P erre I shall not
 f rget yo t secrets.

P erre d d n t understa d w rd but the
 co t th t ll thus had to b grew trong
 d he m ekly foll wed A na M kháy l n
 who was al dy open m doo

This door led nto a b ck a t room. An old
 man aserv t of the pri cesses s t n corn r
 kn t m stock g P erre h d nev r been n
 thus p t f the h use nd d d ote n kn
 f the ex tence f these rooms. Anna M kháy
 lo n d d res g a m d who hurry n
 p tw th decant on tr yas myd ar nd
 my w t ked bo ttle pr ncesses health
 nd then led P erre l m ston passage Th
 first doo tle left led to th pr ncesses
 ap rtm ts. Th m d w t the d c nter
 ll haste h d n t closed th door (r yth g
 n th h use was d m n haste t that t m)
 nd P erre and Anna M kháy l na n pass g
 t ctly gl ced nto the room, whe m
 Pr n V l and the eldest princess wer t
 t g l se t g ther talk g See g th m pass
 Pr e V l dr w b ck w th ob us mp
 t ne w l e th pr ncess jumped up nd w th

know my dear whether the will and letter were written and whether they have been destroyed or not. And if they have somehow been overlooked you ought to know where they are and must find them because

What next? the princess interrupted smiling sardonically and not changing the expression of her eyes. I am a woman and you think we are all stupid but I know this an illegitimate son cannot inherit *un bâtard*! she added as if supposing that this translation of the word would effectively prove to Prince Vassili the invalidity of his contention

Emperor begging him to recognize Pierre as legitimate it follows that Pierre will not be Pierre but will become Count Bezukhov and will then inherit everything under the will? And if the will and letter are not destroyed then you will have nothing but the consolation of having been dutiful *et tout ce qui s'en suit*! That's certain

I know the will was made but I also know that it is invalid and you *mon cousin* seem to consider me a perfect fool! said the princess with the expression women assume when they suppose they are saying something witty and stinging

My dear Princess Catherine Semenovna began Prince Vassili impatiently. I came here not to wrangle with you but to talk about your interests as with a kinswoman a good kind true relation. And I tell you for the tenth time that if the letter to the Emperor and the will in Pierre's favor are among the count's papers then my dear girl you and your sisters are not heiresses! If you don't believe me then believe an expert. I have just been talking to Dmitri Onufriich (the family solicitor) and he says the same

when she began to speak passed through such transitions as she herself evidently did not expect

That would be a fine thing! said she. I never wanted anything and I don't now

She pushed the little dog off her lap and smoothed her dress

And this is gratitude—this is recognition for those who have sacrificed everything for his

Alfred

A d a l l d a t f i l l s i l e r f n

sake! she cried. It's splendid! Fine! I don't want anything. Prince

Yes but you are not the only one. There are your sisters replied Prince Vassili

But the princess did not listen to him

Yes I knew it long ago but had forgotten. I knew that I could expect nothing but mean

insisted Prince Vassili his cheeks twitching more than ever

Yes I was a fool! I still believed in people loved them and sacrificed myself. But only the base the vile succeed! I know who has been intriguing!

The princess wished to rise but the prince held her by the hand. She had the air of one who has suddenly lost faith in the whole human race. She gave her companion an angry glance

There is still time my dear. You must remember Catherine that it was all done casually

letting him commit this injustice and not to let him die feeling that he is rendering unhappy those who

Who sacrificed everything for him chimed in the princess who would again have risen had not the prince still held her fast though he never could appreciate it. No *mon cousin* she added with a sigh. I shall always remember that in this world one must expect no reward that in this world there is neither honor nor justice. In this world one has to be cunning and cruel

Now come come! Be reasonable I know your excellent heart

No I have a wicked heart

I know your heart repeated the prince

be it a day or be it but an hour. Tell me all you know about the will and above all where it is. You must know. We will take it at once and show it to the count. He has no doubt for gotten it and will wish to destroy it. You understand that my sole desire is conscientiously to carry out his wishes that is my only reason for being here. I came simply to help him and you

Now I see it all! I know who has been intriguing—I know cried the princess.

the long hair fall go over their magnificent
glittering ornaments, with lighted taper in the r
hair low and solemnly conducted g th
serv

you
the
est ister Cat che, w th a vicious nd deter
m ned look to d ly fixed on t e cons as tho gh
de l n g to ll that she could n t n w r f r
herself should he glance round. Anna V kháy
l w th meek sorrowful a d ll forgi ng
exp ess on h f ce tood by the door near
the tra ge lady Pr nce Vasili n front of the
doo near the n al d cha r a wax taper n h s

namely iv d lvi te grasped that strok

in doo upw. ^{ma} ^u
uptoe dhus wh l body jerked t each tep.
The eldest pri ess f ll wed h m, nd the
priess d deacon nd some serva u also
ent r th doo Throu h that doo was
heard u f th gabe gmo ed bout, nd
t last Anna V khayl na t ll w th the same
exp ess pal b t resolut n the discharge
of d ty ran t and t uch g P errel ghtly on
the arm sa d

"Th' di ine mercy is nexhaustibl' U c
two is bo t to be dm t ed. Come.
Perr we t t the door t pp the
soft carpet, d n t ed that the tra ge lady
the de-de-camp d some fth serva us, l
f!! ed hum n, as f there were n w no fun
ther ed f permissu n to nie that room.

I c w re calm look of pety d res gnati n
 in the will of God. If y u do ot u derstand
 these sentiments, he seemed to be say ng, so
 much the w rse to you!

Behnd him stood a de-de-camp the doctors, the menservants the men & women had sep rated as n church. All were lently cross g themself es d the read g of the church serve th subdued cha tng of de p

CHAPTER XVIII

th columns, w th high lk-curta ed naahoe
y bedstead d d the other an

to wh P erre was standi d ga c hum
taper He l t = nd, distracted by observ
th se rou d hum began cross h mself w th
th ha d that held th tape

Soph^a, the rosy l u h t e r l a y o g e s t
p r i n c e s s w i t h t h e m o l w a t c h e d h i m . S h e
m i l e d h a d h e r f a c e i n h e r h a n d k e r c h e f i n d
c m a e d w i t h t h u d d n e f t w h i l e t h e n l o o k
g p d s e e i n g P e t r s h g a i n b e g a n t o
l h . S h e d i t y f e l t u n a b l e t o l o o k t h i m
w i t h u t l u h g b u t c o u l d n t e a s t l o o k g
t h i m s o t h e o u t f t e m p t u o n h e l p p e d
q u i t l y b e h i n d o f t h e c o l u m n s . I t h i m i s t
f i t h s e r v t h e e s f t h e p r i e s t u d d l y
c e a s e d , t h e y w h i p e e d t o n e t h a n d t h
o l d s e r v a n t w h o w a s h o l d i n g t h e c o u n t h a d
g o t u p d s a d s o m e t h i n g t o t h e l a d i e s . A n n
M k h a y l n a p p e d f o r w a r d a n d , t o o p n g o
e r t h d y g m a n b e c k e d t L o r r a n f r o m
b e h i n d h e r b a c k . T h F e n c h d o c t o r h e l d n t a p
p e r t h a s l e a n i n g a i n s t o t h e l u m n s
i n r e s p e c t f u l a t t i t u d e i m p l y i n g t h a t h e a
f o r e i g n e r n a p p e d o f a l l d i f f e r e n c e s o f f a i t h .

chair wv whu smooth p ll wv, ev d t
ly freshly changed P erre saw—co ered to th
u by bri ht gree quite—the familiar ma
jesu four f hus f ther Co nt Bezukh
th that gray man of ha bo his broad
f head wh ch em ded f i d
th deep charact ically n bl wrinkles of
his ha dson ruddy f e. H l y just u der
th co fu large th k hands uts de the
q l I to th ght h d, which was lying
palm d wards w taper had been thrust
bet ce f si ger d thumb dan ldserv
ant, bends g er from beh d th chair held
it in positio By th chair tood th priests,

a gesture of desperation slammed the door with all her might

This action was so unlike her usual composure and the fear depicted on Prince Vasil's face so out of keeping with his dignity that Pierre stopped and glanced inquiringly over his spectacles at his guide Anna Mikháylovna. Evidently no surprise she only smiled faintly and sighed as if to say that this was no more than she had expected.

Be a man my friend I will look after your interests said she in reply to his look and went still faster along the passage.

Pierre could not make out what it was all about and still less what watching over his interests meant but he decided that all these things had to be. From the passage they went into a large dimly lit room adjoining the count's reception room. It was one of those sumptuous but cold apartments known to Pierre only from the front approach but even in this room there now stood an empty bath and water had been spilled on the carpet. They were met by a deacon with a censor and by a servant who passed out on tiptoe without heeding them. They went into the reception room familiar to Pierre with two Italian windows opening in to the conservatory with its large bust and full length portrait of Catherine the Great. The same people were still sitting here in almost the same positions as before whispering to one another. All became silent and turned to look at the pale tear worn Anna Mikháylovna as she

seriousness that the decisive moment had arrived. With the air of a practical Petersburg lady she not keeping Pierre close beside her entered the room even more boldly than that afternoon. She felt that as she brought with her the person the dying man wished to see her own admission was assured. Casting a rapid

yet seeming to grow suddenly smaller and respectfully received the blessing first of one and then of another priest.

God be thanked that you are in time said she to one of the priests all we relatives have been in such anxiety. This young man is the count's son she added more softly. What a terrible moment!

Having said this she went up to the doctor. Dear doctor said she this young man is

the count's son. Is there any hope?

shoulders and eyes almost closing the latter sighed and moved away from the doctor to Pierre. To him in a particularly respectful and tenderly sad voice she said

Trust in His mercy! and pointing out a small sofa for him to sit and wait for her she went silently toward the door that everyone was watching and it creaked very slightly as she disappeared behind it.

Pierre having made up his mind to obey his mistress implicitly moved toward the sofa she had indicated. As soon as Anna Mikháylovna had disappeared he noticed that the eyes of all in the room turned to him with some thing more than curiosity and sympathy. He noticed that they whispered to one another

the priests rose and offered him her seat an aide-de-camp picked up and returned a glove Pierre had dropped the doctors became respectfully silent as he passed by and moved to make way for him. At first Pierre wished to take another seat so as not to trouble the lady and also to pick up the glove himself and to pass round the doctors who were not even in his way but all at once he felt that this would not do and that tonight he was a person obliged to perform some sort of awfulritewhich everyone expected of him and that he was therefore bound to accept the services. He took the glove in silence from the aide-de-camp

be and that in order not to lose his head and do foolish things he must not act on his own ideas tonight but must yield himself up entirely to the will of those who were guiding him

thinner since the morning his eyes seemed larger than usual when he glanced round and noticed Pierre. He went up to him took his hand (a thing he never used to do) and drew it downwards as if to ascertain its position and it was firmly fixed on

And as if the countess began to twitch.
Then she said the handsome mouth

re-
for
he
t = dy at the ex ma
hat he wanted she pointed first to Perre, then
to some drink, the named Perre Vasil an
inquiring whether she pointed to the quilt.
The eyes and face of the sk man he ed im
patient. He made an effort to look at the serv
ant who stood constantly at the head of the
bed.

"Wants to turn on the other side, whis-
pered the servant, and got up to turn the
coverlet heavy body toward the wall.

Perre rose to help him.

C
1 cold + per w u -

bered this small circular drawing room with
mirrors and lute tables. During balls given at
the house Perre who did not know how to
dance had looked at this room to watch
the ladies who as they passed through in their
ball dresses with diamonds and pearls on their
bare shoulders looked at themselves in the
brilliantly lighted mirrors which repeated the re-
flections several times. Now the same room
was dimly lighted by two candles. On one small
table tea things and supper dishes stood in dis-
order and in the middle of the night motley
throng of people sat there not merrymaking
but somberly whispering and betraying by ex-
pression words and movement that they none of
them forgot what was happening and what was
about to happen in the bedroom. Perre did not
eat anything though he would very much like
to. He looked inquiringly at his mo-
tress and saw that she was awaking on tiptoe
to the recessed room where they had left
Prince Vasil and the eldest princess. Perre
concluded that this was essential and after
a short interval followed her. Anna Mikhailo-
vna was talking beside the princess, and they
were both peaking and excited whisperers.

Permit me Princess to know what is neces-
sary and what is not necessary said the youg-
er of the two peakers, evidently in the same
state of excitement as when she had finished
the door of her room.

"But, my dear princess, answered Anna
Mikhailovna bluntly but unpleasantly block-
ing the way to the bedroom and preventing the
other from passing, won't this be too much
for poor Uncle at the moment when he needs
peace? We badly need consolation at a moment when
his soul is already prepared.

Princess Vasil was seated in easy chair in
her familiar attitude, with her legs crossed and
both of her cheeks, which were so soft
by that they looked heavier, were twitch-
ing slightly but her face the air of a man
was concerned in what the two ladies were say-
ing.

Come, my dear Anna Mikhailovna let Ca-
tcher do as she pleases. You know how fond
the countess is of her.

whispered with the countess. He gazed.

He said, said Anna Mikhailovna, ob-
servingly that the princess was coming
to take her turn to watch. Let us go.

Perre went out.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE next morning on the reception
room except Vasil and the eldest prin-
cess, who were under the portrait of
Catherine the Great and talking carelessly
as they saw Perre and his companion they

in room, said Princess Vasil to Anna Mikhailo-
vna. Go and take some things, my poor Anna
Mikhailovna, you will hold out.

Then he said that merely in his
arm sympathy for each other with shoulder
Perre was with Anna Mikhailovna to the
small drawing room.

"There is something fishing after she ep-

understood the full importance of the rite now being performed and even approved of it. He now approached the sick man with the noiseless step of one in full vigor of life, with his delicate white fingers raised from the green quilt the hand that was free, and turning sideways felt the pulse and reflected a moment. The sick man was given something to drink, there was a stir around him, then the people resumed their places and the service continued. During this interval Pierre noticed that Prince Vasilki left the chair on which he had been leaning and—with an air which intimated that he knew what he was about and if others did not understand him it was so much the worse for them—did not go up to the dying man, but passed by him, joined the eldest princess, and moved with her to the side of the room where stood the high bedstead with its silken hangings. On leaving the bed both Prince Vasilki and the princess passed out by a back door, but returned to their places once after the other before the service was concluded. Pierre paid no more attention to this occurrence than to the rest of what went on, having made up his mind once for all that what he saw happening around him that evening was in some way essential.

The chanting of the service ceased, and the voice of the priest was heard respectfully congratulating the dying man on having received the sacrament. The dying man lay as lifeless and immovable as before. Around him every one began to stir, steps were audible and voices among which Anna Mikháylovna's was the most distinct.

Pierre heard her say

Certainly he must be moved onto the bed here it will be impossible.

The sick man was so surrounded by doctors, princesses, and servants that Pierre could no longer see the reddish yellow face with its gray mane—which, though he saw other faces as well, he had not lost sight of for a single moment during the whole service. He judged by the cautious movements of those who crowded round the invalid chair that they had lifted the dying man and were moving him.

Catch hold of my arm or you'll drop him! he heard one of the servants say in a frightened whisper. Catch hold from underneath! Here! exclaimed different voices, and the heavy

momentary glimpse between their heads and backs of the dying man's high stout uncovered chest and powerful shoulders, raised by those who were holding him under the armpits, and of his gray curly leonine head. This head, with its remarkably broad brow and cheekbones, its handsome sensual mouth, and its cold majestic expression, was not disfigured by the approach of death. It was the same as Pierre remembered it three months before, when the count had sent him to Petersburg. But now this head was lying helplessly with the uneven movements of the bearers, and the cold listless gaze fixed itself upon nothing.

After a few minutes' bustle beside the high bedstead, those who had carried the sick man dispersed. Anna Mikháylovna touched Pierre's hand and said: Come, Pierre, enter with her to the bed on which the sick man had been laid in a stately pose in keeping with the ceremony just completed. He lay with his head propped high on the pillows. His hands were symmetrically placed on the green silk quilt, the palms downward. When Pierre came up, the count was gazing straight at him, but with a look the significance of which could not be understood by mortal man. Either this look meant nothing, but that as long as one has eyes they must look somewhere, or it meant too much. Pierre hesitated, not knowing what to do, and glanced inquiringly at his guide, Anna Mikháylovna.

neck, so as not to touch the quilt, followed her suggestion and pressed his lips to the large boned fleshy hand. Neither the hand nor a single muscle of the count's face stirred. Once more Pierre looked questioningly at Anna Mikháylovna to see what he was to do next. Anna Mikháylovna, with her eyes indicated a chair that stood beside the bed. Pierre obeyed.

cal pose of an Egyptian statue, evidently distressed that his stout and clumsy body took up so much room and doing his utmost to look as small as possible. He looked at the count, who still gazed at the spot where Pierre's face had been before he sat down. Anna Mikháylovna indicated by her attitude her consciousness of the pathetic importance of these last moments of meeting between the father and son. This lasted about two minutes, which to Pierre seemed an hour. Suddenly the broad muscles

As the bearers, among whom was Anna Mikháylovna, passed the young man he caught a

yet been p n d. I k wy u well eno gh to be
sure that this will n i turn y ur he d but t
mpo esd t es n you, and y um t b aman.

Perre was le t.

P h ns l te n I m y tell y u my de r

terday t t fo get Boris. B t he had n t me
I h pe my de fr d y u will carry out your
f the s w h?

Perre d rstood th g of all th and
col ung hly looked sile ce t P n es An

M kháy! a. After her talk w th Perre
A M kháy! a eturn d t th Rostó s

co a w u
that h u e d was n t o ly t uch g b t ed fy

h d b h ed b t t r d g th w l u l mo-
me us—th f ther wh em mbe ed ery
th g d everyb dy t the l tand had p ken
chp thet w ds to th son P r r wh m
t h d b p f i l to e so t k n w he

so d h Of th b ha f th ldest
pr ess d P e V il h poked pp
gly b t wh p r s d s gr t cr t.

CHAPTER XXV

A B l d H l l s Pri N ch las André e ch
Bolk k t t th arr al fy g P
A drew d hus wif was d ly pe ted but
th p tau d d t up t th gul u
u fl f th l d p n ho ch ld Gen

tals, le t l l co u s u d t l the co try
emark th t y ew h w ted t h m
ld com the h dr d m les f m M cow t
H l d H l l s wh l h h m l f d d n ne d
th g H l l s d to say that th are o ly two
so e f h m ice—dieness and p r s u
uo and nly tw r tues—acty and int l

l ge ce He himself undertook h s d ughter s
ed cat o a d to develop t l e s e two ca d n l
rtues n l e r ga n h r lessons in algeb a a d
g om try till she was twenty a d rra ged he
life s that her whole t me was occ p ed. He
wa h m elf l ways ccup ed w t gh mem

was alw ys go ng on t l s e s t e A regular
ty a p me cond s n f c i t s g ctivity
r gul rity n h s h usch ld w s carr ed t the
l l ghest p nt f exact tude He lway came to
table u der precisely the same co d tions and

e act g so that w th t bes g hardl earted
m he nsp red ch fea nd e pect as f w
h dhea ted men would ha e arou ed. Al
th ough he w n ret ment d h d now no
fluence; pol t cal f s e cry l gh off c al
pp nted to th p i ce n wh ch the p es
estat l yoo d d th s duty t v s th m and
w ted n t l e l o t y n t e ch mbe just s the ar

old m n w th powde ed w g l l w t l e d
n ds d bu hy gray yeb s w l ch w l en
h frow ed m t mes h d t e gle m of l s
hrc d y u l f lly gl t t g yes

On the morn n f l d y th t the you n
co ple w e to r r e Pr ess M ry e t e d

rym n hep y d th t the d ly t r ew
might pass f well

An ld poud d man r want who w s t
t g n th t c l mb r r e q e dly d s d
wh per Pl s w l k

Th gh the d o came th egul hum of

work

Th n r mous tudy was full f th n
dently n t t use The larg table co ered
w th books d pl ns, the tall gl s fro t d
bookcases w th keys the l cks the h gh desk

I don't even know what is in this paper said the younger of the two ladies addressing Prince Vasili and pointing to an unladen portfolio she held in her hand. All I know is that his real will is in his writing table and this is a paper he has forgotten.

She tried to pass Anna Mikháylovna but the latter sprang so as to bar her path.

I know my dear kind princess said Anna Mikháylovna seizing the portfolio so firmly that it was plain she would not let go easily.

Dear princess I beg and implore you have some pity on him! *Je vous en conjure*.

The princess did not reply. Their efforts in the struggle for the portfolio were the only sounds audible but it was evident that if the princess did speak her words would not be flattering to Anna Mikháylovna. Though the latter held on tenaciously her voice lost none of its honeyed firmness and softness.

Pierre my dear come here I think he will not be out of place in a family consultation is it not so Pierre?

Why don't you speak cousin? suddenly shrieked the princess so loud that those in the drawing room heard her and were startled.

Why do you remain silent when heaven knows who permits herself to interfere make it a scene on the very threshold of a dying

or two to keep her hold on the portfolio and changed her grip.

Prince Vasili rose. Oh! said he with reproach and surprise this is absurd! Come let go I tell you.

Let go I tell you! I will take the responsibility I myself will go and ask him. It does that satisfy you?

But Prince said Anna Mikháylovna after such a solemn sacrament allow him a moment's peace! Here Pierre tell them your opinion said she turning to the young man who having come quite close was gazing with astonishment at the angry face of the princess which had lost all dignity and at the twitching cheeks of Prince Vasili.

Remember that you will answer for the consequences said Prince Vasili severely. You don't know what you are doing.

Vile woman! shouted the princess darting unexpectedly at Anna Mikháylovna and

snatching the portfolio from her.

Prince Vasili bent his head and spread out his hands.

At this moment that terrible door which Pierre had watched so long and which had always opened so quietly burst noisily open and banged against the wall and the second of the three sisters rushed out wringing her hands.

What are you doing! she cried vehemently. He is dying and you leave me alone with him.

Her sister dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikháylovna stooping quickly caught up the object of contention and ran into the bedroom. The eldest princess and Prince Vasili recovering themselves followed her. A few minutes later the eldest sister came out with a pale face again biting her underlip. At sight of Pierre her expression showed an irrepressible hatred.

Yes now you may be glad said she this is what you have been waiting for and bursting into tears she hid her face in her handkerchief.

He covered his face with his hand Pierre noticed that he was pale and that his jaw quivered and shook as if in an ague.

Ah my friend! said he taking Pierre by the elbow and there was in his voice a sincerity and weakness Pierre had never observed in it before. How often we sin how much we deceive and all for what? I am near sixty dear friend I too. All will end in death all! Death is awful and he burst into tears.

Anna Mikháylovna came out last. She approached Pierre with slow quiet steps.

Pierre! she said

with her tears when a tearful He is no more

Pierre

He led him into the dark drawing room and Pierre was glad no one could see his face. Anna Mikháylovna left him and when she returned he was fast asleep with his head on his arm.

In the morning Anna Mikháylovna said to

te ed
as t
the g
f h
fr d f m ch ldhood th t same Jul e k ra
a wh h d be n t the Rostov name-d y
party
Jul wrote n F ench

look I l ed so w ll d seem m see ue-
fo m l t ?

II g e d thu f P cess Mary s ghed
dgl ced to the m rr wh ch tood n h r
rgh. I tr flected w ak ungra ful figure d
thu f ce Hereye lw sad, w look dw th
particular h p less ess t her eff ct on n the

f g de p nd l m us (t m d as fat
tmes lder rad d f m them hafs lw rm
ght)—w so beaut f lth t ery fte p te
f hepl cas fier f ceth yga eh r n t
tr cu m po f lth n that f be uty
B t h p ces ever with ll ut f lex
p es f lter w eyes—the look d y had
wl h was n t th kn f herself As w th
e ry h f eas m d f c du at l
exp es soo as l looked glass. She
t ead g

All M scow talks f th gb war O f my
b other l eady b ad th h w th
l G ds h ta u gon th m h to the
f ver ll dea. Emper has l f P ters b g
and th gh tends t expose h p etu us
pe son l b cha ces f ar God gr t l th
Conica m nster h as des y g th peace f
kur j may be h by th gl h m t
l as pleased th Almighty Has goodness to g
us as soverign T say h g f my b thers this
l ep ed m f f th socia so
ea co y hea l y g N ch las Ros o
l hl th m co ld t be to em
la d has f e l th er ty t j th
my j dl confes to j dea M y th t p te
of th ex co y th h dep f th my

d m f ds w d y am g r d
d p t cula ly he is so f k and l as so m l
h t H so p d poet that my l t ns
th hum tra ent as they h e be on
f th test comf t t my poo h rt wh h
ba l eady flier d so m ch So eday I l t ll
y bot p t g d l lth t w sad he
That is t ll too fesh Ah dea f d y c
l ppy n t t k w th se po g t j s d so
y ar f t t f the l t ar gen
lly th tr I l k w ery w l lth t Co t
N h l on g ex to be m e to m th
f end

p m

gh

Moscow goes p s
h d has her ta ce F cy l Th th p
cesses h ecc ed ery l t l P ce l l n th
g and t is M P m wh h s i h sed
l l e p pe y d has be des b m ecogn zed
as l g t mate m that h w Co t Bez l h
d posseso of th f i est f s R l t
m d th t Pri l l pl yed ery desp
cabi p t this ll d th the t rned to
m l t e creat ll n.

kn was pla Mon eu P err has becom Co t
B kh d h w f f th l gest
f t es Rus f m m h m d to w h
th h g th t e d m f th m m
mas b d ed by m rr geabl da ght d f
th y gl d eath m f t d h m th gh
l en j and m h tw j se med t m
poo so f fell w As f th past j years peopl
ha m sed them sel es by f d gh b ds f
m (most f wh m d t ev kn w) th m t h
m k g chr d f M sc w w pe k f m as
th f t Co t es Be kh B t y will d
ta d th t f h des f th post. A p p
f m g do y k w th t wh l g th t
f t Anna M h a l told m n
d th seal f t secr y f pl f ma g
f y l t n th m less th th
P ce Vaa l n An l wh m they w h to
t m by m t y j ng h m t som h d d
t g e d t y th t h l ch
has fallen I d t k w wh t y will th k f t
b l l con d t my d y t l t y k w f t l l
u d to be cry h dsom d t r m b l scap
gr Th t is l l i ha bee bl to find t
bo th m

B ten gh f gos p I m t th end f my
seco d heet f p per d m m m has sent f m
to g d d t h Ap skuna Read th m y t l
book l m send gy t has m ccess
ber Th gh th th gs t d f l u l t f th
feeb l h ma m d grasp s d m l bl

for writing while standing up on which lay an open exercise book and the lathe with tools laid ready to hand and shavings scattered around—all indicated continuous varied and orderly activity. The motion of the small foot shod in a Tartar boot embroidered with silver and the firm pressure of the lean sinewy hand showed that the prince still possessed the tenacious endurance and vigor of hardy old age. After a few more turns of the lathe he removed his foot from the pedal, wiped his chisel, dropped it into a leather pouch attached to the

yet unshaven) and regarding her tenderly and attentively said severely

Quite well? All right, then sit down. He took the exercise book containing lessons in geometry written by himself and drew up a chair with his foot.

For tomorrow! said he quickly, finding the page and making a scratch from one paragraph to another with his hard nail.

The princess bent over the exercise book on the table

table onto which he threw it.

At the sight of the letter red patches showed themselves on the princess' face. She took it

teeth

the princess

will

I'll write much nonsense. I'll read the third

Read this if you like. Father said the princess blushing still more and holding out the letter.

The third I said the third! cried the prince abruptly pushing the letter away and leaning his elbows on the table he drew to him the exercise book containing geometrical figures.

Well, madam, he began stooping over the book close to his daughter and placing an arm on the back of the chair on which she sat so

He p
for Juli
la o
Voltaire

that she felt herself surrounded on all sides by the acrid scent of old age and tobacco which she had known so long. Now, madam, these triangles are equal, please note that the angle is B C.

The princess looked in a scared way at her father's eyes glittering close to her; the red patches on her face came and went and it was plain that she understood nothing and was so

as the teacher's fault or the pupil's, this same thing happened every day. The princess' eyes grew dim; she could not see and could not hear anything, but was only conscious of her stern father's withered face close to her, of his breath and the smell of him, and could think only of how to get away quickly to her own room to make out the problem in peace. The old man was beside himself, moved the chair on which he was sitting noisily backward and forward, made efforts to control himself and not become vehement, but almost always did become vehement, scolded and sometimes flung the exercise book away.

The princess gave a wrong answer.

Well, now isn't she a fool! shouted the prince, pushing the book aside and turning sharply away, but rising immediately he paced up and down, lightly touched his daughter's hair and sat down again.

He drew up his chair and continued to explain.

This won't do! The princess, it won't do, said he when Princess Mary, having taken and closed the exercise book, with the next day's lesson was about to leave. Mathematics are most important, madam! I don't want to have

t and
t will

She turned to go, but he stopped her with a gesture and took an uncut book from the high desk.

Here is some sort of *Key to the Mysteries* that your Héloïse has sent you. Religious! I don't interfere with anyone's belief. I have looked at it. Take it. Well, now go. Go.

He patted her on the shoulder and himself closed the door after her.

Princess Mary cut back in her room with the sad scared expression that rarely left her and which made her plain sickly face yet plain. She sat down at her writing table on which stood miniature portraits and which was lit

tered w th books and papers. The pri cess was
mu tidy as her father was tidy. She put down
the geom try book d easterly broke the seal
f her l tter. It was from her m t mate
f nd f om hildhood that same Jul e kard
ll wh had been t the Rostó ame-day
party

Jul wrote n F nch.

Dea and p eci us Friend If w t r bl d
f ghtful th g is separa Th gh I tell m
self th t half my lif and half my happiness ar
rapped p in yo and that sp fih distance
separa hearts are u ted by dissol bl
bonds, my heart bels ga st fate d n p te f
th pleas res and distracti ns arou d me f ca t
erom certain secret sorrow ch t has been in
my heart ev since w parted. Why ar w t
together wer l t sum in vo b g st dy
on th bl sof th co fid al sofa? Why can
not I ow three m ths go draw fresh m ral
trem th m urlook so gentl calm and pen
m t us look I l ed so w ll and seem to see be-
f m as I wr ?

If ing read thus far Pri cess Mary ghed
and gl ed n to th murro which tood n her
n bt. I effected weak, ungrat ful figur and
thu f ce. Here yes, alway sad, w looked w th
parcular hopeless ess ther effecti n n the

large, deep and lum us (t seemed as if t
times there radi ted from them hafts of warm
gh)—were so beautiful th t ery ften in p te
f the pl in ess f her f ceth yga eher n t
tracti mo powerful than that of beauty
B t th ll ess ever saw th beautiful ex-
press f her own eyes—the look they had
wh he was n t th k f herself As w th
every eh f e ass med f ed unn tural
exp res as soo as sh looked in glass. Sh
went re di g

All Moscow talks of noth g b ar ll of my
brothers is already broad h ther us w th
the Guz da wh starti gon the march to the
fion et Our dear Empero has lft P tsnburg
and is th hit ends expose his p eous
person th cha ces f ar God grant th th
Cortuca monster h is destru in th peace f
f ope m be erth by th angel wh m
has pleased th Alough in His goodness, to gr
us as sovereign T so noth g fan brothers thar
ar has epti ed m f om f th associations
sea est m heart I can you ch las Ros
ho h l us eath saxon could bear ema
tract and has let th nu et jo the
arm I ill n fess to y dear V r th p te
of h ex em y th h dep ri for th army

was great grief to me Th y g ma of h
I poke to y u last summer so bl m ded
d full f that real y thfulness wh ch one sel
dom finds waday am g l d men fwen y
and pa tucula ly he is so fr k and has so m th
hea t. H is so p d poc c th t my r l tions
w h him transient as they ere ll e been on
f th ce est m f t my poor heart, wh ch
ha al eady f ed so m h Someday I w ll t ll
y bo t u partu g and ll that wa said then
That is till too fresh. Ah dear friend you are
h ppy ot t k w these po gna t y d so
f t t f ch l ter ar gen

Moscow gossip is th death of Id Cou ser
h and his herita ce. Fancy! The th ee p
cesses ha ec ed cry l tll Pri ce \ al n th
in d is Monssu Perre wh h inher ed
all th p perry and has besides been ecogn zed
as leat m so that h is w Co t Ber kho
nd posseso of th finest f rt in Russia. It
rum red that Prince \asil pl yed ery desp
cabl part in this ffair and that he rei rned to
P tsnburg quite crestfall n.

I oo less I u derstand ry l l bo t ll these
ma ters of wills and inherita ce b t ll do kn w
th t noe thus y man h m w ll sed t
kn was plau Monssou Perre has become Co t
Berukho d h ner f of th largest
f es in Russia. I am m h mused to w ch
th chance th to and man ers f th mam
mas burd ed by m rri tabl da ghters, d of
th y un ladies th msel ea, ard him though
bet een y u and m h al ys seemed t m
poo sort f fell w As f th past t o years peopl
ha am sed themsel es by finding husbands f
m (most f wh m I don t even know) th mat h
making chron clea f Moscow w peak of m
th f re Co ess Ber kh a. B ty w ll u d
stand that f ha n deat f th post d pr pos
f marriages, do y know that whil go th t
werrel t Anna V l h y) n told m n
der th seal f strict secrecy f plan of ma riag
f y u. It is eath m no less than w th
Prince \asil so Anatol wh m they wish to e-
f rm by martyr m hum someon ch and is
f gu d is y th t his relati c
has fallen. I don know wh ty will th ll f
b I consider t my d ty to t y kn w f t. H
is said be ery handsome and erribl scape-
gra e. That is all I ha been bl to find t
bo him.

B t en th f gossip I m t th end f my
second hee of p per and Mamma has sent for m

ices and with guttural s. She bro^h into
Pr^{ess} Mary's tremu^{us}, m^{urnful} d
g^{rom} w^{ld} q^{ie} different atmosphere

wh^{ch} people compl^{ment} the host at a ball.
Let come qu^{ck} qu^{ck}! And with gla^{ce}
round she miled at T'khon at her husbnd,
d at the footmⁿ who accomp^{ied} them.

What M^{ry} practicing? Let s^{go} qu^{ckly} a d
tak^{her} by urp^{se}

Pr^{nce} A^{drew} followed her wth a cou^{teous}
but sad e^{press} on

"You e^{grown} lder T'kho he sa^d n
pass g^{to} the l^{dm} n who k^{sed} l^{sh} a d

Bel^{retl} y^{ched} the room from wh^{ch} d
sounds of th^{cl} chrd came l^{ep} r^{ity} f
haired Fench^{ma} M^{demou}sell Bour^{ce}
e^e, rustled w^{at} apparently bes^{del} e^{rs}ell wth

6 rym ro e. B p p red.

Ah, dear fr^{end}, repl^{ed} Pr^{ess} M^{ry} I
ha^{asked} y^{never} to "arn me f^{the}
humo^{my} father is in. I d^{not} all w^{my}
self t^y d^{him} and w^{uld} u^t ha^e others
do so.

The pr^{ess} glanced t^{her} watch and, seeth
tth was f^e m^{tes} lat^{taru}
her pr^{act} eⁿ the cla^{ch} rd, went into the
attⁱⁿ room wth look of alarm. Betw^{en}
r^{uel} e and t^{clock} as th^{day} was mapped
tth pr^e e^{sted} and the pr^{incess} pl^{yed}
th^{cl} chrd.

CHAPTER XXVI

T^{GRA} HAIR^{ED} al^{tw} s^{itu} g^{drow} lyst
tⁿ g^{to} the rⁿ g^{olth} pr^{nc} wh^{was} n
his large t^{dy} From th^{fr} side fth h^{use}
thro^{gh} the closed doors came the sou^d f^{diffi}
cultural passages—tw^o y^{times} repeated—of a
so^{ta} by Dusek.

Just th^{closed} carⁿ ge and th^{er} wth
hood dr^p to the po^{ch} Prⁿ Andrew
ot^t fth carru^g hel^{ped} his l^{tle} w^f t^{al}
gh^t, d^l her pass^{to} th^h use bef^{hum}. Old T'kh^w ar^g w^g, put his h^e d
t^f the doo^f thⁿ e^{chamber} e^{ported}
a wh^{isper} that d^{pr} wa^{sleep} and
hasu^{ly} closed th^{doo} T'kho knew that n
ther th^{so} arr^{al} n^y other un^{usual}
e^{must} be l^l wed^t distur^b th^{ppo} ted
r^{der} f^{the} day Pr^{nce} A^{drew} p^{par} t^{ly}
knew this as well as T'kh^{he} look d^t futh
th^{as} f^{asc} stain wth ther^h f^{ther} hab^{its}
th^d changed n^{ce} h^{was} th^m e^l d
ha^g su^{red} h^{im}self that they had t^{he} he
urn^{ed} t^{his} w^{te}.

He will g^t t^{wo} sym^{tes}. Le us go
across Mary^{oom} he said.

The l^{ttl} pr^{ess} had grown to ter^{dun}
this time, b^t her e^{yes} a^d her h^{art}, d^{why}
smil^g lip l^{ied} wh^e she began t^{peak}
just as merrily d^{pre} t^{ly} as e^r

Why this is pal^f she sa^d o^{her} hus^b
ba^d, lo^{li} ga^{ro} d^w th^e ex^{press} wth

Th^{gu} u^{ral} p^{chiefly} f^{lect} ed by p^{su} fth l^{et} e^r

They w^e sup^{to} l^e doo^f l^{ies} tⁿ room
fr^m wh^{ch} came the sound of the fr^{ep} and
passage of th^e sonata. Prince And^{ew} topped
d^{made} a grima^e, as if expec^t g^{ometh} o^u
pleasant.

Th^l l^{ttl} p^{ress} entered the oom. The
passa^e broke fⁿ the m^{ddle} cry w^h
h^{ard}, th^{Prin} ess Mary hea^y t^{re} d^a d^{the}
sou^d f^{liss} g^{Wh} n^P nce A^d w^t
u^{tl} two p^{esses} wh^h d^{ly} ru^{to}
bef^e f^{sh} t^{un} at h^u wed^d were
each the r^{ms} w^{rmly} p^{ess} g^{the} l^{ps}
t^{hate} er^{pl} cth y^{happe} ed to t^o ch.
M^{demou}se^{lle} Bourⁿ n^{ood} nea^r th^{em} p^{ess}
g^{her} ha^d to her heart wth a beat f^{ican} le
and b^{usly} equally ready t^{cry} o^t lau^h.
P^{ce} A^{drew} br^{ugged} his sh^{ould} r^{and}
frowned, as l^{ers} of mus^{ic} do w^h n^{they} hea^r
false note. The two w^{men} l^{two} of n^e n^{ther}
dth n^{as} f^{afraid} f^{be} g^{too} late,
seized ch^{othe} s^h d^s k^g them n^d
pull^g them way n^d gaⁿ began lissu^{er}
ch^{ther} on the face d^{then} to Pr^{nce} A^{drew}
dr^w surprise both began t^{cry} n^d kissed
ga^M dem^{sell} Bourⁿenne also began to
cry Pr^{nce} A^{drew} e^v n^{tly} felt ill at ease,
but to th^{two} w^{me} n^{emed} qu^{te} n^{tural}
th^t they should cry and p^{par}ently t^{never}
tered their heads that t^{could} ha^{been}
therw^{se} t^{thus} m^{tg}

Ah! my dear! Ah! Mary! th^y sud^{denly}
exclaimed, n^d th^{nl} gh^{ed}. I dream^{ed}
last gh^t—“You w^{ent} expectuⁿ u^u

—Ah! Mary you h^{ave} got th^{inne} f^l
A d^y u^{ha} e^{grown} to ter^r

I knew the princess at once," put in Made-
moiselle Bourienne.

"And I had no ideal," exclaimed Prin-
cess Mary. "Ah, Andrew, I did not see you."

Prince Andrew and his sister hand in
hand kissed one another, and he told her she
was still the same crybaby as ever. Princess
Mary had turned toward her brother and
through her tears the loving, warm, gentle
look of her large, luminous eyes, very beautiful
at that moment, rested on Prince Andrew's
face.

The little princess talked incessantly, her
short, downy upper lip continually and rapid-
ly touching her rosy nether lip when necessary,
and drawing up again next moment when her
face broke into a smile of glittering teeth and
sparkling eyes. She told of an accident they had
had on the Spasski Hill, which might have been
serious for her in her condition, and immedi-
ately after that informed them that she had left
all her clothes in Petersburg and that heaven
knew what she would have to dress in here,
and that Andrew had quite changed, and that
Kitty Odyntsova had married an old man, and
that there was a suitor for Mary, a real one,
but that they would talk of that later. Princess
Mary was still looking silently at her brother
and her beautiful eyes were full of love and
sadness. It was plain that she was following a
train of thought independent of her sister-in-
law's words. In the midst of a description of
the last Petersburg fetes she addressed her brother.

"So you are really going to the war, Andrew?"
she said, sighing.

"I am obliged too."

"Yes, and even tomorrow," replied her brother.

"He is leaving me here. God know, why
when he might have had promotion."

Princess Mary did not listen to the end, but
continuing her train of thought, turned to her
sister-in-law with a tender glance at her figure.

"Is it certain?" she said.

The face of the little princess changed. She
sighed and said, "Yes, quite certain. Ah! it is
very dreadful."

Her lip descended. She brought her face
close to her sister-in-law's and unexpectedly
again began to cry.

"She needs rest," said Prince Andrew with
a frown. "Don't you, Lisa? Take her to your
room and I will go to Father. How is he? Just the
same?"

"Yes, just the same. Though I don't know

what your opinion will be," answered the prin-
cess joyfully.

"And are the hours the same? And the walks
in the avenues? And the lathe?" asked Prince
Andrew with a scarcely perceptible smile which
showed that in spite of all his love and respect
for his father, he was aware of his weaknesses.

"The hours are the same, and the lathe, and
also the mathematics and my geometry lessons,"
said Princess Mary gleefully, as if her lessons
in geometry were among the greatest delights
of her life.

When the twenty minutes had elapsed and
the time had come for the old prince to get up,
Tikhon came to call the young prince to his
father. The old man made a departure from his
usual routine in honor of his son's arrival; he
gave orders to admit him to his apartments
while he dressed for dinner. The old prince al-
ways dressed in old-fashioned style, wearing an
antique coat and powdered hair, and when
Prince Andrew entered his father's dressing
room (not with the contemptuous look and
manner he wore in drawing rooms, but with
the animated face with which he talked to
Pierre), the old man was sitting on a large

and ponder

Tikhon

vanquish

Bonaparte? said the old man, shaking his
powdered head as much as the tail, which Tik-
hon was holding fast to, would allow.

"You at least must tackle him properly, or
else if he goes on like this he'll soon have us
too for his subjects! How are you? And he
held out his cheek."

The old man was in a good temper after his
nap before dinner. (He used to say that a nap
after dinner was silver—before dinner gold.)
He cast happy, sidelong glances at his son
from under his thick, bushy eyebrows. Prince
Andrew went up and kissed his father on the
spot indicated to him. He made no reply on
his father's favorite topic—making fun of the
military men of the day and more particular-
ly of Bonaparte.

"Yes, Father, I have come to you and brought
my wife who is pregnant," said Prince Andrew,
following every movement of his father's face
with an eager and respectful look. "How is your
health?"

"Only fools and rakes fall ill, my boy. You
know me. I am busy from morning till night
and abstemious, so of course I am well."

"Thank God," said his son, smiling.

"God has nothing to do with it! Well, go on."

he continued, returning to his habitual tell me how the German has taught you to fight Bonaparte by this new science you call strategy.

Prince Andrew smiled.

"Come me time to collect my wits, Father," said he, with a smile that showed that his father's rebukes did not prevent his son from being and honoring him. "Why I have not yet had time to settle down!"

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the old man shaking his pugtail to see whether it was firmly planted, and grasping his son by the hand. "The house for your wife is read. Princess Mary will take her there and show her mother and they'll talk nineteen to the dozen. That's their woman's way. I am glad to have her sit down and talk. About Mikkelso's army I understand—To-day too simultaneous expedition."

But what the southern army to do Prussia is natural. I know that. What about Austria? said he, rising from his chair and pacing up and down the room followed by Tikhon, who ran after him, handing him different articles of clothing. What of Sweden? How will they cross Pomerania?

Prince Andrew, seeing that his father insisted, began—at first reluctant but gradually with more and more animation, and from his habitual unconcern from Russian to French as he went on—to explain the plan of operations for the coming campaign. He explained how an army ninety thousand strong was to threaten Prussia so as to bring her out of her neutrality and draw her into the war; how part of that army was to join some Swedish forces at Stralsund; how two hundred and twenty thousand Austrians, with hundred thousand Russians, were to penetrate into Italy and the Rhine; how fifty thousand Russians and as many English were to land at Naples, and how the total force of three hundred thousand men was to attack the French from different sides. The old prince did not evince the least interest during this explanation, but as if he were not listening to continued to dress himself, walking about, and three times unexpectedly interrupted. Once he stopped to shout—"The white is the white!"

Thus it was that Tikhon was not handing him the waistcoat he wanted. Another time he interrupted, saying—

"And will she soon be confined and shaking his head reproachfully said. "That's bad! Go on, go on."

The third interruption came when Prince Andrew was finishing his description. The old

man began to snore with cracked voice of old age. "If I brook see when guerre is over," said he.

His son only smiled.

"I don't say this plan I propose of," said the son. "I am only telling you what it is. Napoleon has also formed his plan by now not worse than this one."

"Well you've told me nothing new and old man peated, meditated and rapped."

"Do not say that," said he. "Go to the dining room."

^^

At the dinner table were already waiting together with his architect, who by a strange caprice of his employer was admitted to table though the position of that insignificant individual was such as could certainly not have caused him to expect that honor. The prince, who generally kept very strictly to social distinctions and rarely admitted even important government officials to his table, had unexpectedly selected Michael Ivanovich (who always went into the corner to blow his nose on his checked handkerchief) to illustrate the theory that all men are equals, and had more than once impressed on his daughter that Michael Ivanovich was not what worse than you or I. At dinner the prince usually poked to the taciturn Michael Ivanovich more often than to anyone else.

In the dining room, which like all the rooms in the house was exceedingly lofty, the members of the household and the footmen—one behind each chair—stood waiting for the prince to enter. The head butler, naphin on arm, was seated in the setting of the table, making signs to the footmen, and anxiously glancing from the clock to the door by which the prince was to enter. Prince Andrew was looking at a large gilt frame, new to him, containing the genealogical tree of the Princes Bolkonoski, opposite which hung another such frame with a badly painted portrait (evidently by the hand of the rust-believing to the estate) of a ruling prince, a crown—an alleged descendant of Rurik and ancestor of the Bolkonoski. Prince Andrew looking at that genealogical tree, shook his head, laughed, gasped, and looked at the portrait so characteristically.

Mariborough is going to the wars, God knows when he'll return.

of the original as to be amusing

How thoroughly like him that is! he said to Princess Mary who had come up to him

Princess Mary looked at her brother in surprise. She did not understand what he was laughing at. Everything her father did inspired her with reverence and was beyond question.

Everyone has his Achilles' heel! continued Prince Andrew. Fancy with his powerful mind indulging in such nonsense!

Princess Mary could not understand the boldness of her brother's criticism and was about to reply when the expected footsteps were heard coming from the study. The prince walked in quickly and jauntily as was his wont, as if intentionally contrasting the briskness of his manners with the strict formality of his house.

At that moment the great clock struck two and another with a shrill tone joined in from the drawing room. The prince stood still, his lively glittering eyes from under their thick bushy eyebrows sternly scanned all present and rested on the little princess. She felt as courtiers do when the Tsar enters the sensation of fear and respect which the old man inspired in all around him. He stroked her hair and then patted her awkwardly on the back of her neck.

I'm glad glad to see you, he said looking attentively into her eyes and then quickly went to his place and sat down. Sit down, sit down! Sit down, Michael Ivánovich!

He indicated a place beside him to his daughter in law. A footman moved the chair for her.

How! said the old man casting his eyes on her rounded figure. You've been in a hurry. That's bad!

He laughed in his usual dry cold unpleasant way with his lips only and not with his eyes.

You must walk and talk as much as possible as much as possible, he said.

The little princess did not or did not wish to hear his words. She was silent and seemed confused. The prince asked her about her father and she began to smile and talk. He asked about mutual acquaintances and she became still more animated and chattered away giving him greetings from various people and retailing the town gossip.

— An idea in your mind has lost

at her more and more sternly and suddenly as if he had studied her sufficiently and had formed a definite idea of her, he turned away

and addressed Michael Ivánovich.

Well, Michael Ivánovich, our Bonaparte will be having a bad time of it. Prince Andrew (he always spoke thus of his son) has been telling me what forces are being collected against him! While you and I never thought much of him.

Michael Ivánovich did not at all know when you and I had said such things about Bonaparte, but understanding that he was wanted as a peg on which to hang the prince's favorite topic, he looked inquiringly at the young prince wondering what would follow.

He is a great tactician! said the prince to his son, pointing to the architect.

And the conversation again turned on the war on Bonaparte and the generals and statesmen of the day. The old prince seemed convinced not only that all the men of the day were mere babies, who did not know the ABC of war or of politics, and that Bonaparte was an insignificant little Frenchy, successful only because there were no longer any Potemkins or Suvorovs left to oppose him, but he was also so convinced that there were no political difficulties in Europe and no real war, but only a sort of puppet show at which the men of the day were playing, pretending to do something real. Prince Andrew gaily bore with his father's ridicule of the new men and drew him on and listened to him with evident pleasure.

The past always seems good, said he, but did not Suvorov himself fall into a trap? Moreau set him and from which he did not know how to escape?

Who told you that? Who? cried the prince. Suvorov! And he jerked away his plate which Tikhon bruskiy caught. Suvorov! Consider, Prince Andrew. Tikhon, Frederick and Suvorov. Moreau! Moreau would have been a prisoner if Suvorov had had a free hand, but he had the *Hofs kriegs*! *erst schnapps*! *Rath* on his hands. It would have puzzled the devil himself! When you get there you'll find out what those *Hofs kriegs* *wurst*! *Rath's* are! Suvorov couldn't manage them so what chance has Michael Kutuzov? No, my dear boy, he continued, you and your generals won't get on against Buonaparte, you'll have to call in the French, so that birds of a feather may fight together. The German Pahlen has been sent to New York in America to fetch the Frenchman Moreau, he said alluding to the invitation made that year to Moreau to enter the Russian

Co. It is a story of the war. Co. It is a story of the war. Co. It is a story of the war.

service. "Wonderful! Were the Prussians, Swedes, and Orthodox Germans? I don't know, either you fellows have all lost your wits, or I have been deceived. May God help you, but I'll see what will happen. But Bonaparte has become a great commander among them! Hm!"

"I don't at all say that all the plans are good," said Prince Andrew. "I am only surprised at your opinion of Bonaparte. You may laugh as much as you like, but all the same Bonaparte is a great general!"

Michael in silence cried the old prince to the architect who busy with his roast meat, hoped he had been forgotten. "I don't tell you Bonaparte was a great tactician? Here, he says the same thing."

"To be sure, your excellency replied the architect."

The prince gained a ghed his friend. "Bonaparte was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He has got splendid soldiers. Besides he began by attacking Germans. And he has failed to beat the Germans. Since then would be any body has beaten the Germans. They beat us—except us—then He made his reputation fighting them."

And the prince began explaining all the blunders which, according to him, Bonaparte had made in his campaigns and even in politics. His son made no order but was evident that whatever arguments were presented he was as little able as his father to change his opinion. He listened, frowning from reply and incontinently wondered how this old man lived in the country for so many years, could know and discuss so minutely and cutely all the recent European military and political events.

"I think I'm an old man and don't understand the present state of affairs," concluded his father. "But it troubles me. I don't sleep tonight. Come now where has this great commander of yours shown his skill?" he concluded.

"That would take too long to tell," answered the son.

"Well, then go first," said Prince Andrew. "Made Moussell Bounen here another dinner of that powder no key emperor of yours, he exclaimed in excellent French."

"I know Prince I am a Bonapartist! Deus in qua dicitur hummed the prince as if in fun and with a laugh till more so, he quitted the table."

The little princess during the whole discussion

stood and the rest of the dinner sat silent, glancing with a frightened look now at her father and now at the Princess Mary. When they left the table she took her sister-in-law's arm and drew her into another room.

"What a clever man your father is," said she, "perhaps that is why I'm afraid of him. Oh, he is so kind!" answered Princess Mary.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PRINCE ANDREW was to leave next evening. The old prince, after altering his routine, retired as usual after dinner. The little princess and her sister-in-law's room. Prince Andrew in a tattered coat with out epaulettes had been packing with his valet in the rooms assigned to him. After inspecting the carriage himself and seeing the trunk packed, he ordered the horses to be harnessed. Only those things he always kept with him remained in his room—small box, a large canteen fitted with silver plate, two Turkish pistols and a sabre—present from his father who had brought it from the Crimea of Ochak. All these travel effects of Prince Andrew were in very good order—new clean

— the future. Prince Andrew's face looked very thoughtful and tender. With his hands behind him he paced briskly from corner to

wish to be seen in that mood, for hearing footsteps in the passage he hurriedly unclasped his hands, topped that bit as if in the corner of the small box, he assumed his usual tranquil and unimpeachable expression. It was the heavy tread of Princess Mary that he heard.

"I hear you have given orders to harness," she cried, panting (she had apparently been running) and I did so wish to have another talk with you also. God knows how long we may again be parted. You are not angry with me for coming? You have changed so. Andrusha, she added, as if to explain such questions.

She smiled as she uttered his pet name. Andrusha. It was obviously strange to her to think that this stern handsome man should be Andrusha—the slender mischievous boy who had been her playfellow in childhood.

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of the original as to be amusing

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The little princess did not or did not wish to hear his words. She was silent and seemed confused. The prince asked her about her father and she began to smile and talk. He asked about mutual acquaintances and she became

Countess Apráksina poor thing has lost her husband and she has cried her eyes out she said growing more and more lively.

As she became animated the prince looked at her more and more sternly and suddenly as if he had studied her sufficiently and had formed a definite idea of her he turned away

and addressed Michael Ivanovich.

Well Michael Ivanovich our Bonaparte will be having a bad time of it. Prince Andrew (he always spoke thus of his son) has been telling me what forces are being collected against him! While you and I never thought much of him.

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At war men of today are convinced not only that all the men of the day were mere babies who did not know the ABC of war or of politics and that Bonaparte was an insignificant little Frenchy successful only because there were no longer any Potemkins or Suvorovs left to oppose him but he was also convinced that there were no political difficulties in Europe and no real war but only a sort of puppet show at which the men of the day were playing pretending to do something real. Prince Andrew gaily bore with his father's ridicule of the new men and drew him on and listened to him with evident pleasure.

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Who?

Suvorov.

Tikhon b. Prince Andrew Tikhon Frederick and Suvorov Moreau! Moreau would have been a prisoner if Suvorov had had a free hand but he had the Hofs kriegs uerst schnapps Rath on his hands. It would have puzzled the devil himself! When you get there you'll find out what those Hofs kriegs wu st Raths are! Suvorov couldn't manage them so what chance has Michael Kutuzov? No my dear boy he continued you and your generals won't get on against Buonaparte you'll have to call in the French so that birds of a feather may fight together. The German Tahlen has been sent to New York in America to fetch the Frenchman Moreau he said alluding to the invitation made that year to Moreau to enter the Russian

Co t sai ke el pl Co l tle Au tr a Cou cl of W -Trk

h o th ed m m May God help y u, but we'll see h t will h ppen. Buon parte has becom a great command r am g them! Hm!

I d t at all say th t all the pl ar good sad Prin e And ew I am o ly surp used t y p m of B p rte. You may l u has m chas y ulk but all the same Bo parte is great generall

Michael I d chl cr d th ld prince to the architect who busy w th hu roast meat, h ped he had been f rgott n D dnt I tell y Buon part was gre t tactu n? H e, he say the sam thi g

"T be ure y ur excellency repl ed the architect.

The prince a l ghed hus fr g d l gh

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de t that what er arguments were p esented he as as l utl ble as his father to change his pun n. H lust ed, efrai g from a eply d luntarily w der dh w th us ld ma li al e in the co ntry f so many years could kn w d discuss so m ut ly and cu e ly all th ecent European military d pol u cal ev is.

"I think I m an old m m nd don t un dstand the p ex t ate of ffairs? co cluded hus f th B t t tro bles me. I d n t al t ght. Com now wher has this great commander f y urs h n hus kill? he con clud ed.

"That would tak too l g to t ll, nswered th so

s n and the est of the d nner sat s lent, glan g w th a frightened look now at her fatl er law and m w t Princess Mary When they left the table she took l er ster n law s arm and drew her nto nother room.

"What a clever m n your fatl er s, said she pe haps that is why I m afraid f h m Oh he is so kind! ns ered Pri ess Mary

CHAPTER XXVIII

PRINCE ANDREW was tole enexteven g The old prin e not lt ng h r o t ne retired s usual ster din er The little pri ess as n her sister in l ws room. Prince Andrew in a

s ng the trunk put in h orde ed the h rses to be harnessed. U ly t o e th ngs he al s kept w th h m rem ed n h too sm ll bo large ca t en fitted w th l er pl t tw Turk h pistols and saber— pres t from h s f ther wh had brought it from the ege of Ochako All these tra el g ff us of Pri e A drew s were n ery good rde n w cle and n cloth co ers carefully ued w th tapes.

When start g on a j urn y o cha their mode of life, men cap bl of r f ct n ar generally ern us fram of m d. At ch m ments one re ws the pa t nd pla fo the future. Pri Andrews f e looked ry th u htful nd tender W th h s h ds beha d him he p ced briskly f m or er to

w h t b n n th t mood, f l ean g foot t p n th p ssag he hurt edly unclasped his hands, st pped t t bl as f ty g the co er f tl small box, nd assum d his usu l tran qu l d impenetrable exp ss n lt as the bea y tread f Pri n ess Mary th th heard

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mo so, h q tted th table.
The l st p ess dur g the wh le discus-

1

She smiled as h utter d his pet nam An drush It a b o ly tra ge to h to th nk th t thus tern handsome man should be Andrush—the l der much ous boy who had b n her pl y fell w m childhood.

And where is Lise? he asked answering her question only by a smile

She was so tired that she has fallen asleep on the sofa in my room Oh Andrew! What a treasure of a wife you have said she sitting down on the sofa facing her brother She is quite a child such a dear merry child I have grown so fond of her

Prince Andrew was silent but the princess noticed the ironical and contemptuous look that showed itself on his face

One must be indulgent to little weaknesses who is free from them Andrew? Don't forget that she has grown up and been educated in society and so her position now is not a rosy one We should enter into everyone's situation *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* Think what it must be for her poor thing after what she has been used to to be parted from her husband and be left alone in the country in her condition! It is very hard

Prince Andrew smiled as he looked at his sister as we smile at those we think we thoroughly understand

You live in the country and don't think the life terrible he replied

I that's different Why speak of me? I don't want any other life and can't for I know no other But think Andrew for a young society woman to be buried in the country during the best years of her life all alone—for Papa is always busy and I tell you know what poor resources I have for entertaining a woman used to the best society There is only Made moiselle Bourienne

I don't like your Mademoiselle Bourienne at all said Prince Andrew

No? She is very nice and kind and above all she is much to be pitied She has no one no one To tell the truth I don't need her and she is even in my way You know I always was a savage and now am even more so I like being alone Father likes her very much She and Michael Idánovich are the two people to whom he is always gentle and kind because he has been a benefactor to them both As Sterne says We don't love people so much for the good they have done us as for the good we have done them Father took her when she was homeless after losing her own father She is very good natured and my father likes her way of reading She reads to him in the evenings and I read splendidly

To be quite frank Mary I expect Father's character sometimes makes things trying for To ride in a fall of gravel

you doesn't it? Prince Andrew asked suddenly

Princess Mary was first surprised and then agitated at this question

For me? For me? Trying for me! said she

He always was rather harsh and now I should think he's getting very trying said Prince Andrew apparently speaking lightly of their father in order to puzzle or test his sister

You are good in every way Andrew but you have a kind of intellectual pride said the princess following the train of her own thoughts rather than the trend of the conversation—and that's a great sin How can one judge Father? But even if one might what feeling except veneration could such a man as my father evoke? And I am so contented and happy with him I only wish you were all as happy as I am

Her brother shook his head incredulously

The only thing that is hard for me I will tell you the truth Andrew is Father's way of treating religious subjects I don't understand how a man of his immense intellect can fail to see that is as clear as day and can go so far astray That is the only thing that makes me unhappy But even in this I can see lately a shade of improvement His attitude has been less bitter of late and there was a monk he received and had a long talk with

Ah! my dear I am afraid you and your monk are wasting your power said Prince Andrew banteringly yet tenderly

What more am I only pray and hope that God will hear me Andrew she said timidly after a moment's silence I have a great favor to ask of you

What is it dear?

No—promise that you will not refuse! It will give you no trouble and is nothing unworthy of you but it will comfort me Promise Andrusha! said she putting her hand in her reticule but not yet taking out what he was holding inside it as if that still held were the subject of her request and must not be shown before the request was granted

She looked timidly at her brother

Even if it were a great deal of trouble answered Prince Andrew as if guessing what it was about

Think what you please! I know you are just like Father Think as you please but do it is for my sake! Please do! Father's father our grandfather were the same! (She still

did not take out what he was holding in his
republic.) So, up rises

Of course. What is it?

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Red patches appear on Princess Mary
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 if it said it going to you but you have

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The p ches grew deepe o he f rehead,
 cck d c k Sh n d say som t g
 b l d l lter brothe had wessed g t
 d t l p csh d be nery g fte d r
 and had poke t h f bod gs bou lcr
 f m t d bow l dreeded t, d h d
 myla d t her fca, h t lter l w d
 her husb d Af tcr g l had f l asl p
 Pr A drew f l sorry f hus cr

kn

1 of 6

2. 15 4

df

14. 3

I may

truth

h ppy? N 1 1 ■ ppy ^

112

h s te but o er her head toward u e was
n f h ne doorw }

■

P

take me
to the night

Princess Mary rose and moved to the door
when it opened and said, "Andrew, if you had
faith you would have returned to God and
asked Him to give you the love you do not
feel and you perhaps would have been
saved."

Well may be said Peter Andrew Go
Vasha I'll come named tely

On the way to his sister's room, with the
bag which connected with the other
P. And now met M. demouelle Bour en
mil g. w. etly It was the third time that day
th. t. h. an. ex. t. u. c. and. d. i. e. s. m. i. he had
met him. secluded in the ca.

Oh! I thought you were in your room, I
said I saw some one behind the door and dropped
her key.

1 ce A dr wlooked ternly ther aid n
expe n f ger dde ly came o l u
fa e H ad thu g to be butlooked ther
f eh d nd hair wth tlook n thereyes.

eady w ke nd h r m rry ce hurry
o wo d fter n ther came through the open
doo She was sp ks gas usual m F ench d
ad, f it l lf estra t hew hed t male
g p f riotum

N but mag the old Cou tess Zubo
with f lse curl d h r m th fl of f lse
t th as f he wer try g to ch t old ge.

Thus ry t ce bout Countess Z. bo

P Th w l b means tooth and p this
is in graded.—Th.

and this same laugh Prince Andrew had already heard from his wife in the presence of others some five times. He entered the room softly. The little princess plump and rosy was sitting in an easy chair with her work in her hands talking incessantly repeating Petersburg reminiscences and even phrases. Prince Andrew came up stroked her hair and asked if she felt rested after their journey. She answered him and continued her chatter.

The coach with six horses was waiting at the porch. It was an autumn night so dark that the coachman could not see the carriage pole. Servants with lanterns were bustling about in the porch. The immense house was brilliant with lights shining through its lofty windows. The domestic serfs were crowding in the hall waiting to bid good by to the young prince. The members of the household were all gathered in the reception hall. Michael with which Mademoiselle Bourienne, Princess Mary and the little princess. Prince Andrew had been called to his father's study as the latter wished to say good by to him alone. All were waiting for them to come out.

When Prince Andrew entered the study the old man in his old age spectacles and white dressing gown in which he received no one but his son sat at the table writing. He glanced round.

Good night. And he went on writing.

I've come to say good by.

I kiss me here and he touched his cheek. Thanks, thanks!

What do you thank me for?

For not dilly dallying and not hanging to a woman's apron strings. The Service before everything. Thanks, thanks! And he went on writing so that his quill spluttered and squeaked. If you have anything to say say it. These two things can be done together. He added:

About my wife. I am ashamed as it is to leave her on your hands.

Why talk nonsense? Say what you want.

When her confinement is due send to Moscow for an accoucheur. Let him be here.

The old prince stopped writing and as if not understanding fixed his stern eyes on his son.

I know that no one can help if nature does not do her work, said Prince Andrew evidently confused. I know that out of a million cases only one goes wrong but it is her fancy and

to himself finishing what he was writing. I'll do it.

He signed with a flourish and suddenly turning to his son began to laugh.

It's a bad business eh?

What a bad father?

The wife said the old prince briefly and significantly.

I don't understand! said Prince Andrew.

No it can't be helped! said the prince.

They're all like that once you're unmarried. Don't be afraid. I won't tell anyone but you know it yourself.

He seized his son by the hand with small bony fingers shook it looked straight into his son's face with keen eyes which seemed to see through him and again laughed his frigid laugh.

The son sighed thus admitting that his father had understood him. The old man continued to fold and seal his letter snatching up and throwing down the wax the seal and the paper with his accustomed rapidity.

What's to be done? She's pretty! I'll do everything. Make your mind easy said he in abrupt sentences while sealing his letter.

Andrew did not speak. He was both pleased and displeased that his father understood him. The old man got up and gave the letter to his son.

Listen! said he. I don't worry about your wife. What can be done shall be. Now listen! Give this letter to Michael Iarionovich. I have written that he should make use of you in proper places and not keep you long as an adjutant. A bad position! Tell him I remember

half his words but he's not as accustomed to understand him. He led him to the desk, raised the lid, drew out a drawer and took out an exercise book filled with his bold tall close handwriting.

I shall probably die before you. So remember these are my memoirs. Hand them to the Emperor after my death. Now here's a Lombard bond and a letter to the printer for the manuscript. I write a history of the wars. Send it to the Academy. Here are some jottings

but now

“I read when I am gone. You will find them useful.”

Andrew did not tell her that he would not believe in magic. He felt that he must try it.

“I will do that,” he said.

Well, now good-by! He gave his son his hand to kiss, and embraced him. Remember this, Prince Andrew: if they kill you, it will hurt me; if you die, they will pause and expect I will then quarrel with them. Suddenly shrieked, but if I hear that, you have not behaved like so. The cholera took him; I shall be ashamed!

“I need not say that to me,” he said, and the son with a smile.

The old man was silent.

white dress, gown, spectacles, and white stockings, angry.

Prince Andrew sighed and made no reply.

“Will he say to turn to his wife?”

And this well-sounded coldly, “No, as if he were saying: Now go through your performance.”

Andrew calmly said the little princess turned pale and looked with dismay at her husband.

He embraced her. She screamed and fell unconscious on his shoulder.

He cautiously released the shoulder he leaned on, looked into her face, and carefully placed her on a couch.

“Adieu, Mary,” said he gently to his sister, taking her by the hand and kissing her, and then he left the room with rapid steps.

The little princess lay in the armchair. Madame de Bourmont chafed her temples. Princess Mary’s poor, high sister-in-law still looked with her beautiful eyes full of tears.

— — —
the lieutenant and of the old man, and only his wife. Hardly had Prince Andrew gone when the study door opened quickly, and the term-fur of the old man in the white dress gown looked out.

“Go? That might,” said he, and look angrily at the unconscious little princess. He shook his head reproachfully and slammed the door.

yesterday

MASS

Place.

“I told the wife that,” he said, the old man did grieve.

They took a little from another. The old man’s sharp eyes were fixed on his son. Some things touched the old man’s part of the old prince’s face.

“I said good-by to God,” he suddenly added, “I did, my pen is his dog.”

What is it? What? Both princesses, who they saw from the study door. Prince Andrew and the fur of the old man.

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I know that no one can help if nature does not do her work said Prince Andrew contently confused. I know that out of a million cases only one goes wrong but it is her fancy and

mine. They have been telling her things. She has had a dream and is frightened.

Hum Hum muttered the old prince to himself finishing what he was writing. I'll do it.

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What is bad Father?

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He spoke so rapidly that he did not finish half his words but his son was accustomed to understand him. He led him to the desk raised the lid drew out a drawer and took out an exercise book filled with his bold tall cursive handwriting.

I shall probably die before you. So remember these are my memoirs hand them to the Emperor after my death. Now where is a Lombard bond and a letter it is a premium for the man who writes a story of St. Rossars. Send it to the Academy. Here are some jottings.

But now

appeared n h rse b ck. They were an de-de-camp f l l w d by Cossack.

Th a de-de-camp was sent to co firm the rder which had n t b n clearly w rded the day befo e am ly that the comma der in ch f hed to see the regiment just in the at huch t had been on the march n th ir greatcoats, and p cks, and w thout any

^{phased}
the army f th Arclduk Fed and d Mack, d k zo t consid r g thi ju c d ssable m t m g l r rgum nts in pport of his ew to sh w l Austrian g eral the wr icked tate n wh ch the troops rri ed fr m Russia. W th thi bject he in te ded to m t the egim t so tl wors the co du t was th b t pleased the comma der chief w uld be. Though the de-de-camp did t k w these circumstances h evertheless d l ered the defin te rder that th men sh uld be n th greatcoats and n march g der d that tl comma der in ch f would otherwise be dissatisfied. On hear this th gum ntal commander hun his head idently shrugged his h ulders and p ead this rms w th ch len gesture.

A f mess w made of tl h emarked. "There w l d n t l tell y, M chael M t rch that f t was a d the march t meant greatcoats said he epro chfully to th battali commande Oh, my God! he dd ed, t pp r resolt ly l ward. Comp y comma ders he h ted n ceaccustomed to mam d. "Serrea t maj l H w soon w ll be be h h asked the de-de-camp w th respectul polt ess ev dently l u g to the perso h was ref r r g to

I hour time, I sho ld say

Shall e ha time to cha ge d these?

I do kn w G eral.

As f to their compan es, th rgeants maj began bus l g (the greatcoats were n t cry good to do so) and instantly th squares tl h had p to the be regular der d le t l e r to way d u tch d hum w tl "O all des sold r w r ru g to nd fr thro p ther kn psa ls w th) k f their should ss d pull g th trap er th r he ds, u trapp th r o erco ts and dr w g th sice es w th upraised arms.

In half n h ur all was again n order o ly the squares had become gray nstead of black. The regime tal comm de w lked w th l s je ky st p to the fro t of the erment nd exam ned t from a dist nce.

Whate er is tl ? Thus! he lo ted nd tood still Comma der of the th rd com p y!

Comma der of tl e third comp ny w ted by the g eral! comma der t the general third comp ny to the comma der Tl e words passed alo tl l es nd n dj tant rant look f r the miss g officer

Wh n th eage l ut m epe ted words h d eached their dest n uon n a cry of "The neral to the tl rd compa y the miss n of

bls g on his toes toward the g neral. The cap- tain face h wed the uneas ness of scl ool boy who is told to repeat lesson he has n t learned. Spots ppeared on his nose the red ness f wh ch was ev d ntly d e to ntemper an e, and his m ch tw icked nervou ly The general looked the capta n p d d wn as he cam up panting, sl clen gh p as l ap- p ch d.

Y u w ll soon be dres g y m n p t tcoats! What t this? sho ted the g mental commande thrust g forward his j w d po ung t a sold er n the ra ks of the third company n greatcoats of bluish cl th wh ch co trusted w th the hera. "What ha e you be lter? The comma der n ch l ex- p cted nd y ul e your pla e? Eh? I ll teach you to dress th men n fancy co us f p rade Eh

W ll why don t you peak? Wh m ha e j a g t th dressed up as a ffu gar sa d the comma der w th uster g be.

Your excellen cy

"W ll y ur excellen cy what? You excel l ncy! But what bout y ur excellency? no- body kn ws.

Y ur cellen cy t s the fter D l k ho wh has be n ed ed to th ranks, said the mptat softly

W ll? Has he been degraded into field marshal t soldier? If sold he should be dressed regul tion un f rml k th oth ers.

Book Two. 1805

*

CHAPTER I

IN OCTOBER 1805 a Russian army was occupying the villages and towns of the Archduchy of

found on every man a clean shirt and in every
kitchen the appointed number of articles

whom they were quartered Braunau was the
headquarters of the commander in chief Kutu
zov

On October 11 1805 one of the infantry
regiments that had just reached Braunau had
halted half a mile from the town waiting to be
inspected by the commander in chief Despite
the un-Russian appearance of the locality and
surroundings—fruit gardens stone fences tiled
roofs and hills in the distance—and despite
the fact that the inhabitants (who gazed with
curiosity at the soldiers) were not Russians the
regiment had just the appearance of any Rus
sian regiment preparing for an inspection any
where in the heart of Russia

On the evening of the last day's march an or
der had been received that the commander in
chief would inspect the regiment on the march
Though the words of the order were not clear
to the regimental commander and the ques
tion arose whether the troops were to be in
marching order or not it was decided at a con
sultation between the battalion commanders
to present the regiment in parade order on the
principle that it is always better to bow too
low than not bow low enough So the soldiers
after a twenty mile march were kept mending
and cleaning all night long without closing
their eyes while the adjutants and company
commanders calculated and reckoned and by
morning the regiment—instead of the strag
gling disorderly crowd it had been on its last
march the day before—presented a well or
dered array of two thousand men each of whom
knew his place and his duty had every button
and every strap in place and shone with clean
liness And not only externally was all in or
der but had it pleased the commander in chief
to look under the uniforms he would have

any fault of the regimental commander for in
spite of repeated demands boots had not been
issued by the Austrian commissariat and the
regiment had marched some seven hundred
miles

letters which seemed to stand rather than lie

front of the line and at every step pulled him
self up slightly arching his back It was plain
that the commander admired his regiment re
joiced in it and that his whole mind was en
grossed by it yet his strut seemed to indicate
that besides military matters social interests
and the fair sex occupied no small part of his
thoughts

Well Michael Mitrochich he said ad
dressing one of the battalion commanders
smilingly pressed forward (it was plain that
they both felt happy) We had our hands full

vital irony and laughed

It would not be turned off the field even on
the Tatars Meadow

What? asked the commander
At that moment on the road from the town
on which signals had been posted to men
The Tatars Meadow in St Petersburg was
a life of trade and commerce—
—

appeared on his back. They were an aide-de-camp followed by Cossack.

The aide-de-camp was sent to confirm the order which had just been clearly ordered the day before, namely that the commander in chief wished to see the regiment just in the station which it had been on the march in their greatcoats, and packs, and without any preparation whatever.

Remembering the Hofkriegsrath from Vienna had taken it upon the day before with proposals and demands from him to join up with the army of the Archduke Ferdinand and Vladislav, and to consider in this juncture a desirable, important argument in support of his wish with the Austrian general who wished that in which the troops were to be. With this object he in-

de-camp did not know these circumstances, nevertheless decided that the day before that the men should be in their greatcoats and in marching order and that the commander in chief would otherwise be dissatisfied. On hearing this the regimental commander himself, head, silently shrugged his shoulders, and repeated this arms with cheerful gesture.

A fine mess was made of it he remarked.

"There was done it tell you, Michael, I think that it was said of the march I meant in greater. I said he proachfully to the battalions command. Oh, my God, he decided, stepped resolutely forward. Company commanders besh used in accustomed to command. Service is major. He was soon to be here he asked the aide-de-camp with respectful politeness and only relying to the personage he was referring to.

In an hour time, I shall say

"Shall he attempt to change clothes?"

I don't know, General.

The regimental commander went up to the lieutenant himself, ordered the soldiers to change into their greatcoats. The company commanders ran off to their companies, the sergeants major began bawling (the greatcoats were not in cry and conduct) and instantly the squares that had previously been in regular order and settled down to wait and to wait and hum with voices. On all sides soldiers were running to and fro, their packs on their backs with their shoulders, and pulling the straps over their heads, unstrapping their crossbelts and drawing the sleeves with praised arms.

In half an hour it was again in order only the squares had become gray instead of blue. The regimental commander walked with his jerky steps to the front of the regiment and examined it from a distance.

What is this? Thus he shouted and stood till. Commander of the third company.

C

by this

was

ran to look for the messenger officer

he repeated the words had

f

f

the habit of running trotted with a bling on his toes toward the general. The captain faced him with the unevenness of a schoolboy, and he repeated the lesson he had learned. The general looked at the captain up and down as he came up, and galloped his pace as he perceived.

pony gear. The company in greatcoats of bluish cloth which contrasted with the others. What have you been after? The commander in chief expected to see you here. Our place? Eh? I'll teach you to dress the man in fancy coats for parade. Eh?

The commander of the company with his eyes fixed on his superior pressed two fingers more and more rigidly to his cap as if in this pressure of his only hope of life.

"Well, why do you speak? Whom have you got there dressed as? Hu gar an said the commander with a stare of bewilderment.

Your excellency

"Well, your excellency, what? Your excellency? What do you say? Your excellency? No body knows.

"Your excellency is the face of the Duke who has been reduced to the ranks, said the captain softly.

"Well, has he been degraded into a field marshal, or into a soldier? I sold him he should be dressed in regulation uniform like the others.

Your excellency you gave him leave your self on the march

Gave him leave? Leave? That's just like you young men said the regimental commander cooling down a little. Leave indeed. One says a word to you and you. What? headed with renewed irritation. I beg you to dress your men decently.

And the commander turning to look at the adjutant directed his jerky steps down the line. He was evidently pleased at his own display of anger and walking up to the regiment wished to find a further excuse for wrath. Having snapped at an officer for an unpolished badge at another because his line was not straight he reached the third company.

How are you standing? Where's your leg? Your leg? shouted the commander with a tone of suffering in his voice while there were still five men between him and Dólokhov with his bluish gray uniform.

Dólokhov slowly straightened his bent knee looking straight with his clear insolent eyes in the general's face.

Why a blue coat? Off with it. Sergeant major! Change his coat. The ras he did not finish.

General I must obey orders but I am not bound to endure. Dólokhov hurriedly interrupted.

No talking in the ranks! No talking no talking!

Not bound to endure insults. Dólokhov concluded in loud ringing tones.

The eyes of the general and the soldier met. The general became silent angrily pulling down his tight scarf.

I request you to have the goodness to change your coat. He said as he turned away.

CHAPTER II

HE'S COMING! shouted the signaler at that moment.

The regimental commander flushing ran to his horse seized the stirrup with trembling hands threw his body across the saddle righted himself drew his saber and with a happy and resolute countenance opening his mouth awry prepared to shout. The regiment fluttered like a bird preening its plumage and became motionless.

Attention! shouted the regimental commander in a soul shaking voice which expressed joy for himself severity for the regiment and welcome for the approaching chief.

Along the broad country road edged on

both sides by trees came a high light blue Viennese *calèche* slightly creaking on its springs and drawn by six horses at a smart trot. Behind the *calèche* galloped the suite and a convoy of Croats. Beside Kutuzov sat an Austrian general in a white uniform that looked strange among the Russian black ones. The *calèche*

ly he stepped down from the carriage just as if those two thousand men breathlessly gazing at him and the regimental commander did not exist.

the feeble voice of the commander in chief was heard. The regiment roared. Health to your excellency! and again all became silent. At first Kutuzov stood still while the regiment moved then he and the general in white accompanied by the suite walked between the ranks.

From the way the regimental commander saluted the commander in chief and devoured him with his eyes drawing himself up obsequiously and from the way he walked through the ranks behind the generals bending forward and hardly able to restrain his jerky movements and from the way he darted forward at every word or gesture of the commander in chief it was evident that he performed his duty as a subordinate with even greater zeal than his duty as a commander. Thanks to the strictness and assiduity of its commander the regiment in comparison with others that had reached Braunau at the same time was in splendid condition. There were only a few sick and stragglers. Everything was in good order except the boots.

Kutuzov walked through the ranks sometimes stopping to say a few friendly words to officers he had known in the Turkish war so he sometimes also to the soldiers. Looking at their boots he several times shook his head sadly pointing them out to the Austrian general with an expression which seemed to say that he was not blaming anyone but could not help noticing what a bad state of things it was. The regimental commander ran forward on each such occa-

sion softly spoken word to be heard followed some twenty men of his suite. These gentlemen talked among themselves and sometimes

hed. Ne rest of ll to the commander n
chief walk d a ha d some adj tant. This was
r e Bolkónsk Be de h m was his comrade
Nes usk a tall staff fi er extrem ly stout,
th a ku dly smil ng, ha d some face nd
m t eyes. Nes usk e ld l rdly ke p f m
l hier pro k d by a w rthy hussar officer

to m ke grimace and tl en assume a most scri
ous deferent l nd nnocent e press on

Th thu d comp ny was the last a d kutu
zov po de ed, app e tly try ng to recollect
someth ng P n e A d ew stcped f rwa d
fr mamo gúe u tea dsaid softly n F e ch

Y u t ld me to em id you of the off er
H l khov educ d to the ranks n il is regi
me t.

Whe e s Dol kho ? a ked kut ov
Dól kl o wlo h d al eady cha ged : to
n l

make them look the w g
h kutov w lked lowly nd langu dly past

om u no
ch ef and p esented rms

H e you a compl t e m ke? kutuzov
ask d w th lght frown

"Thus is Dól kh v said Pri e A drew

Ahl sa d kut zov f fope th s w ll be a
lesson to y u. Do your d ty The Emper r s
grac us nd l h nt f rget y u f y udes rve
w ll

The clear blue eyes looked at the comm der
chief just as boldly s they had looked tle
regime tal comma der seem g by the ex
press nt tear pen the el of con nt n
th t eparates comm nde n ch ef so w dely
fr m p te.

One t ng I ask of your excell ncy D lo
kh sa d n h s firm n del b rate ce
I ask n ppo tu tyt ato ef rmy fult d
pro emy de t n to H s M jesty the E per
d to Russ i

kutuzo turned w y The same m le of the
yes w th wh ch he h d t rned f om C pt n

Ah, Tim kh l sa d he, cog z g the
r d osed captai who had b n ep m ded
co t f the bl greatcoat.

O ld ha e th ght tumpous ble f ra
man to tr tch hums lf m e than T mókhu
had do e when h was p manded by th
egm tal comm der b tn w th t th com
m der ch f d dres d h m he drew hum
s lf p t s ch n ext t th t t seem d h
could tha e usta d thad the comm nder
chief co t ed t look th m nd so kutu
zov wh evidently u d rstood h ca and
hed h m th g b t good qu ckly turn d
y scar ly per pt ble m le flit go er
h scurred and p fly f

An ther l m l m de dhe Ab e
ficer! Are y u sat fied w th hum? h ask d
the egime tal comma d

A d th l tter-u co ca th t he was be
g effected th hus fi r as m look
g glass- tted m d f rward, d
r d d H ghly sat fi d y urex elle cy l

W lha e ur weak esses sa d kut zo
ml g dw lk g w y f m h m He us d
to ha p edle : f B cl

The egm l comm d was f d he
m ght be blam d f th d d d e w
Tl hussar t tha mom t n t ed the e f
tl red sed capt d his drawn t m
ch and m m cked h p ess n d po
th ch exa t t d t l t Nes usk could n t
h lp l h g k t e d u d Th
er ev d tly f d compl te trol f h
le d l l k t to w turn gm ged

ld say h dl g been l n wnt h m th tle
wa w ry of t d t was n t all wh t he
w sed. He turned w y nd went to l car
g

Tl gm t b k up e comp nes
wh ch w t t th e ppo nt ed qu t rs ar
Brau u wher they h p d t r boots d
cl thes nd to est fi the r hard marches

Y u w t b arm a grudge P khó lg
nát ych? sa d th egimental omm d o er
t k g the th d comp y on u w y to us
q rers d r d g p to Captai N T mókh n
w lo w walk g n f t. (The eg m ntal
mm nde s f n w th at th n p t on was
h pply e be m d th rr p ess ble de
l bt) Its th Empe serv e t ca t
b h lp d o somet mes b th ty n

parade I am the first to apologize you know me! He was very pleased! And he held out his hand to the captain

Don't mention it General as if I'd be so bold! replied the captain his nose growing redder as he gave a smile which showed where two front teeth were missing that had been knocked out by the butt end of a gun at Ismail

And tell Mr Dolokhov that I won't forget him—he may be quite easy And tell me please—I've been meaning to ask—how is he behaving himself and in general

As far as the service goes he is quite punctilious your excellency but his character said Timokhin

And what about his character? asked the regimental commander

It's different on different days answered the captain One day he is sensible well educated and good natured and the next he is a wild beast In Poland if you please he nearly killed a Jew

Oh well well! remarked the regimental commander Still one must have pity on a young man in misfortune You know he has important connections Well then you just

I will your excellency said Timokhin showing by his smile that he understood his

Dolokhov in the ranks and reining in his horse

thing nor did the mocking smile on his lips change

Well that's all right, continued the regimental commander A cup of vodka for the men from me he added so that the soldiers could hear I thank you all! God be praised! and he rode past that company and overtook the next one

Well he's really a good fellow one can serve under him said Timokhin to the subaltern beside him

In a word a hearty one said the subaltern laughing (there, mental commander was nicknamed King of Hearts)

And so he is! Quite blind!

No friend he is sharper eyed than you are Boots and leathers bands he noticed every thing

When he looked at my feet friend I'll think I

And that other one with him the Austrian looked as if he were smeared with chalk—as white as flour! I suppose they polish him up as they do the guns

I say Fideshon! Did he say when the battles are to begin? You were near him Everybody said that Buonaparte himself was at Braunau

Buonaparte himself! Just listen to the fool what he doesn't know! The Prussians are up in arms now The Austrians you see are putting them down When they've been put down the war with Buonaparte will begin And he says Buonaparte is in Braunau! Shows you're a fool You'd better listen more carefully!

What devils these quartermasters are! See the fifth company is turning into the village already they will have their buckwheat cooked before we reach our quarters

Give me a biscuit you devil!

And did you give me tobacco yesterday? That's just it friend! Ah I'll never mind here you are

They might call a halt here or I'll have to do another four miles without eating

Wasn't it fine when those Germans gave us lifts! You just sit still and are drawn along

And here friend the people are quite beggarly There they all seemed to be princes—all under the Russan crown—but here they're all regular Germans

Singers to the front! came the captain's order

And from the different ranks some twenty men ran to the front. A drummer their leader turned round facing the singers and flourishing his arm began a long draw-out soldiers commencing with the words *Morning* and the sun was rising and concluding

I t m

heard on

eye?

as blind of one

soldier of forty—looked sternly at the singers

and screwed up his eyes. Then he satisfied himself that all eyes were fixed on him, he raised both arms as if carefully lifting some valuable precious object above his head and, holding it there for some seconds, suddenly flung it down and began

Oh my brother, my brother

Oh my brother, my brother

castanets if threatning someone. The soldiers, in their arms and keeping time, positively marched with steps. Behind the company the sound of wheels, the creak of prisoners, and the tramp of horses' hoofs were heard. Kutuzov and his wife were returning to the town. The commander in chief made it that the men should continue to march at ease, and he and all his suite showed pleasure that so did the king and the British dancing soldier and the gay and smartly marching men. In the second file from the right flank, beside which the carriage passed the company of blue-eyed soldiers in oil

asked Dolokhov

"The devil only knows! They say so."

"I'm glad," answered Dolokhov briefly and clearly as the soldier demanded.

"I say come round some evening and we'll have a game of faro," said Zherkov.

"Why have you too much money?"

"Do come."

"I can't, I've sworn not to. I won't drink and won't play till I get reinstated."

"Well, that's only till the first engagement."

"We shall see."

"They were vain lent."

"Come, you need anything? I can at least be of use on the staff."

Dolokhov smiled. "Don't trouble. If I want anything, I won't beg—I'll take it!"

"Well, never mind, I only."

"And I only."

"Good by."

"Good health."

It long, long way

T my in la d

war cornet of the Hussar who had mounted the common tall commander fell back from the carriage and rode past Dolokhov.

Hussar cornet Zherkov had to time in Petersburg, belonged to the world selected by Dolokhov. Zherkov had met Dolokhov broad as a gate and had not seen fit to recognize him. But now that Kutuzov had spoken to the gentleman, he decided to shake hands with him cordially and said:

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said he through the company, making his horse keep pace with the company.

"I want!" Dolokhov answered coldly. "I am as you see."

"The fellow is so glib and a petal of a to the tongue, it is easy to say with which Zherkov poked, and to the intentional coldness of Dolokhov's reply.

"And how do you get on with the officers?"

"I am attached to the staff."

"Both or lent."

Zherkov touched his horse with the spurs, it pranced excitedly from foot to foot uncertain with which to start, then settled down galloped past the company and entered the carriage, still keeping gait to the soldier.

CHAPTER III

ON RETURNING from the review Kutuzov took the Austrian general to his private room and, calling his adjutant, asked for some papers relating to the composition of the troops of their arrival and the letters that had come from the Austrian command. Ferdinand, who was a commandant of the Austrian army, Prince Andrew Bolikonski came into the room with the required papers. Kutuzov and the Austrian members of the High Command were sitting at the table, which a plan was spread out.

"Ah!" said Kutuzov, glancing at Bolikonski as if by this exclamation he was asking the adjutant to wait, and he went on with the conversation in French.

"All I can say General," said he with pleasant elegance of expression and intonation, "that obliges me to listen to each deliberately spoken word. It was evident that Kutuzov himself

parade I am the first to apologize you know me! He was very pleased! And he held out his hand to the captain

Don't mention it General as if I'd be so bold! replied the captain his nose growing redder as he gave a smile which showed where two front teeth were missing that had been knocked out by the butt end of a gun at Ismail

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And what about his character? asked the

answered well educated and good natured and the next he's a wild beast In Poland if you please he nearly killed a Jew

Oh well! remarked the regimental commander Still one must have pity on a young man in misfortune You know he has important connections Well then you just

I will your excellency said Timókhin showing by his smile that he understood his commander's wish

Well of course of course!

The regimental commander sought out Dolokhov in the ranks and reining in his horse said to him

After the next affair epaulettes

Dolokhov looked round but did not say anything nor did the mocking smile on his lips change

Well that's all right continued the regimental commander A cup of vodka for the men from me he added so that the soldiers could hear I thank you all! God be praised! and he rode past at a company and overtook the next one

Well he's really a good fellow one can serve under him said Timókhin in the subaltern beside him

1 1 1

The cheerful mood of their officers after the inspection infected the soldiers The company marched on gaily The soldiers' voices could be heard on every side

And they said Kutuzov was blind of one eye?

And so he is! Quite blind!

No friend he is sharper-eyed than you are Boots and leg bands he noticed every thing

When he looked at my feet friend well, thanks I

And that other one with him the Austrian looked as if he were smeared with chalk—as white as flour! I suppose they polish him up as they do the guns

I say Fédeshon! Did he say when the battles are to begin? You were near him Everybody said that Buonaparte himself was at Braunau

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Give me a biscuit you devil!

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They might call a halt here or we'll have to do another four miles without eating

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And here friend the people are quite beggarly There they all seemed to be in coats—all under the Russian cross—but here they're all regular Germans

Singers to the front! came the captain's order

And from the different ranks some twenty men ran to the front A drummer their leader turned round facing these singers and flourishing his arm began a long drawn-out soldiers' song commencing with the words *Morní* in the sun was shining and concluding

Father Kárenska were rejoicing! Father Kutuzov

Having jerked out these last words the soldiers do and waved his arms singing merrily to the ground the drummer—a lean handsomely soldier of forty—looked sternly at the singers

He took out a notebook and

He took out a notebook and
He took out a notebook and

He took out a notebook and
He took out a notebook and

He took out a notebook and
He took out a notebook and

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He took out a notebook and

He took out a notebook and
He took out a notebook and

listened with pleasure to his own voice. All I can say, General, is that if the matter depended on my personal wishes, the will of His Majesty the Emperor Francis would have been fulfilled long ago. I should long ago have joined the archduke. And believe me on my honor that to me personally it would be a pleasure to hand over the supreme command of the army into the hands of a better informed and more skillful general—of whom Austria has so many—and to lay down all this heavy responsibility. But circumstances are sometimes too strong for us, General.

And Kutuzov smiled in a way that seemed to say: You are quite at liberty not to believe me, and I don't even care whether you do or not, but you have no grounds for telling me so

out

On the contrary, he said in a querulous and angry tone that contrasted with his flattering words: on the contrary, your excellency's participation in the common action is highly valued by His Majesty, but we think the present delay is depriving the splendid Russian troops and their commander of the laurels they have been accustomed to win in their battles. He concluded his evidently prearranged sentence.

Kutuzov bowed with the same smile.

But that is my conviction, and judging by the last letter with which His Highness the Archduke Ferdinand has honored me, I imagine that the Austrian troops, under the direction of so skillful a leader as General Mack, have by now already gained a decisive victory and no longer need our aid, said Kutuzov.

The general frowned. Though there was no definite news of an Austrian defeat, there were many circumstances confirming the unfavorable rumors that were afloat, and so Kutuzov's suggestion of an Austrian victory sounded much like irony. But Kutuzov went on blandly smiling with the same expression, which seemed to say that he had a right to suppose so. And in fact the last letter he had received from Mack's army informed him of a victory and stated strategically the position of the army was very favorable.

Give me that letter, said Kutuzov, turning to Prince Andrew. Please have a look at it—and Kutuzov with an ironical smile about the corners of his mouth read to the Austrian general the following passage in German from the Archduke Ferdinand's letter:

We have fully concentrated forces of nearly seventy thousand men with which to attack and defeat the enemy should he cross the Lech. Also, as we are masters of Ulm, we cannot be deprived of the advantage of commanding both sides of the Danube, so that should the

try to direct his whole force against our faithful ally, we shall therefore confidently await the moment when the Imperial Russian army will be fully equipped and shall then in conjunction with it easily find a way to prepare for the enemy the fate he deserves.

Kutuzov sighed deeply on finishing this paragraph and looked at the member of the Hof

Excuse me, General, interrupted Kutuzov, also turning to Prince Andrew. Look here, my dear fellow, get from Kozlovskii all the reports from our scouts. Here are two letters from Count Nostitz and here is one from His Highness the Archduke Ferdinand, and here are these, he said, handing him several papers.

give it to his excellency.

Prince Andrew bowed his head in token of having understood from the first not only what had been said but also what Kutuzov would have liked to tell him. He gathered up the papers and with a bow to both stepped softly over the carpet and went out into the waiting room.

Though not much time had passed since Prince Andrew had left Russia, he had changed greatly during that period. In the expression of his face in his movements in his walk, scarcely a trace was left of his former affected languor and indolence. He now looked like a man who has no time to think of the injury done himakes on others. But he occupied with agreeable and interesting work. His face expressed more satisfaction with himself and these around him. His smile and glance were lighter and more attractive.

Kutuzov, whom he had overtaken in Poland, had received him very kindly, and since that

Vlad Kuznetsov wrote to his old comrade, Prince Andrew, father.

Your son has far to become an officer distinguished by his industry, firmness, and expedition. I consider it well fortunate to his such substitution to me.

On Kuznetsov staff, among his fellow officers, and in the army generally, Prince Andrew had, as he had met in Petersburg society, two quite opposite reputations. Some minority looked upon him to be different from the rest of the army, even from the expected greatness of him, and others, and looked upon him and with him Prince Andrew as natural and present. Others, the majority, looked upon him as a common soldier, and considered him as a common soldier. But among these people, Prince Andrew knew how to take his hand so as not to offend them, and even feared them.

Coming out of Kuznetsov's room into the vast room with the papers in his hand, Prince Andrew came to a man, the aide-de-camp of the general, who was sitting at the table.

"The Prince" asked Kozlovsky.

"The report of the general is not advancing."

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"The Prince" asked Kozlovsky.

and trembled. He took out a notebook, hurriedly scribbled something in pencil, tore out the card, and stepped quickly to the window and threw himself into a chair, gazing at those in the room as if asking, "Why do they look at me?" Then he lifted his head, stretched his neck as if he had ended to say something, but immediately with affected indifference, began to hum to himself, producing a queer sound which immediately broke off. The door of the private room opened and Kuznetsov appeared in the doorway. The general with the hundred head bent forward as though running from some danger and, making long, quick strides with his thin legs, went up to Kuznetsov.

"Now, my dear comrade," he uttered in a broken voice.

Kuznetsov, face as he stood in the open door, was remained perfectly motionless for few moments. Then wrinkles ran over his face like a wave, and his forehead became smooth again, he bowed his head respectfully, closed his eyes, silent, let Mack enter his room before him, and closed the door himself behind him.

The report which had been circulated that the Austrians had been beaten, and that the whole army had surrendered, was proved to be correct. Within half an hour adjutants had been sent in various directions with orders which showed that the Russian troops, who had hitherto been inactive, would also soon have to meet the enemy.

Prince Andrew was one of those rare staff officers whose chief business is in the general progress of the war. When he saw Mack and heard the details of his disaster, he understood that the whole campaign was lost, understood all the decisions of the Russian army, perceived the whole situation, and the part he would have to play. He understood the first possibility of the destruction of the Austrians and that in a week time he might perhaps see the capital of the empire, Vienna, surrounded by the Prussian army. He understood the whole situation, and the part he would have to play. He understood the first possibility of the destruction of the Austrians and that in a week time he might perhaps see the capital of the empire, Vienna, surrounded by the Prussian army.

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Why are you so glum? asked Nesvitski noticing Prince Andrew's pale face and glittering eyes.

There's nothing to be gay about answered Bolkonski.

Just as Prince Andrew met Nesvitski and Zherkov there came toward them from the other end of the corridor Struchan, an Austrian general who was on Kutuzov's staff in charge of the provisioning of the Russian army and the member of the Hofkriegsrath who had arrived the previous evening. There was room enough in the wide corridor for the generals to pass the three officers quite easily but Zherkov pushing Nesvitski aside with his arm said in a breathless voice

fool in my presence I will teach you to behave yourself.

Nesvitski and Zherkov were so surprised by this outburst that they gazed at Bolkonski intently with wide-open eyes.

What's the matter? I only congratulated them said Zherkov.

Come what's the matter old fellow? said Nesvitski trying to soothe him.

What's the matter? exclaimed Prince Andrew standing still in his excitement. Don't you understand that either we are officers serving our Tsar and our country rejoicing in the successes and grieving at the misfortunes of our common cause or we are merely lackeys who care nothing for their master's business. *Quarante mille hommes massacrés et l'armée de nos allies détruite et vous trouvez là le mot pour rire* he said as if stretching his views by this French sentence. *C'est bien pour un garçon de rien comme cet individu dont vous avez fait un ami mais pas pour vous pas pour vous*. Only a hobble-lé could amuse himself in this way he said in Russian—but pronouncing the word with a French accent—having noticed that Zherkov could still hear him.

He wanted to comment to see whether the cornea could run or but he turned and went out of the corridor.

CHAPTER IV

THE PAVLOVGRAD REGIMENT were stationed two miles from Braunau. The squadron in which Nicholas Rostov served as a cadet was quartered in the German village of Salzeneck. The best quarters in the village were assigned to cavalry captain Denisov the squadron commander who was throughout the whole cavalry division as Viska Denisov. Cadet Rostov ever since he had overtaken the regiment in Poland had lived with the squadron commander.

On October 11 the day when all was astir at headquarters over the news of Mack's defeat the camp life of the officers of this squadron was proceeding as usual. Denisov who had been losing at cards all night had in the evening come home when Rostov rode back early in the morning.

Just glad!
It is all very well for this gentleman to
fill with joy and laughter his little
foe you not for him!

ping forward and addressing the Austrian general. I have the honor to congratulate you.

He bowed his head and scraped first with one foot and then with the other awkwardly like

stupid smile could not but give him a moment's attention. He screwed up his eyes showing that he was listening.

I have the honor to congratulate you General Mack has arrived quite well only a little bruised just here he added pointing with a beaming smile to his head.

The general frowned turned away and went on.

Gott wie naiv said he angrily after he had gone a few steps.

Nesvitski with a laugh threw his arms round Prince Andrew but Bolkonski turning still paler pushed him away with an angry look and turned to Zherkov. The nervous irritation aroused by the appearance of Mack the news of his defeat and the thought of what lay before the Russian army found vent in anger at Zherkov's untimely jest.

If you sir choose to make a buffoon of yourself he said sharply with a slight trembling of the lower jaw I can't prevent your doing so but I warn you that if you dare to play the

Good God what a simpleton!

came and ran, with jerk to his horse, rode up to the porch, saw his leather saddle with the supple, youthful man, took for moment the usurper as if lost the part from his horse, and that man did not called to his order.

Ah, Bo darenko dear friend! said he to who rushed up headlong to the

—

Mind, walk him up, did we well!

Another Hussar also rushed toward the horse, but he dare not had already thrown the reins of the saddle bridle over the horse head. It was evident that the cad was liberal with his tips and that paid to serve him. Rostov pointed the horse neck and then his flank, and lowered for moment.

— porch. His landlord, who in waistcoat and pointed cap, pipe in hand, was clearing manure from the cowhouse, looked out, and his face immediately brightened on seeing Rostov. *Sch gut! V gen! Sch gut! V gen!* he said with a merry smile, evidently pleased to see the young man.

Sch fien! said Rostov with the same gay brotherly smile which did not leave his eager face. *Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!* *Hoch! Hoch!* *Hoch! Hoch!* said he, quoting words often repeated by the German landlord.

The German landlord came out of the cowshed, pulled off his cap and waving to both his head bowed.

U d d g! U d d g!

Rostov walked his cap over his head like the German and cried loudly, *U d d g!* *U d d g!* *U d d g!* Thou hast either the German does his cowshed no Rostov back with his passion from rage. If I had an reason for going, they looked at each other with joyful welled and brotherly love, wagged their heads in token of their mutual affection, and parted smiling. The German returned to his cowshed and Rostov went to the

! cry good morning & cry "good morning" Busy ready Hurrah for the Austrians. Hurrah for the Russians. Hurrah for the Emperor Alexander! And hurrah for the bold old.

could he occupy with Denisov

What about your master? he asked La Rushka Denisov sardonically with all the regiment knew for answer.

Hasn't been in need of even now. Must have been lost. answered La Rushka. I know by now if he wins he comes back early to breakfast, but if he stays out till morning then means he's lost and will come back in a rage. Will you have a coffee?

"Yes, but some."

Ten minutes later La Rushka brought the coffee. He came said to the waiter, "Rostov looked out of the window and saw Denisov coming home. Denisov was a small man with the red face, sparkling eyes, and black tousled mustache and hair. He wore an undyed cloak, which he carried down his sides, and crumpled shako on the back of his head. He came up to the porch gloomily with his head down."

Lavretskii shouted loudly, "da gnilo tak toff, blockhe d."

"Well Lavretskii go toff, rejoined La Rushka."

Ah, you're already said Denisov enter the room.

Lo go answered Rostov. I have already been in the hay and have seen Fraulein Mitulde.

Such ill luck. A soon as you left, it began and went on. He there Tea

— And what did mad me go to that water (an officer in civilian clothes, the rat) he said, rubbing his forehead and whole face with both hands. Just fancy he didn't tell me with an angel, of a cad.

He took the bread pipe that was offered to him, gripped it in his fist and tapped to the floor making the parks fly while he continued to talk.

He leaped with these gales and collared as soon as one doubles the games the singles and snatches the doubles.

He scattered the burning tobacco mashed the pipe, and threw it away. Then he remained silent a while, and all at once looked cheerful with his glittering, black eyes to Rostov.

He at least had some men here but

that came to a stop and a respectful cough

The squadron quartermaster! said Lavrushka

Denisov's face puckered still more

Wretched! he muttered throwing down a purse with some gold in it Wostov deah fell low just see how much there is left and shove the purse under the pillow he said and went out to the quartermaster

Rostov took the money and mechanically ranging the old and new coins in separate piles began counting them

Ah! Telyanin! How do you do? They plucked me last night came Denisov's voice from the next room

Where? At Bykov's at the rats I knew it replied a piping voice and Lieutenant Telyanin a small officer of the same squadron entered the room

Rostov thrust the purse under the pillow and shook the damp little hand which was offered him Telyanin for some reason had been transferred from the Guards just before this campaign He behaved very well in the regiment but was not liked Rostov especially detested him and was unable to overcome or conceal his groundless antipathy to the man

Well young cavalryman how is my Rook behaving? he asked (Rook was a young horse Telyanin had sold to Rostov)

The lieutenant never looked the man he was speaking to straight in the face his eyes continually wandered from one object to another

I saw you riding this morning he added

Oh he is all right a good horse answered Rostov though the horse for which he had paid seven hundred rubbles was not worth half that sum He is begun to go a little lame on the left foreleg he added

The hoof's cracked! That's nothing I'll teach you what to do and show you what kind of rivet to use

Yes please do said Rostov

I'll show you I'll show you! It's not a secret And it's a horse you'll thank me for

Then I'll have it brought round said Rostov wishing to avoid Telyanin and he went out to give the order

In the passage Denisov with a pipe was squatting on the threshold facing the quartermaster who was reporting to him. On seeing Rostov Denisov screwed up his face and point-

ing over his shoulder with his thumb to the room where Telyanin was sitting he frowned and gave a shudder of disgust.

Ugh! I don't like that fellow he said regardless of the quartermaster's presence

Rostov shrugged his shoulders as much as to say Nor do I but what's one to do? and having given his order he returned to Telyanin

Telyanin was sitting in the same indolent pose in which Rostov had left him rubbing his small white hands

Well there certainly are disgusting people thought Rostov as he entered

Have you told them to bring the horses? asked Telyanin getting up and looking carelessly about him

I have

Let us go ourselves I only came round to ask Denisov about yesterday's order Have you got it Denisov?

Not yet But where are you off to?

I want to teach this young man how to shoe a horse said Telyanin

They went through the porch and into the stable The lieutenant explained how to rivet the hoof and went away to his own quarters

When Rostov went back there was a bottle of vodka and a sausage on the table Denisov was sitting there scratching with his pen on a

pen in his hand and evidently glad of a chance to say quicker in words what he wanted to write told Rostov the contents of his letter

You see my friend he said we sleep when we don't love We are children of the dust but one falls in love and one's a God one is a pious as on the first day of creation Who's that now? Send him to the devil I'm busy! he shouted to Lavrushka who went up to him not in the least abashed

Who should it be? You yourself told him to come It's the quartermaster for the money

Denisov frowned and was about to shout some reply but stopped

Wretched business he muttered to himself

How much is left in the purse? he asked turning to Rostov

Seven new and three old imperials

Oh it's wretched! Well what are you standing there for you scoundrel? Call the qualitch master he shouted to Lavrushka

Please Denisov let me lend you some I have some you know said Rostov blushing

"Do t like bow w ng from my wn fel
low, I don't, growled Deniso
E t f y w t accept mo e y f om me like
comrade, vo will sfend me. Really I ha e
some. Ro to epeated.

No, I tell y u.

A d Deniso we t to the bed to get the purse
fr m under the p ll w

"Where ha ou put t. Wostó

U der the l wer pillow

It t there.

Deniso threw both pillows n the floor. The
purse was n t there.

"That m wacle.

"Wait, ha e t ou dr pped t. said Ros-
t p ck g p th pill w s one t time d
shaki them.

He pulled ff th quilt and shook t. Th
purse was no there.

De m ca I ha f rgotten vo f re-
member think g that u kept t u der your
head lik treasure sa d Rost I put t just
here. Wh re u t h asked, turn g to La ru-
shka.

I ha been n the room. It must be
her t p t t.

E t t u t t

"e al ay lik that y u throw thin
do n y wher and f rget t. Feel n your
pocket.

"I had t th ight f t being treas-
ure, sa d Rostu but I emember p tti g t
there.

La rushka turned ff the beddin er
looked under th bed and u der th table,
searched everywhere d tood u ll n th mud
d f th room. ff so silently watched La
rushka mo ements, d wh n the l uer

threw p h s arms urprise saying t was no-
here to be f und D n so glanced t Rostó

"Wostu you n t been pl y g schoolboy
t ch.

Rostu felt Deniso gaz fixed n him, raised
his eyes, and instat d dropped them ga n. All
the blood which had seemed co gested some-
here bel w his throat rushed to his face and
eyes. H could t draw b eath.

A d ther has t be n n yo th room
except the h u s nant d y u nsel es. It must
be here somewher sa d La rushka.

"w then, y de l p pper, look al e
and hunt f t sho ed D nso uddenly
urn g purpl and rushka ff the man w th
thra en g gesture. If the purse is t f d
I ll flog u. I ll flog y ll.

Rost h e eyes d g D nso began

b tion n his coat, buckled on his saber nd
put on his cap

I must h e th t purse, I tell you, shouted
De so sh kn his orderly by the l oulders
d knocks h m ga nt the wall

Deniso I t h m alone I kn w who has
taken t, sa d Ro t go g towa d t le doo
w thout rais g his eyes. De so paused
thought moment, and, ex dently understa d
t g wh t Rostó hunted t, sei ed h m.

"e sel be eried nd th o h s
fo ahead nd neck stood ut lik c l s. You
are mad, I tell y u. I won t allow t. T le purse
is here! I ll f y this scoundwel al e a d t
will be f und.

I kn w who has taken t," repe ted Rost
in an un steady vo ce, and went to the doo

And I tell you, don't you d he t do t l
shouted De so rush g at the cadet to re-
tra h m.

But Rost pulled way his arm nd w th as
much anger as though Den so were h s w rst
emy firmly fixed his eyes directly on h face.

Do you u derstand what ou say he
sa d n trembl vo e. "There wa no o e
else n the oom except myself. So th t f t u s
n t so then

He could not ff sh, and ran out of th room.

Ah, may the de l take you nd e w y body
were the last words Rost heard.

Rost went to Telyan m s quarters.

"The master is not in he gone to head
quarters, said Tel in n orde ly Has some-
thi g happened? he dded surprised t the
cad t troubled f ce.

"n th

"You e only just missed him, sa d t l or-
derly

Th headquarters were tuated two miles
aw y from Salzenek, and Rostu w thout re-
turning home took horse and rod there
There was an nn n the ill ge wh ch the of-
f sers frequetted. Rostu rod up to t nd saw
Telyán n h nse t the porch.

In the seco d room of the inn th lieuten-
ant was tti g o er dish of sausages and a
bottl f w ne.

nearest table.

Both were l nt. There w t o Germ
and Russ noff er n th room. N one poke
and th only so ds heard were th cl tter of
kn es nd the munch g of th li utenant.

there's nothing for one to do but drink. If we

that came to a stop and a respectful cough

The squadron quartermaster! said Lavrushka

Denisov's face puckered still more

Wretched! he muttered throwing down a purse with some gold in it. Wostov dear fellow just see how much there is left and shove the purse under the pillow he said and went out to the quartermaster

Rostov took the money and mechanically ranging the old and new coins in separate piles began counting them

Ah! Telyanin! How do you do? They plucked me last night came Denisov's voice from the next room

Where? At Bykov's at the rats I knew it replied a piping voice and Lieutenant Telyanin a small officer of the same squadron entered the room

Rostov thrust the purse under the pillow and shook the damp little hand which was offered him. Telyanin for some reason had been transferred from the Guards just before this campaign. He behaved very well in the regiment but was not liked. Rostov especially detested him and was unable to overcome or conceal his groundless antipathy to the man

Well young cavalryman how is my Rook behaving? he asked (Rook was a young horse Telyanin had sold to Rostov)

The lieutenant never looked the man he was speaking to straight in the face his eyes continually wandered from one object to another

seven hundred rubbles was not worth half that sum. He's begun to go a little lame on the left foreleg he added

The hoofs cracked! That's nothing I'll teach you what to do and show you what kind of rivet to use

Yes please do said Rostov

I'll show you I'll show you! It's not a secret And it's a horse you'll thank me for

Then I'll have it brought round said Rostov wishing to avoid Telyanin and he went out to give the order

In the passage Denisov with a pipe was squatting on the threshold facing the quartermaster who was reporting to him. On seeing Rostov Denisov screwed up his face and point-

ing over his shoulder with his thumb to the room where Telyanin was sitting he frowned and gave a shudder of disgust

Ugh! I don't like that fellow he said regardless of the quartermaster's presence.

Rostov shrugged his shoulders as much as to say Nor do I but what's one to do? and having given his order he returned to Telyanin

Telyanin was sitting in the same indolent pose in which Rostov had left him rubbing his small white hands

Well there certainly are disgusting people

lessly about him

I have

Let us go ourselves I only came round to ask Denisov about yesterday's order Have you got it Denisov?

Not yet. But where are you off to?

I want to teach this young man how to shoe a horse said Telyanin

They went through the porch and into the stable. The lieutenant explained how to rivet the hoof and went away to his own quarters

When Rostov went back there was a bottle

face and said I am writing to her

He leaned his elbow on the table with his pen in his hand and evidently glad of a chance to say quicker in words what he wanted to write told Rostov the contents of his letter

You see my friend he said we sleep when we don't love. We are children of the dust but one falls in love and one is a God one is poor as on the first day of creation. Who's that now? Send him to the devil I'm busy! he shouted to Lavrushka who went up to him not in the least abashed

Who should it be? You yourself told him to come. It's the quartermaster for the money Denisov frowned and was about to shout some reply but stopped

Wretched business he muttered to himself. How much is left in the purse? he asked turning to Rostov

Seven new and three old imperials.

Oh it's wretched! Well what are you standing there for you scoundrel? Call the quahtelmastch he shouted to Lavrushka

Please Denisov let me lend you some I have some you know said Rostov blushing

"Do like bowwow from my own fel
I, I, I grew Den so
B r f y o t c e p t m n e y f r o m m e l k e
comrade will off d me. Really I have
som Ro t r e p e t e d .

No I t l l y u .
A D e l s o w e n t t h e b e d t g e t t h e p u r s e
f r o m d e r t h e p u l l a

W h e h o u p t t W o s t o ?
U d d l w e r p i l l o
I t t h e r e
D l s o t h r e w b o t h p u l l w s o d e f l o o r T h e
p n e w a t t h e r e .

T h a t m w a d e .
W t l t c o u d r o p p e d t ? s a d R o s t o v
p c k g p h p l l t o e t t i m e a n d
h a k g t h e m .

H e p l l d f f t h e q l t a n d s h o o k t . T h e
p r e a t t i

D m e c a I h e f r o t t e N o I r e m e m b e r t h k g t h t y k p t u d e r y u r
h e a d l i k e t r a s s a d R o s t o v I p t t j u s t
l e W h e r e t ? l l e d . t u r n t L a r u h k a .

I h a c t b n t h e r o o m I t m u s t b e
h e r e j p t t
B i t u s t ?

"I y l k t h t y u t h w o w t h g
d n w l e r d f g t t . F e e l n y r
p o c k e t s .

"I h a d t l g h t l a b e g a t r e a s e ,
s a d R o s t o v b i l e m b e r p u g t
t h e r e .

I t h e o o m . D s o l t l y w t c h e d L
w h i s m o e m e t d w h e t h e l t t e r
d e w p l u s a r m r p r e s y g t w a s n o
h e r e t o b e l d D e l s o g l c e d t R o s t o v
W o u y o t b e p l g a c h o o l b o y
w h a
R o s t o v l e t D n i s o g a z e f i x e d h m r s e d
l e v e s a n d i n t a l y d p p d t h e m g n A l l
t h e b l o o d l u c h h a d s e e n e d c o g e s t e d s o m e
h e r e b e l w h a t h r t r u h d t o h i s f a c e a n d
n e a . H e c o u l d n o t d r a w b e a t h .

A n d w h a t b e y e t h e r o o m
e x c e p t t h e l e u t a n t d y u n e l c a . I t m u s t
l e t s o m e b o d y s a i d L a r u h k a .
W h e n d l e p p e t l e a s t
d l e f o r a l t e d D e n s o v
t u r n i n g p u p a n d r u n g a t t h e
t h r o w i n g e a s t u r I f t h e p r o p e r
I l l b e g n I l l b e g
R o s t o v e t c a

b u t t o g h s c o a t , b u c k l e d a l s s a b e r a n d
p t o n h c a p .

I n t h a t p u r s e I t e l l y u s t n e e d
D e n s o s h a k i g h s r e d l y b y t h e s t u l l e s
a l l k n o c k g l m a g s t i l e v a l l

D e n s o l e t h a l o n e I k n a l s
t a k u t s a d R o s t o v g o g t w a r t h e l r
t h t r a u g l s e y e s D e a j u e d
t h o g h t a m e t a l e s t e n t l y u n d e r l
n g w a t R o s t o v l i n t e d a t e d h i s u n

N e e l e c t e d e d i t l e v a n n h a
f o r l e d d o c k t o o d o u t l i k e l l y u
r e m I t e l l y o u I w n a l l v u t l e j u r e
t l e r e l I l l a y t h s o u n h e l l y n l t
w l l b e f o u n d .

I k n o w l o h a s t a k e n i t r e j e c t e d R o s t o v
i n a n u n t e d y i c e a n d v e t t h e l e

A n d I t e l l y o u d e y i l h e t l a l
s h o t e d D e n s v r u l i g a t t h e c l e t t r e
s t r a l l

I t R o s t o v l e t a y t a r i a n d i t h a t

t h e
H e c o u l d n o t f i n d n o t f i n d n o t
A l m a y t h e d e v i l k e y u n d e r w h e l y
w e t h a t t w d s R t v h e r d

R o s t o v w e n t t o T e l y a n i s q u i e t a

T h e m a t r i n o t i n l e s g n e r h e a d
q u a r t e r s a n d T e l y a n i s r e d l y I f s a m
t h g h p p e e d h e d d e d , s u r r o u n d e d
c a d e t s o u l t e d f a c e

A n o t n g
Y o u e o n l y j u s t m a d e h m r t e a m e n t
d e r l y

T h e h e a d q u a r t e r s w e r e a m a d e o f t h e
a w y l r i n S a l e n e t a n d L a r u h k a w e n t i n
t n g l e t t e , u n d e r t h e a w y l r i n
T h e r e w a s a l s o a m a d e o f t h e
f i c e r s f r o m L a r u h k a w e n t i n
T e l y a n i s w e n t i n

I n a w e l l e t t e a n d a m a d e o f t h e
a w y l r i n w e n t i n
L a r u h k a w e n t i n

T h e h e a d q u a r t e r s w e r e a m a d e o f t h e
a w y l r i n w e n t i n
L a r u h k a w e n t i n

T h e h e a d q u a r t e r s w e r e a m a d e o f t h e
a w y l r i n w e n t i n
L a r u h k a w e n t i n

T h e h e a d q u a r t e r s w e r e a m a d e o f t h e
a w y l r i n w e n t i n
L a r u h k a w e n t i n

When Telyánin had finished his lunch he took out of his pocket a double purse and drawing its rings aside with his small white

1

The coin was a new one Rostov rose and went up to Telyánin

Allow me to look at your purse he said in a low almost inaudible voice

With shifting eyes but eyebrows still raised Telyánin handed him the purse

Yes it's a nice purse yes yes he said growing suddenly pale and added Look at it young man

Rostov took the purse in his hand examined it and the money in it and looked at Telyánin

where to spend it said he Well let me have it young man I'm going

Rostov did not speak

And you? Are you going to have lunch too? They feed you quite decently here continued Telyánin Not then let me have it

He stretched out his hand to take hold of the

Yes yes I am putting my purse in my pocket and that's quite simple and is no one else's business

Well young man? he said with a sigh and from under his lifted brows he glanced into Rostov's eyes

Some flash as of an electric spark shot from Telyánin's eyes to Rostov's and back and back again and again in an instant

Come here said Rostov catching hold of Telyánin's arm and almost dragging him to the window That money is Denisov's you took it he whispered just above Telyánin's ear

What? What? How dare you? What? said Telyánin

But these words came like a piteous despairing cry and an entreaty for pardon As soon as Rostov heard them an enormous load of doubt fell from him He was glad and at the same instant began to pity the miserable man who stood before him but the task he had begun had to be completed

Heaven only knows what the people here

may imagine muttered Telyánin taking up his cap and moving toward a small empty room We must have an explanation

I know it and shall prove it said Rostov

1

Every muscle of Telyánin's pale terrified face began to quiver his eyes still shifted from side to side but with a downward look not rising to Rostov's face and his sobs were audible

Count! Don't ruin a young fellow here is this wretched money take it He threw it on the table I have an old father and mother!

Rostov took the money avoiding Telyánin's eyes and went out of the room without a word But at the door he stopped and then retraced his steps O God he said with tears in his eyes how could you do it?

Count said Telyánin drawing nearer to him

Don't touch me said Rostov drawing back If you need it take the money and he threw the purse to him and ran out of the inn

CHAPTER V

THAT SAME EVENING there was an animated discussion among the squadron's officers in Denisov's quarters

And I tell you Rostov that you must apologize to the colonel! said a tall grizzly-haired staff captain with enormous mustaches and many wrinkles on his large features to Rostov who was crimson with excitement

The staff captain I listen had twice been reduced to the ranks for affairs of honor and had twice regained his commission

I will allow no one to call me a liar! cried Rostov He told me I lied and I told him he lied And there it rests He may keep me on duty every day or may place me under arrest but no one can make me apologize because if he as commander of this regiment thinks it beneath his dignity to give me satisfaction then

You just wait a moment my dear fellow and listen interrupted the staff captain in his deep bass calmly stroking his long mustache

You tell the colonel in the presence of other officers that an officer has stolen

I'm not to blame that the conversation began in the presence of other officers I perhaps I ought not to have spoken before them but I am not a diplomatist. That's why I joined the hussars thinking that here one would not need finesse and he tells me that I am lying—so let him give me satisfaction

"That all ght. Noo e thinks you coward, but that's not the po t. A k Denso w ether it is not i f the q estion f cadet to demand s f cu f his regimental command er

Denso sat gloomily b t g his mustache and listen g to th con rsats m dently th no wish to take part n t. He answered the staff captain q est n by disappro g shake f his head.

"I u pe k to the col nel bo t this nasty busi ess bef re other officers, continued the staff capta d Bogdan ch (the col nel as called Booránich) shus) u p

He did t sh t me up, he said I was tell in u truth.

Well, ha e t so d you talked a lot f

captains, but, man, t not only to him but to th whole erment—all of us—you re to blame all ro d. Th case is thus you e ght to ha tho ght th m tter er d taken d ce b t no, o go and blurt t all traught out be fore the officers. W what was th col nel to do. H th officer tried and disgrace the hol erment. Disgrac the whole regiment because f ew undrel? I that how you look t. W d t see i l k that. And Bogdan ch was bri k h told; u were say what as true. I n t pl asa t b t what to be done, my dear f ll w? You landed yourself n t. A d w when e wants to mooth th thing over some con t p ments your pologian and you wish to mak the whol f ir p bl y off ded t be g p t duty

el) quick t tak g ff se, but you do t mind disgrac th whole regiment! The staff captain e began to tremble. "I ha been in th rement next to no time, m lad, yo re here today and t morrow you'll be ppo led d; ta t somewhere nd ra snap ur fingers wh u t us said "There are threes amo g th P lo-rad officers. But t s not all the sam to us. Am I t ght, Denso? It not th same!

Denso rema nd silent d did n t mo but occasionally looked w th his glittering black eyes t Rostu

"You al e your n p d nd do t wish to polm e, co lun ed d staff captain but

w old fell w, who ha e grown up in and, God will g, are go to die n the erment, we pri the hono of the regiment nd Bog da ch kn ws t. Oh, we do prize t, old fel l w! And all th is not ght, t not t ght! You may take f fense r not but I always tuck to mother truth. It s n t right!

A d the staff captain rose and turned away from Rost v

"That stwue, de stake t! shouted D niso jumping up. N with n Wostó now then!

Rost grow m red nd pale altern tel looked first at on f f er and then t the other

N g nlemen no you mustn t think I quite u derstand. I u re wro g to thnk that of me I fo me f th bo o of th rement I d. Ah well, I'll show that in act and f rmeth hono of the flag. Well never mind, t true I m t blame, m blame all round. Well what else do you want

Come, that ht, Count! er ed the staff capta n, turn g rou d and clapp o Rostu on th shoulder w th his b g hand.

I tell you, shouted Denso he fine fel l

Gentlem n I'll do nyth g Noo shall hear w rd from me, said Rostu in an unpl r ing o ce, but I can t pologize by God I can t, do what you will! How can I go and pologize like a l t ul boy askin f r g eness

Denso began to l gh.

It'll be worse f you, Boorán ch m ndic u e d you il p y f your obsunacy said Kirsten.

No on my word s n t obsunacy! I can t describe the feel s I can t

Well, t as you like, sa d th staff captain. And what has become of that scoundrel? he asked Denso

He has reported himself sick, he to be struck off the list tomorrow w muttered Den iso

It is an illness, there no other way f ex plainin t, said th staff captain

Illness not, he d bet er not c s my path. I d kill him! sho ted D niso a bloodthirsty tone.

Just th n Zherk ntered th room.

"What bri s you here, cried th officers turning to th newcomer

We to go to ctuo gentlem nt M ck has surrendered with his whole army

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The coin was a new one. Rostov rose and went up to Telyánin.

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With shifting eyes but eyebrows still raised Telyánin handed him the purse.

Yes it's a nice purse. Yes, yes, he said growing suddenly pale and added: Look at it, young man.

Rostov took the purse in his hand, examined it and the money in it, and looked at Telyánin. The lieutenant was looking about in his usual way and suddenly seemed to grow very merry.

If we get to Vienna I'll get rid of it there, but in these wretched little towns there's nowhere to spend it, said he. Well, let me have it, young man. I'm going.

Rostov did not speak.

And you? Are you going to have lunch too? They feed you quite decently here, continued Telyánin. Now then, let me have it.

He stretched out his hand to take hold of the

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Heaven only knows what the people here

Will you ride on your excellent cry?

And yes, sir.

But the convynman took no notice of it.
I am all and shout at the solders

they are...
ordered the flammable material on the
bridge must be re-pected.

Very good, answered Nesitka.
He called the Cossack with his horse told
him to put away the knapsack and flask, and
to go ahead of personely into the saddle.
I'll really call on the nurse he said to
the officers who watched him malignly and he
rode off by the way of the path and into the hull.
When it is clear how far it will carry
Captain Just try to see the general to go to
artillery officer. He is little in the pass
the time.

Crew your gun to come down the
ficer.
I mom with me came running gaily
from their campfires and began to dig
He came the command.

Amber jumped briskly as the gun
ran with the great metal car
hull of the great bow and the shells of
our troops behind the hull and fell fast to
the my little machine showing the pot
here to burst.

The first officers dimly brightened up
at the sound. Every one got up and began to
gather the machine to the front of the troop
plainly visible for the first time. The
distant machine with the approach of my
farther. At the same time the machine
fully from behind the clouds, the clear
so that the solitary light and the brilliant
of the bright light merged in a single joyous
display of impetus.

CHAPTER VII

To the enemy she had already won
crossed the bridge where there was a crush. If
y across to the front. Yes it is who had
alighted from his horse whose body was
jammed against the railings. He looked back
at the Cossack who stood a few steps
behind him holding the reins by the bridles.
Each man put his hand to the machine on
the road carts pushed him back and
pressed him against the railings and all he
could do was to smile.

"What will you are friends said the
Cossack to the soldier with the war who
was pressing to the infantryman who were

uniforming...
of soldiers at under
strap covered his, knapsacks bayonets
logmu knots, and under the shakos, faces with
broad cheekbones, unken cheeks, and restless
red express and feet that moved through
the sticky mud that covered the plains of the
bridge. Sometimes through the non-ton us
was of the Enns an officer in a cloak and

on foot orderly in tow man was carried
through the waters of the river and so etimes
likewise flung down the river no officers or
company baggage wagon piled high the
covered, and named on all sides and
across the bridge.

It was said to have burst, said the Cossack.
He peevishly: Are there many more of you to

If (he the enemy) began popping
the bridge now said the old soldier
dismally to the comrade who was trying to scratch
himself.

That soldier passed on and after him came
another in a cart.

When the last the leg bands began
shook it? said the orderly running behind
the cart and fumbling with the back of it.

And he also passed on with the war. Then
came some infantry soldiers who had evidently

soldier who greatcoat was well tucked up said
gaily with the war of his arm.

Yes, the ham was just like us
answered another with a loud laugh. And they

It's not true!

I've seen him myself!

What? Saw the real Mack? With hands and feet?

Into action! Into action! Bring him a bottle for such news! But how did you come here?

I've been sent back to the regiment all on account of that devil Mack. An Austrian general complained of me. I congratulated him on Mack's arrival. What's the matter, Rostov? You look as if you'd just come out of a hot bath.

Oh, my dear fellow, we're in such a stew here these last two days.

The regimental adjutant came in and confirmed the news brought by Zherlov. They were under orders to advance next day.

We're going into action, gentlemen!

Well, thank God! We've been sitting here too long!

CHAPTER VI

KUTUZOV FELL BACK toward Vienna, destroying behind him the bridges over the rivers Inn (at Braunau) and Traun (near Linz). On October 23 the Russian troops were crossing the river Enns. At midday the Russian baggage train, the artillery, and columns of troops were defiling through the town of Enns on both sides of the bridge.

It was a warm rainy autumnal day. The wide expanse that opened out before the heights on which the Russian batteries stood guarding the bridge was at times veiled by a diaphanous

mander in chief was sitting on the trail of a gun carriage. A Cossack who accompanied him had handed him a knapsack and a flask, and Nesvitski was treating some officers to pies and real *doppelkummel*. The officers gladly gathered round him, some on their knees, some squatting Turkish fashion on the wet grass.

Yes, the Austrian prince who built that castle was no fool. It's a fine place! Why are you not eating anything, gentlemen? Nesvitski was saying.

Thank you very much, Prince, answered one of the officers, pleased to be talking to a staff officer of such importance. It's a lovely place! We passed close to the park and saw two deer, and what a splendid house!

Look, Prince, said another who would have dearly liked to take another pie but felt shy, and therefore pretended to be examining the countryside—See, our infantrymen have

I should like, added he, munching a pie in his moist-lipped handsome mouth, would be to slip in over there.

He pointed with a smile to a turreted nursery and his eyes narrowed and gleamed.

That would be fine, gentlemen!

be seen with its white, red-roofed houses, its cathedral, and its bridge on both sides of which streamed jostling masses of Russian troops. At the bend of the Danube, vessels, an island, and a castle with a park surrounded by the waters of the confluence of the Enns and the Danube became visible, and the rocky left bank of the Danube covered with pine forests with a mystic background of green treetops and blue gorges. The turrets of a convent stood out beyond a wild virgin pine forest, and far away on the other side of the Enns the enemy's horse patrols could be discerned.

Among the field guns on the brow of the hill the general in command of the rearguard stood

pointed out something to the general who

crossing. And why are they dawdling there?

On the opposite side the enemy could be seen by the naked eye, and from their battery a milk-white cloud arose. Then came the distant report of a shot, and our troops could be seen hurrying to the crossing.

Nesvitski rose, puffing, and went up to the general smiling.

Would not your excellency like a little refreshment? he said.

It's a bad business, said the general, without answering him. Our men have been waiting long.

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CHAPTER VIII

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too passed on so that Nesvitski did not learn why he had been struck on the teeth or what the harm had to do with it.

Bah! How they scurry! He just sends a ball and they think they'll all be killed! a sergeant was saying angrily and reproachfully.

As it flies past me! Daddy the ball I mean said a young soldier with an enormous mouth hardly refraining from laughing. I felt like dying of fright! I did! upon my word! I got that frightened! said he as if bragging of having been frightened.

That one also passed. Then followed a cart unlike any that had gone before. It was a German cart with a pair of horses led by a German and seemed loaded with a whole household of effects. A fine brindled cow with a large udder was attached to the cart behind. A woman with an unweaned baby, an old woman and a healthy German girl with bright red cheeks were sitting on some feather beds. Evidently these fugitives were allowed to pass by special permission. The eyes of all the soldiers turned toward the women and while the vehicle was passing at foot pace all the soldiers' remarks related to the two young ones. Every face bore almost the same smile expressing unseemly thoughts about the women.

Just see the German sausage is making tracks too!

Sell me the missus! said another soldier addressing the German who, angry and frightened, strode energetically along with downcast eyes.

See how smart she's made herself! Oh the devils!

There Fedotov you should be quartered on them!

I have seen as much before now mate!

Where are you going? asked an infantry officer who was eating an apple, also half smiling as he looked at the handsome girl.

The German closed his eyes signifying that he did not understand.

Take it if you like! said the officer giving the girl an apple.

The girl smiled and took it. Nesvitski like the rest of the men on the bridge did not take his eyes off the women till they had passed. When they had gone by the same stream of soldiers followed with the same kind of talk and at last all stopped. As often happens the horses of a convoy wagon became restive at the end of the bridge and the whole crowd had to wait.

And why are they stopping? There's no

proper order! said the soldiers. Where are you shoving to? Devil take you! Can't you wait? It'll be worse if he fires the bridge. See here's an officer jammed in too!—different voices were saying in the crowd as the men looked at one another and all pressed toward the exit from the bridge.

Looking down at the waters of the Enns under the bridge Nesvitski suddenly heard a sound new to him of something swiftly approaching something big that splashed in to the water.

Just see where it carries to! a soldier near by said sternly looking round at the sound.

Encouraging us to get along quicker! said another uneasily.

The crowd moved on again. Nesvitski realized that it was a cannon ball.

Hey Cossack my horse! he said. Now then you there! get out of the way! Afrikaway!

way for him but again pressed on him so that they jammed his leg and those nearest him were not to blame for they were themselves pressed still harder from behind.

Nesvitski Nesvitski! you numskull! came a hoarse voice from behind him.

Nesvitski looked round and saw some fifteen paces away but separated by the living mass of moving infantry Vaska Denisov red and shaggy with his cap on the brim of his black head and a cloak hanging jauntily over his shoulder.

Tell these devils these fiends to let me pass! shouted Denisov evidently in a fit of rage his coal black eyes with their bloodshot whites glittering and rolling as he waved his sheathed saber in a small bare hand as red as his face.

Ah Vaska! joyfully replied Nesvitski. What's up with you?

The squad on can't pass! shouted Vaska Denisov showing his white teeth fiercely and spurring his black thoroughbred Arab which itched its ears as the bayonets touched it and snorted spurted white foam from his bit.

They're like sheep! Just like sheep! Out of the way! Let us pass! Stop there you devil with the cart! I'll hack you with my saber! he shouted actually drawing his saber from its scabbard and flourishing it.

would magnanimously extend the hand of reconciliation.

The high-shouldered figure of Zherko familiar to the Polovtsi as he had but recently left their regiment, rode up to the colonel. After his dismissal from headquarters Zherko had not remained in the regiment, saying he was not such a fool as to stand in the front when he could get more rewards by doing nothing on the staff, and had succeeded in attaching himself as an order officer to Prince B. Grati. He now came to his former chief with an order from the commander of the rear guard.

"Colonel," he said, addressing Rostov's enemy with an air of gloomy gravity and gravity, "round the comrades, there is an order to stop and fire the bridge."

"In order to who?" asked the colonel morosely.

"I don't myself know to who," replied the cornet in serious tone, "but the prince told me to go and tell the colonel that the hussars must return quickly and fire the bridge."

Zherko was filled with an officer of the

u.
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the sun that
knew he frowned.

With the bridge fire, he said in a solemn tone as if to announce that in spite of all the unpleasantness he had to endure he would still do the right thing.

Striking his horse with his long, muscular legs as if it were to blame for everything, the colonel moved forward and ordered the second squadron, that in which Rostov was serving under Denso, to return to the bridge.

"There, it's just as I thought," said Rostov to himself. He wishes to test me! His heart contracted and the blood rushed to his face. Let him see whether I am a coward! he thought.

Again on all the bright faces of the squadron the serious expression appeared that they had worn when under fire. Rostov watched his enemy the colonel closely—to find in his face confirmation of his own conjecture, but the colonel did not once glance at Rostov and looked as he always did when the frost, solemn and stern. Then came the word of command.

"Look sharp! Look sharp! Several voices re-

"How this, Colonel? he shouted sharply, approached. I told you to fire the bridge, and now someone has gone and blundered; they are all beating themselves out there and one cannot make anything of it."

The colonel deliberately stopped the regiment and turned to Nevskiy.

"I took to me inflammable material," said he, but said nothing about it.

"But, my dear sir," said Nevskiy as he drew up to him, "if his cap and smooth his hair with perspiration, with his plump hair, wasn't it lying out to fire the bridge when inflammable material had been put upon it?"

"I am not your dear Mr. Staff Officer and would not say anything about it," said he, "I know the service is in my hands, but I am strict to obey," said the bridge would be burned, but who would burn it? I could not know about the whole part."

"Ah, that always the way!" said Nevskiy, "the way of the hand. If I did you get her said to turn to Zherko."

"Oh, the same business. But you damp! Let me go!"

"You are a Mr. Staff Officer," continued the colonel, "I deduce."

Colonel, interrupted the officer of the

not knowing what they were to do. The men were cross themselves. Rostov no longer looked at the colonel; he had no time. He was afraid of falling behind the hussars, so much afraid that his heart stood still. He had trembled as he gave his horse its orderly charge, and he felt the blood rush to his heart with a thud. Denso rode past him lean.

Rostov did not think what they call to retreat here means he ran only to be ahead of the others; but just at the bridge he looked at the ground, he came on some lucky trodden in, tumbled, and fell on his hands. The others unstrapped him.

At his sides, Captain he heard the voice of the colonel who had given the order, had pulled up his horse near the bridge with a triumph, cheerful face.

Rostov's legs in muddy had in his breeches looked at his enemy and was about to

excitedly animated and healthy men. So thinks or at any rate feels anyone who comes in sight of the enemy and that feeling gives a particular glamour and glad keenness of impression to everything that takes place at such moments.

On the high ground where the enemy was the smoke of a cannon rose and a ball flew whistling over the heads of the hussar squadron. The officers who had been standing together rode off to their places. The hussars began carefully aligning their horses. Silence fell on the whole squadron. All were looking at the enemy in front and at the squadron commander awaiting the word of command. A second and a third cannon ball flew past. Evidently they were firing at the hussars but the balls with rapid rhythmic whistle flew over the heads of the horsemen and fell somewhere beyond them. The hussars did not look round but at the sound of each shot as at the word of command the whole squadron with its rows of faces so alike yet so different holding its breath while the ball flew past rose in the stirrups and sank back again. The soldiers without turning their heads glanced at one another curious to see their comrades' impression. Every face from Denisov's to that of the bugler showed one common expression of conflict, irritation and excitement around chin and mouth. The quartermaster frowned looking at the soldiers as if threatening to punish them. Cadet Mironov ducked every time a ball flew past. Rostov on the left flank mounted on his Rook—a handsome horse despite its game leg—had the happy air of a schoolboy called up before a large audience for an examination in which he feels sure he will distinguish himself. He was glancing at everyone with a clear bright expression as if asking them to notice how calmly he sat under fire. But despite himself on his face too that same indication of something new and stern showed round the mouth.

Who's that curtsying there? Cadet Mironov! That's not right! Look at me! cried Denisov who unable to keep still on one spot kept turning his horse in front of the squadron.

The black hairy snub-nosed face of Vaska Denisov and his whole short sturdy figure with the sinewy hairy hand and stumpy finger in which he held the hilt of his naked sabre looked just as it usually did especially toward evening when he had emptied his second bottle he was only redder than usual. With his shaggy head thrown back like birds when they

drink pressing his spurs mercilessly into the sides of his good horse Bedouin and sitting as though falling backwards in the saddle he galloped to the other flank of the squadron and shouted in a hoarse voice to the men to look to their pistols. He rode up to Kirsten. The staff captain on his broad backed steady mare came at a walk to meet him. His face with its long mustache was serious as always only his eyes were brighter than usual.

Well what about it? said he to Denisov. It won't come to a fight. You'll see—we shall retire.

The devil only knows what they're about! muttered Denisov. Ah Wostov! he cried noticing the cadet's bright face you've got it at last!

And he smiled approvingly evidently pleased with the cadet. Rostov felt perfectly happy. Just then the commander appeared on the bridge. Denisov galloped up to him.

Your excellency! Let us attack them! I'll drive them off!

Attack indeed! said the colonel in a bored voice puckering up his face as if driving off a troublesome fly. And why are you stopping here? Don't you see the skirmishers are retreating? Lead the squadron back.

The squadron crossed the bridge and drew out of range of fire without having lost a single man. The second squadron that had been in the front line followed them across and the last Cossacks quitted the farther side of the river.

The two Pavlograd squadrons having crossed the bridge retired up the hill one after the other. Their colonel Karl Bogdanich Schubert came up to Denisov's squadron and rode at a footpace not far from Rostov without taking any notice of him although they were now meeting for the first time since their encounter concerning Telyanin. Rostov feeling that he was at the front and in the power of a man toward whom he now admitted that he had been to blame did not lift his eyes from the colonel's

and that his whole aim now was to test the cadet's courage so he drew himself up and looked around him merrily then it seemed to him that Bogdanich rode so near in order to show him his courage. Next he thought that his enemy would send the squadron on a desperate attack just to punish him—Rostov. Then he imagined how after the attack Bogdanich would come up to him as he lay wounded and

would magnanimously extend the hand of reconciliation.

The high-shouldered figure of Zherkov familiar to the Pa-ligrads as he had but recently left their regiment, rode up to the colonel. After a casual front headquarters Zherkov had not remained in the regiment, saying he was not such a fool as to stare at the front when he could get more rewards by doing nothing on the rear, and had succeeded in attaching himself as an order's officer to Prince Bagration. It now came to his former chief with an order from the commander of the rearguard.

"Colonel," he said, addressing Rostov with an air of gloomy gravity and glancing round at his comrades, "there is an order to stop and fire the bridge."

"An order to what?" asked the colonel morosely.

"I don't need to know to whom," replied the colonel in serious tone, "but the prince told me to stop and tell the colonel that the hussars must return quickly and fire the bridge."

Zherkov was followed by an officer of the same who rode up to the colonel of hussars with the same order. After this the hussars came galloping up on Cossack horse that could scarce carry its weight.

"How was, Colonel?" he shouted as he approached. "I told you to fire the bridge, and now someone has gone and blundered, they are all beaten, themselves or were and our only male armament out."

The colonel's members stopped the regiment and turned to Verbitski.

"You spoke to me of inflicting material damage," he said, "but now someone has done it."

"But my dear sir," said Verbitski, drew up taking on his cap and smoothing his hair, "it is a persuasion with his pump hand, was it not?" "On to the bridge, when inflicting material damage is your position?"

"I am not out of order at all," said the officer, "and you did not tell me to burn the bridge. I know the service, and it is my duty to obey orders. Over you said the bridge would be burned, but who would it burn. I could not know by the by, but it is."

"It is a war, the war," said Verbitski, "it is a war. How did you get it?" said he turning to Zherkov.

"On the wide business. But on a damp day, it is not so good."

"You are not," Mr. Verbitski, "colonel," the colonel in an ordered tone.

"Colonel," interrupted the officer of the

sure, "you must be quick or the enemy will bring up his guns to use grapeshot."

The colonel looked silent at the officer of the same, at the stout staff officer and at Zherkov, and he frowned.

"I will the bridge fire," he said in a solemn tone as if to announce that in spite of all the unpleasantness he had to endure he would still

colonel moved forward and ordered the second squadron, that in which Rostov was serving, under Denisov, to return to the bridge.

"There, it just as I thought," said Rostov to himself. He wishes to test me! His heart contracted and the blood rushed in his face. "Let me see whether I am a coward!" he thought.

It ran on all the bright faces of the squadron the serious expression appeared that they had worn when under fire. Rostov watched his comrade the colonel, close to find in his face confirmation of his own conjecture, but the colonel did not once glance at Rostov and looked as he always did when in the front, serious and stern. Then came the word of command.

"Look sharp! Look sharp!" several voices repeated around him.

Then sabers clashing in the hinders and their spurs jangling, the hussars hastily dismounted, not knowing what they were to do. The men were cross-eyed, nervous. Rostov no longer looked at the colonel, he had no time. He was afraid of falling behind the hussars, so much afraid that his heart stood still. His hand trembled as he felt his horse into an order's charge, and he felt the blood rush to his heart with loud Denisov rode past him, leaning back and shouting something. Rostov saw nothing but the hussars running all around him, their pikes clashing and their sabers clattering.

"Stretchers!" shouted someone behind him. Rostov did not think what was said for stretchers meant; he ran on, trying only to be ahead of the others, but just at the bridge, not looking at the ground, he came on some lucky trodden mud, stumbled, and fell on his hands. The others outstripped him.

A boss index, Captain, he heard the voice of the colonel, who, having ridden ahead, had pulled up his horse near the bridge with triumphant, careful face.

Rostov wiped his muddy hands on his breeches, looked at his enemy, and was about to

run on thinking that the farther he went to the front the better. But Bogdánich without looking at or recognizing Rostov shouted to him:

Who's that running on the middle of the bridge? To the right! Come back, Cadet! he cried angrily and turning to Denisov who showing off his courage had ridden on to the planks of the bridge.

Why run risks, Captain? You should dismount, he said.

Oh, every bullet has its billet, answered Vaska Denisov, turning in his saddle.

Meanwhile Nesvitski, Zherkov and the officer of the suite were standing together out of range of the shots, watching now the small group of men with yellow shakos, dark green jackets braided with cord and blue riding breeches who were swarming near the bridge and then at what was approaching in the distance from the opposite side—the blue uniforms and groups with horses easily recognizable as artillery.

Will they burn the bridge or not? Who'll get there first? Will they get there and fire the bridge or will the French get within grapeshot range and wipe them out? These were the questions each man of the troops on the high ground above the bridge involuntarily asked himself with a sinking heart—watching the

Nesvitski: they are within grapeshot range now.

He shouldn't have taken so many men said the officer of the suite.

True enough, answered Nesvitski, two smart fellows could have done the job just as well.

Ah, your excellency put in Zherkov, his eyes fixed on the hussars but still with that naive air that made it impossible to know whether he was speaking in jest or in earnest. Ah, your excellency! How you look at things! Send them men? And who then would give us the Vladimir medal and ribbon? But now even if they do get peppered the squadron may be recommended for honors and he may get a ribbon. Our Bogdánich knows how things are done.

There now! said the officer of the suite, that's grapeshot.

He pointed to the French guns, the limbers of which were being detached and hurriedly removed.

the moment when the first report was heard a fourth was seen. Then two reports one after another and a third.

Oh! Oh! groaned Nesvitski as if in fierce pain, seizing the officer of the suite by the arm. Look! A man has fallen! Fallen, fallen!

Two! I think.

If I were Tsar I would never go to war, said Nesvitski, turning away.

The French guns were hastily reloaded. The infantry in their blue uniforms advanced toward the bridge at a run. Smoke appeared again but at irregular intervals and grapeshot cracked and rattled onto the bridge. But this time Nesvitski could not see what was happening there as a dense cloud of smoke arose from it. The hussars had succeeded in setting it on fire and the French batteries were now firing at them no longer to hinder them but because the guns were trained and there was someone to fire at.

The French had time to fire three rounds of grapeshot before the hussars got back on their horses. Two were misdirected and the shot went too high but the last round fell in the midst of a group of hussars and knocked three of them over.

Rostov absorbed by his relations with Bogdánich had paused on the bridge not knowing what to do. There was no one to help down (as

as if nuts were being spilt and the hussar nearest to him fell against the rails with a groan. Rostov ran up to him with the others. Again someone shouted: Stretchers! Four men seized the hussar and began lifting him.

Oooh! For Christ's sake let me alone! cried the wounded man but still he was lifted and laid on the stretcher.

Nicholas Rostov turned away and as if searching for something gazed into the distance at the waters of the Dnube at the sky and at the sun. How beautiful the sky looked, how blue, how calm and how deep! How bright and glorious was the setting sun! With what soft glitter the waters of the distant Danube shone. And farther still were the faraway blue mountains beyond the river, the nunnery, the mysterious gorges and the pine forests.

and in mist to their summits. There was peace and happiness. "I should wish for nothing else, nothing, if only I were there," thought Rostov. In himself alone and in that solitude there is so much happiness; but here—trains, suffering, fear and this uncertainty and hurry. There—they are shouting again, and again are all running back somewhere, and I will run with them, and to death, is here about me and around. Another instant and I shall never again see the sun, this water that flows.

At that instant the sun began to hide behind the clouds, and other stretchers came into view before Rostov. And the fear of death and of the stretchers, and loss of the sun and of life, all merged into one feeling, of sickening agitation.

O Lord God! Thou who art in that heaven, save, preserve, and protect me!" Rostov whispered.

The hussars ran back to the men who held their horses; their voices sounded louder and clearer, the stretchers disappeared from sight.

"Well, friend. So you're smart powder!" would Vaska Denisov just be his ear.

"It's all very well, but I am a coward—yes, coward," thought Rostov, and smiling deeply he took back his horse, which stood resting one foot from the orderly and began to mount.

"Was that grape-shot?" he asked Denisov.

"Yes and no mistake," cried Denisov. "You looked like a warrior brack and it was just work in Jack potter's work. Hacking was it, the work. But this sort of thing is the very devil, with less looking at you like that."

And Denisov rode up to the group that had stopped near Rostov, composed of the colonel, the major, Zerkov, and the officer from the regiment.

"Well, it seems that no one has noticed," thought Rostov. And this was true. No one had taken any notice, for everyone knew the sensation which we called under fire for the first time had experienced.

"Here something for you to report," said Zerkov. "See if I don't get promoted to sub-lieutenant."

"Inform the prince that I the bring fire!" and the colonel triumphantly and gaily said to him, "about the losses."

A time, said the colonel in his bass voice: two hussars wounded, and one knocked out, he smiled, unable to restrain his happy smile, and pronounced the phrase "knocked out" in a ringing dauntless.

CHAPTER IX

Pressed by the French army of a hundred thousand men under the command of Bonaparte, encountering a population that was unfriendly to it, losing confidence in its allies, suffering from shortness of supplies, and compelled to act under conditions of war unlike any thing that had been foreseen, the Russian army of thirty-five thousand men commanded by Kutuzov was hurriedly retreating, along the Danube, stopping where overtaken by the enemy and fighting rearward actions only as far as necessary to enable it to retreat without losing its heavy equipment. There had been actions at Lambach, Amstetten, and Melk, but despite the courage and endurance acknowledged even by the enemy—with which the Russians fought, the only consequence of these actions was a yet more rapid retreat. Austrian troops that had escaped capture at Ulm and had joined Kutuzov at Braunau now separated from the Russian army, and Kutuzov was left with only his own weak and exhausted forces. The defense of Vienna was no longer to be thought of. Instead of an offensive, the plan of which, carefully prepared in accord with the modern science of strategy, had been handed to Kutuzov when he was at Vienna by the Austrian Hofkriegsrath, the sole and almost unattainable aim remaining for him was to effect a junction with the forces that were advancing from Russia, without losing his army as Melk had done at Ulm.

On the twenty-fifth of October Kutuzov with his army crossed to the left bank of the Danube and took up position for the first time with the river between himself and the main body of the French. On the twentieth he checked Mortier's division, which was on the left bank, and broke it up. In this action for the first time trophies were taken, banners, cannon, and two enemy generals. For the first time, after a fortnight's retreat, the Russian troops had halted and after a fight had not only held the field but had repulsed the French. Though the troops were utterly exhausted, and had lost a third of their number in killed, wounded, sick, and stragglers, though a number of sick and wounded had been abandoned on the other side of the Danube with a letter in which Kutuzov entrusted them to the humanity of the enemy, and though the hospitals and the houses in Krems converted into military hospitals could no longer accommodate all the sick and wounded, yet the stand made at Krems and the victory over Mortier

run on thinking that the farther he went to the front the better. But Bogdánich without looking at or recognizing Rostóv shouted to him:

Who's that running on the middle of the bridge? To the right! Come back, Cadet! he cried angrily and turning to Denisov who showing off his courage had ridden on to the planks of the bridge.

Why run risks, Captain? You should dismount, he said.

Oh, every bullet has its billet, answered Vaska Denisov, turning in his saddle.

Meanwhile Nesvitski, Zherkóv and the officer of the suite were standing together out of range of the shots, watching now the small group of men with yellow shirts, dark green jackets, breeches and then—

—a lance from the opposite side—the blue uniforms and groups with horses easily recognizable as artillery.

Will they burn the bridge or not? Who'll get there first? Will they get there and fire the bridge or will the French get within grapeshot range and wipe them out? These were the questions each man of the troops on the high ground above the bridge involuntarily asked himself with a sinking heart—watching the

Ugh! The hussars will get it hot! said Nesvitski, they are within grapeshot range now.

He shouldn't have taken so many men, said the officer of the suite.

True enough, answered Nesvitski, two smart fellows could have done the job just as well.

Ah, your excellency put in Zherkóv, his eyes fixed on the hussars but still with that naive air that made it impossible to know whether he was speaking in jest or in earnest. Ah, your excellency! How you look at things! Send a couple of men? And who then would give us the Vladimir medal and ribbon? But now even if they do get peppered, the squadron may be recommended for honors and he may get a ribbon. Our Bogdánich knows how things are done.

There now! said the officer of the suite, that's grapeshot.

He pointed to the French guns, the numbers of which were being detached and hurriedly removed.

On the French side amid the groups with cannon a cloud of smoke appeared then a second and a third almost simultaneously and at the moment when the first report was heard a fourth was seen. Then two reports one after another and a third.

Oh! Oh! groaned Nesvitski as if in fierce pain, seizing the officer of the suite by the arm. Look! A man has fallen! Fallen! fallen!

Two! I think.

If I were Tsar I would never go to war, said Nesvitski, turning away.

The French guns were hastily reloaded. The infantry in their blue uniforms advanced toward the bridge at a run. Smoke appeared again but at irregular intervals and grapeshot cracked and rattled onto the bridge. But this time Nesvitski could not see what was happening there as a dense cloud of smoke rose from it. The hussars had succeeded in setting it on fire and the French batteries were now firing at them no longer to hinder them but because the guns were trained and there was someone to fire at.

The French had time to fire three rounds of grapeshot before the hussars got back to their horses. Two were misdirected and the shot went too high but the last round fell in the midst of a group of hussars and knocked three of them over.

Rostóv absorbed by his relations with Bogdánich had paused on the bridge not knowing what to do. There was no one to help him (as he had always imagined battles to himself) nor could he help to fire the bridge because he had not brought any burning straw with him like the other soldiers. He stood looking about him when suddenly he heard a rattle on the bridge as if nuts were being spilt and the hussar nearest to him fell against the rails with a groan. Rostóv ran up to him with the others. Again someone shouted: Stretcher! Four men seized the hussar and began lifting him.

Ooooh! For Christ's sake let me alone! cried the wounded man but still he was lifted and laid on the stretcher.

Nicholas Rostov turned away and as if searching for something.

And farther still were the faraway blue mountains beyond the river the monastery the mysterious gorges and the pine forests.

appeared to wish to ward off any attempt at familiarity on the part of the Russian messenger.

When the messenger came out his expression was mediately turned into one of disdain which was quite as called for. His fertile mind in moments had hit upon the point which

they proposed. His eyes narrowed disdainfully he entered the room with the Minister of War with a secularly disinterested expression. Thus he lunged disdainfully at him when he saw the minister seated at a large table with some papers and making pencil notes on them. For the first time there must take place one of his annual awards to the officers of the army. He would be obliged to the gray temples. It was a rather good thing, with its rough eyes in the presence of the duke and the sound of footstep.

"Take this," said he to his daughter, taking him the papers and will take into account the special messenger.

Prince Andrew felt that either the duke or his army ministered to the Minister of War less than any other minister he was concerned with. He wanted to give the Russian special messenger the impression that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me, he thought. This was the direction the remaining papers for their arrangement. Only and the duke had his hand. He had an intellectual

on the table and looked at Prince Andrew decidedly. Consider something on this subject say the fair ones.

You know tomorrow after the parade. However I will let you know.

The stupid smile, which had left his face while he was perking reappeared.

As ever. Thank you very much. His Majesty will probably desire to see you he added, bowing his head.

When Prince Andrew left the palace he felt that all the interest and happiness the story had afforded him had been now left in the distance. Thousands of the Minister of War the polite adjutant. The whole of the illustrious instantaneously changed the battlescene of the memory of a moment of the past.

CHAPTER V

Prince Andrew stayed at Brunswick and Blinn Russian acquaintance thus in the diplomatic service.

Ah, my dear prince could not have a welcome tutor said Blinn. He came out to meet Prince Andrew. Franz, the prince's brother, my bedroom said to the servant

him settled down comfortably in the fire.

After his journey during the campaign during which he had been deprived of all the comforts of cleanliness and the refinement of life Prince Andrew felt pleasure in the peace and the quiet of the surroundings. He had been accustomed to the front. Besides it was pleasant. It was accepted by the army to speak in the Russian (if they

particularly to go

Blinn was a man of thirty-five. He had the same and Prince Andrew. They had known each other personally in the army. He had become a member of the army. Prince Andrew was a Russian. He had

liberated. He had a habit of his mind. His face took on the appearance of artificial smile (which does not tempt him to artificiality) of man who is completely recognized by the person. He is another.

From General Field Marshal he was asked. I hope it is good news? There he was an encounter with the Russian? A story? It was high time!

He took the dispatch which was addressed to him and began to read with a mournful expression.

Oh, my God! My God! Schmidt! he exclaimed. German. What calamity! What calamity!

He gazed through the dispatch and

raised the spirits of the army considerably. Throughout the whole army and at headquarters most joyful though erroneous rumors were of the rise of the imaginary approach of columns from Russia of some victory gained by the Austrians and of the retreat of the frightened Bonaparte.

Prince Andrew during the battle had been in attendance on the Austrian General Schmidt who was killed in the action. His horse had been wounded under him and his own arm slightly grazed by a bullet. As a mark of the commander in chief's special favor he was sent with the news of this victory to the Austrian court now no longer at Vienna (which was threatened by the French) but at Brunn. Despite his apparently delicate build Prince Andrew could endure physical fatigue far better than many very muscular men and on the night of the battle having arrived at Krems excited but not weary with dispatches from Dokhturov he was sent immediately with a special dispatch to Brunn. To be so sent meant not only a reward but an important step toward promotion.

The night was dark but starry the road showed black in the snow that had fallen the previous day—the day of the battle. Reviewing his impressions of the recent battle picturing pleasantly to himself the impression his news of a victory would create or recalling the send-off given him by the commander in chief and his fellow officers Prince Andrew was galloping along in a post chaise enjoying the feelings of a man who has at length begun to attain a long desired happiness. As soon as he closed his eyes his ears seemed filled with the rattle of the wheels and the sensation of victory. Then he began to imagine that the Russians were running away and that he himself was killed but he quickly roused himself with a feeling of joy as if learning afresh that this was not so but that on the contrary the French had run away. He again recalled all the details of the

ing the off a brig in the sunshine the horses galloped quickly and on both sides of the road were forests of different kinds fields and villages.

At one of the post stations he overtook a convoy of Russian wounded. The Russian officer in charge of the transport lolled back in the front cart shouting and scolding a soldier with coarse abuse. In each of the long German

carts six or more pale dirty bandaged men were being jolted over the stony road. Some of them were talking (he heard Russian words), others were eating bread the more severely wounded looked silently with the languid interest of sick children at the envoy hurrying past them.

ube answered the soldier. Prince Andrew took out his purse and gave the soldier three gold pieces.

That's for them all he said to the officer who came up.

Get well soon lads! he continued turning to the soldiers. There's plenty to do still.

What news sir? asked the officer evidently anxious to start a conversation.

Good news! Go on! he shouted to the driver and they galloped on.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andrew rattled over the paved streets of Brunn and found himself surrounded by high buildings the lights of shops houses and street lamps fine carriages and all that atmosphere of a large and active town which is always so attractive to a soldier after camp life. Despite his rapid journey and sleepless night Prince Andrew when he drove up to the palace felt even more vigorous and alert than he had done the day before. Only his eyes gleamed feverish and his thoughts followed one another with

casual questions that might be put to him and the answers he would give. He expected to be at once presented to the Emperor. At the chief entrance to the palace however an official came running out to meet him and learning that he was a special messenger led him to another entrance.

To the right from the corridor Euer Hoch geboren. There you will find the adjutant on duty said the official. He will conduct you to the Minister of War.

The adjutant on duty meeting Prince Andrew in the

Prince Andrew before him along a corridor the cabinet where the Minister of War was at work. The adjutant by his elaborate courtesy

BOOK TWO

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CHAPTER X

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l c e A n d e w w V n n d l l u t v

raised the spirits of the army considerably. Throughout the whole army and at headquarters most joyful though erroneous rumors were rife of the imaginary approach of columns from Russia of some victory gained by the Austrians and of the retreat of the frightened Bonaparte.

Prince Andrew during the battle had been in attendance on the Austrian General Schmidt who was killed in the action. His horse had been wounded under him and his own arm slightly grazed by a bullet. As a mark of the commander-in-chief's special favor he was sent with the news of this victory to the Austrian court now no longer at Vienna (which was threatened by the French) but at Brunn. Despite his apparently delicate build Prince Andrew could endure physical fatigue far better than many very muscular men and on the night of the battle having arrived at Krems excited but not weary with dispatches from Dokhturov to Kutuzov he was sent immediately with a special dispatch to Brunn. To be so sent meant not only a reward but an important step toward promotion.

The night was dark but starry; the road showed black in the snow that had fallen the previous day—the day of the battle. Reviewing his impressions of the recent battle picturing pleasantly to himself the impression his news of a victory would create or recalling the send-off given him by the commander-in-chief and his fellow officers Prince Andrew was galloping along in a post chaise enjoying the feelings of a man who has at length begun to attain a long desired happiness. As soon as he closed his eyes his ears seemed filled with the rattle of the wheels and the sensation of victory. Then he began to imagine that the Russians were running away and that he himself was killed but he quickly roused himself with a feeling of joy as if learning afresh that this was not so but that on the contrary the French had run away. He again recalled all the details of the victory and his own calm courage during the battle and feeling reassured he dozed off. The dark starry night was followed by a bright cheerful morning. The snow was thawing in the sunshine the horses galloped quickly and on both sides of the road were forests of different kinds fields and villages.

At one of the post stations he overtook a convoy of Russian wounded. The Russian officer in charge of the transport lolled back in the front cart shouting and scolding a soldier with coarse abuse. In each of the long German

others were eating bread the more severely wounded looked silently with the languid interest of sick children at the envoy hurrying past them.

Prince Andrew told his driver to stop and asked a soldier in what action they had been wounded. Day before yesterday on the Danube answered the soldier. Prince Andrew took out his purse and gave the soldier three gold pieces.

That's for them all he said to the officer who came up.

Get well soon lads! he continued turning to the soldiers. There's plenty to do still.

What news sir? asked the officer evidently anxious to start a conversation.

Good news! Go on! he shouted to the driver and they galloped on.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andrew rattled over the paved streets of Brunn and found himself surrounded by high buildings the lights of shops houses and street lamps fine carriages and all that atmosphere of a large and active town which is always so attractive to a soldier after camp life. Despite his rapid journey and sleepless night Prince Andrew when he drove up to the palace felt

vividly recalled the details of the battle, no longer dim but definite and in the concise form in which he imagined himself stating them to the Emperor Francis. He vividly imagined the casual questions that might be put to him and the answers he would give. He expected to be at once presented to the Emperor. At the chief entrance to the palace however an official came running out to meet him and learning that he was a special messenger led him to another entrance.

To the right from the corridor *Euer Hoch geboren!* There you will find the adjutant on duty said the official. He will conduct you to the Minister of War.

The adjutant on duty meeting Prince Andrew asked him to wait and went in to the Minister of War. Five minutes later he returned and bowing with particular courtesy ushered Prince Andrew before him along a corridor to the cabinet where the Minister of War was at work. The adjutant by his elaborate courtesy

BOOK TWO

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while he was pe k reappeared.

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eay w ll prob bly des r to see you, l e d d ed,
bow g his head.

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CHAPTER V

PRINCE A NEW tayed t Bru n w t l Bll
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c s e n ce.

Ah my dear prin e I could n th e mo e
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to meet Pr c A drew Franz, put the p e
thi g n m bedroom. sa d l e to the s e r t
who was ush e r Bol k nsh n. So
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B l b was man f thirty f e ba b e l
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had kn each other p e v us ly n l t e r
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Pri ce A drew was n v e na th l t z

Just as Prince Andrew was a young man who gave promise of rising high in the military profession so to an even greater extent Bilbin gave promise of rising in his diplomatic career. He was still a young man but no longer a young diplomat as he had entered the service at the age of sixteen had been in Paris and Copenhagen and now held a rather important post in Vienna. Both the foreign minister and our ambassador in Vienna knew him and valued him. He was not one of those many diplomats who are esteemed because they have certain negative qualities avoid doing certain things and speak French. He was one of those who liking work knew how to do it and despite his indolence would sometimes spend a whole night at his writing table. He worked equally well whatever the import of his work. It was not the question What for? but the question

How? that interested him. What the diplomatic matter might be he did not care but it gave him great pleasure to prepare a circular memorandum or report skillfully pointedly and elegantly. Bilbin's services were valued not only for what he wrote but also for his skill in dealing and conversing with those in the highest spheres.

Bilbin liked conversation as he liked work only when it could be made elegantly witty. In society he always awaited an opportunity to say something striking and took part in a conversation only when that was possible. His conversation was always sprinkled with wittily original finished phrases of general interest. These sayings were prepared in the inner laboratory of his mind in a portable form as if intentionally so that insignificant society people might carry them from drawing room to drawing room. And in fact Bilbin's witticisms were hawked about in the Viennese drawing rooms and often had an influence on matters considered important.

His thin worn sallow face was covered with

face. Now his forehead would pucker into deep folds and his eyebrows were lifted then his eyebrows would descend and deep wrinkles would crease his cheeks. His small deep-set eyes always twinkled and looked out straight.

Well now tell me about your exploits said he.

Bolkónski very modestly without once mentioning himself described the engagement and

his reception by the Minister of War.

They received me and my news as one receives a dog in a game of skittles said he in conclusion.

Bilbin smiled and the wrinkles on his face disappeared.

Cependant mon cher he remarked examining his nails from a distance and puckering the skin above his left eye *malgré la haute estime que je professe pour l'Orthodox Russian army j'avoue que votre victoire n'est pas des plus victorieuses*.

He went on talking in this way in French, uttering only those words in Russian on which he wished to put a contemptuous emphasis.

Come now! You with all your forces fall on the unfortunate Mortier and his one division and even then Mortier slips through your fingers! Where's the victory?

But seriously said Prince Andrew we can at any rate say without boasting that it was a little better than at Ulm.

Why didn't you capture one just one marshal for us?

Because not everything happens as one expects or with the smoothness of a parade. We had expected as I told you to get at their rear by seven in the morning but had not reached it by five in the afternoon.

And why didn't you do it at seven in the

in the morning.

Why did you not succeed in impressing on Bonaparte by diplomatic methods that he had better leave Genoa alone? retorted Prince Andrew in the same tone.

I know interrupted Bilbin you're thinking it's very easy to take marshals sitting on a sofa by the fire! That is true but still why didn't you capture him? So don't be surprised if not only the Minister of War but also his Most August Majesty the Emperor and his grandfather Francis is not much delighted by your victory. Even I a poor secretary of the Russian Embassy do not feel any need as a token of my joy to give my Franz a thaler or let him go with his *Liebeln* to the Prater. True we have no Prater here.

He looked straight at Prince Andrew and suddenly unwrinkled his forehead.

It is now my turn to ask you why? mortally respect for the Russian army but I say that your victory is of particular importance.

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B i b i n c o u e d n d h w d m e l e t t
w h i c h t h p r a d e f t h F e c h V w a
f u l l y d e s c r i b e d P M u r a t t t l l t m
b l m t l y s e t h a t y u r t o r y i s o t
m a t t e r f r g r u j c i g d t h t y u c a t
b e e i e d a s s a

"R e a l l y l d t c a r b o u t t h t l d n t c a
t a l l d P r c e A d r w b e g i n g t o u
d r i s a d t h t h w f t h e b t l b f e
k r e m s w a s t a l l y f m a l l m p t w
f u c h u s a s t h l l l A u s t r i c a p t a l
H w u s t V e n n w a s s a k e ? W h t f t h e

Just as Prince Andrew was a young man who gave promise of rising high in the military profession so to an even greater extent Bilbin gave promise of rising in his diplomatic career. He was still a young man but no longer a young diplomat as he had entered the service at the age of sixteen had been in Paris and Copenhagen and now held a rather important post in Vienna. Both the foreign minister and our ambassador in Vienna knew him and valued him. He was not one of those many diplomats who are esteemed because they have certain negative qualities avoid doing certain things and speak French. He was one of those who liking work knew how to do it and despite his indolence would sometimes spend a whole night at his writing table. He worked equally well whatever the import of his work. It was not the question What for? but the question How? that interested him. What the diplomatic matter might be he did not care but it gave him great pleasure to prepare a circular memorandum or report skillfully pointedly and elegantly. Bilbin's services were valued not only for what he wrote but also for his skill in dealing and conversing with those in the highest spheres.

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Bilbin liked conversation as he liked work only when it could be made elegantly witty. In society he always awaited an opportunity to say something striking and took part in a conversation only when that was possible. His conversation was always sprinkled with wittily original finished phrases of general interest. These sayings were prepared in the inner laboratory of his mind in a portable form as if intentionally so that insignificant society people might carry them from drawing room to drawing room. And in fact Bilbin's witticisms were handed about in the Viennese drawing rooms and often had an influence on matters considered important.

His thin worn sallow face was covered with deep wrinkles which always looked as clean and well washed as the tips of one's fingers after a Russian bath. The movement of these wrinkles formed the principal play of expression on his face. Now his forehead would pucker into deep folds and his eyebrows were lifted then his eyebrows would descend and deep wrinkles would crease his cheeks. His small deep-set eyes always twinkled and looked out straight.

Well now tell me about your exploits said he.

Bolkonski very modestly without once mentioning himself described the engagement and

his reception by the Minister of War.

They received me and my news as one receives a dog in a game of skittles said he in conclusion.

Bilbin smiled and the wrinkles on his face disappeared.

Cependant mon cher he remarked examining his nails from a distance and puckering the skin above his left eye *malgré la haute estime que je professe pour the Orthodox Russian army j'avoue que votre victoire n'est pas des plus victorieuses*

He went on talking in this way in French uttering only those words in Russian on which he wished to put a contemptuous emphasis.

Come now! You wish all your forces fall on the unfortunate Mortier and his one division and even then Mortier slips through your fingers! Where is the victory?

But seriously said Prince Andrew we can at any rate say without boasting that it is a little better than at Ulm.

Why didn't you capture one just one marshal for us?

Because not everything happens as one expects or with the smoothness of a parade. We had expected as I told you to get at their rear by seven in the morning but had not reached it by five in the afternoon.

And why didn't you do it at seven in the

in the morning?

Why did you not succeed in impressing on Bonaparte by diplomatic methods that he had better leave Genoa alone? retorted Prince Andrew in the same tone.

I know interrupted Bilbin you're thinking it's very easy to take marshals sitting on a sofa by the fire! That is true but still why didn't you capture him? So don't be surprised if not only the Minister of War but also his Most August Majesty the Emperor and King Francis are not much delighted by your victory. Even I a poor secretary of the Russian Embassy do not feel any need in token of my joy to give my Franz a thaler or let him go with his *Liebchen* to the Prater. True we have no Prater here.

He looked straight at Prince Andrew and suddenly unwrinkled his forehead.

It is now my turn to ask you why?

But my dear friend all my respect for the Emperor and the King is not particularly

France and projects for peace a secret peace concluded separately

Impossible! cried Prince Andrew That would be too base

If we live we shall see replied Bilbin his face again becoming smooth as a sign that the conversation was at an end

When Prince Andrew reached the room prepared for him and lay down in a clean shirt on the feather bed with its warmed and fragrant pillows he felt that the battle of which he had brought tidings was far far away from him The alliance with Prussia Austria's treachery Bonaparte's new triumph tomorrow's levee and parade and the audience with the Emperor

now again drawn out in a thin line the musketeers were descending the hill the French

He woke up

Yes that all happened! he said and smiling happily to himself like a child he fell into a deep youthful slumber

CHAPTER VI

NEXT DAY he woke late Recalling his recent impressions the first thought that came into his mind was that today he had to be presented to the Emperor Francis he remembered the Minister of War the polite Austrian adjutant Bilbin and last night's conversation Having dressed for his attendance at court in full parade uniform which he had not worn for a long time he went into Bilbin's study fresh animated and handsome with his hand bandaged In the study were four gentlemen of the diplomatic corps With Prince Hippolyte Kuragin who was a secretary to the embassy Bolkonski was already acquainted Bilbin introduced him to the others

The gentlemen assembled at Bilbin's were young wealthy gay society men who here as in Vienna formed a special set which Bilbin their leader called *les notres* This set consisting almost exclusively of diplomats evidently had its own interests which had nothing to do with war or politics but related to high society to certain women and to the officials of the

service These gentlemen received Prince Andrew as one of themselves an honor they did not extend to many From politeness and to start conversation they asked him a few questions about the army and the battle and then

Chancellor told him flatly that his appointment to London was a promotion and that he was so to regard it Can you fancy the figure he cut?

But the worst of it gentlemen—I am giving Kuragin away to you—is that that man suffers and this Don Juan wicked fellow is taking advantage of it!

Prince Hippolyte was lounging in a lounge chair with his legs over its arm He began to laugh

Tell me about that! he said

Oh you Don Juan! You serpent! cried several voices

You Bolkonski don't know! said Bilbin turning to Prince Andrew that all the atrocities of the French army (I nearly said of the Russian army) are nothing compared to what this man has been doing among the women!

Bilbin and the rest of ours burst out laughing in Hippolyte's face and Prince Andrew saw that Hippolyte of whom—he had to admit—he had almost been jealous on his wife's account was the butt of this set

it!

He sat down beside Hippolyte and wrinkling his forehead began talking to him about politics Prince Andrew and the others gathered round these two

The Berlin cabinet cannot express a feeling of alliance began Hippolyte gazing round with importance at the others without expressing as in its last note you understand Besides unless His Majesty the Emperor derogates from the principle of our alliance

Wait I have not finished he said to

ly one cannot impute the nonreceipt of our dis-
Wom n s m a n s c m p n i n

patch (No emb r 18 That show i will
A d he rele ed B kó his arm to in

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r rbody l ghed nd H ppolyte l der

atures

"Well w ge tleme s d B l b n B l
kó kú as my guest n th sho nd n Bru n
tú l f I wa t t t t n h m a f s l c n
th l l th pleasu es o f f e here H we we c n
v t w uld be asy but her n th s
ched M r n h l e t s m r e d f f u l t
d I be you l l t help me Brunn urac
n must be hown h m. y u c a u d e r t k e

y ho p t f ty m tlem t s i r d y t e
f m t m pl ed Pr nce Andrew look ng
th s watch.

"Whe t ?

"T th Emper r

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Well ev Bolkó k l Au ev o

Pr l Com b k arly to d n r cr d ev
eral es. W l l t k y u n h d

k mul g

W l l talk much as y u can y way He
has pass f g d e es burh d es
t k talk g h m e l f d c a t d t asy u
w l l e e

CHAPTER XII

Arm l r P And w tood m g the
Austr f h e r s l h d b t l d t d th
Emp Fra m ly look d f i edly nt l u s
f d j t odd d t h m w th h l g head
B t f i e r t w th d j tan h h d n
th e p us day m usly f r med Bol
kó kú th t th Emp des ed t g s h m

an a d e n e The Emperor Fran s rec ed
h m t a d g a the m d d l e f l e room H
f r e the con e r s t n b e a n P nce A d r e w
w t r u k b y t h e f c r t a t t h e Empe o s e e m e d
c o f u e d a n d b l u s t e d s f n t k n o w i g l a t
t o s a y

"Tell me hen d d the battle beg y l e
a k e d h u r r e d l y

" e Andrew repl ed The f l l w e d o t l

t rest h m

At what o c k d d the b t t l e b e w n a k e d
the Emper r

I c a n t f r m Your Majesty t w l t
o c k the battle began at the f t b t t
D r n t e n l e r e I w s o u a t t k b e g a n f i
e r f i e t the after oon repl ed Bolkó k
g r w g m o e m t d d e p e c t g t l the
w o l l h a s a c h n e t m e a r e l b l e a c c o u t
w h h e h d r e d y n h s m n d o f l l e k s e w
d h a d s e e B t l e Empero s m l e d a n d n
t r u p t e d h m

How m n y m l e s

"The F e n h l e b d e d t l e l e t b a n k ?

A c r d g t l e s c o u t s the f t o f t l e m
c r o e d n r a f t s d u g t h e n g l t

I s the s f i c i e t f o r a g e t h r e m s ?

F r a g h n o t b e e n u p p l e d t o t h e e x
t n t

The Emperor t e r r u p t e d h m

At h t o c k w a s G e r l S c h m d t
k l l d ?

At e n l o c k l b l e e.

A t e e o c k l t r y s d r y d l

The Empe th k e d P r e A n d e w a d
b o w e d P r e A d w w t h d e w d w a m
m e d t l y u r r o d e d b y c o t e s o n l l d e s
E e r y w h e h w f e n d l y l o o k s a n d h e a r d
f d l y w d s. y t d a y s d j t t r e
p h e d h m f t l s t a y e d t h e p l
e n d f d h m h o w n l u e T l e M
t f w c a m e p d e n o r a t u l t e d h m
n t h M Th e s a O d e o f t h e t h i r d g r a d
w h c h t h Empe w f r r i g o n h m The
E p e s c h m b e l t e d h m t o s e e H e
M j t y The l d h s s l s o w h d t m
h m. H d d n t k n w w h m t o a n w e a n d f o r
f e w e n d l l e t e d h t h g h t s T h n t h e
R u s s n a m b d t o o k h m b y t l s h l d e r

France and projects for peace a secret peace concluded separately

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now again drawn out in a thin line the musketeers were descending the hill the French were firing and he felt his heart palpitating as he rode forward beside Schmidt with the bullets merrily whistling all around and he experienced tenfold the joy of living as he had not done since childhood

He woke up

Yes that all happened! he said and smiling happily to himself like a child he fell into a deep youthful slumber

CHAPTER VI

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Bilbin and the rest of ours burst out laugh

count was the butt of this set

Oh I must give you a treat Bilbin whispered to Bolkonski Kuragin is exquisite when he discusses politics—you should see his gravity!

He sat down beside Hippolyte and striking his forehead began talking to him about politics Prince Andrew and the others gathered round these two

The Berlin cabinet cannot express a feeling of alliance began Hippolyte gazing round with importance at the others without expressing as in its last note you understand Besides unless His Majesty the Emperor derogates from the principle of our alliance

Wait I have not finished he said to Prince Andrew seizing him by the arm I believe that intervention will be stronger than nonintervention And he paused Finally one cannot impute the nonrecognition of our dis-

Woman's magazine

mak Pri ce A ersperg acquainta ce In a
rd those gentleme Gascons deed so be
idered him w th fi w rds d he is so flat
tered by his rap dly establ hed t macy w th
th Fre ch marshals, d so dazzled by the gl t
f Murat ma tle dostrich pl mes q l y
ot q d feu t ble el q l d e a t f e
f su Pen em l p te of th a im ti n
f h peech, Bul h d d t f roet t p use
ster this m t t g et m e f us d pp eci
u n. Th F ch b t al n rushes t the
b dgehead, pikes the gu nd the br d'e is
taken! B t what is best of all h went hus

A ersperg d sa Pri y u are b g de
ed, herea. the F ch! Murat ce what
all is lost f the sergea t is all wed t peak,
turn to A ersperg w th f nedast hm t
(he u tru Gasco) and says I d t eco
nue th w rid fam us Austr n d scipl e f
yo all w subord t t d d res) u l k
that It was trok f g t us, Prin Avers
perg feels h s dign ty t take d rd s the
sergea t to be arrested. Com you must wn
that this affair f th Thabo B d s d l ht
ful It is texa dly t p d ty rascal ty

"It may be treachery sa d Prince A drew
n dly mas g th gray ex o is, wo ds
th im t f m

bac
no

is -h eemed betryn to fi d the
n ht express C t e d M k \ us
som m s II (It is us b t f M ck-We
ar f k d) II co d ded, f h g that h
had p od ed good p ram, fresh that
ould be epea ed. H huthert puckered
brow became smooth as gn of pleasur a d
w th light mul h be'an to exam e hus
nails.

Where ar y f h sa d dd ly to
Prince A drew who had sen and was go
toward his room.

I am go way
"Where to

Tha th fir gets into his eyes and h f rgets
that h uoh to be fir t th enemy

"To the my

B t you meant to st y ther two d y
But now I am off at once.

And Pri ce A drew ster g ng d rect ons
bo t f us dep t e went to h room

Do y u know m cher sa d B l b n f l
l w gh m I ha e been th nk abo t you.

Why are y u go II

And p oof f the co clus e ss of h s
op l l the w r kles an hed from h f ce
P ce A d w looked qu r ly at h m
d ga o eply

Why u go II I k w you th nk I
your d ty to gall p back to the army now that
it s d er l u dersta d th L M he t
is hero sm l

N t t II sa d P ce \ drew

B t as y are pl ilosopher be con t
ent one look at the ther s de of the quest on
d y u w l see that y r d ty on the co
trary is to take care f y urself Lea e it to
th ewh e l ger fit fo nyth ng el e
y u h e n t been ordered to return a d
h n t been d m s ed from here theref re
you can stay nd go w th us where ever o ill
l ck takes us. They say we are go t O l m t z,

—

erl l her a d why ar y go n when you
m ght ema he e f u e f ced by one of
tw things d th k no er his left temple
pucke d, ther you w l i n t reach your re
ment bef re pea e co luded or yo w l
I are defeat and disrrace w th Kutuzo wh l
army

A d B l b u wri kled his temple feel ng
that th dilemma wa mol bl

I can t rgue bo t t, repl ed Pri ce
Andrew coldly but h thought I am go g to
sa the army

My dear fell w you e a herol sa d Bul
l n.

CHAPTER XIII

Th t sa re tr ha n o taken lea e of th

—

In Bru n everybody u hed to th court
wa p k gup d the hea y baggag was l
ready be g disp tched t O l m t z Near Het
l s d f Pri Andrew tru k th high d
al g which the Russ n army was m t g

led him to the window and began to talk to him

Contrary to Bilbín's forecast the news he had brought was joyfully received. A thanksgiving service was arranged. Kutuzov was awarded the Grand Cross of Maria Theresa and the whole army received rewards. Bolkónski

in the afternoon having made all his calls he was returning to Bilbín's house thinking out a letter to his father about the battle and his visit to Brunn. At the door he found a vehicle half full of luggage. Franz Bilbín's man was dragging a portmanteau with some difficulty out of the front door.

Before returning to Bilbín's Prince Andrew had gone to a bookshop to provide himself with some books for the campaign and had spent some time in the shop.

What is it? he asked

is again at our heels!

Oh? What? asked Prince Andrew

Bilbín came out to meet him. His usually calm face showed excitement.

There now! Confess that this is delightful said he. This affair of the Thabor Bridge at Vienna. They have crossed without striking a blow!

Prince Andrew could not understand.

But where do you come from not to know what every coachman in the town knows?

I come from the archduchess. I heard nothing there.

And you didn't see that everybody is packing up?

I did not. What is it all about? inquired Prince Andrew impatiently.

What is it all about? Why the French have crossed the bridge that Auersperg was defending and the bridge was not blown up so Murat is now rushing along the road to Brunn and will be here in a day or two.

What is it? he asked

Bonaparte knows why

Bolkónski shrugged his shoulders

well. Next day which was yesterday those gentlemen *messeurs les maréchaux* Murat, Lannes and Belliard mounted and rode to the bridge. (Observe that all three are Gascons.) Gentlemen says one of them you know the Thabor Bridge is mined and doubly mined and that there are menacing fortifications at its head and an army of fifteen thousand men has been ordered to blow up the bridge and not let us cross? But it will please our sovereign the Emperor Napoleon if we take this bridge so let us three go and take it! Yes let us say the others. And off they go and take the bridge cross it and now with their whole army are on this side of the Danube marching on us you and your lines of communication.

Stop jesting said Prince Andrew sadly and seriously. This news grieved him and yet he was pleased.

As soon as he learned that the Russian army was in such a hopeless situation it occurred to him that it was he who was destined to lead it out of this position that here was the Toulon that would lift him from the ranks of obscure officers and offer him the first step to fame! Listening to Bilbín he was already imagining how on reaching the army he would give an opinion at the war council which would be the only one that could save the army and how he alone would be entrusted with the executing of the plan.

Stop this jesting he said

I am not jesting Bilbín went on. Nothing is truer or sadder. These gentlemen ride onto the bridge alone and wave white handkerchiefs they assure the officer on duty that they the marshals are on their way to negotiate with Prince Auersperg. He lets them enter the *tête de pont*. They spin him a thousand gasconades saying that the war is over that the Emperor Francis is arranging a meeting with Bonaparte that they desire to see Prince Auersperg and so on. The officer sends for Auersperg these gentlemen embrace the officers crack jokes sit on the cannon and meanwhile a French battalion gets to the bridge unobserved flings the bags of incendiary material into the water and approaches the *tête de pont*. At length appears the lieutenant general our dear Prince Auersperg von Mautern himself. Dearest foe! Flower of the Austrian army hero of the Turkish wars! Hostilities are ended we can shake one another's hand. The Emperor Napoleon burns with impatience

The marshals
B. Ighead.

The French entered Vienna as I told you. Very

mat Pr ce Auerspergs equ tance In a
— 1 h—

"To the army

an her two days?

The F ch bital n r u i e s t e
— 1 h — d the bridge s

Why re you go g?

And p oof of the co clus eness of h s
op n o all the wr kles an shed from h s f ce
Prince A d ew looked inqu r gly at h m
nd ga e n reply

"Why re y i go ng? I kn w you th nk
y ur d ty to gallop back to the army now that
t d ge I underst nd th t. W n cher it
s hero m!

N t at ll sa d P ce And ew

But as y u re pl lowple be a c n t
ent one look at the d s de of the quest on
d you will see that yo r d ty on the co
trary i t take care of yours lf Lea e it

A mperg dsav Pri ce y u re be g de

(he u tru G co) ds ys I d t
e th w ld f mous Aut d pl e f
yo all w bord te s ddress y l k
that lt a trok of gen Pri ce Auers-
per feel h d gn ty t take d orders the
sergea t t be rrested Com you must wn
that thus ff lth Th bo B dge d l ht
ful ltu t ex tly t p d ty n r a cal ty

"It m y be tre chery s d Pri Andrew
n dly m g th gray o erco is wou ds
th sm ke fgu powd th sou ds f f
a d th gl ry th t w ted h m.

N t that e d Tl t puts th cou t n too
bad l ht, repl ed Bl b It m t treachery
rascal ty t p d ty i j t t U l m
tus —he eem d t be try t f d the
l t e p e s C e t t d M k. V us
mm m k e f ltu t s b t of M k. We
M k d f he co d ded, feel th t he
had p od ed good p gram fesho e that
ould be epeated. H hutherto puck ed
brow became smoth gn fple n nd
th lght smile he began to xam ne h a
als.

Where e y ff t? I sa d udde ly to
Pri A d w h had se d was go g
to ard h oom.

I mgo way

"Wh to

Th th ff gets h s eyes d h f rgets
that h g t be f g t h my

— — — — —

I are d se ta d d tra ew th hut whole
army

And Bl b n w kled h s temple feel ng
that the d l mm wa soluble

I ca t rgue about t, repl ed Pri ce
Andrew coldly is the th ght l mgo g to
sa eth rmy

"My dear fello you are a hero! sa d Bl
b n.

CHAPTER XIII

T t sa re it h t k l e f the
M t f War B l k k et off t r j n the
rmy not kn w g whe l w ld f d t and
f n g t be capt ed by th f nch on the
way to h ems.

I Bru rybody tt hed t th cou t
wa p k gup d th l ea y baggage was l
dy be g d p tch d to Olm tz. Near H t
z l d f Pri e A d w str k tle h gh o d
l g which th Russ n rmy wa m g

led him to the window and began to talk to him

Contrary to Bilbin's forecast the news he had brought was joyfully received. A thanks giving service was arranged. Kutuzov was awarded the Grand Cross of Maria Theresa and the whole army received rewards. Bolkonski was invited everywhere and had to spend the whole morning calling on the principal Austrian dignitaries. Between four and five in the afternoon, having made all his calls, he was returning to Bilbin's house, thinking out a letter to his father about the battle and his visit to Brunn. At the door he found a vehicle half

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cross. And off they go and take the bridge cross it and now with their whole army are on this

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What is it? he asked.

Oh, your excellency! said Franz with diffi-

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said

Victory
a blow!

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is now rushing along the road to Brunn and will be here in a day or two.

What? Here? But why didn't they not blow up the bridge if it was mined?

That is what I ask you. No one—not even Bonaparte—knows why.

That's just it, answered Bilbin. Listen! The French entered Vienna as I told you. Very

pleased.

As soon as he learned that the Russian army was in such a hopeless situation it occurred to him that it was he who was destined to lead it out of this position, that here was the Toulon that would lift him from the ranks of obscure officers and offer him the first step to fame! Lis-

one that could save the army and how he alone could be entrusted with the executing of the plan.

Stop this jesting, he said.

I am not jesting. Bilbin went on. Nothing is truer or sadder. These gentlemen ride onto the bridge alone and have white handkerchiefs; they assure the officer on duty that they, the marshals, are on their way in negotiation with Prince Auersperg. He lets them enter the *tête de pont*. They spin him a thousand gossamer tales saying that the war is over, that the Emperor Francis is arranging a meeting with Bonaparte, that they desire to see Prince Auersperg and so on. The officer sends for Auersperg; these gentlemen embrace the officers, crack jokes sit on the cannon and mean while a French battalion gets on the bridge, unobserved, flings the bags of incendiary material into the water and approaches the *tête de pont*. At length appears the lieutenant general, our dear Prince Auersperg von Mautern himself. Dearest foot-flower of the Austrian army! hero of the Turkish wars! Hostilities are ended, we can slake one another's thirst and The Emperor Napoleon burns with impatient

The marshal is
Bridgehead.

m ke P ince Auersp rg sacqua ntan e In
rd those gentlemen G cons ndeed so be-
jde ed h m n th f n w ds a d h e s f t
er d by his rap dly establ hed nt m cy w th
m rs! ls d so dazled by the gl t
m u luy

u
brid eh d p kes th gu s d i e is
taken! B t wh t best f ll h went o hus
e m t b d gu de th del hif l m
reant in

La es tayed h u l u.
end thy w se tha his general goes up to
A ersp rg dsay P ce y u t be g d
ce u, here are th F ch Murat e ngth t
all l m f the rges t ll wed t pe k
turns to A rpsrg w th f gn dast nishment
(h u tru G sco) d ys l d i e
ize th w rid lam u Aut an duc pl ne f
y ll w s b o d t t d d e s s u l k e
that I was trok f gen u Pr nc Auers-
per feels h u d g n ty t tak nd ders the
verreant to be rested. Come y u mu i own
that this aff f th Thabo B dge s d l h
ful l u s t e s a d y t p d ty n s a c a l y

"It may be t each r v s a d Pr Andrew
en d) m a e r g th gray erco is w u ds
g.

too
hery
Ulm

b d p o d ed good ep gram, t es m u t
n l d be e p e s e d H luthers puckered
bror-becom mooth as gn f plea ure d
s l gh w le h began m exam e h u s
a s l s.

"Where y u f f i h s a d d d e h y t
Pr A drew wh had sen and was go g
toward his room.

I am go way
"Where to

Tha th u f gets into his eyes and h f rgets
th b g t so be f th enemy

To the army

But y u meant to stay an ther two days?

But n w l am f f as once

And Pr ce An lrew after g d r e c t i o n s
about l lep it e w e t t o h s room

I l you know m che s a d B l f n f l
f w ng i u m f h e b e e n d k n about you

Why r e y u g o n g?

An l n proof of the c ncl u s i o n e s s f h s
op n nall the w r i n k l e s an h e d f r o m l i f c e

Pr nc Andrew looked nqu ngly at h m
and g a e n o r p l y

Why e y g o n g? I k n w you th n k t
your duty t g l o p l i a k t n the army n w that
it s i n d e l u n d e r s t a n d t h a t. M o n e l
u h e r o u m l

N t at all s a d Pr nce Andrew

But a you are a p l l o p h e r b e c o n t
ent one look at t l e o u r s d e of the q e s t n
and y u w l l see th e y u r d t y o n the e n n
u r a r y is t t a k e c a r e of y o r s e l f L e a v e i t t o
m l n e r f u f a n y t h n e l s e
m d

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n i d

erl Where and why m y b
m r h t r e m a n h e e t y u a r e f a c e d b y o e o f
s m l e

army

A d B l f n u n w r k l e d h t e m p l e f e e l n g
that the d l e m m a w a i s o l b l m

I c a n t a r g u e b o u t e r e p l e d P n c e
A d r e w c o l d f y b t l t h o g h t I a m g o n g t o
s a e t h r a y

M y d a r f e l l o w y o u a e a h e r o l s a d B l l
b n

CHAPTER VIII

y u n c u s.

I B r u e c r y b o d y a t t e f e d t t e c o t z
w a p k i g p a n d t h e l e v y h g g a g e w a s l
d y b e g d p t c h e d t O l i m u t z N e H e t
l d i f P r e A d e w s t r u c k t l e h g h r o d
l g w h c h t h e R s s a r m y w a s m o v i g

with great haste and in the greatest disorder. The road was so obstructed with carts that it was impossible to get by in a carriage. Prince Andrew took a horse and a Cossack from a Cossack commander and hungry and weary making his way past the baggage wagons rode in search of the commander in chief and of his own baggage. Very sinister reports of the position of the army reached him as he went along and the appearance of the troops in their disorderly flight confirmed these rumors.

Cette armée russe que l'on dit de l'Angleterre a transportée des extrémités de l'univers nous allons lui faire éprouver le même sort—(le sort de l'armée d'Ulm) He remembered these words in Bonaparte's address to his army at the beginning of the campaign and they awoke in him astonishment at the genius of the French general.

He looked with disdain at the endless confused mass of detachments, carts, guns, artillery and again baggage wagons and vehicles of all kinds overtaking one another and blocking the muddy road three and sometimes four abreast. From all sides behind and before as far as ear could reach there were the rattle of wheels, the creaking of carts and gun carriages, the tramp of horses, the crack of whips, shouts, the urging of horses and the swearing of soldiers, orderlies and officers. All along the sides of the road fallen horses were to be seen, some flayed, some not and broken down carts by the side of which solitary soldiers sat waiting for some thing and again soldiers straggling from their companies, crowds of whom set off to the neighboring villages or returned from them dragging sheep, fowls, hay and bulging sacks. At each ascent or descent of the road the crowds were yet denser and the din of shouting more incessant. Soldiers floundering knee-deep in mud pushed the guns and wagons themselves. Whips cracked, hoofs slipped, traces broke and lungs were strained with shouting. The officers directing the march rode backward and forward between the carts. Their voices were but feebly heard amid the uproar and one saw by their faces that they despaired of the possibility of checking this disorder.

Here is our dear Orthodox Russian army

That Russian army which has been left from the ends of the earth to go to the same fate as the army at Ulm.

though?

Wi
chief

... to a convoy. Directly opposite to him came a strange one-horse vehicle evidently rigged up by soldiers out of any available materials and looking like something between a cart, a cabriolet and a calèche. A soldier was driving and a woman enveloped in shawls sat behind the apron under the leather hood of the vehicle. Prince Andrew rode up and when I

ate shr... in the vehicle. An officer in charge of transport was beating the soldier who was driving the woman's vehicle for trying to get ahead of others and then

en shawl cried

Mr Aide de camp! Mr Aide-de camp! For heaven's sake! Protect me! What will be come of us? I am the wife of the doctor of the

Mr Aide de camp! Help me! What does it all mean? screamed the doctor's wife.

Kindly let this cart pass. Don't you see it is a woman? said Prince Andrew riding up to the officer.

The officer glanced at him and without replying turned again to the soldier. I'll teach you to push on! Back!

Let them pass, I tell you! repeated Prince Andrew compressing his lips.

And who are you? cried the officer turning on him with topsy-turvy rage. Who are you? Are you in command here? Eh? I am commander here, not you! Go back or I'll flatten you into a pancake, repeated he. This expression evidently pleased him.

That was a nice snub for the little aide de camp, came a voice from behind.

Prince Andrew saw that the officer was in that state of senseless, topsy-turvy rage when a man does not know what he is saying. He saw that his championship of the doctor's wife in her queer trap might expose him to what he dreaded more than anything in the world—to ridicule. But his instinct urged him on. Before the officer finished his sentence Prince Andrew's face had started with fury, rode up to him and

ra edh d gwhp
k d ly let—them—pass!
The off er flour hed his rm and hast ly
rode y
It all the f lt f these fell ws n the st ff
that there this disorder he muttered. Do as
v lke

se n l d smst u w shu
mul u cene h galloped on t the ll e
here he was t ld that the ommander n ch ef
"s.
O reach g the vill ge h d mou ted and
tt the care th se t nd ng t rest f
d trv to

seo dr ls nd ot an army h 'as g
as he w tup to the w d w of the first hous
who f mlar o e called h m by ame

Eh Come qu k he shouted
Pr A d ew w Nes

g t
Where is th comma d ch f a led
Bolkó k.

Her that h w red th dju
ta t.

"Well t tru th t sp c nd cap tul
ll ked Nesvtsk

I was go ge ky n I know n th gex
cept th t was ll I could dot get h e

A d w my dear boy! It terrib! I wa
wro gt l gh t M k w egett g t ll
worse m d N tsks. B t d w n dh
som th gt t.

"I w n t b bl t f d eth y u b g
Eg ytl gels n w Pr c And God
lyk whe ey urm P ter dth
other dj tane.

"Wher e headquarters?

"ll t pend the ght n Zn m.

"W ll I ha got ll I ced to p cks f
tw horses d N tsks They made up
apl d d p cks f me—fit to cross th B he-

m m unt n with Its a bad looko t old
fell l But what's the matter w th you You
mu t be ill t shu er l ke that he ad led no-
ti g that Prince Andrew wined a at an elec
t csh ck

— A drew

c r
"What is the comma der n ch ef do "
here? he a ked

I can t make out at all sa d Nesvtsk

N ted d tle i s r
Cossacks who we e talk ng l udly tog the
Prince A d ew ntered the p sage kut t
ll melf le wa told was n the h use wtl
Pr nce B grat ón and Weyroth er Weyrother
w the Austr a general who had uceeded
Schm dt. In the passag l tle ho ló k was
qu tt gon h steel n fro tof cle k The
lark w th cuff tu ed up wa hast l wr t g
t t b t rned bott m upwa ds. ho ló k
fa looked w m—he too had e dently t
sl pt ll n ht. H gl nced t Prin e A d ew
a d d n t en nod to h m

Seco dl e h ey unwritten t h en
t nued d ct t ng t th clerk "The k ev Gren
ad rs Pod l m

O e ca t w te so f t you l n sa l
the clerk gl nang gr ly nd dis espe tfully
t ho ló k

Th gh the doo cme the sou d of k tu
s c excited d d saush d terrupted
by th a un f ml c From the
d of the ces th natt t ewa ho
ló k looked th m th d esp tful m ne
f the exh ted le k th f t th t the clerk
nd h. lo k we esq tu gon th floo by
b so to th mm dr l f d
from th n yl ght f the Cossacks hold
th h res n a th w nd w Pr And e
f l t th t m th mporta t d d is st
wa bo t to happ n

He turned to k lóvsk w th ur e t q es
t s.

Immedi tely Pr nce s d k zl k D s-
po to f B arat ón

"Wh t bout cap tul t n?

N th g of th sort O ders c issued f

b tll

Pr e A d ew m dt w d tle doo f m

with great haste and in the greatest disorder. The road was so obstructed with carts that it was impossible to get by in a carriage. Prince Andrew took a horse and a Cossack from a Cossack commander and hungry and weary making his way past the baggage wagons rode in search of the commander in chief and of his own luggage. Very sinister reports of the position of the army reached him as he went along and the appearance of the troops in their disorderly flight confirmed these rumors.

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he thought. Well, if need be, I shall do it no worse than others.

He looked with disdain at the endless confused mass of detachments, carts, guns, artillery and again baggage wagons and vehicles of all kinds overtaking one another and blocking the muddy road three and sometimes four abreast. From all sides behind and before as far as ear could reach there were the rattle of wheels, the creaking of carts and gun carriages, the tramp of horses, the crack of whips, shouts

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cers directing the march rode backward and forward between the carts. Their voices were but feebly heard amid the uproar and one saw by their faces that they despaired of the possibility of checking this disorder.

Here is our dear Orthodox Russian army

That Russian army I have thought of in the ends of the earth. I have thought of all that have the same fate—(the fate of the army at Ulm).

thought Bolkonski, recalling Bilbikin's words.

Wishing to find out where the commander in chief was, he rode up to a convoy. Directly opposite to him came a strange one-horse vehicle evidently rigged up by soldiers out of any available materials and looking like something between a cart, a cabriolet and a calèche. A soldier was driving and a woman enveloped in shawls sat behind the apron under the leather hood of the vehicle. Prince Andrew rode up and was just putting his question to a soldier when his attention was diverted by the desperate shrieks of the woman in the vehicle. An officer in charge of transport was beating the soldier who was driving the woman's vehicle for trying to get ahead of others and the strokes of his whip fell on the apron of the equipage. The woman screamed piercingly. Seeing Prince Andrew, she leaned out from behind the apron and waving her thin arms from under the woolen shawl cried:

Mr. Aide de camp! Mr. Aide de camp! For heaven's sake! Protect me! What will be come of us? I am the wife of the doctor of the Seventh Chasseurs. They won't let us pass, we are left behind and have lost our people.

I'll flatten you into a pancake! shouted the angry officer to the soldier. Turn back with your slut!

Mr. Aide de camp! Help me! What does it all mean? screamed the doctor's wife.

Kindly let this cart pass. Don't you see it's a woman? said Prince Andrew riding up to the officer.

Let them pass, I tell you! repeated Prince Andrew, compressing his lips.

And who are you? cried the officer, turning on him with tipsy rage. Who are you? Are you in command here? Eh? I am commander here, not you! Go back or I'll flatten you into a pancake! repeated he. This expression evidently pleased him.

That was a nice snub for the little aide de camp, came a voice from behind.

Prince Andrew saw that the officer was in that state of senseless tipsy rage when a man does not know what he is saying. He saw that his champagne on ship of the doctor's wife in her queer trap might expose him to what he dreaded more than anything in the world—to ridicule. But his instinct urged him on. Before the officer finished his sentence Prince Andrew's face, distorted with fury, rode up to him and

t Z m was horter nd better than the
ro d f tle Russ from krens to Z a m.
The n ht he ece ed the news kutuzo
r m s a gu rd four thousa d

the army On rece g the news he immed ate-
ly d p tched Adj t nt Ge eral Wintz nger
od wh was n attend nce on h m to the en
emy camp W t gerode was not merely t
the truce but also to offer t rms of ca

his rear a d f h s e cu u
Fre ch h wa t d l y themas l as poss ble
kutuz h ms l f w th l h s transport took the
road t Znam.
M rch th rty m les th t t rmy nght
— h hod

llusted and hu gry de au e
co red th is mo eme t of the transport a d
of the whole army h d to rema n st t n ry
n face of an enemy e ght times a stro gas t
self

But o se pect t o s that the proposal of
cap tulat on (wh ch were n no way b nd ng)
mght g e time f r p rt of the tran port to
p s d lso that Murat s mistak w ll ery
soon be disco ered pro ed correct. As soon as
Bon p rte (who was at S h nbru n s teen
— t h y l ece ed Murat s d s

f t mad th poss pu
f th m k that h d pl ed the V en b doe
th ha ds f the F h w th ut fight led
— h o n mular

Schö bru th Bruma re So
t ht o clock the m rn

To Pr ce M r
I ca t find w d t pres t you m d s
plea y comm d ly m dva ce g rd
d h gh t tra ge m t ce w thout
my rder you m g m t lose th fruts
f ca p gu. Break the m tice immed telv

tra g raloccup g th d a ed po t be
lved M rat emssary d r t red, lea g
B grató d exposed A ther em s
sary rode to th Russian l ne to u ce the

Th R ssia Empero d-d camp m
post Officers re n h g when they h no
po ers this h d Th t let
themselves be tr cked t th cross g f th V enna
bride y rel g yo self be tr ked by
d-d-camp f h Empe

AROLEO

Bon part d j tant ode f ll gallop with

report th h h had rece ed.

A tru was hu sol chance of ga n
g tim g B grat ón ex husted troop
some rest, d l t th tran port nd h vy
y (wh se m em nts were co cealed
from the Fre h) d a f b t o tage
care Znam. Th flier f tra g h n
l d q u pected chance of sa ng

d ed d warned th ems l es cooked the
port dge f t l first time f three d y nd
n t of them k ewo mag ed what was in
to re f hum.

whence voices were heard. Just as he was going to open it the sounds ceased, the door opened and Kutuzov with his eagle nose and puffy face appeared in the doorway. Prince Andrew stood right in front of Kutuzov, but the expres-

out recognizing him.

Well, have you finished? said he to Kozlovski.

One moment, your excellency.

Bagration, a gaunt middle-aged man of medium height with a firm, impassive face of Oriental type, came out after the commander in chief.

I have the honor to present myself, repeated Prince Andrew rather loudly, handing Kutuzov an envelope.

Ah, from Vienna? Very good. Later, later!

Kutuzov went out into the porch with Bagration.

Well, good by, Prince, said he to Bagration. My blessing, and may Christ be with you in your great endeavor!

His face suddenly softened and tears came in to his eyes. With his left hand he drew Bagration toward him, and with his right, on which

him on the neck instead.

Christ be with you! Kutuzov repeated and went toward his carriage. Get in with me, said he to Bolkonski.

Your excellency, I should like to be of use here. Allow me to remain with Prince Bagration's detachment.

Get in, said Kutuzov, and noticing that Bolkonski still delayed, he added, I need good officers myself, need them myself!

They got into the carriage and drove for a few minutes in silence.

There is still much, much before us, he said, as if with an old man's penetration he understood all that was passing in Bolkonski's mind. If a tenth part of his detachment returns, I shall thank God, he added, as if speaking to himself.

Prince Andrew glanced at Kutuzov's face only a foot distant from him and involuntarily noticed the cruelly washed seams of the scar near his temple where an Ismail bullet had pierced his skull and the empty eye socket.

Yes, he has a right to speak so calmly of those

men's death, thought Bolkonski.

That is why I beg to be sent to that detachment, he said.

Kutuzov did not reply. He seemed to have forgotten what he had been saying and sat plunged in thought. Five minutes later, gently swaying on the soft springs of the carriage, he turned to Prince Andrew. There was not a trace of agitation on his face. With delicate irony he questioned Prince Andrew about the details of his interview with the Emperor about the remarks he had heard at court concerning the Krems affair and about some ladies they both knew.

CHAPTER XIV

ON NOVEMBER 1, Kutuzov had received through a spy news that the army he commanded was in an almost hopeless position. The spy reported that the French, after crossing the bridge at Vienna, were advancing in immense force upon Kutuzov's line of communication with the troops that were arriving from Russia. If Kutuzov decided to remain at Krems, Napoleon's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men would cut him off completely and surround his exhausted army of forty thousand, and he would find himself in the position of Mack at Ulm. If Kutuzov decided to abandon the road connecting him with the troops arriving from Russia, he would have to march with no road into unknown parts of the Bohemian mountains, defending himself against superior forces of the enemy and abandoning all hope of a junction with Buxhövden. If Kutuzov decided to retreat along the road from Krems to Olmutz to unite with the troops arriving from Russia, he risked being forestalled on that road by the French who had crossed the Vienna bridge and encumbered by his baggage and transport, having to accept battle on the march against an enemy three times as strong, who would hem him in from all sides.

Kutuzov chose this latter course.

The French spy reported having crossed the Vienna bridge, were advancing by forced marches to and Znaim, which lay sixty-six miles off on the line of Kutuzov's retreat. If he reached Znaim before the French, there would be great hope of saving the army, to let the French forestall him at Znaim meant the exposure of his whole army to the disgrace such as that of Ulm, or to utter destruction. But to forestall the French with his whole army was impossible. The road for the French from Vi-

a d p t the r horses t a trot to escape from
th poison ed atm ph re f th sel tri ==
i l d l orme t de c mps mo eu le
p s d th taff off c r

They rode p th ppo te h ll From there
the F ch c ould alr dy bes e P ce A
drew st pped a d began exam ng th pos

t 'Thats r b ttery sa d th st ff flice n

Pr e

bley rs lff th r

Thes ff flice m n d b h nda d Pr nce

At drew od l ==

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e P e A dew cam t the F enchl es

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th l p d w p g them n th l es f

Th pl gets camp P

the greatcoats. All the r faces were as serene
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pe cef lencampme t nd n tw thins gl t of
the enemy b f re n ct o i w cl t least
h lf f them would be left o the field. After
p ss a chasseur regment a d i tle l e of
the h e grenad ers—f == fell w s b y w th s m
ilar pea ef laffa rs—ne ril shelter f the reg
ime talcomm de higher th d d ff rent
from the lters Pr nc A dew ca e t in
fro t fa pl toon of gren lers before whom

So th sw h ng so d of the trokes a d tle
desperate but un t ral cream c t ued

Go go nl d them j

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e p e n on h f ce tepped aw y fr m the

n n nd looked rou d q gly t the d
j tant a he rode by

Pr nce Andrew h g reached the fro t
l e rode lo g t O fro t l e and th t of

tl enemy were f p t ther l t and left
fl nks b t the ter where the m w l

flag ftru h d p ed th tm rn g th l es
we so near t th r that th men could ee

o the s f es and speak t one ther
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ne th d there we m y cu ou o look
rs wh jest ga d l ough g tared at the

Look! Look the el o sold was say

== ther po t to a Ru m keteer

wh h d go up t th p ket l w l n of

f e d was rap dly dex t dly talk gt

F h gre d H k t h m j bber gl

F e nt t? It ll th F nch yca d t ke p

up w th h m Th n w Sid l

W tab t d l st It fi l w ed

Sid wh was cons d ed an dept t F ench

CHAPTER XV

BETWEEN three and four o'clock in the afternoon Prince Andrew who had persisted in his request to Kutuzov arrived at Grunth and reported himself to Bagration. Bonaparte's adjutant had not yet reached Murat's detachment and the battle had not yet begun. In Bagration's detachment no one knew anything of the general position of affairs. They talked of peace but did not believe in its possibility; others talked of a battle but also disbelieved in the nearness of an engagement. Bagration knowing Bolkonski to be a favorite and trusted adjutant received him with distinction and special marks of favor explaining to him that there would probably be an engagement that day or the next and giving him full liberty to remain with him during the battle or to join the rearguard and have an eye on the order of retreat which is also very important.

However there will hardly be an engagement today said Bagration as if to reassure Prince Andrew.

If he is one of the ordinary little staff dandies sent to earn a medal he can get his reward just as well in the rearguard but if he wishes to stay with me let him he'll be of use here if he is a brave officer thought Bagration. Prince Andrew without replying asked the prince's permission to ride round the position to see the disposition of the forces so as to know his bearings should he be sent to execute an order. The officer on duty a handsome elegantly dressed man with a diamond ring on his forefinger who was fond of speaking French though he spoke it badly offered him conduct. Prince Andrew

On all sides they saw rain soaked officers with

sitting at the table eating and drinking.

Now what does this mean gentlemen? said the staff officer in the reproachful tone of a man who has repeated the same thing more than once. You know it won't do to leave your posts like this. The prince gave orders that no one should leave his post. Now you Captain and he turned to a thin dirty little artillery officer who without his boots (he had given them to the canteen keeper to dry) in only his stockings rose when they entered smiling not altogether comfortably.

Well aren't you ashamed of yourself Captain Tushin? he continued. One would think that as an artillery officer you would set a good example yet here you are without your boots! The alarm will be sounded and you'll be in a pretty position without your boots! (The staff officer smiled.) Kindly return to your posts gentlemen all of you all! he added in a tone of command.

Prince Andrew smiled involuntarily as he looked at the artillery officer Tushin who silent and smiling shifting from one stockinged foot to the other glanced inquiringly with his large intelligent kindly eyes from Prince Andrew to the staff officer.

The soldiers say it feels easier without boots said Captain Tushin smiling shyly in his uncomfortable position evidently wishing to adopt a jocular tone. But before he had finished he felt that his jest was unacceptable and had not come off. He grew confused.

Kindly return to your posts said the staff officer trying to preserve his gravity.

but extremely attractive

The staff officer and Prince Andrew mounted their horses and rode on.

Having ridden beyond the village continually meeting and overtaking soldiers and officers of various regiments they saw on their

lows said the staff officer pointing to the soldiers. The officers don't keep them in hand. And there he pointed to a sutler's tent they crowd in and sit. This morning I turned them all out and now look it's full again. I must go there. Prince and scare them a bit. It won't take a moment.

Yes let's go in and I will get myself a roll and some cheese said Prince Andrew who had not yet had time to eat anything.

Why don't you mention it Prince? I would have offered you something.

They dismounted and entered the tent. Several officers with flushed and weary faces were

despite the cold wind swarmed in these earth works like a host of white ants spade-fuls of red clay were continually being thrown up from behind the bank by unseen hands. Prince Andrew and the officer rode up looked at the entrenchment and went on again. Just behind it they came upon some dozens of soldiers continually replaced by others who ran from the entrenchment. They had to hold their noses

BOOK TWO

93

and p t the h rises t a trot to escape from
th poison ed atm phere f these l tr nes.
F la f r m e t des c mp mons eu le

p ce said th staff officer
They rode up the ppos t h ll From there
th French could al eady be n Pr n An
drew t pped and began exam n ng th pos
tion

"That s urb ttery sa d the st ff fice n
ducat th highest pont Its n charge f
th q ee fell w we saw w th uth boots. You
ca see rythin from the e l t s go there
Pr e.

"Tha k you ery much I w ll go n al ne
m d Pri ce Andrew w h t d h ms lf of
th staff fice s c mp ny please don t trou
ble well further

Th staff ficers m ned b h d nd Prince
d drew ro n l i e

Th f rther f rwa d nd ne r the enemy
ne ent, th m derly d cheerful were
the troop Th gre test d sorder d dep es
u had bee the b ggaetra nh had p s d
that morn ng n th Z m ro d even m les
a ay from th F ch. At Gru th hosom p
prehens d l rm could be f lt, but d e
earer Pri e A drew cam to h F encl es
the more sid t was th ppearan of ou
troops. Th sold ers n th r greatcoats w r
he sergea t s m) d com

over th h l pl wer ar oo
brushwood d were buld g shelt rs w th
merry cha t d l u hter ro d th fires
sat thers, dressed d u dressed dry g th
shirts and le b nds m d boots r e
coats d crowd rou d th boilers nd por
nd, cookers. l e mp n d r was
read and th sold rs w ga g eaverly t
th cam g boiler wa t all th sampl
luch quart rmas er sergea t was carry n n
wooden bo l an fter w h sa n lo be
fore his sh lter had bee tas ed.

Another comp y lucky f t l l th
comp es had odka, cr wded round pock
marked, broad hould ed sergea t major who
tilur keg, filled f cr n ther th ca
teen lids h ld t h m Th soldiers lifted
t. can een lids to th l ps w th revere tual
to es, empt ed t em, roll th odka their
mouths, d walked a from th sergeant
major w th brightened p ess ns lck g
Lar lips and w p g them n th leevs of
"This is pleas on gets in camp Prince.

th r greatco ts. All the r faces were as serene
s f l l th s were h ppen ng t home wa t n
pe cful e campment, and not w l n s ht of
the nemy bef e n ction in wh h at least
half of them would be left the field. After
pass n chasseur egune t and n the l es of
the k e grenad ers—f e fell w bu yw t s m
l r peaceful aff rs—near the shelter of the reg
imental commander h her than nd d fter nt
from th others Prince An drew came out in
fro t f platoon f gren d ers bef re whom
l y n ked man Two sold ers held h m w l e
tw others were fl u l n tler sw tches and
st k gh m reul ly n h bare b ck The
man sh cked u turaly A tout major wa
p c pand d wn the l ne and regardless of
th screams kept repeat n

Its ham f r sold er to steal sold er
must be honest, h n rable d bra e but if
he robs his fell w there s no h r n h m
he scoundr l Go on Go on
So the sw sh g so d f the strokes nd tle
desperate but unnatural screams co t nued.
Go n sa d the maj

Go n sa d the maj
d sa ned
m the
the ad
e front
th t f

l rode along t. G
the enemy w l part on the r ht and left
fl ks but n the c ter where the men w th a
fl g feru eh d p used that m rn n the l nes
were so near to ther that th m n could see
other s f ces a d peak to one an ther
Bes des the sold ers wh f rmed the p ket l ne
ne ther de there were many cur u onlook
rs who jett and l ugh sta ed t the
tra gef n nemes.

S n earl m rn —despte n njunt n
not to pproach th p ket l e—th fers
had been u blet keep h-seers way The
sold ers f m the p ket l ne l kesh wmen
exhib t m curus ty n l nwer looked t the
F e ch b tpa d t tnuo t th s ht-seers d
grew weary wa ung t be el e ed. Prin e An
drew halted to ha e look t the French.

Look Look there o e sold er was say n

F sn t t. It all the F ndhy can do t keep
up w th hum. There n w S d ro l

"W t b t d listen l t f el wered
S doro who was cons dered deptat F ench

The soldier to whom the laughers referred was Dolokhov. Prince Andrew recognized him and stopped to listen to what he was saying. Dolokhov had come from the left flank where their regiment was stationed with his captain.

Now then go on go on incited the officer bending forward and trying not to lose a word of the speech which was incomprehensible to him. More please more! What's he saying?

Dolokhov did not answer the captain. He had been drawn into a hot dispute with the French grenadier. They were naturally talking about the campaign. The Frenchman confusing the Austrians with the Russians was trying to prove that the Russians had surrendered and had fled all the way from Ulm while Dolokhov maintained that the Russians had not surrendered but had beaten the French.

We have orders to drive you off here and we shall drive you off said Dolokhov.

Only take care you and your Cossack are not

vórov said Dolokhov.

Qu'est-ce qu'il chante? asked a Frenchman.

It's ancient history said another guesser that it referred to a former war. The Emperor will teach your Suvorov as he has taught the others.

Bonaparte began Dolokhov but the Frenchman interrupted him.

Not Bonaparte. He is the Emperor! *Sacré nom!* cried he angrily.

The devil skin your Emperor.

And Dolokhov swore at him in coarse soldier's Russian and shouldering his musket walked away.

Let us go Iván Lukich he said to the captain.

Ah that's the way to talk French said the picket soldiers. Now Sidorov you have a try!

Sidorov turning to the French winked and began to jabber meaningless sounds very fast. *Kari mala tafa safi muter kaskd* he said trying to give an expressive intonation to his voice.

Ho! ho! ho! Hal hal hal hal Ouhl ouhl

Nothing left to do seemed to be to unload if muskets explode the ammunition and all return.

On us f ad ser
What's he saying about?

home as quickly as possible.

But the guns remained loaded. The loopholes in blockhouses and entrenchments looked out just as menacingly and the unlimbered cannon confronted one another as before.

CHAPTER XVI

HAVING RIDDEN round the whole line from right flank to left Prince Andrew made his way up to the battery from which the staff officer had told him the whole field could be seen. Here

at a sign resumed his measured monotonous pacing. Behind the guns were their limbers and still farther back picket ropes and artillery men's bonfires. To the left not far from the farthest cannon was a small newly constructed wattle shed from which came the sound of officers' voices in eager conversation.

It was true that a view over nearly the whole Russian position and the greater part of the enemy's opened out from this battery. Just facing it on the crest of the opposite hill the village of Schon Grabern could be seen and in

self and behind the hill. To the left from that village and the smoke was something resembling a battery but it was impossible to see it clearly with the naked eye. Our right flank was posted on a rather steep incline which dominated the French position. Our infantry were stationed there and at the farthest point the dragoons. In the center where Tushin's battery stood and from which Prince Andrew was surveying the position was the easiest and most direct descent and ascent to the brook separating us from Schon Grabern. On the left our troops were close to a copse in which smoke from the bonfires of our infantry who were selling wood. The French line was wider than ours and it was plain that they could easily outflank us on both sides. Behind our position was a steep and deep dip making it difficult for artillery and cavalry to retire. Prince Andrew took out his notebook and leaning on the cannon sketched a plan of the position. He made some notes on the points intending to meet them to Bagration. His design was first to concentrate all the artillery in the center and secondly to draw the cavalry to the other side of the dip. Prince Andrew being already

ear the commande n d el clo ely f llow
the mass m eme ts nd general orders
nd co m m ly tudy gh st r cal counts of
battles. lu t rily p ctured to h ms lf the
co rse f ev ts n the forthcom n ct n n
broad tl e He m g ed only mporta t
poss b l tes lf the e my atta ks the r l t
H H h sa d to h mself the k gre aders
d the Pod sl k chasseurs m t h ld the r po
till eserves from the ente m me up l
that case the dra wo co ld successfully m k
a fl a k e u terrat ck lf they sta k our cente
ha the c t batt ry thu h h
gro d h ll w thdraw the left fl nk unde ts
co er a d t eat to the d p by echel ns. So
he easo ed. All th t m he h d been be
s d th gu h l d he d th ces of the offi
ers d u ly b t s ften h pp ns l d n t
understood. w rd of wh t they w e say
S ddenly h w er l wa tru k by a ce

superhuman force thrown upon a mass of earth.
The ground seemed to groan at the terrible
impact.

And mimed ately T shin with short pipe
n the corner of h s m uth and l sk nd intel
l ent face rather pale ru led out of the shed
f ll wed by the own r of the manly vo ce a
dash g l try ff e who hurried ff to his
comp y butt n guph coat sle ran.

CHAPTER XVII

CHAPTER XVII
MOUNTAIN IS HIS SE GAN PR CE And ewl
b. look at the puff!

b. we look at the pull in
 yes ran
 ly saw
 of the

French now way did not that there really was a
but it is the left The smoke bomb is the
not yet dispersed. Two minutes Frenchmen
probably detainees were galled upon the hill.

seemed to P e A d w f m l o e
wh t l say s t h t f t were poss ble to k w
wh t bey d death n f us w uld be
afraid f t That so f end.

Afraid that so I end.
Ather y ge interrupted h m
Afraid t y u can't escape t y h w

All the same I'd say Oh yes I'd say
people said that many of us didn't
in them both Of course you'll say men
are everywhere because you can't be everywhere
I wish - odd and cks.

A d the 'ner f th m nly e d thy
f try U l gh d.

Yes is fra d conts ued the first speak
er h of the f m l vce O e is fra d of
th k w l t t wh t t s. Wh t er w
maysay bo t th soul go g ro th ky we
kn w h n ky b t nly n tm phe

Th m ly ga n interrupted th a
tillery fire

"Will stand us some of your herb o'clock
Tush said

Why th ht Pr ce Andrew th t the
capta wh ood p th utler hut w th
o th boots H ecow d the or cable
ph losophizun v w th pleas e.

"Som herb odk ? Ceta ly! sa d Tush
B t till t n f t l fe

H did of h. Just then th was a whis-
d th air ear r d nea er f ter nd
to der l der d f te ca n b ll as f
t had t f ished say wh was essary
th dded t the gr d ear the hed w th

gr w gl uder nd m refrequent E de tly
o gun h d begun reply F om the bott m
of the l pe here th parley had t k n place
came th repo t of m ketry

Lemarr had just arrived to gallop with
 Bo past a stern letter a d M rat, hum l
 ted d xious to expiate l f ult had t
 ce m ed huf est tt kth center a d
 outfl nk both th Russ n w gs h p g be-
 f even d bef re the rri al of the Em-
 p ror to crush the contemptibl d tachment
 t tood bef sh m.

It has begun He is thou his Prince
And with the blood run to his heart
But where and how will my Tullin presence
be?

It is between the comp esth thad been
eat porridge nd dri k odk a quarter
of h bel hesaw rywhere the same
rap dm eme tof sold r f m ranks nd
ge th mus is eady d on all the
f es he cornized th ame e erness th t
filled lush rt. It has begun! Here t s d d
f l but ny yabl i was wh t l f e of each
sold d ch offi e se med t say

But he had reached the embankments that were being thrown up here saw in the light of the dull autumn evening a united men com-

ing toward him. The foremost, wearing a Cosack cloak and lambskin cap and riding a white horse, was Prince Bagration. Prince Andrew stopped waiting for him to come up. Prince Bagration reined in his horse and recognizing Prince Andrew nodded to him. He still looked ahead while Prince Andrew told him what he had seen.

The feeling! It has begun! Here it is! was seen even on Prince Bagration's hard brown face with its half-closed dull sleepy eyes. Prince Andrew gazed with anxious curiosity at that

himself as he looked. Prince Bagration bent his head in sign of agreement with what Prince Andrew told him and said: "Very good!" in a tone that seemed to imply that everything that took place and was reported to him was exactly what he had foreseen. Prince Andrew, out of breath with his rapid ride, spoke quickly. Prince Bagration, uttering his words with an Oriental accent, spoke particularly slowly as if to impress the fact that there was no need to hurry. However, he put his horse to a trot in the direction of Tushin's battery. Prince Andrew followed with the suite. Behind Prince Bagration rode an officer of the suite, the prince's personal adjutant Zherkov, an orderly officer, the staff officer on duty, riding a fine bobtailed horse, and a civilian—an accountant who had asked permission to be present at the battle out of curiosity. The accountant, a stout full-faced man, looked around him with a naive smile of satisfaction and presented a strange appearance among the hussars, Cossacks, and adjutants in his camelot coat, as he jolted on his horse with a convoy officer's saddle.

He wants to see a battle! said Zherkov to Bolkonski, pointing to the accountant, but he feels a pain in the pit of his stomach already.

Oh, leave off! said the accountant with a beaming but rather cunning smile, as if flattered at being made the subject of Zherkov's joke, and purposely trying to appear stupider than he really was.

It is very strange, *mon Monsieur Prince*, said the staff officer. (He remembered that in French there is some peculiar way of addressing a prince, but could not get it quite right.)

By this time they were all approaching Tushin's battery, and a ball struck the ground in front of them.

What's that that has fallen? asked the accountant with a naive smile.

A French pancake, answered Zherkov.

So that's what they hit with? asked the accountant. How awful!

He seemed to swell with satisfaction. He had hardly finished speaking when they again heard an unexpectedly violent whistling which suddenly ended with a thud into something soft.

ffflop! and a Cossack, riding a little to their right and behind the accountant, crashed to earth with his horse. Zherkov and the staff officer bent over their saddles and turned their horses away. The accountant stopped, facing the Cossack, and examined him with attentive curiosity. The Cossack was dead, but the horse still struggled.

Prince Bagration screwed up his eyes, looked round, and seeing the cause of the confusion, turned away with indifference, as if to say: Is it worth while noticing trifles? He reined in his horse with the ease of a skillful rider and slightly bending over, disengaged his saber which had caught in his cloak. It was an old-fashioned saber of a kind no longer in general use. Prince Andrew remembered the story of Suvorov giving his saber to Bagration in Italy, and the recollection was particularly pleasant at that moment. They had reached the battery at which Prince Andrew had been when he examined the battlefield.

Whose company? asked Prince Bagration of an artilleryman standing by the ammunition wagon.

He asked: Whose company? but he really meant: Are you frightened here? and the artilleryman understood him.

Captain Tushin's, your excellency! shouted the red-haired, freckled gunner in a merry voice, standing to attention.

Yes, yes, muttered Bagration, as if considering something, and he rode past the limbers to the farthest cannon.

see the gunners who had seized it, straining to roll it quickly back to its former position.

hand placed a charge in the cannon's mouth. The short, round-shouldered Captain Tushin, stumbling over the tail of the gun carriage, moved forward and, not noticing the general, looked out shading his eyes with his small hand.

"Lift t' two lines m' e' nd t' w' ll b' just
n' h'c, c'nd h' n' a feeble o' c' t' wh' h' he
m'ed i' m'p'art d' h' n' n' t' e' l' s' t' e' d' t' h'
w' e' k' f' i' u' r' \ m' b' e' r' T' w' h' e' s' q' e' a' k' e' d.
F' r' e' M' e' d' e' d' e' v' l'

m' d' T' u' h' r' a' n'

V' e' r' y' g' o' o' d' s' a' i' d' B' g' r' a' t' o' n'
A' s' h' w' a' s' l' e' a' g' e' h' e' b' u' t' t' e' r' y' b' r' i' n' g' w' a' h' e' a' r' d'
o' t' h' e' l' e' f' t' a' l' s' o' n' d' s' t' w' a' s' t' o' o' f' r' i' o' t' h' l' e' f' t'
f' i' n' k' f' h' m' t' o' l' a' e' t' m' e' t' o' g' o' t' h' e' r' e' h' m' s' e' l' f'
P' r' i' n' c' e' B' a' g' r' a' t' o' n' s' e' t' Z' i' r' k' v' i' t' e' l' l' t' h' e' g' e' n'
e' r' a' l' n' c' o' m' m' a' n' d' (t' h' e' o' n' e' w' h' o' h' a' d' p' r' a' d' e' d'
h' r' e' g' i' m' e' n' t' b' e' f' o' r' e' K' u' t' u' t' B' r' a' u' n' a' u') t' h' a' t'
m' r' e' t' e' t' a' s' q' u' i' c' k' l' y' a' s' p' o' s' s' i' b' l' e' b' e' h' i' d'

t' e' n' d' e' d' t' o' c' a' n' n' d' t' h' e' v' a' l' l' y'
c' e' n' d' i' a' r' y' b' a' l' l' t' h' e' ' l' l' g' e' f' S' c' h' n' G' r' a'
b' e' r' n' i' s' b' l' e' j' u' s' t' p' p' o' s' t' e' f' r' o' t' f' w' h' i' c' h'
l' a' r' g' e' m' a' s' s' e' s' o' f' F' r' e' c' h' w' e' r' e' d' a' n' c' i' n'

a' d'

W' o' o' d' s' a' i' d' B' g' r' a' t' o' n' t' h' e' r' e' s' s'
r' e' p' o' r' t' d' b' e' g' a' n' d' e' l' b' e' r' a' t' i' o' n' t' o' e' x' a' m' i' n' e' t' h'
h' o' l' b' u' t' l' e' s' i' d' e' t' e' n' d' e' d' b' e' f' o' r' e' h' i' m'. T' h' e'
F' r' e' n' c' h' h' a' d' d' a' e' d' c' a' r' e' s' t' n' o' u' r' h' i' l' B'
l' o' w' t' h' e' h' e' i' g' h' t' w' h' i' c' h' t' h' e' k' e' y' r' e' v' e' n' u' e' n' t' w' a' s'
e' d' t' h' e' h' i' l' l' w' h' e' r' e' t' h' e' r' i' v' e' t' u' l' e' t'
e' d' t' h' e' s' o' u' l' s' t' u' r' n' i' n' g' r' o' l' l' g' a' n' d' c' r' a' c' k' l' g'
f' m' u' s' t' r' y' w' a' s' h' e' a' r' d' d' m' u' c' h' f' i' t' h' e' r' t'
t' h' r' i' g' h' t' b' e' y' o' n' d' t' h' d' r' a' w' o' o' n' t' h' o' f' f' i' c' e' r' o' f'
t' h' u' s' e' p' o' n' t' e' d' t' h' e' r' a' t' i' o' n' F' r' e' n' c' h'
c' o' l' u' m' n' t' h' a' t' w' a' s' u' s' i' n' g' u' s'. T' h' i' f' t'
t' h' b' o' r' n' o' w' a' s' b' o' u' d' e' d' b' y' t' h' e' d' j' c' e' t' w' o' o' d'.
P' r' i' n' c' e' B' g' r' a' t' o' n' r' d' e' d' t' w' o' b' a' t' t' a' l' i' o' n' s' f' r' o' m'
t' h' e' c' e' t' e' r' t' o' b' e' e' n' t' i' r' e' f' r' o' t' h' e' r' i' g' h' t'
f' l' a' n' k'. T' h' e' f' i' c' e' r' o' f' t' h' u' s' i' n' t' u' r' e' d' t' h' e' r' e'
m' a' r' k' t' o' t' h' e' p' r' i' n' c' e' t' h' a' t' f' t' h' e' s' e' b' a' t' t' a' l' i' o' n' s' w' e' n' t'
t' o' t' h' e' g' u' n' s' w' o' u' l' d' e' m' a' n' u' a' l' u' p' p' o' r' t'.
P' r' i' n' c' e' B' g' r' a' t' o' n' t' u' r' n' e' d' t' o' t' h' o' f' f' i' c' e' r' a' n' d' w' i' t' h'
h' i' s' d' u' l' l' e' y' e' s' l' o' o' k' e' d' t' h' i' m' i' n' t' h' e' f' a' c' e'. I' t' e' e' r' n' e' d'
t' o' P' r' i' n' c' e' A' d' r' e' w' t' h' a' t' t' h' e' f' i' c' e' r' s' m' a' r' k' w' a' s'
j' u' s' t' t' h' a' t' e' a' l' l' y' n' o' w' e' r' u' l' d' b' e' m' a' d' e'
B' e' t' t' e' r' t' h' a' t' m' e' n' t' i' n' d' i' s' t' a' n' t' g' a' l' l' p' e' d'
p' w' i' t' h' m' e' s' s' a' g' e' s' f' r' o' m' t' h' e' c' o' m' m' a' n' d' e' r' o' f' t' h'
c' o' m' m' e' n' i' n' t' h' e' h' o' l' l' w' e' d' n' e' w' s' t' h' a' t' u' n' m' e' n' s' e'
m' a' s' s' e' s' f' t' h' e' F' r' e' c' h' w' e' r' e' m' u' l' d' w' o' n' u' p' o' n'
t' h' e' m' d' t' h' a' t' h' a' s' e' m' e' n' w' a' s' d' i' s' o' r' d' e' r'

t' e' n' t' l' y' t' o' B' g' r' a' t' o' n' s' c' o' l' l' o' q' u' e' s'
c' o' m' m' a' n' d' i' n' g' o' f' f' i' c' e' r' s' a' n' d' t' h' e' o' r' d' e' r' s' h' e' g' a' v' e'
t' h' e' m' a' n' d' t' h' i' s' s' u' r' p' r' i' s' e' f' o' u' n' d' t' h' a' t' n' o' o' r' d' e' r' s'
w' e' r' e' r' e' l' l' y' g' i' v' e' n' b' u' t' t' h' a' t' P' r' i' n' c' e' B' g' r' a' t' o' n'
t' r' i' e' d' t' o' m' a' k' e' i' t' a' p' p' e' a' r' t' h' a' t' v' e' r' y' t' h' i' n' g' d' o'
b' y' n' e' c' e' s' s' i' t' y' b' u' t' i' d' e' n' t' o' b' y' t' h' e' w' i' l' l' o' f' u' b' e' r'
d' n' t' e' c' o' m' m' a' n' d' e' r' s' w' a' s' d' n' f' i' n' t' b' y' h'
d' e' c' t' c' o' m' m' a' n' d' t' e' a' s' t' a' c' c' o' d' w' i' t' h' h' i' s'
t' e' t' i' n' s'. P' r' i' n' c' e' A' d' r' e' w' n' t' e' d' h' o' w' e' v' e' r' t' h' a' t'
t' h' o' h' w' h' a' t' h' a' p' p' e' n' e' d' w' a' s' d' u' e' t' o' c' h' a' n' c' e' a' d'
w' a' s' i' n' d' e' p' e' n' d' e' n' t' o' f' t' h' e' c' o' m' m' a' n' d' e' r' w' i' l' l' o' w'
t' h' e' t' a' c' t' B' a' g' r' a' t' o' n' h' o' w' e' d' h' i' s' p' e' s' n' e' e'
w' a' s' e' r' y' v' a' l' u' a' b' l' e' O' f' f' i' c' e' r' s' w' h' o' a' p' p' r' o' a' c' h' e' d' h' i' m'
w' i' t' h' d' i' s' t' u' r' b' e' d' c' o' u' n' t' e' n' a' n' c' e' s' b' e' c' a' m' c' a' l' m' s' o' l'
d' e' r' s' a' n' d' o' f' f' i' c' e' r' s' g' r' e' e' t' e' d' h' i' m' g' a' l' l' y' g' r' e' w' m' o'
c' h' e' e' r' f' u' l' i' n' h' i' s' p' e' s' e' n' c' e' a' n' d' w' e' e' v' e' n' t' e' n' t' l' y'
a' n' x' i' o' u' s' t' o' d' i' s' p' l' y' t' h' e' r' e' c' o' u' r' a' g' e' b' e' f' o' r' e' h' i' m'.

CHAPTER XVIII

P' r' i' n' c' e' B' g' r' a' t' o' n' h' a' d' g' r' e' a' t' e' d' t' h' e' h' i' g' h'
e' s' t' p' o' i' n' t' o' f' u' r' i' g' h' t' f' l' a' n' k' b' e' g' a' n' r' i' d' i' n' g' d' w' n'
h' i' l' l' t' o' w' h' e' r' e' t' h' e' r' o' l' l' o' f' m' u' s' k' e' t' r' y' w' a' s' h' e' a' r' d'
b' e' t' w' h' o' n' c' o' t' f' i' t' h' m' o' k' e' n' t' h' i' g'
c' o' u' l' d' b' e' s' e' e' n'. T' h' e' n' e' a' r' t' h' e' y' g' o' t' t' o' t' h' e' h' o' l'
l' w' t' h' l' e' s' s' t' h' e' y' c' o' u' l' d' s' e' e' b' u' t' t' h' e' m' o' r' e' t' h' e' y'
f' e' l' t' t' h' e' n' e' a' r' n' e' s' s' f' t' h' c' r' u' a' l' b' a' t' t' l' e' f' i' e' l' d'. T' h' e' y'
b' e' g' a' n' t' o' m' e' e' t' w' o' u' d' e' d' m' e' n' O' n' w' h' i'
b' l' e' e' d' g' h' e' a' d' a' n' d' n' o' c' a' p' w' a' s' b' u' n' d' r' a' g' e' d'
l' g' b' y' t' w' o' s' o' l' d' e' r' s' w' h' o' u' p' p' o' r' t' e' d' h' i' m' u' n'
d' t' h' e' a' r' m' s'. T' h' e' r' w' a' s' g' u' r' g' l' e' i' n' t' h' r' o' t'
a' n' d' h' w' a' p' u' t' t' i' n' g' b' l' o' o' d'. A' l' l' i' e' t' h' a' d' e' v'
e' n' t' l' y' h' u' t' h' u' m' n' t' h' t' h' r' o' a' t' m' o' u' t' h'. A' n' o' t' h' e' r'
w' a' s' w' a' l' k' i' n' g' t' u' r' d' i' l' y' b' y' h' i' m' s' e' l' f' b' e' t' w' i' t' h' u' t'
h' i' s' m' u' s' k' e' t' g' r' o' a' g' a' l' u' d' a' n' d' s' w' o' i' n' g' h' i' s'
a' r' m' w' h' i' c' h' h' a' d' j' u' s' t' b' e' e' n' h' u' r' t' w' h' i' l' e' b' l' o' o' d'
f' r' o' m' t' w' o' t' r' e' a' m' u' n' o' e' r' h' i' s' g' r' e' a' t' c' o' a' t' s'
f' r' o' m' b' o' t' t' l' e'. H' h' a' d' t' h' a' t' m' o' m' e' n' t' b' e' e' n'
w' o' u' n' d' e' d' d' h' f' s' h' w' e' d' f' e' a' r' r' a' t' h' e' r' t' h' a' n'
s' u' f' f' e' r' i' n' g' C' r' o' s' s' r' o' a' d' t' h' e' y' d' e' s' c' e' n' d' e' d' a'
t' e' e' p' c' l' i' d' s' a' w' s' e' v' e' r' a' l' m' a' n' l' y' a' n' t' h' e'
g' r' o' u' n' d' n' e' d' t' h' e' y' l' o' s' e' a' c' r' o' w' d' o' f' s' o' l' d' e' r' s' s' o' m'
o' f' w' h' o' m' w' e' r' e' u' n' w' o' u' n' d' e' d'. T' h' e' s' o' l' d' i' e' r' s' w' e' r'
a' s' c' e' n' d' i' n' g' t' h' h' i' l' l' b' r' e' a' t' h' i' n' g' h' e' a' v' i' l' y' a' n' d' d' e'

g' a' l' u' s' e' a' l' j' u' s' t' t' o' u' s' u' t' o' u' s'
w' i' t' h' r' e' f' e' r' s' t' o' t' a' c' k' t' h' F' r' e' n' c' h'. B' u' t' t' h' i' s' d'
j' u' s' t' r' e' t' u' r' n' e' d' h' a' l' f' n' a' h' u' r' l' a' t' e' r' w' i' t' h' t' h'
e' w' t' h' a' t' t' h' e' c' o' m' m' a' n' d' e' r' o' f' t' h' e' d' r' a' w' o' o' n' s' h' a' d'
r' e' a' d' y' r' e' t' r' e' a' t' e' d' b' e' y' o' n' d' t' h' d' i' p' n' a' t' h' g' r' o' u' n' d'.
T' h' e' h' e' a' v' y' f' i' r' e' h' a' d' b' e' e' n' p' e' c' e' d' o' n' h' i' m' d' h'
w' a' s' l' o' s' e' m' e' n' u' s' e' l' e' s' s' d' s' o' h' a' d' h' a' s' t' e' d'
t' h' r' o' w' s' o' m' s' h' a' r' p' s' h' o' o' t' e' r' s' i' n' t' o' t' h' w' o' o' d'.

ing toward him. The foremost, wearing a Cossack cloak and lambskin cap and riding a white horse, was Prince Bagratión. Prince Andrew stopped waiting for him to come up. Prince Bagratión reined in his horse and recognizing Prince Andrew nodded to him. He still looked ahead while Prince Andrew told him what he had seen.

The feeling. It has begun! Here it is! was seen even on Prince Bagratión's hard brown face with its half-closed dull sleepy eyes. Prince Andrew gazed with anxious curiosity at that impassive face and wished he could tell what if anything this man was thinking and feeling at that moment. Is there anything at all behind that impassive face? Prince Andrew asked himself as he looked. Prince Bagratión bent his head in sign of agreement with what Prince Andrew told him and said: Very good! in a tone that seemed to imply that everything that took place and was reported to him was exact.

accent spoke particularly slowly as if to impress the fact that there was no need to hurry. However, he put his horse to a trot in the direction of Tushin's battery. Prince Andrew followed with the suite. Behind Prince Bagratión rode an officer of the suite, the prince's personal adjutant Zherkov, an orderly officer, the staff officer on duty riding a fine bobtailed horse, and a civilian—an accountant who had asked permission to be present at the battle out of curiosity. The accountant, a stout full-faced man, looked around him with a naive smile of satisfaction and presented a strange

— — — — —
s — — — — —
h s

He wants to see a battle, said Zherkov to Bolkonski, pointing to the accountant, but he feels a pain in the pit of his stomach already.

Oh, leave off! said the accountant with a beaming but rather cunning smile, as if flattered at being made the subject of Zherkov's joke and purposely trying to appear stupider than he really was.

It is very strange, mon Monsieur Prince, said the staff officer. (He remembered that in French there is some peculiar way of addressing a prince, but could not get it quite right.)

By this time they were all approaching Tushin's battery, and a ball struck the ground in front of them.

What's that that has fallen? asked the accountant with a naive smile.

A French pancake, answered Zherkov.

So that's what they hit with? asked the accountant. How awful!

He seemed to swell with satisfaction. He had hardly finished speaking when they again heard an unexpectedly violent whistling which suddenly ended with a thud into something soft: *fflop!* and a Cossack riding a little

— — — — —
still struggled.

Prince Bagratión screwed up his eyes, looked

his horse with the ease of a skillful rider and slightly bending over, disengaged his saber which had caught in his cloak. It was an old-fashioned saber of a kind no longer in general use. Prince Andrew remembered the story of Suворov giving his saber to Bagratión in Italy, and the recollection was particularly pleasant at that moment. They had reached the battery at which Prince Andrew had been when he examined the battlefield.

Whose company? asked Prince Bagratión of an artilleryman standing by the ammunition wagon.

He asked: Whose company? but he really meant: Are you frightened here? and the artilleryman understood him.

Captain Tushin's, your excellency! shouted the red-haired, freckled gunner in a merry voice, standing to attention.

Yes, yes, muttered Bagratión as if considering something, and he rode past the limbers to the farthest cannon.

As he approached a ringing shot issued from it, deafening him and his suite, and in the smoke that suddenly surrounded the gun, they could see the gunners who had seized it, straining to roll it quickly back to its former position.

— — — — —
hand placed a charge in the cannon's mouth.

he stepped lightly with his muscular legs

Forward with God said Bagration in a

looked now at the pers officers and now
back at the men with the loss of step his whole
powerful body turned flexibly it was fall
the powers of his soul were concentrated on
passing the commander in the best possible

happened

The French were already near Prince An-
drew walk beside Bagration could clearly
distinguish the red epaulettes and
even the faces. (He distinctly saw an old
French officer who with gauged legs and
turned-out toes lumbered the hill with difficulty

sacks and muskets marched in step and each
of these hundreds of soldiers seemed to be
repeating to himself each alternate step
"Left! left!" At the same time turned
back, puffing and falling out of step a sol-
dier who had fallen behind, his face showing
alarm at this defection, ran to trot, passed it

the uneven ranks, and musket shots sounded.
Several Frenchmen fell, among them the ro-
unded officer who had marched so gallantly and
completely. But at the moment the first re-
port was heard, Bagration looked round and
shouted. Hurrah!

Hurrah—ah—ah—ra—lo—g—drawn—ho—t
from our ranks passed Bagration and
among one of them rushed in an irregular
but joyous and eager crowd down the hill at
the disordered foe.

CHAPTER XX

THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTH CHASSEURS SECURED THE

when the ground unison seemed
to bear left left left

"Well done, lads," said Prince Bagration

Glad to do our best, your excellency
could no longer hold them from the ranks. A mo-
ment soldier march on the left turned his
eyes. Bagration he showed with an ex-
pression that seemed say "We know that
ourselves. Another without looking round,
as though fearing to relax, shouted with his
mouth wide open passed on.

The order was given to halt and with knap-
sacks.

Bagration rode round the ranks that had
marched past him and dismounted. He gave
the reins to Cossack took off his dead
over his left coat, stretched his legs, and set his
cap on his head. The head of the French column
which was clearly leading, appeared from behind
the hill.

When the French were put
out of the fire which the wind was spreading
thus gave us time to retreat. The retirement of
the center to the other side of the dip in the
ground with rear was hurried and orderly
with different companies did not get mixed. But
on the left—where consisted of the 4th and 6th
Podolsk Lancers and the 11th Lancers—was
simultaneously attacked and flank by su-
perior French forces under Latour and was
thrown to confusion. Bagration had sent
Zherkov to the general command that left
flank with orders to retreat immediately.

Zherkov in removing his hand from his
cap turned his horse about and galloped off.
But too soon he had left Bagration than his
courage failed him. He was seized by panic and
could not go where it was dangerous.

He reached the left flank, instead of go-
ing to the front where the fire was, he began
to look for the general and his staff where they

spite the general's presence were talking loudly and gesticulating. In front of them rows of gray cloaks were already visible through the smoke, and an officer catching sight of Bagration rushed shouting after the crowd of retreating soldiers, ordering them back. Bagration rode up to the ranks along which shots crackled

soldiers were blackened with it. Some were using their ramrods, others putting powder on the touchpans or taking charges from their pouches, while others were firing, though who they were firing at could not be seen for the smoke which there was no wind to carry away. A pleasant humming and whistling of bullets were often heard. What is this? thought Prince Andrew, approaching the crowd of soldiers. It can't be an attack for they are not moving; it can't be a square—for they are not drawn up for that.

The commander of the regiment, a thin, feeble-looking old man with a pleasant smile—his eyelids drooping more than half over his old eyes, giving him a mild expression—rode up to Bagration and welcomed him as a host welcomes an honored guest. He reported that his regiment had been attacked by French cavalry and that, though the attack had been repulsed, he had lost more than half his men. He said

hour to the troops entrusted to him, and could not say with certainty whether the attack had been repulsed or his regiment had been broken up. All he knew was that at the commence

ry! and our men had begun firing. They were still firing, not at the cavalry which had disappeared, but at French infantry who had come into the hollow and were firing at our men. Prince Bagration bowed his head as a sign that this was exactly what he had desired and expected. Turning to his adjutant, he ordered him to bring down the two battalions of the Sixth Chasseurs whom they had just passed

into the water. The dull, sleepy expression was no longer there, nor the affectation of profound thought. The round, steady hawk eyes

The commander of the regiment turned to Prince Bagration, entreating him to go back, as it was too dangerous to remain where they were. Please your excellency for God's sake! he kept saying, glancing for support at an officer of the suite who turned away from him.

There you see! and he drew attention to the bullets whistling, singing, and hissing continually around them. He spoke in the tone of entreaty and reproach that a carpenter uses to a gentleman who has picked up an ax. We are used to it, but you, sir, will blister your hands. He spoke as if those bullets could not kill him.

ply, he only gave an order to cease firing and reform, so as to give room for the two approaching battalions. While he was speaking, the curtain of smoke that had concealed the

stand and the pl moving about on it, opened out before them. All eyes fastened involuntarily on this French column advancing against them and winding down over the uneven ground. One could already see the soldiers' shaggy caps distinguish the officers from the men, and see the standard flapping against its staff.

They march splendidly, remarked some one in Bagration's suite.

The head of the column had already descended into the hollow. The clash would take place on this side of it.

The remains of our regiment which had been

est to Bagration, he arched a company commander, a fine round-faced man with a stupid and happy expression—the same man who had

ply, resolute on you see on the face of a man on a hot day takes a final run before plunging

He commander With the self-satisfaction of a man on pa

"If only they would be quick," thought Rostov, feeling that at last the time had come to experience the joy of an attack of which he had so often heard from his fellow hussars.

"Forward, with God, lads!" rang out Denisov's voice. At Rostov's word the horses crossed the stream and began to sway noiselessly. Rostov pulled at the reins and started at his own accord.

Before him, on the right, Rostov saw the front lines of his hussars and till farther ahead a dark line which he could not see distinctly but took to be the enemy. Shots could be heard, but from way off.

Faster! came the word of command, and Rostov felt Rook's flanks droop now as he broke into gallop.

Rostov anticipated his horse's movements and became more and more elated. He had noticed a solitary tree ahead of him. The tree had been in the middle of the line that had seemed so terrible—and now he had crossed the line and not only was there the terrible, but everything was becoming more and more happy and animated. Oh, how I will slash at him, thought Rostov, gripping the hilt of his sabre.

Hurrah! came the roar of voices. Let come my way now, thought Rostov, driving his spurs to Rook and letting him go to full gallop so that he outstripped the others. Ahead, the enemy was already visible. Suddenly something like a birch broom seemed to sweep over the squadron. Rostov raised his sabre ready to strike, but at that instant the trooper Nikita, who was galloping ahead, shot away from him, and Rostov felt as in a dream that he could be carried forward with unnatural speed but yet stayed on the same spot. From behind him Bondarchuk, a hussar he knew well, galloped against him and looked anxiously at him. Bondarchuk's horse swerved and galloped past.

How is it, am not too late? I have fallen, I am killed, Rostov asked and answered with some noise. He was alone in the middle of the field. Instead of the moving hordes of hussars' backs, he saw nothing before him but the motionless earth and the hubbub around him. There was warm blood under his arm. "No, I am wounded and the horse is killed," Rostov tried to rise on his feet, reeling but fell back, pressing his riderless horse. Blood was flowing from his head. He struggled but could not rise. Rostov also tried to rise but fell back, his sabretache having become entangled in the saddle. Where

our men were, and where the French, he did not know. There was no one near.

He dismounted and his leg heroically. Where on which side, was now the line that had so sharply divided the two armies. He asked himself and could not answer. Can something have happened to me? he wondered as he

examined his wound. Ah, here are people coming, he thought joyfully seeing some men running toward him. "They will help me!" In front came a man wearing a trapper's hat and a blue cloak swathed in sunburned, and with a hooked nose. Then came two more and many more running behind. One of them said something in Russian. In among the hundreds of these men were several hussars. One was a Russian hussar. He was being held by the reins and his horse was being led behind him.

It must be one of our prisoners, yes. Can it be that they will take me too? Who are these men? thought Rostov, scarcely believing his eyes. Can they be French? He looked at the approaching Frenchmen, and though but a moment before he had been galloping, he got

no. Can they be coming to me? And why to kill me? He whom everyone is afraid of? He remembered his mother's face, and his

realized the situation. The foremost Frenchman the one with the hooked nose was already so close that the expression of his face could be seen. And then, excited, he felt that that man's bayonet had come down holding his death, and running so lightly frightened

show a catchplay now and then turning his

could not possibly be and so did not deliver the order

The command of the left flank belonged by seniority to the commander of the regiment Kutuzov had reviewed at Briunau and in which Dólokhov was serving as a private But the command of the extreme left flank had been assigned to the commander of the Pávlograd regiment in which Rostóv was serving and a mis understanding arose The two commanders were much exasperated with one another and long after the action had begun on the right flank and the French were already advancing were engaged in discussion with the sole object of offending one another But the regiments both cavalry and infantry were by no means ready for the impending action From privates to general they were not expecting a battle and were engaged in peaceful occupations the cavalry feeding the horses and the infantry collecting wood

He higher is dan I in rank said the German colonel of the hussars flushing and addressing an adjutant who had ridden up so let him do what he will but I cannot sacrifice my hussars Bugler sound ze retreat!

But haste was becoming imperative Cannon and musketry mingling together thundered on the right and in the center while the capotes of Lannes sharpshooters were already seen crossing the milldam and forming up within twice the range of a musket shot The general in command of the infantry went toward his horse with jerky steps and having mounted drew himself up very straight and tall and rode to the Pávlograd commander The commanders met with polite bows but with secret malevolence in their hearts

I beg of you yourself not to mix in yet is not your business! suddenly replied the irate colonel If you were in the cavalry

I am not in the cavalry Colonel but I am a Russian general and if you are not aware of the fact

Quite aware your excellency suddenly shouted the colonel touching his horse and turning purple in the face Will you be so good to come to the front and see that this position is no good? I don't wish to destroy my men for your pleasure!

You forget yourself Colonel I am not considering my own pleasure and I won't

allow it to be said!

Taking the colonel's outburst as a challenge to his courage the general expanded his chest and rode frowning beside him to the front line as if their differences would be settled there amongst the bullets They reached the front several bullets sped over them and they halted in silence There was nothing fresh to be seen from the line for from where they had been before it had been evident that it was impossible for cavalry to act among the bushes and broken ground as well as that the French

title each vainly trying to detect signs of cowardice in the other Both passed the examination successfully As there was nothing to be said and neither wished to give occasion for it to be alleged that he had been the first to leave the range of fire they would have remained there for a long time testing each other's courage had it not been that just then they heard the rattle of musketry and a muffled shout almost behind them in the wood The French had attacked the men collecting wood in the copse It was no longer possible for the hussars to retreat with the infantry They were cut off from the line of retreat on the left by the French However inconvenient the position it was now necessary to attack in order to cut away through for themselves

The squadron in which Rostóv was serving had scarcely time to mount before it was halted facing the enemy Again as at the Enns bridge there the line of

line separating the living from the dead—lay between them All were conscious of this unseen line and the question whether they would cross it or not and how they would cross it, agitated them all

The colonel rode to the front angrily gave some reply to questions put to him by the officers and like a man desperately insisting on having his own way gave an order No one said anything definite but the rumor of an attack spread through the squadron The command to form up rang out and the sabers whizzed as they were drawn from their scabbards Still no one moved The troops of the left flank infantry and hussars alike felt that the commander did not himself know what to do and this irresolution communicated itself to the men

"If only they would be quick! thou hit Rostov! feel that! it is the time had come to experience the joy of an attack of which he had often heard from his fellow hussars.

Fear, with God, lads! run out Devil for rocs. At the sword!

The horses crossed the river to the left. Rostov pulled the reins and started of his own accord.

Before him, the right. Rostov saw the brook line of his hussars and till farther head dark line which he could not see distinctly. He took to be the enemy. Shots could be heard, but some way off.

Faster! came the word of command. Rostov! Rostov's hussars drooped. He broke into gallop.

Rostov anticipated his horse's movements and became more and more excited. He had mounted solitary tree head of him. The tree had been the middle of the line that had seemed so terrible—and now he had crossed that line and not only was there no further shot, but everything was becoming more and more happy and animated. Oh, how I will slash at him, thought Rostov, gripped the hilt of his saber.

Hurrah! came the roar of voices. Let us run on my way now, thou hit Rostov driving his pike to Rostov and let us go to the gallop so that he stripped the others ahead. The enemy was already visible. Suddenly something like a birch broom seemed sweep over the squadron. Rostov raised his saber ready to strike, but that instant the trooper who was galloping ahead, there was from him, Rostov felt as if he was drawn to be carried forward with unnatural speed but it ended in the same spot. From behind him Bondarchuk, a hussar he knew well, was not him and looked angrily. From Bondarchuk's horse swerved and galloped past.

"How is it? am I no more? I have fallen! I am killed!" Rostov asked and answered it himself. He was also in the middle of the line. Instead of the moving horses and hussars back, he saw nothing, before him the motionless earth and the stubble around him. There was arm blood under his arm. Rostov was wounded and the horse killed. Rostov tried to rise on his forelegs but fell back, pressing his right leg. Blood was flowing from his head, he struggled but could not rise. Rostov also tried to rise but fell back, his sabretache became entangled in the saddle. Where

our men were, and where the French, he did not know. There was no one near.

He indignantly led his horse. "Where on which side was now the line that had so sharply divided the two armies, he led himself. He could not answer. Can something had happened to him? He wondered as he got up and that moment he felt that something superfluous was hanging on his numb left arm. The wrist felt as if it were not his. He examined his hand carefully, vainly trying to find blood on it. Ah, here are people coming! he thought joyfully, seeing some men running toward him. "They will help me! In front came men wearing strange hako and blue cloak, swarthy sunburned, and with a hooked nose. Then came two more and many more running behind. One of them said something strange, not in Russian. In among the midst of these men wearing military shakos was Russian hussar. He was being held by the reins and his horse was being led behind him.

It must be one of ours, a prisoner yes. Can it be that they will take me too? Who are these men? thou hit Rostov scarcely believed in his eyes. Can they be French? He looked at the Frenchmen and though but a

Can they be coming at me? A wall of fire? He remembered his mother's face of him, and his family, and his friends and the enemy's in front to kill him seemed impossible. But perhaps they may catch. For more than ten seconds he stood, moving from the spot or realising the situation. The farthest Frenchman the one with the hooked nose was already ready so close that the expression of his face could be seen. And the excited, all in face of that man his bayonet hanging down held in his hand, drew his so lightly frightened Rostov. He seized his pistol, in stead of firing, at the Frenchman and ran with all his might toward the bushes. He did not now run with the feeling of doubt and conflict which he had trodden the Enns bridge, but with the feeling of hare fleeing from the hounds. One single sentiment, that of fear for his young and happy life possessed his whole being. Rapid leap over the furrows he fled across the field with the impetuosity he used to show at catchplay now and then turning his

good natured pale young face to look back. A shudder of terror went through him. No bet

ties had arrived. Would this disorderly crowd of soldiers attend to the voice of their commander?

round the first man changed his run to a walk and turning shouted something loudly to a comrade farther back. Rostov paused. No there's some mistake thought he. They can't have wanted to kill me. But at the same time his left arm felt as heavy as if a seventy pound weight were tied to it. He could run no more. The Frenchman also stopped and took aim. Rostov closed his eyes and stooped down. One bullet and then another whistled past him. He mustered his last remaining strength, took hold of his left hand with his right and reached the bushes. Behind these were some Russian sharpshooters.

CHAPTER XX

THE INFANTRY regiments that had been caught unawares in the outskirts of the wood ran out of it, the different companies getting mixed and retreated as a disorderly crowd. One soldier in his fear uttered the senseless cry: Cut off! that is so terrible in battle and that word infected the whole crowd with a feeling of panic.

Surrounded! Cut off! We're lost! shouted the fugitives.

The moment he heard the firing and the cry from behind the general realized that something dreadful had happened to his regiment and the thought that he, an exemplary officer of many years' service who had never been to blame, might be held responsible at headquarters for negligence or inefficiency so staggered him that forgetting the recalcitrant cavalry colonel, his own dignity as a general and above all quite forgetting the danger and all regard for self-preservation, he clutched the crupper of his saddle and spurring his horse galloped to the regiment under a hail of bullets which fell around but fortunately missed him. His one desire was to know what was happening and at any cost correct or remedy the mistake if he had made one, so that he, an exemplary officer of twenty-two years' service who had never been censured, should not be held to blame.

his furious purple countenance distorted out of all likeness to his former self and the first

fate of battles was evidently culminating in a panic.

The general had a fit of coughing as a result of shouting and of the powder smoke and stopped in despair. Everything seemed lost. But at that moment the French who were attack

selves in the copse. It was Timókhin's company which alone had maintained its order in the wood and having him in ambush in a ditch now attacked the French unexpectedly. Timókhin armed only with a sword had rushed at the enemy with such a desperate cry and such mad drunken determination that taken by surprise the French had thrown down their muskets and run. Dolokhov, running beside Timókhin, killed a Frenchman at close quarters and was the first to seize the surrendering French officer by his collar. Our fugitives returned, the battalions reformed and the French who had nearly cut our left flank in half were for the moment repulsed. Our reserve units were able to join up and the fight was at an end. The regimental commander and Major Ekonov had stopped beside a bridge, letting the retreating companies pass by them. When a soldier came up and took hold of the commander's stirrup almost leaning against him. The man was wearing a bluish coat of broad cloth, he had no knapsack or canteen, his head was bandaged and over his shoulder a French munition pouch was slung. He had an officer's sword in his hand. The soldier was pale, his blue eyes looked impudently into the commander's face and his lips were smiling.

said Dolokhov, pointing to the French sword and pouch. I have taken an officer prisoner. I stopped the company. Dolokhov breathed heavily from exertion and spoke in abrupt sentences. The whole company can bear witness

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enemies cannon balls from the flushed and wanted to say A cannon ball flying close to him caused him to duck and bend over his

from the sight of an *invisible* world of his own had taken possession of his brain and at that moment afforded him pleasure. The enemy's guns were in his fancy not guns but pipes from which occasional puffs were blown by an invisible smoker.

There he's puffing again muttered Tushin to himself as a small cloud rose from the hill and was borne in a streak to the left by the wind.

Now look out for the ball we'll throw it back.

What do you want your honor? asked an artilleryman standing close by who heard him muttering.

Nothing only a shell he answered.

Come along our *Mattéval* he said to himself *Mattéval* was the name his fancy gave to the farthest gun of the battery which was large and of an old pattern. The French swarming round their guns seemed to him like ants. In that world the handsome drunkard Number One of the second gun's crew was uncle Tushin looked at him more often than at any one else and took delight in his every movement. The sound of musketry at the foot of the hill now diminishing now increasing seemed like someone's breathing. He listened intently to the ebb and flow of these sounds.

Ah! Breathing again breathing! he muttered to himself.

He imagined himself as an enormously tall

let me down! he was saying as he moved from the gun when a strange unfamiliar voice called above his head. Captain Tushin! Captain!

voice

Are you mad? You have twice been ordered to retreat and you

Why are they down on me? thought Tushin looking in alarm at his superior.

I don't he muttered holding up two fingers to his cap. I

But the staff officer did not finish what he Daughter of Mathew

distance

The soldiers laughed. A moment later an adjutant arrived with the same order.

It was Prince Andrew. The first thing he saw on riding up to the space where Tushin's guns were stationed was an unharnessed horse. The

other passed over as he approached and he took a nervous shudder run down his spine. But the mere thought of being afraid roused him again. I cannot be afraid thought he and dismounted slowly among the guns. He delivered the order and did not leave the battery. He decided to have the guns removed from their positions and withdrawn in his presence. Together with Tushin stepping across the bodies and under a terrible fire from the French he attended to the removal of the guns.

A staff officer was here a minute ago but skipped off said an artilleryman to Prince Andrew. Not like your honor!

Prince Andrew said nothing to Tushin. They were both so busy as to seem not to notice one another. When having limbered up the only two cannon that remained uninjured out of the four they began moving down the hill (one shattered gun and one unicorn were left behind) Prince Andrew rode up to Tushin.

Well till we meet again he said holding out his hand to Tushin.

Good by my dear fellow said Tushin. Dear soul! Good by my dear fellow! and for some unknown reason tears suddenly filled his eyes.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WIND had fallen and black clouds merging with the powder smoke hung low over the field of battle on the horizon. It was growing dark and the glow of many conflagrations was the more conspicuous. The cannonade was dying down but the rattle of musketry behind and on the right sounded oftener and nearer. As soon as Tushin with his guns continually driving round or coming upon wounded men was out of range of fire and had descended in to the dip he was met by some of the staff

in the staff officer and Zherkov had been twice sent to Tshun's battery but had never reached it. Interrupting one another they lit a cigarette, muttered riders as they proceeded, reprimanded and reproached.

lnt gl nces as they w ted the r fate The fir
s g d ed down a d sold ers, talk g e gerly
streamed out of s de tree.

Not hurt Pet 6? ked o e

"We eg en it em hot m tel They w n e
make nother push n w s a d a other

I try to er wh just bel e the battie i u

"You could see a thin H w they hot at the own fellows! Nothn could be seen Fich-da k, brother! I n t the somethng to dr k?

pl 1ms

The F-4 had been repulsed for the 1st time. And again a dogfight in the complete darkness. The F-4 moved forward and surrounded by the helicopter infantry as by frame

It was plain that this could not have been repeatedly asked for if it had been refused. He

In the dark ess t seemed sthou hagonmy
un een er was fl w lways in one d re
n hums g w th whispers d talk and tle
so d f hoofs and wheels. Am d th general
rumb l the groa d vo ces f the wounded
w e m re d st ctly heard th n ny other
sound n th darkness of the n ght. Th gloom
that en el ped th army w s filled with the
groa s, which seemed to melt nto ne with the
dark ess f the n ght. After a wh le the m
g mass became v itated, some e rode p t
n wh t h rse f llowed by hus e te and
sa d someth e pass What d d h say?
Where to now? H t le, is t? D d he th nk u
cam eager quest i f m ll des. The wh le
m g m s began press g close t gether
a d report spread th t they were o dered to
halt e dently th se fro t had halted. Al
em ed wh e they were n th m dle of the
m ddy to d.

1. The soldier. And where is the wounded
man?

It has been told when H died replaced
 women e.

Help him up. Stand down dear fellow.
 down. Spread the cloak. A to me.

The cad t wa Rostō. W th e h nd he supported th other b was p le d h j w trembled th crin f crushly H w pl ed o M t'evna, the gun f m w th they h d removed th dead sicer Th cloak they p ead der h m was w t w th blood which t ned hu b eeches d rm.

"What are you doing my lad said Tósh
pp oach the gu n w l u c h R o s t ó s a t .
pra n

Then what the blood in the gun ca
tag inquired of him

I was the officer who testified
and entered the artillerian wagon way the

Few were fitted and the talk became more
and bl. Captains Tushin had given orders
to his company to sell to find dress
tats in. Doct. f. the cadet and sat down
by the first soldiers had killed in the
road. Rostov too dragged himself to the
From a cold and damp forest he
g. hook his whole body. Drowsiness
essibly master him but he was kept wake

I had grown so dark that I could not distinguish myself from the darkness. Suddenly, nearby the light, shouting and firing were going on.

enemys cannon balls from the flushed and

emys side (always followed by a ball flying past and striking the earth a man a gun a horse) from the sight of all these things a fantastic world of his own had taken possession of his brain and at that moment afforded him pleasure. The enemys guns were in his fancy not guns but pipes from which occasional puffs were blown by an invisible smoker.

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tered to himself

He imagined himself as an enormously tall powerful man who was throwing cannon balls at the French with both hands.

Now then Matvévna dear old lady don t let me down! he was saying as he moved from the gun when a strange unfamiliar voice called above his head. Captain Tushin! Captain!

Tushin turned round in dismay. It was the stiff officer who had turned him out of the booth at Grunth. He was shouting in a gasping voice.

Are you mad? You have twice been ordered to retreat and you

Why are they down on me? thought Tu

wanted to say. A cannon ball flying close to him caused him to duck and bend over his horse. He paused and just as he was about to

distance

The soldiers laughed. A moment later an adjutant arrived with the same order.

It was Prince Andrew. The first thing he saw on riding up to the space where Tushin s guns were stationed was an unharnessed horse with a broken leg that lay screaming piteously beside the harnessed horses. Blood was gushing from its leg as from a spring. Among the limbers lay several dead men. One ball after another passed over as he approached and he felt a nervous shudder run down his spine. But the mere thought of being afraid roused him again. I cannot be afraid thought he and dismounted slowly among the guns. He delivered the order and did not leave the battery. He decided to have the guns removed from their positions and withdrawn in his presence. Together with Tushin stepping across the bodies and under a terrible fire from the French he attended to the removal of the guns.

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l e c uld go Pr ce Andrew we t utw th l m.

Thank you y nsa ed me my dear tell w
sa d Tush n

Pr Andrew ga e h m a look but sa d
noth g nd we t way He f l t d d de
p essed. It was all so trange so unlike what
he had h ped.

Wl ar they? Why are they here? What do
they want. A d whe will ll thus e d
th l Ro t looka gat the cha g g had
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beside him Tushin's large kind intelligent eyes were fixed with sympathy and commiseration on Rostov who saw that Tushin with his whole heart wished to help him but could not.

From all sides were heard the footsteps and talk of the infantry who were walking driving past and settling down all around. The sound of voices the tramping feet the horses' hoofs moving in mud the crackling of wood fires near and afar merged into one tremulous rumble.

It was no longer as before a dark unseen river flowing through the gloom but a dark sea swelling and gradually subsiding after a storm. Rostov looked at and listened listlessly to what passed before and around him. An infantryman came to the fire squatted on his heels held his hands to the blaze and turned away his face.

You don't mind your honor? he asked Tushin. I've lost my company your honor! I don't know where... such bad luck!

With the soldier an infantry officer with a bandaged cheek came up to the bonfire and addressing Tushin asked him to have the guns moved a trifle to let a wagon go past. After he had gone two soldiers rushed to the campfire. They were quarreling and fighting desperately each trying to snatch from the other a boot they were both holding on to.

You picked it up? I dare say! You're very smart! one of them shouted hoarsely.

Then a thin pale soldier his neck banded with a bloodstained leg band came up and in angry tones asked the artillerymen for water.

Must one die like a dog? said he.

Tushin told them to give the man some water. Then a cheerful soldier ran up begging a little fire for the infantry.

A nice little hot torch for the infantry! Good luck to you fellow countrymen. Thanks for the fire—we'll return it with interest said he carrying away into the darkness a glowing stick.

— — —
1

Who the devil has put the logs on the road? snarled he.

He's dead—why carry him? said another.

Shut up!

And they disappeared into the darkness with their load.

Still aching? Tushin asked Rostov in a whisper.

Yes.

Your honor you're wanted by the general. He is in the hut here said a gunner coming up to Tushin.

Coming friend.

Tushin rose and buttoning his greatcoat and pulling it straight walked away from the fire.

Not far from the artillery campfire in a hut that had been prepared for him Prince Bagration sat at dinner talking with some commanding officers who had gathered at his quarters. The little old man with the half-closed eyes was there greedily gnawing a mutton bone and the general who had served blamelessly for

41

them all and Prince Andrew pressed lips and feverishly glittering eyes.

In a corner of the hut stood a standard captured from the French and the accountant with the naive face was feeling its texture shaking his head in perplexity—perhaps because the banner really interested him perhaps because it was hard for him hungry as he was to look on at a dinner where there was no place for him. In the next hut there was a French colonel who had been taken prisoner by our dragoons. Our officers were flocking in to look at him. Prince Bagration was thanking the individual commanders and inquiring into details of the action and our losses. The general whose regiment had been inspected at Braunau was informing the prince that as soon as the action began he had withdrawn from the wood mustered the men who were woodcutting and allowing the French to pass him had made a layonet charge with two battalions and had broken up the French troops.

When I saw your excellency that their first battalion was disorganized I stopped in the road and thought I'll let them come on and I will meet them with the fire of the whole battalion—and that's what I did.

The general had so wished to do this and

— — — that

French officer prisoner in my presence and particularly distressed himself.

I saw the Polish hussars attack there your excellency chimed in Zherk looking easily at it. He had not seen the hussars at that distance but had heard about them from an Irish spy officer. "They broke up two squares, our excellency."

Several of those present smiled at Zherk's words, expecting in his usual jokes, but noticing that what he was saying reflected the glory of our arms and of the day's work, they assumed a serious expression. Though many of them knew that what he was saying was devoid of any foundation, Prince Bagration turned to the old colonel.

"General, I thank you all. All arms have behaved heroically. Infantry, cavalry and artillery. How was it that two guns were abandoned in the center?" he inquired, searching with his eyes for someone. (Prince Bagration did not ask about the guns on the left flank, he knew that all the guns there had been abandoned at the very beginning of the action.) "I think I sent you," he added, turning to the staff officer on duty.

"One was damaged," answered the staff officer, and the other I can understand. I was there all the time giving orders and had no pistol. It is true that it was not there, he added modestly.

Someone mentioned that Captain Tushin was wounded close to the bridge and had already been sent for.

"Oh, but you were here," said Prince Bagration, addressing Prince Andrew.

"Of course, we were just chased on another side," the officer with some embarrassment said. "I had no time to get to you," said Prince Andrew coldly and briefly.

All were silent. Tushin appeared, the wounded and pale, his waist wound from behind in the back. He stepped past the generals in the crowded but feeling embarrassed as he was, was by the sight of his wounds. He did not look at any of the hussars and stood over several of those present looking at him.

"How was the gun?" he asked. "It was broken, not so much as the captain as a case who was fighting among the hussars in the center."

Only now when he was confronted by the staff officer did he remember the distance of having lost two guns and the remaining army. He turned to Tushin as all these things

he had been so excited that he had not thought about it until that moment. The officers I had just confused him till more. He stood before Bagration with his lower jaw trembling and was hardly able to mutter. "I don't know your excellency. I had no men in your excellency."

"You must have taken some from the other troops."

Tushin did not say that there were no covering troops, though that was perfectly true. He was afraid of setting some other officer in to trouble and directly fixed his eyes on Bagration as a schoolboy who has blundered looks at his examiner.

The silence lasted some time. Prince Bagration appeared not to be severe, found nothing to say the others did not venture to intervene. Prince Andrew looked at Tushin from under his brows and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Your excellency," Prince Andrew broke the silence with his abrupt voice. "You were pleased to send me to Captain Tushin's battery. I went there and found two thirds of the men and horses knocked out, two guns smashed, and no supports at all."

Prince Bagration and Tushin looked with equal interest at Bolikonski, who spoke with suppressed animation.

And, if our excellency will allow me to express my opinion, he continued, we owe to our success chiefly to the action of that battery and the heroic endurance of Captain Tushin and his company and without what

reply Prince Andrew rose and left the table.

"Thank you, you saved me my dear fellow," said Tushin.

Prince Andrew gave him a look, but said nothing and went away. He felt sad and depressed. It was all so strange, so unlike what he had hoped.

"Who are they? Where are they here. What do they want and when will all this end?" thought Prince looking at the changing shadows before him. The pain in his arm became more and more intense. It was a darkness overpowered him, and rings danced before his eyes, and the impression of low voices and faces and a sense of brightness merged with the

Book Three 1805

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CHAPTER I

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respected. His whole time was taken up with
dinner and balls and was spent chiefly in
Prince Vasil's house in the company of the
st. princess, his wife and his beautiful daughter
Hélène.

Like the others, Anna Pavlovna Schérer
showed Pierre the change of attitude toward
him that had taken place in society.

Formerly, Anna Pavlovna's presence,
Pierre had always felt that what he was saying
was that of plain tactless dullness, but
that remarks which seemed to him clever and witty
they found him dull and became foolish and
soo as he told them while in the contrary
Hippolyte's presence remarks came out clever
and plain. Now everything Pierre said was
taken for granted. Anna Pavlovna did not say
so he could see that he wished to do only
refrain to reward for his modesty.

In the beginning of the winter of 1805-6
Pierre received a letter from Anna Pavlovna's usual
pink letter with visitation to which was
added "I will find the beautiful Hélène
here, whom I always delight to see."

When he read that sentence Pierre felt

commanded on a battlefield to whom thousands
of new and brilliant ideas occur which there is
hardly time to put in action—see Pierre
touched his sleeve with his finger say "—"

let Pierre go.

Pierre replied sincerely agreed with her as
to Hélène's perfection. Anna Pavlovna said he
thought Hélène was just of her beauty and
her remarkable skill appeared suddenly
nursed in society.

The old aristocrat received the two young people
in her corner but seemed desirous of leaving
her door for Hélène and declined rather
to show her fear of Anna Pavlovna. She looked
then once as if inquiring what he was to do
with these people. Oleg told them Anna Pavlovna
loved him and touched Pierre's sleeve saying "I
hope you won't say that to us in my house
again and he glared at Hélène."

Hélène smiled, with a look implying that
he did not admit the possibility of anyone
except her without being chanted. Then
concluded, swallowed, and said in French that
he was very pleased to see Hélène then he
turned to Pierre with the same words "I
combed the same look. In the middle of dull
and half-consciousness Hélène turned to
Pierre with the beautiful bright smile that
she gave to everyone. Pierre was so used to
this smile and had so little mean feeling,
that he paid attention to it. The unit was
just peaks of collection of affixes that
had belonged to Pierre's father Count Be-
zukhov and showed them her own box. Prin-
cess Hélène asked to see the portrait of the
untouchable and the box lid.

"That is probably the work of Vassiliev said

him which comes as up as a

Anna Pavlovna At Home was like the fo-
merly with lively filtered her guests
this time as if reminding him to do plain
test from Berlin with the very test details
of the Emperor Alexander's visit to Paris and
and how the two young friends had pledged
themselves and dissolved all contact up-
hold the cause of justice against the enemy of
the human race. Anna Pavlovna received
Pierre with his familiar lively and lively
rejoice that was his real loss by the
death of Count Bezukhov (everyone could see it
ly considered duty to assure Pierre that he
was greatly affected by the death of his father
he had hardly known) and her melancholy was
just like the gust in the choly he had

till. The large group in which were Prince
Vasil and the general had then been fit of the
diplomat. Another group was at the tea table.
Pierre wished to join them but Anna Pavlovna
loved—she was in the excited condition of a

began knitting a striped scarf for him

Do this for my sake *mon cher* after all she had to put up with a great deal from the deceased said Prince Vasilii to him handing him a deed to sign for the princess benefit

Prince Vasilii had come to the conclusion that it was necessary to throw this bone—a bill for thirty thousand rubles—to the poor princess that it might not occur to her to speak of his share in the affair of the *inlaid portfolio* Pierre signed the deed and after that the princess grew still kinder The younger sisters also became affectionate to him especially the youngest the pretty one with the mole who often made him feel confused by her smiles and her own confusion when meeting him

could not but believe in the sincerity of those around him Besides he had no time to ask himself whether these people were sincere or not He was always busy and always felt in a state of mild and cheerful intoxication He felt as though he were the center of some im

but still that happy result always remained in the future

More than anyone else Prince Vasilii took possession of Pierre's affairs and of Pierre himself in those early days From the death of Count Bezukhov he did not let go his hold of the lad He had the air of a man oppressed by business weary and suffering who yet would not for pity's sake leave this helpless youth who after all was the son of his old friend and the possessor of such enormous wealth to the caprice of fate and the designs of rogues During the few days he spent in Moscow after the death of Count Bezukhov he could call Pierre or go to him himself and tell him what ought to be done in a tone of weariness and assurance as if he were adding every time You know I

altered We start tomorrow and I'm giving you a place in my carriage I am very glad All

asked him for you and you have been entered in the diplomatic corps and made a Gentleman of the Bedchamber The diplomatic career now lies open before you

Notwithstanding the tone of wearied assurance with which these words were pronounced, Pierre who had so long been considering his career wished to make some suggestion But Prince Vasilii interrupted him in the special deep cooing tone precluding the possibility of interrupting his speech which he used in extreme cases when special persuasion was needed

Mais mon cher I did this for my own sake to satisfy my conscience and there is nothing to thank me for No one has ever complained

Vasilii sighed Yes yes my boy And my father can go in your carriage Ah! I was nearly for getting he added You know *mon cher* your father and I had some accounts to settle so I have received what was due from the Ryazán estate and will keep it you can't require it We'll go into the accounts later

By what was due from the Ryazán estate Prince Vasilii meant several thousand rubles quitrent received from Pierre's peasants which the prince had retained for himself

In Petersburg as in Moscow Pierre found the same atmosphere of gentleness and affection He could not refuse the post or rail or the rank (for he did nothing) that Prince Vasilii had procured for him and acquaintances invitations and social occupations were so numerous that even more than in Moscow he felt a sense of bewilderment bustle and continual expectation of some good always in front of him but never attained

Of his former acquaintances many

here in the provinces Prince Andrew

eyes and fingering Pierre's elbow I can guess if he were saying something which had long since been agreed upon and could not now be

respected. His whole time was taken up with dinners and balls and was spent chiefly at Prince Vasil's. He used in the company of the stout princess, his wife, and his beautiful daughter Hélène.

Like the others, Anna Pavlovna Scherer showed Pierre the chance of tutelage toward him that had taken place in society.

Formerly in Anna Pavlovna's presence, Pierre had always felt that what he was saying was tactless and unbecoming. But the remarks which seemed to him clever while they formed in his mind became foolish as he uttered them, while on the contrary Hippolyte's stupidest remarks came out cleverer than his. Now everything Pierre said was harmful. Even if Anna Pavlovna did not say so he could see that he wished to and only refrained to reward his modesty.

In the beginning of the winter of 1805 Pierre received from Anna Pavlovna usual packages with invitations to which was added, "You will find this beautiful Hélène here, whom it is always delightful to see."

When he read that sentence, Pierre felt for the first time that some link which other people recognized had grown up between himself and Hélène, and that this link both alarmed him, as if some obligation were being imposed on him which he could not fulfill, and pleased him as an entrance into possession.

Anna Pavlovna. At home was like the former society. The elegant flattered her guests.

commander on a battlefield to whom thousands of new and brilliant ideas occur which there is hardly time to put into action—see how Pierre touched his leave with his finger say—

"What, I have something new to tell you this evening?" (She glanced at Hélène and smiled at her.) "My dear Hélène be charitable—"

—who do as you go and keep

"The same way as she does a way. And how she carries herself! For so young a girl such tact such masterly perfection of manner! It comes from her heart. Hippolyte the man who was here with her the least worldly of men would occupy most brilliant position in society. Don't you think so? I only wanted to know your opinion and Anna Pavlovna let Pierre go."

Pierre sincerely agreed with her as to Hélène's perfectness of manner. If he ever thought of Hélène it was just of her beauty and her remarkable skill in appearing silently dressed in society.

The old aunt received the two young people in her corner but seemed desirous of hindering her daughter Hélène and dined rather to the left of Anna Pavlovna. She looked at him as he was to do

again and he glanced at Hélène.

Hélène smiled, with a look implying that she did not doubt the possibility of anyone seeing her with out being enchanted. The aunt coughed, swallowed, and said a few words that he was very pleased to see Hélène then he turned to Pierre with the same words of welcome and the same look. In the middle of dull and half-conscious Hélène turned to Pierre with the beautiful bright smile that she gave to everyone. Pierre was so used to that smile and had so little meaning for him, that he paid no attention to it. The aunt was just peaking of collecting a few boxes that had belonged to Pierre's father Count Bezukhov and showed them her own box. Princess Hélène asked to see the portrait of the late husband on the box lid.

"That is probably the worst of the case," said

the human race. Anna Pavlovna received Pierre with a melancholy expression relating to her recent loss by the death of Count Bezukhov (every constant companion tried to assure Pierre that he was greatly affected by the death of the father he had hardly known) and her melancholy was just like the usual melancholy he showed to the men in her most trusted society. The Empress Marya Fedorovna. Pierre felt flattered by this. Anna Pavlovna arranged the different groups in her drawing room with her habitual. The large group in which were Prince Vasil and the generals, had to be fit of the diplomat. Another group was at the table. Pierre wished to join the former but Anna Pavlovna—who was in the excited condition of a

began knitting a striped scarf for him

Do this for my sake *mon cher* after all she had to put up with a great deal from the deceased said Prince Vasili to him handing him a deed to sign for the princess' benefit

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It seemed so natural to Pierre that everyone should like him and it would have seemed so unnatural had anyone disliked him that he could not but believe in the sincerity of those around him Besides he had no time to ask himself whether these people were sincere or not He was always busy and always felt in a state of mild and cheerful intoxication He felt as though he were the center of some important and general movement that something was constantly expected of him that if he did not do it he would grieve and disappoint many people but if he did this and that all would be well and he did what was demanded of him but still that happy result always remained in the future

More than anyone else Prince Vasili took possession of Pierre's affairs and of Pierre himself in those early days From the death of Count Bezukhov he did not let go his hold of the lad He had the air of a man oppressed by business weary and suffering who yet would not for pity's sake leave this helpless youth who after all was the son of his old friend and the possessor of such enormous wealth to the

altered We start tomorrow and I'm giving you a place in my carriage I am very glad All our important business here is now settled and I ought to have been off long ago Here is something I have received from the chancellor I asked him for you and you have been entered in the diplomatic corps and made a Gentleman of the Bedchamber The diplomatic career now lies open before you

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Mais mon cher I did this for my own sake to satisfy my conscience and there is nothing to thank me for No one has ever complained yet of being too much loved and besides you are free you could throw it up tomorrow But you will see everything for yourself when you get to Petersburg It is high time for you to get away from these terrible recollections Prince Vasili sighed Yes yes my boy And my valet can go in your carriage Ah! I was nearly for getting he added You know *mon cher* your father and I had some accounts to settle so I have received what was due from the Ryazin estate and will keep it you won't require it We'll go into the accounts later

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Of his former bachelor acquaintances many were no longer in Petersburg The Guards had gone to the front Dolkhov had been reduced to the ranks Anatole was in the army somewhere in the provinces Prince Andrew was abroad so Pierre had not the opportunity to spend his nights as he used to like to spend them or to open his mind by intimate talks with a friend older than himself and whom he

or go to him himself and tell him what ought to be done in a tone of weariness and assurance as if he were adding every time You know I am overwhelmed with business and it is purely out of charity that I trouble myself about you and you also know quite well that what I propose is the only thing possible

Well my dear fellow tomorrow we are off

and looked at the words and looks of those who had seen them together. He recalled Anna Pavlovna's words and looks when she spoke to him about his house, recalled thousands of such hints from Prince Vasili and others, and was seized by terror lest he had already in some way bound himself to do something that was contrary to what he ought not to do. But at the very time he was expressing this conviction to himself, in another part of his mind her image rose in all its womanly beauty

CHAPTER II

As neglected estates, the same time and place, up to his window where his regiment was stationed, and take him to visit Prince Nicholas Koltoukhi in order to arrange a match for him with the daughter of the rich old man. But before leaving home and undertaking these new affairs, Prince Vasili had to settle matters with Pierre, who, as it were, had lately spent whole days at home that is, in Prince Vasili's house where he was staying, and had been heard, excited, and foolish in his presence (as a lover should be), but had not yet proposed to her.

"This is all very fine but things must be settled," said Prince Vasili to himself, with some misgiving, one morning, feeling that Pierre who was under such obligations to him ("But never mind that") was not behaving, very well in this matter. "Youth, frivolity, well, God be with him, thought his relationship his own goodness I bear," but must be brought to head. The day after tomorrow will be Helene's name day. I will invite two or three people, and if he does not understand what he ought to do then, will be my affair—yes, my affair I am for that."

It was weeks after Anna Pavlovna's home-coming, and the deep excitement when he had decided to marry Helene would be calmed down and he ought to visit her and so was Pierre's decision, had not left Prince Vasili as he felt with error that in proceeding to be as friendly more and more connected with her was impossible for him to return to his former conception of her that he could not break away from her and that though could be terrible that he would have to end his life with her. He might perhaps have been able to free himself but that Prince Vasili (who had rarely before given receptions) now

hard, let the day go by without his new evening party with his Pierre had to be present unless he wished to spoil the general pleasure and disappoint everyone's expectation. Pierre's smile, in the rare moments when he was at home, would take Pierre's hand to pass and draw it downwards, or absent-mindedly hold out his wrinkled, clean-shaven cheek for Pierre to kiss and would say "Till tomorrow—Be in to dinner or I shall not see you," or "I am staying in for your sake, and so on. And though Prince Vasili, when he stayed in (as he said) for Pierre's sake, hardly exchanged a couple of words with him, Pierre felt unable to drop-point him. Everday he said to himself, "and the same thing—It is true I understand her and made up my mind what she really is. If I mistaken before, or am I mistaken now? No, she is not stupid, she is an excellent girl, but sometimes said to himself, she never makes mistake never says anything stupid. She is intelligent but what she does is always clear and simple, so she is not stupid. She never was

Pierre her superior. She was right in regarding all arguments as nonsense in comparison with the smile.

She always addressed him with a radiant confidence, meant for him alone in which there was something more significant than in the general smile that usually brightened her face. Pierre knew that everyone was waiting for him on the word and cross certain line, and he knew that sooner or later he would step across it, but an incomprehensible terror seized him. He thought of that dreadful step. A thousand times during that month and half while he felt himself drawn nearer and nearer to that dreadful abyss, Pierre said to himself "What am I doing? I need resolution. Can be that I have no choice?"

He wished to take decision, but still with distrust that in this matter he lacked that strength of will which he had known in himself and really possessed. Pierre was one of those who are only strong when they feel themselves quite innocent, and once that day when he was empowered by feeling of desire while stood in front of the snuffbox of Anna Pavlovna's, an unacknowledged sense of the

Pierre mentioning a celebrated miniaturist and he leaned over the table to take the snuff box while trying to hear what was being said at the other table

He half rose meaning to go round but the aunt handed him the snuff box passing it across Hélène's back. Hélène stooped forward to make room and looked round with a smile. She was as always at evening parties wearing a dress such as was then fashionable cut very low at front and back. Her bust which had always seemed like marble to Pierre was so close to him that his shortsighted eyes could not but perceive the living charm of her neck and shoulders so near to his lips that he need only have bent his head a little to have touched them. He was conscious of the warmth of her body the scent of perfume and the creaking of her corset as she moved. He did not see her marble beauty forming a complete whole with her dress but all the charm of her body only covered by her garments. And having once seen this he could not help being aware of it just as we can not renew an illusion we have once seen through.

So you have never noticed before how beautiful I am? Hélène seemed to say. You had not noticed that I am a woman? Yes I am a woman who may belong to anyone—to you too said her glance. And at that moment Pierre felt that Hélène not only could but must be his wife and that it could not be otherwise.

He knew this at that moment as surely as if he had been standing at the altar with her. How and when this would be he did not know he did not even know if it would be a good thing (he even felt he knew not why that it would be a bad thing) but he knew it would happen.

Pierre dropped his eyes lifted them again and wished once more to see her as a distant

looked round with a blush. It seemed to him that everyone knew what had happened to him as he knew it himself.

A little later when he went up to the large circle Anna Pávlovna said to him: I hear you are refitting your Petersburg house?

This was true. The architect had told him that it was necessary and Pierre without knowing why was having his enormous Petersburg house done up.

I know something about that. Don't I? And you are still so young. You need advice. Don't be angry with me for exercising an old woman's privilege.

She pruned as women always do expecting something after they have mentioned their name.

If you marry it will be a different thing she continued uniting them both in one glance. Pierre did not look at Hélène nor she at him. But she was just as terribly close to him. He muttered something and colored.

understood that the woman he had known as a

might belong to him.

But she's stupid I have myself said she is stupid he thought. There is something nasty something wrong in the feeling she excites in me. I have been told that her brother Anatole was in love with her and she with him, that there was quite a scandal and that that's why he was sent away. Hippolyte is her brother Prince Vasil is her father. It's bad he reflected but while he was think

who has been looking at a tuft of steppe grass through the mist and taking it for a tree can again take it for a tree after he has once recognized it to be a tuft of grass. She was terribly close to him. She already had power over him and between them there was no longer any barrier except the barrier of his own will.

Well I will leave you in your little corner came Anna Pávlovna's voice. I see you are all right there.

And Pierre anxiously trying to remember whether he had done anything reprehensible

she would love him and become quite different

whole body only veiled by its gray dress. But not. Why did this thought never occur to me?

BOOK THREE

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CHAPTER II

B o l k o k d t r r a m t c h l r h m
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(h h a d r a l b e f r e g e n e c c e p t s n) n o w

guilt of that desire paralyzed his will

On Hélène's name day a small party of just their own people—as his wife said—met for supper at Prince Vasil's. All these friends and relations had been given to understand that the fate of the young girl would be decided that evening. The visitors were seated at supper Princess Kuragina a portly imposing woman who had once been handsome was sitting at the head of the table. On either side of her sat the more important guests—an old general and his wife and Anna Pavlovna Scherer. At the other end sat the younger and less important guests and there too sat the members of the family and Pierre and Hélène side by side. Prince Vasil was not having any supper he went round the table in a merry mood sitting down now by one now by another of the guests. To each of them he made some careless and agreeable remark except to Pierre and Hélène whose presence he seemed not to notice. He enlightened the whole party. The wax candles burned brightly the silver and crystal gleamed so did the ladies' toilets and the gold and silver of the men's sequined servants' uniforms. Inveries moved round the table and the clatter of plates knives and glasses merrily filled the room.

"You are a varoness that he loved her passionately at which she laughed at the other could be heard the story of the misfortunes of some Mary Viktorovna."

The Council of Petersburg had received and read the then famous rescript of the Emperor Alexander from the army to Sergéy Kuzmich in which the Emperor said that he was receiving from all sides declarations of the people's loyalty that the declaration from Petersburg gave him particular pleasure and that he was proud to be at the head of such a nation and would endeavor to be worthy of it. This rescript began with the words "Sergéy Kuzmich From all sides reports reach me etc."

Well and so he never got farther than Sergéy Kuzmich? asked one of the ladies. Exactly not a hair's breadth farther answered Prince Vasil laughing. Sergéy Kuzmich From all sides From all sides Sergéy Kuzmich Poor Vaysmilnov could not get any farther He began the rescript again

and again but as soon as he uttered Sergéy he sobbed Kuzmich tears and From all sides

ther A

Sergéy

till at

Ku

tears

Do not be unkind cried Anna Pavlovna from her end of the table holding up a threatening finger. He is such a worthy and excellent man our dear Vaysmilnov.

Everybody laughed a great deal. At the head of the table where the honored guests sat everyone seemed to be in high spirits and under the influence of a variety of exciting sensations. Only Pierre and Hélène sat silently side by side almost at the bottom of the table a suppressed smile brightening both their faces, a smile that did not reach their eyes.

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ings B

and jokes much as they enjoyed their Rine wine sauté and ices and however they avoided looking at the young couple and heedless and unobservant as they seemed of them one could feel that they were

gave that
laughter

that the whole attention of that company was directed to—Pierre and Hélène. Prince Vasil mimicked the sobbing of Sergéy Kuzmich and at the same time his eyes glanced toward his daughter and while he laughed the expression on his face clearly said "Yes it is getting on it will all be settled today. Anna Pavlovna threatened him on behalf of our dear Vasil now and in her eyes a hint for an instant glanced at Pierre. Prince Vasil read a congratulation on his future son-in-law and on his daughter's happiness. The old princess sighed sadly as she offered some wine to the old lady next to her and glanced angrily at her daughter and her sigh seemed to say "Yes there's nothing left for you and me but to sip sweet wine my dear now that the time has come for these young people."

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Th

"So the attraction of a healthy and handsome young man and woman for one another. And this human feeling dominated

everything else and soared above all their
 fected character. Just tell that news was not in
 terest. And the amateur was evidently
 fared. Not only the guests but even the foot
 men waited at table seemed to feel thus, and
 they forgot their duties as they looked at the
 face and at

Prince Vasili smiled and Pierre not could it
 cervo as smiling at him and Hélène.
 "I know it thought
 tel

rom
 end

ed to want to know this in our own
 dispute

II can one talk or think of such trifles
 that Pierre

Yes from Olm he answered with a
 gh.

After supper Pierre and his partner fol-
 lowed the others into the drawing room. The
 guests began to disperse some without taking
 leave of Hélène. Some if unwilling to dis-
 tract from an important occupation came
 up to her for a moment and made haste to go
 away refusing to let her see them off. The di-
 plomatist preserved a mournful silence he
 left the drawing room. He pictured the a-
 tch of his diplomatic career in comparison with
 Pierre's happiness. The old general grumbled
 at his wife when she asked how his life was.
 Oh the old fool he thought. "That Princess
 Hélène will be beautiful until her fifti-

I think I may congratulate you, wife said
 Anna Pierre in the last process, kiss him
 soundly if I hadn't this headache I'd have
 stayed longer

The old princess did not reply she was in-
 terested by jealousy of her daughter's happiness.

While the guests were taking their leave,
 Pierre remained in the room with
 Hélène in the little drawing room where
 they were sitting. He had often before during
 the last six weeks married also with her
 but had never poked her before. Now he
 felt that it was inevitable but he could not
 make himself take the first step. He
 felt ashamed himself that he was occupying
 someone's place here beside Hélène. "The
 happiness is not for you, someone else
 whispered to him. "This happiness is for those
 who have not in them what there is in you

But as he had to say something, he began by
 asking her whether she was satisfied with the
 party. She replied in her usual manner
 that this morning of hers had been one of the
 pleasantest he had ever had.

Some few minutes later he had not yet left.
 They were talking the large drawing room.
 Pierre came to Pierre with languid
 footsteps. Pierre rose and said it was getting

to be

Pierre felt that he was the center of all and
 this both pleased and embarrassed him. He was
 like many a young man in some occupa-
 tion. He did not see how to understand any-
 thing clearly. Only now and then detached
 ideas and impressions from the world of reality
 shot unexpectedly through his mind.

"So it all finished he thought. And how
 has all happened. He quickly looked at his
 watch because he felt a sense of myself
 as, but because for every one must never
 table come to. They are all expected
 there are so sure that it will happen that I can
 not, I can, I disapprove of them. But he would
 believe it know but it will certainly happen
 thought Pierre glancing at those dazed but
 dense close to his eyes.

Oh he would suddenly feel ashamed if he
 knew not what. He felt that awkward attract
 cervo a student and it be considered
 I think and, with his place to be looked
 as sort of Paris possessed of Helen. But
 no doubt it always is and must be so he con-
 vinced himself. And besides what he had done
 to bring about? He would begin to trace
 from Moscow with Prince Vasili. Then there
 was nothing. So why should I not say it his
 house. Then I played cards with her and picked
 up her reticule and dropped it with her. He
 did begin, when did it all come about? And
 here he was sitting by her side her betrothed
 see her hear feel her nearness, her breath
 her movements, her beauty. Then it
 would suddenly seem to him that it was not
 his but that who was so usually beautiful and
 that that was why they all looked so to him,
 and flattered by this general admiration he
 could expand his chest, raise his head, and re-
 joice in his good fortune. Suddenly he heard
 from his wife repeated something to him
 and then Pierre was so beside that
 he did not deserve what was said.

I'm asking you when you last heard from
 Polik he repeated Prince Vasili third time.

II been my dearest you're my dear if I will

late Prince Vasili gave him a look of stern inquiry as though what Pierre had just said was so strange that one could not take it in. But then the expression of severity changed and

to his daughter and addressing her with the careless tone of habitual tenderness natural to parents who have petted their children from babyhood but which Prince Vasili had only acquired by imitating other parents

And he again turned to Pierre

Sergiy Kuzmich—From all sides—he said unbuttoning the top button of his waistcoat

Pierre smiled but his smile showed that he knew it was not the story about Sergiy Kuzmich that interested Prince Vasili just then and Prince Vasili saw that Pierre knew this. He suddenly muttered something and went away. It seemed to Pierre that even the prince was disconcerted. The sight of the discomposure of that old man of the world touched Pierre—he looked at Hélène and she too seemed disconcerted and her look seemed to say: Well it is your own fault.

Kuzmich asking what the point of the story was as he had not heard it properly. Hélène answered with a smile that she too had missed it.

When Prince Vasili returned to the drawing room the princess's wife was talking in low tones to the elderly lady about Pierre.

Of course it is a very brilliant match but happiness my dear

Marriages are made in heaven replied the elderly lady.

Prince Vasili passed by seeming not to hear the ladies and sat down on a sofa in a far corner of the room. He closed his eyes and seemed to be dozing. His head sank forward and then he roused himself.

Aline he said to his wife go and see what they are about.

The princess went up to the door passed by it with a dignified and indifferent air and glanced into the little drawing room. Pierre and Hélène still sat talking just as before.

Still the same she said to her husband.

Prince Vasili frowned twisting his mouth

and with resolute steps went past the ladies in to the little drawing room. With quick steps he went joyfully up to Pierre. His face was so unusually triumphant that Pierre rose in alarm on seeing it.

Thank God! said Prince Vasili. My wife has told me everything! — (He put one arm around Pierre and the other around his daughter)— My dear boy Lelya I am very pleased. (His voice trembled) I loved your father and she will make you a good wife.

God bless you!

He embraced his daughter and then again Pierre and kissed him with his malodorous mouth. Tears actually moistened his cheeks.

Princess come here! he shouted.

The old princess came in and also wept. The elderly lady was using her handkerchief too. Pierre was kissed and he kissed the beautiful Hélène's hand several times. After a while they were left alone again.

All this had to be and could not be other wise thought Pierre so it is useless to ask whether it is good or bad. It is good because it is definite and one is rid of the old tormenting doubt. Pierre held the hand of his betrothed in silence looking at her beautiful bosom as it rose and fell.

Hélène! he said aloud and paused.

Something special is always said in such cases he thought but could not remember what it was that people say. He looked at her face. She drew nearer to him. Her face flushed.

Oh take those off those she said pointing to his spectacles.

Pierre took them off and his eyes besides the strange look eyes have from which spectacles have just been removed had also a frightened and inquiring look. He was about to stoop over her hand and kiss it but with a rapid almost brutal movement of her head she intercepted his lips and met them with her own. Her face struck Pierre by its altered unpleasantly excited expression.

It is too late now it is done besides I love her thought Pierre.

Je vous aime he said remembering that has to be said at such moments but his words sounded so weak that he felt ashamed of himself.

Six weeks later he was married and settled

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER III
OLD PRINCE NICHOLAS BOLKONSKI received a letter from Prince Vasili on November 5 announcing that he and his son would be paying him a visit. I am starting on journey of

deep respect that, emulating his father, he feels
for you.

It seems that there will be no need to bring Mary out, suitors are coming to us with a crowd, incl. us remarked the little princess heard the owl.

Prince Vasilchols frowned, but said nothing.
After a while after that, Prince Vasilchols
saw that even in the dance of him,
and he did so arrived at the

O d Bolikón ki had always had poo opin
 ion f Prin Vasil character but mo so
 recentl ce th ew on of Paul d
 Alexander Pri ce Vasil had risen t h h po
 sition d honors. A d now from th huns
 co tas ed h. let er d en by th l tle
 princess, he saw wh h wa the w nd was bl w
 it, and h. low p n cha ed nt feel o
 co emptuous ill w ll H n nt ed whene
 er h mentu ed him. O th da f Pri ce V
 asil arri al Pri ce Bolik was particu l
 disco en ed d o f t mper Wh ther he
 as in bad temper because Pri ce Vasil was
 omur or whether h be n a bad temper
 ma him speciall oved t Pri ce V
 us t he wa bad temper nd n th morn
 ng Tikh had alread d ed th archi ect
 not to no th g ew th his report.

Do you hear how he walks?" said T. K. bent down to archer's feet and to the sound of prince footsteps. "Stepp flat on his heels—we know what that means."

He never in a clock the prince had
vel of us with sabl collar and cap went
ou of his usual walk. It had nowed the da
be re and th p th e th bothouse I n
which the pri ce was n th hab t of walking,
had been wep th ma k f th broom were
still abl th w nd sho el had been
le l u k g n I the soft nowbanks that
bordered b h des f th path. The prince
en throuh th conservat res, th seri
quarters, and t. outbu dinn, frown g and
silent.

Ca we bypass asked his overseer a sell Bourienne with bright smile, so sh

venerable man resembling his master in manners and looks, who was accompanying him back to the house.

"Th is deep. I am ha ng the enue
swept, your hono "

The prince bowed his head and went up to the porch. God be thanked, thou hit the o'erseer the storm has blown over!

It would have been hard to drive up on
bo he added. "I heard, your hono that
m ter com to visit your hono "

The price turned round to the overseer and fixed his eyes on him, frown—

"What a minister! What a minister! Who
gives orders but said in his shrill harsh voice
"The road is not swept for the princess in
dust but for a minister! For in there are
no ministers."

7 ur h nor I thou he

"I u thou ht sh ted the prince hu
words comin mo and m e rap dly a d
distinctly "I u thou ht Rascal Bl ck
guards I'll teach vou t hu k and l iu
h s t k h swun~ t and would ha e h t Al
pavrch, th erseer had n t i l i t e r n t
t e l o ded th bl w "I l u h it Black
guards h ued h pri ce rap dly

him, perhaps that everyone should
 though he continued to hold Blackguard

Throw the snow back on the road did not
1 ft h stick gain but turned into the h use

Before the Princess Mary and the demo-
sell Bourn on who knew that the prince wa

had humored was un-
selle Bourienne with a radiant face that said

I kn w nothin I am the same as usual d
Prin ess Mary pal frightened, nd w th down

cast eyes. What she found hardest to bear was to know that on such occasions he ought to be

ha lik M demo sell Bour but could
not. Sh thought "If I rem n t to o or b

I seem sad and out of spirits myself he will say

The price looked this day high for his

Fool or dummy! he muttered.

...that
...nce

won't come down. It is natural in her state.

Hm! Hm! muttered the prince sitting down.

His plate seemed to him not quite clean and pointing to a spot he flung it away. Tikhon caught it and handed it to a footman. The little princess was not unwell but had such an overpowering fear of the prince that hearing he was in a bad humor she had decided not to appear.

I am afraid for the baby, she said to Mademoiselle Bourienne. Heaven knows what a fright might do.

In general at Bald Hills the little princess lived in constant fear and with a sense of antipathy to the old prince which she did not realize because the fear was so much the stronger feeling. The prince reciprocated this antipathy but it was overpowered by his contempt for her. When the little princess had grown accustomed to life at Bald Hills she took a special fancy to Mademoiselle Bourienne spent whole days with her asked her to sleep in her room and often talked with her about the old prince and criticized him.

mar her Excellency Prince Vasil Kuragin and his son
re- ding His
t

Do you want anything?

No, merci mon père.

Well all right all right.

He left the room and went to the waiting room where Alpatych stood with bowed head. Has the snow been shoveled back?

Yes, your excellency. Forgive me for heaven's sake. It was only my stupid ty.

All right all right interrupted the prince and laughing in his unnatural way he stretched out his hand for Alpatych to kiss and then proceeded to his study.

Prince Vasil arrived that evening. He was met in the avenue by coachmen and footmen who with loud shouts dragged his sleigh up to one of the lodges over the road purposely laden with snow.

Prince Vasil and Anatole had separate rooms assigned to them.

Anatole having taken off his overcoat sat with arms akimbo before a table on a corner of

which someone for some reason had to provide for him. And

her if she really has so much money? That never does any harm thought Anatole.

He shaved and scented himself with the care and elegance which had become habitual to him and he

two valets were busy dressing him and he

I say Father joking apart is she very handsome? Anatole asked as if continuing a conversation the subject of which had often been mentioned during the journey.

Enough! What nonsense! Above all try to be respectful and cautious with the old prince.

If he starts a row I'll go away said Prince Anatole. I can't bear those old men! Eh?

Remember for you everything depends on this.

In the meantime not only was it known in the maidservants' rooms that the minister and his son had arrived but the appearance of both had been minutely described. Princess Mary was sitting alone in her room vainly trying to master her agitation.

and Princess Mary know. I don't want him. (He looked at his blushing daughter.) Are you unwell today? Eh? Afraid of the minister is that idiot Alpatych called him this morning?

No, mon père.

Though Mademoiselle Bourienne had been so unsuccessful in her choice of a subject she did not stop talking but chattered about the conservatories and the beauty of a flower that had just opened and after the soup the prince became more genial.

After dinner he went to see his daughter in law. The little princess was sitting at a small table chattering with Masha her maid. She grew pale on seeing her father in law.

She was much altered. She was now plain rather than pretty. Her cheeks had sunk in. Her lips as drawn up and her eyes drawn down.

Yes, I feel a kind of oppression, she said in reply to the prince's question as to how she felt.

BOOK THREE

121

Why d d they writ why d d Lise tell m d e nat e nd firm conv ct on women h e
n enl shes d look m t f c pretty

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h f e d whole

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h r comb d up a d the blue sea i oed
lo n on the l t m roon dr s nd so on all
ould be well They f rgot tl at the fri hten d
f ce and the f our e ld n t be alte ed and
th th we e theym ht change the etung and

I know they n ome M r t sa u ue
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ly t rm h
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erally w e th m n g but had none of
h r best dresses. H ha n e sfully done
d he f was n m ted wh h h we er
did t co l ts unk n nd f d d o t n s
l essed h dt b n P tersbug so ty
t was t l m t ce ble h w m ch pl e
h had b me S me u btru t h h d
be dd dt M demo elle B e est
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m e tra t

Wh t Ar y g gt emanasy u are
d p ? sh bevan They ll be an
th t the g tlemen th draw
room d w sh ll h t g d w n nd
h t m t ed y rs lf p t ll

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d h r edly d merr ly b gant de d
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g tated h d t l m o e so by both h om
P ha g th least co pti n that
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betray h g tat wh let d d e their of
f r st d ess h w ld p l g th b te
d t She fl hied her bea t f l yes
grew d m ed bl tches cam h f n nd t
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M demo ll Bou d l e. Both thes
omen g t er ly tr ed to m ke h look
p ety Sh as so pl n that e ther f them
ld th k f l e r l so they began
d ess he w th pe fect e ty nd w th

first n s de a d th n on the other
N tw l n t d h a d dec d dly clasp
n gher h nd N Mary re lly th s dress d es
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sell B u en h w I hall rrange t he
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ur

But when h t e b ought the req ed dress
Pri cess M ry em d t t g m t onless be
f re th gl s look ng th f ce d saw n
th m r r l l y f l l f tears nd h r mouth
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Com d pri ess d M demo selle
B u enn jut e m e l ttle eff rt.

Th l ttle pri cess t k ng the dress f om the
m d cam pt P ess Mary

W l l n w well rra ge someth o qu te
mpl d b com sh s d d

The th e ces hers M demo selle Bour
d k t wh w l u hung t some
th g m gl d n m rry sound l i k e th ch rp
ng f b ds

N le me l and P n e Mary
He eso d d d o s e r u d o sad that
th ch rp g f th b rd was l n e i to ce.

WAR AND PEACE

won't come down. It is natural in her state
Hm! Hm! muttered the prince sitting
down

His plate seemed to him not quite clean and
pointing to a spot he flung it away. Tsk! Tsk!
the prince
overp

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for her. When the little princess had grown
accustomed to life at Bald Hills she took a special
fancy to Mademoiselle Bourienne spent whole days with her asked her to sleep in
her room and often talked with her about the old prince and criticized him

So we are to have visitors *mon prince?* remarked Mademoiselle Bourienne unfolding
her white napkin with her rosy fingers. His
Excellency Prince Vasilii Kuragin and his son
I understand? she said inquiringly

Hm!—his excellency is a puppy. I got
him his appointment in the service said the
prince disdainfully. Why his son is coming I
don't understand. Perhaps Princess Elizabeth
and I Princess Mary know. I don't want him
(He looked at his blushing daughter). Are
you well today? Eh? Afraid of the minister
is that idiot Alpatych called him this morn-
ing?

No *mon père*

Though! — — —

so unsuccessful did not
conservative and the beauty of a flower that
had just opened and after the soup the prince
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She was much altered. She was now plain
rather than pretty. Her cheeks had sunk. Her

Do you want anything?

No *merci mon père*

Well all right all right

He left the room and went to the waiting
room

Ha

Ye

en s r

to his study

Prince Vasilii arrived that evening. He was
met in the avenue by coachmen and footmen
who with loud shouts dragged his sleigh up
to one of the lodges over the road purposely
laden with snow

Prince Vasilii and Anatole had separate rooms
assigned to them

Anatole having taken off his overcoat sat
with arms akimbo before a table on a corner of
which he smilingly and absent minded fixed
his large and handsome eyes. He regarded his
whole life as a continual round of amusement
which someone for some reason had provided
for him. And he looked on this visit to a dear
old man and a rich and ugly heiress in the
same way. All the night he thought turn out
very well and amusingly. And why not marry
her if she will! — — —

er

I

anc

him and his handsome head held high entered
his father's room with the good humored and
victorious air natural to him. Prince Vasilii
two valets were busy dressing him and he
looked round with much animation and cheer-
fully nodded to his son as the latter entered as
if to say. Yes that's how I want you to look

I say Father joking apart she very likely
cous? Anatole asked as if continuing a con-
versation the subject of which had often been
mentioned during the journey

Enough! What nonsense! Above all try to
be respectful and cautious with the old prince

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the maidservants' rooms that the minister and
his son had arrived but the appearance of both
had been minutely described. Princess Mary
was sitting alone in her room vainly trying to
master her agitation

They looked at the beautiful large thoughtful eyes full of tears and of thoughts gazing shinningly and imploringly at them and understood that it was useless and even cruel to insist.

At least change your coiffure said the little princess. Didn't I tell you she went on turning reproachfully to Mademoiselle Bourienne. Mary's is a face which such a coiffure does not suit in the least. Not in the least! Please change it.

Leave me alone please leave me alone! It is all quite the same to me answered a voice struggling with tears.

Mademoiselle Bourienne and the little princess had to own to themselves that Princess Mary in this guise looked very plain worse than usual but it was too late. She was looking at them with an expression they both knew an expression thoughtful and sad. This expression in Princess Mary did not frighten them (she never inspired fear in anyone) but they knew that when it appeared on her face she became mute and was not to be shaken in her determination.

You will change it won't you? said Lise. And as Princess Mary gave no answer she left the room.

Princess Mary was left alone. She did not comply with Lise's request she not only left her hair as it was but did not even look in her glass. Letting her arms fall helplessly she sat with downcast eyes and pondered. A husband a man a strong dominant and strangely attractive being rose in her imagination and carried her into a totally different happy world of his own. She fancied a child her own—such as she had seen the day before in the arms of her nurse's daughter—at her own breast the husband standing by and gazing tenderly at her and the child. But no it is impossible I am too ugly she thought.

Please come to tea. The prince will be out in a moment came the maid's voice at the door.

She roused herself and felt appalled at what she had been thinking and before going down she went into the room where the icons hung and her eyes fixed on the dark face of a large icon of the Saviour lit by a lamp she stood before it with folded hands for a few moments a painful doubt filled her soul. Could the joy of love of earthly love for a man be for her? In her thoughts of marriage Princess Mary dreamed of happiness and of children but her strongest most deeply hidden longing was for

earthly love. The more she tried to hide this feeling from others and even from herself the stronger it grew. O God she said how am I to stifle in my heart these temptations of the devil? How am I to renounce forever these vile fancies so as peacefully to fulfill Thy will. And scarcely had she put that question than God gave her the answer in her own heart.

Desire nothing for thyself seek nothing be not anxious or envious. Man's future and thy own fate must remain hidden from thee but live so that thou mayest be ready for anything. If it be God's will to prove thee in the duties

longing) Princess Mary sighed and having crossed herself went down thinking neither of her gown and coiffure nor of how she could go in nor of what she would say. What could all that matter in comparison with the will of God without Whose care not a hair of man's head can fall?

CHAPTER IV

WHEN PRINCESS MARY came down Prince Vasili and his son were already in the drawing room talking to the little princess and Mademoiselle Bourienne. When she entered with her heavy step treading on her heels the gentlemen and Mademoiselle Bourienne rose and the little princess indicating her to the gentlemen said *Voilà Marie*. Princess Mary saw them all and saw them in detail. She saw Prince Vasili's face serious for an instant at the sight of her but immediately smiling again and the little princess curiously noting the impression.

Marie produced on the visitors. And she saw Mademoiselle Bourienne with her ribbon and pretty face and her unusually animated look which was fixed on him but him she could not see she only saw something large brilliant and handsome moving towards her as she entered the room. Princess Vasili approached first and she kissed the bold forehead that bent over her hand and answered his question by saying that on the contrary she remembered him quite well. Then Anatole came up to her. She still could not see him. She only felt a soft hand taking hers firmly and she touched with her lips a light forehead over which was beautiful light brown hair smelling of pomade. When she looked up at him she was struck by his beauty. Anatole stood with his right thumb under a button of his uniform his chest expanded and his back drawn in slightly swing

BOOK THREE

ing one foot and with his head a little bent
looked at the magnificent prince with
ut peking and indignantly thinking about
her at Anatole with a quickened nor
ready refection in her eyes but he had
the faculty so noble in society of composure
and unperturbable self-possession. If a
little confidence remains dumb

A d u r l t l e t a t a b l e ?

Oh yes!

Why s t y o u w e r e n e r a t A n n e t t e s ? t h e
l t l e p r i n c e s s k e d A n a t o l e A h I k n w I
k n w s h e s d i t h a s y g l a n c e y o u r b r o t h
H i p p l y t e t l d m e b o u t y o u r g n g s o n
O h I d l e s h o o k h e r f i n g e r I l m I h a v e
e v e n h e d f y o u r d n g s n P a r s
A n d d d n t H i p p l y t e t e l l y o u a s k e d
P r i n c e V i l t u n g t h s s n r l s e n g
t h l t l e p r i n c e s a r m a f l e w u l l c r u n
h h d u t m n g e d t c a t c h l e r

l

r

e

t

P n e s s h e a d d e d

W h n P r s w a m e n t o e d M d e m e l l e
B o u n n e f r h r p r e z d l e p p o t t y
f j o n g n t h g e n r a l c u r r e t o f r e c o l l e c
t o n s

S h e t o o k t h e l b e r t y o f n g u r n g w h t h e r i t
w l n g s A n a t l h a d l e f t P a s a n d h
h e h d l k e d t h e c t y A n a t l e a n s w e r e d t h e
F r d w o m a v e r y e a d l y n d l o o k s a t h e r
h m l t a l k d t o h e r b o s h e r n t e

c o e e t l t h m t
w h e e e m d t y B d t h s n h s b e
h a v i n g t o w m e n A t l e h d m n n r w i c h
n c u l l y p n t h e m u r o t y w e o f

A j
b o t h e b o t y u ? Y u d b e l y t o o g u
t o r e P e l p h e d d t e l l y t h n k t h s
h h e m e t w m - e p b b l y h d d
t e i t h t h g h t c r y l t l - b u t

r a l n d n m u m a s

t h t l t l e c m p n o l l h o p e t e w u
h e r l o g w t h h e w h e w e r e m a r r i e d , l a
p e t t e e t g t l l

T h e l d p e d e e d l e l y s h u s t u d y
f d o d e w h a t h e w a s t o d
T h e c m g o f t l e v t o r s a n o y e d h m
n v n d i l t s o f h t

t a l l y t - j t n n x i d n
P r i n c e V i l d i y d p d l e t d t h
l t l p e s s l s o d w A n t l w h m s h

s h a t h m a r r y m

H e r a l e a s t w e h l l h e t h b e I l f
y c o m p y l l r s l d e a p c e
s a d h i t p e s (f r s F e c h)
t o P r V i l l t t t A u
r e p t s w h y u l w y r a w y y o r e
m e m b e r I l h e A u

A h , b t y u w t t l k p o l t e s t o m e l i k e
A e t e l

A F i l m a .

s e l f p t f m h s d g h t e r d g e h e r t o
a h b d T h p r i c e n e v e r d e l t y a s k e d
h u m s e l f t h t q u e s t k o w n g b e f o e h a d
t h t h e y u l d h a v e t o a s e r t j s t l y a d j u s
t e d h e d n o t o n l y w t h h i s f e e l s b u w t h
t h e c r y p o s b i l t y f i l e L i f e w t h o u t P r i n
c e s M r y l t l h s m e d t o v a l h e r w a s
t h k b l e t l m . A n d w h y s h o u l d a n e
m r r y ? h t h h a . T o b e u h a p p y f o r e
t T h e c l m a r r i e d t o A n d . w t e
t e r h b d e w u l d t h i n k c o u l d h a d v e
l d n w a d a y s - b u t i s h e c o n t e n t w t
T h l t l o n e i s c h a r m i n g

her lot? And who would marry Marie for love? Plain and awkward! They'll take her for her connections and wealth. Are there no women living unmarried and even the happier for it? So thought Prince Bolkónski while dressing and yet the question he was always putting off demanded an immediate answer. Prince Vasilí had brought his son with the evident intention of proposing and to-day or tomorrow he would probably ask for an answer. His birth and position in society were not bad. Well! I've nothing against it; the princess to him self but he must be worthy of her. And that is what we shall see.

That is what we shall see! That is what we shall see! he added aloud.

He entered the drawing room with his usual alert step, glancing rapidly round the company. He noticed the change in the little princess's dress. Mademoiselle Bourienne's ribbon! Princess Mary's unbecoming coiffure. Mademoiselle Bourienne's and Anatole's smiles and the loneliness of his daughter amid the general conversation. Got herself up like a fool! he thought looking irritably after her. She is shameless and he ignores her!

He went straight up to Prince Vasilí.

Well! How do you do? How do you do? Glad to see you!

Friendship plagues at distance began Prince Vasilí in his usual rapid self-confident familiar tone. Here is my second son, please love and befriend him.

Prince Bolkónski surveyed Anatole.

Fine young fellow! Fine young fellow! he said. Well, come and kiss me! and he offered his cheek.

Anatole kissed the old man and looked at him with curiosity and perfect composure waiting for a display of the eccentricities his father had told him to expect.

Prince Bolkónski sat down in his usual place in the corner of the sofa and drawing up an armchair for Prince Vasilí pointed to him and began questioning him about political affairs and news. He seemed to listen attentively to what Prince Vasilí said but kept glancing at Princess Mary.

And so they are writing from Potsdam already? he said repeating Prince Vasilí's last words. Then rising he suddenly went up to his daughter.

Is it for visitors you've got yourself up like that eh? said he. Fine very fine! You have done up your hair in this new way for the visitors, and before the visitors I tell you that in

future you are never to dare to change your way of dress without my consent.

It was my fault, *mon père* interceded the little princess with a blush.

You must do as you please, said Prince Bolkónski bowing to his daughter-in-law but she need not make a fool of herself, she's plain enough as it is.

And he sat down again paying no more attention to his daughter who was reduced to tears.

On the contrary that coiffure suits the princess very well, said Prince Vasilí.

Now, you young prince, what's your name? said Prince Bolkónski turning to Anatole come here let us talk and get acquainted.

Now the fun begins, thought Anatole sitting down with a smile beside the old prince.

Well, my dear boy, I hear you've been educated abroad, not taught to read and write by the deacon like your father and me. Now tell me, my dear boy, are you serving in the Horse Guards? asked the old man scrutinizing Anatole closely and intently.

No, I have been transferred to the line, said Anatole, hardly able to restrain his laughter.

Ah! That's a good thing. So, my dear boy, you wish to serve the Tsar and the country? It is wartime. Such a fine fellow must serve. Well, are you off to the front?

No, Prince, our regiment has gone to the front but I am attached. What is it I am attached to, Papa? said Anatole turning to his father with a laugh.

A splendid soldier, splendid! What am I attached to? Ha ha ha! lau-hed Prince Bolkónski and Anatole laughed still louder. Suddenly Prince Bolkónski frowned.

You may go, he said to Anatole. Anatole returned smiling to the ladies. And so you've had him educated abroad, Prince Vasilí, haven't you? said the old prince to Prince Vasilí.

I have done my best for him and I can assure you the education there is much better than ours.

Yes, everything is different nowadays, everything is changed. The lad is a fine fellow, a fine fellow! Well, come with me now. He took Prince Vasilí's arm and led him to his study. As soon as they were alone together Prince Vasilí announced his hopes and wishes to the old prince.

Well, do you think I shall prevent her that I can't part from her? said the old prince and

only "What an idea I'm ready for it m r
row O ly let me t ll you I nt t kn w my
so law better l u kn my p nc ples—
everyth || bo bo rd I will k he t mo
row your p es || f h w ll g th n he
ca t y n. H ca t ya d ll ec The old
pri s orted. "Let her m rry || If the same
t m be scream d n the sam p ercin tone
he p rti g from his son.
I will tell you frankly d Pr ce l asll
th t e f crafty man co ned of the

d her a d carry her off and here at l st
wa Russ npr nce Mademoiselle Bournenne
knew a st ry heard from her aunt but finished
n h r own way which she l ked to repeat to
herself It wa she tory f g l w l o h d been
seduced a d to whom her poor mothe (s
p u re m e) ppe red and repr ched h r
f y eld g to a m n w thout be " m r r ed
M dem lle Bour enne was often t u l ed to
tears as n m a r i s he told th st ry t
l m he sed ce And s w l e real Rus n
p nce had appea ed. He would carry l er
way d the p r e m e w uld ppear
d h would marry her So l er f ture shaped
uelf n M demo ell Bournen es head t the
ry t me she wa t l k g t An tole bout
m i l h

m All right, all right, we'll e
A l ays happens wh n w men lead l nely
l est y l gth f t me witho t male soc
tyo A t le ppears all th d e w m
f Pri ce Bol k s h u eh l d f l t h t
th r l d had n t been e l l l th n Th r
po ers f easo g l l d observ g

w hed d t ed to pleas him smuch s pos-
s ble

Th l ttle pri cess, l'ke n l d war horse
that hears th trumpet, unco sciously nd qu te
f r r t h c nd uon p epa ed fo the f
m l a gall p f coquetry w t out ny u ltern
m t e o ny truggle but with n n and

m f i c a ||
Pri ces M ry grew quit n ns us f h r
f d co ff e. Th ha dsome pen f c of
th ma wh m l t p haps be her husba d
too bed l l her t n t n H seemed t h
k d bra determ ed ma ly nd m on n
mous. She f l t co ed f that. Th us nd
f d eams f f ture f m ly l f e cont ually
rose her imag t n. Sh dro them way
d t ed co eal them.

pectacle f h power o er thes three w me
n m m f eel f th

B t m l t too cold w th h m? tho ght
th || ess. I try t be es ried beca ||
th d pth f may so l l feel too nea to h m l
ead b the h ca || w what l th k f
h m d ay ma that f d n t l k him

cuons.

Alt r tea tle comp ny went t the t t n
room nd Princess M ry wa ked to ply n
th l ch rd An t l l u h g and m l h
p n s, ram d l e ed on lu l bows, l || g
h d bes d M dem ll B ur en || Prin
ess M ry f l t h look w l pa nfully joy
us em t H l t so ta bore he n
t most m m tely poet c w rld nd the look
he f l l upo l m d e that w rld still m ||
poet c. B t Anat l exp os on tlo gh
his eyes were f ied on her cl rred t t t
l b t t th m ements f M dem elle
Bour e c l t l foot hcl || wa then
t h g w th f own under the l ch d
M demo selle B ur e was also look
g t Pr ess M ry nd n her l ly eyes
th w a look of fear f l j y nd h pe

A d Pri es M r y tried b l d t m n
be d f t h ewgues Poo gurl
sh s del h ly th h A t le
M dem sell Bou n lso roused t
great ex treme by A t l m l th l t
nothe w y O l co rs l handsom
y ma w th t y d f i t pos n
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tend t dev t her l f to r g Pr Bol
k nsk t ead l d c h m d be
f end w h Pri ess M ry M dem selle
Be en had l gess wa t f Rus-
p wh bl t pp c t t gl
her pe t y t th pl b dly d ead an-
|| ly Russia p esses wo l d fall n l

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shame

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"Come to bed," asked the prince.

Tikhon, like all good valets, instinctively knew the direction of his master's thoughts. He pressed last the question referred to Prince Vasil and his son.

"They have gone to bed and put out their lights, your excellency."

"A good no good," said the prince, and thrusting his feet into his slippers and his arms into the sleeves of his dressing gown, he went to the couch on which he slept.

Though no words had passed between Anatole and M. demoiselle Bounenne, they quite understood one another as to the first part of her romance up to the appearance of the prince. They understood that they had much to say to one another in private and so they had been seeking an opportunity since evening to meet one another alone. When Princess Mary went to her father's room, the usual hour M. demoiselle Bounenne and Anatole met in the conservatory.

Princess Mary went to the door of the study with special trepidation. It seemed to her that not only did everybody know that her father would be decided that day, but that they also knew what she thought about it. She read this in Tikhon's face and in that of Prince Vasil, who made her bow how when she met him in the corridor carrying her water.

The old prince was very affectionate and careful in his treatment of his daughter that morning. Princess Mary well knew this painstaking expression of her father's. His face wore the expression when his dry hands clenched with vexation, when not understanding something in arithmetic, when rising from his chair he would walk away from her repeating in a low voice the same words several times over.

He came to the point, once, treating her extremely seriously.

"This had proposition made me concerned you," he said with an unnatural smile. "I expect you have guessed that Prince Vasil has for some reason Prince Bolkonski referred to Anatole as pupil?" for the sake of my beautiful eyes. Last night proposition was made me on your account and, as you know my principle is to refer to you.

How am I to understand you, poor girl?" said the princess, growing pale and then blushing.

How understand me?" cried her father angrily. "Prince Vasil finds you to his taste as daughter-in-law and makes proposal to you

on his pupil's behalf. That's how it is to be understood. 'H w understand t! And I ask you

"I do not know what you think, F ther whispered the princess.

"P P What of me. Leave me out of the

moment the thought occurred to her that her father would be decided now or never. She lowered her eyes so as not to see the gar under which she felt that she could not think, but would only be able to submit from habit, and she said, "I wish only to do your will, but if I had to express my own desire"

"She had no time to finish. The old prince interrupted her. "That's admirable," he shouted. "He will take you with your dowry and take M. demoiselle Bounenne into the bargain. She'll be the wife, while you

The prince topped. He saw the effect these words had produced on his daughter. She lowered her head and was ready to burst into tears.

"Now then, now then, I'm only joking," he said. "Remember this, Princess, I hold to the principle that a maiden has a full right to choose. I give you freedom. Only remember that your life's happiness depends on your decision. Never mind me

"But I did not know F ther"

"There's no need to talk. He receives his orders and will marry you or anybody but you are free to choose. Go to your room, think it over and come back in an hour and tell me in his presence yes or no. I know you will pray over it. Well, pray if you like, but you had better think it over. Go yes or no yes or no yes or no," he still shouted when the princess, as if lost in fog, had already staggered out of the study.

Her father was decided and happily decided. But what her father had said about M. demoiselle Bounenne was dreadful. It was untrue to be sure, but still it was terrible, and he could not help thinking of it. She was so nervous that on thorough the conservatory neither seeing nor hearing anything, when suddenly the well-known whispering of M. demoiselle Bounenne aroused her. She raised her eyes, and two steps away saw Anatole embracing the Frenchwoman and whispering something to her. With a horrified expression on his handsome face, Anatole looked Princess Mary but did not take his arm from the waist of M. demo-

that was also new to the princess

How she loves me! thought Princess Mary. How happy I am now and how happy I may be with such a friend and such a husband! Husband? Can it be possible? she thought not daring to look at his face but still feeling his eyes gazing at her

In the evening after supper when all were about to retire Anatole kissed Princess Mary's hand. She did not know how she found the courage but she looked straight into his hand some face as it came near to her shortsighted eyes. Turning from Princess Mary he went up and kissed Mademoiselle Bourienne's hand. (This was not etiquette but then he did every thing so simply and with such assurance!) Mademoiselle Bourienne flushed and gave the princess a frightened look.

What delicacy! thought the princess. Is it possible that Amélie (Mademoiselle Bourienne) thinks I could be jealous of her and not value her pure affection and devotion to me? She went up to her and kissed her warmly. Anatole went up to kiss the little princess hand.

No! No! No! When your father writes to tell me that you are behaving well I will give you my hand to kiss. Not till then! she said. And smilingly raising a finger at him she left the room.

CHAPTER V

THEY ALL SEPARATED but except Anatole who fell asleep as soon as he got into bed all kept

thing thought Princess Mary and fear which she had seldom experienced came upon her

—the devil—and he was also this man with the white forehead black eyebrows and red lips

She rang for her maid and asked her to sleep in her room

Mademoiselle Bourienne walked up and down the conservatory for a long time that eve

rebuking her for her fall

The little princess grumbled to her maid that her bed was badly made. She could not lie either on her face or on her side. Every position was awkward and uncomfortable and her

burden oppressed her now more than ever because Anatole's presence had vividly recalled to her the time when she was not like that and when everything was light and gay. She sat in an armchair in her dressing jacket and night cap and I was sleepy and disheveled beat and turned the heavy feather bed for the third time muttering to herself

I told you it was all lumps and holes! the little princess repeated. I should be glad enough to fall asleep so it is not my fault! and her voice quivered like that of a child about to cry

The old prince did not sleep either. Tikhon half asleep heard him pacing angrily about and snorting. The old prince felt as though he had been insulted through his daughter. The insult was the more pointed because it concerned not himself but another his daughter whom he loved more than himself. He kept telling himself that he would consider the whole matter and decide what was right and how he should act but instead of that he only excited himself more and more

The first man that turns up—she forgets her father and everything else runs upstairs and does up her hair and tags her tail and is unlike herself! Glad to throw her father over. And she knew I should notice it. For I see that that idiot had eyes only for Bourienne—I shall have to get rid of her. And how is it she has no pride enough to see it? If she has no pride for herself she might at least have some for my sake! She must be shown that the blockhead thinks nothing of

old his daughter she was making a mistake and that Anatole meant to flirt with Mademoiselle Bourienne. Princess Mary's self esteem would be wounded and his point (not to be parted from her) would be gained so pacifying himself with this thought he called Tikhon and began to undress

What devil brought them here? thought he. I hate Tikhon as putting the nightshirt over his dried up old body and gray haired chest. I never invited them. They came to disturb my life—and there is not much of it left.

Devil take em! he muttered while his head was still covered by the shirt

Tikhon knew his master's habit of sometimes thinking aloud and therefore met with unaltered looks the angrily inquisitive expression of the face that emerged from the shirt.

Go et bed? ked the p nce
Tlkh n, l lke all good valets inst not cly
ewth dlect n of husm ter athoughts He
guess d that the quest on referred to Prince
Vasil d d h son.

"They h e gone t bed nd put out th ur
l hus y ur ex cency
nd n good s d the pr
i n rs

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t l and M d m u l l e B u enne they qu te
derstood m the t the first part of
th r rom ce up t th ppe ran e l the
p ur e m e e th y und rst od th t they h d
much t s y to n n the p vate nd o
they b d b en e k g n pportun ty nc
m rung t me t ne n ther l ne Wh n
Pr n es M ry w nt l er f the s room t the
usulh r M d m l l Bo enn nd An
tole met n th con ervatory

Pr n M ry went to th door of the study
th spe l rep dat on l t emed t h r th t
not ly d d rybody kn w that her f t
ld be decided th t d y but th t th y also
k w h t he th ht bout t She d th is
Tlkh s f d n th t f Prnc Vasil
f t, who made h l w bow wh n he met
hum the corr d carry gh tw ter

The ld p ew ry f f cu nate nd
care l n h t tment of hus d v hter that
m m g Pr n es M ry w l kn w th p nst
tak g express o h f th s. Hus w e
th t exp ess wh n h s dry hands clenched
w h val ther n t derstand g um
ar thm uc, wh n u l m h s ch r he
ld w lk way from l er ep t ng n al w
e th m w nds r al t mes o er

He came t th po t treau g her
em usly

l ha b d propos t n m d me con ern
g y B s d w th n n tural mle I
exp ty ha guessed th t P c v l l has
t me d bro ht h pup l w th h m
(f some easo Pr n B l k k r f r d to
A i) as p p l) f th l of my be u
tful eyes. Last night p pos u n was made
m y ur co t d as y uk n w n y pr n
ple l f er t t y u.

It w m l t u dersta d you m p e?
said the pr nce gr w p l e nd then blush
ng

It w dersta d mel er ed he f ther an-
gry Pr Vasil f d y u t hus taste as
daughter law d m kes propos t you

on hus pup l s behalf. That s how t s to be un-
derstood! How understand it! And l a l
y ul

I do not kn w what you th nk, Father
wh spe ed the pr n es

l l? What f me? Lea m me out of the
quest n I m not go ng to get m rr ed. What
about you? Th t s what I want to know

The p nce saw th t her f ther regarded
w th d sappro al but at that mo-
h r f te

only be able to submit

said I wish nly to do your w l but if I h d
to exp ess my own desire She h d n t me
t fin sh. The old prince nterrupted her

Th t s dm rabl! he houted He w l l
t ke you w th y ur do ry nd take M demo-
s l l e B u nne into the b rga n She l l be the
w fe wh l y u

er w the flect these

choose. I g e y u l t e u u w ,
that y u l f h p p n e s s depends on your de-
c n Never m nd mel

But I don t kn w F ther!

The es n need t talk! He rece es h s
nd r a d w l marry u o anybody but y n
ar fr t choo Go to y ur room think
to r nd m back n n h ur nd tell me
n h p e s e yes u I kn you w l pray
m er t. Well pray f you l k b t you had bet-
ter th k t e G o l y e s r no yes or no yes
n f he ull h uted when the pr n es as
d l t n fog h d already tagged at f the
tudy

Her f t was decided nd happ ly d cided.

o ce take hus arm from th want of M demo-

sele Bourienne who had not yet seen her
Who's that? Why? Wait a moment! Ana

then shrugging his shoulders went to the door
that led to his own apartments

An hour later Tikhon came to call Princess
Mary to the old prince he added that Prince
Vasili was also there When Tikhon came to
her Princess Mary was sitting on the sofa in
her room holding the weeping Mademoiselle
Bourienne in her arms and gently stroking her
hair The princess beautiful eyes with all their
former calm radiance were looking with tend
er affection and pity at Mademoiselle Bour
enne's pretty face

No Princess I have lost your affection for
ever!

aid Prin
cess can for
your happiness

But you despise me You who are so pure
can never understand being so carried away by
passion Oh only my poor mother

I quite understand answered Princess
Mary with a sad smile Calm yourself my
dear I will go to my father she said and went
out

Prince Vasili with one leg thrown high over
the other and a snuffbox in his hand was sit

when Princess Mary entered He hurriedly took
a pinch of snuff

Ah my dear my dear! he began r sing
and taking her by both hands Then sigh ng
he added My son's fate is in your hands De
cide my dear good gentle Marie whom I have
always loved as a daughter!

He drew back and a real tear appeared in
his eye

Fr fr snorted Prince Bolkónski
The prince is making a proposition to you in
his pupils—I mean his son's—name Do you
wish or not to be Prince Anatole Kurág n's
wife? Reply yes or no he shouted and then
I shall reserve the right to state my opinion al
so Yes my opinion and only my opinion
added Prince Bolkónski turning to Prince Va
sili and answering his imploring look Yes or
no?

My desire is never to leave you Father nev
er to separate my life from yours I don't wish
to marry she answered positively glancin at
Prince Vasili and at her father with her beauti
ful eyes

Humbug! Nonsense! Humbu humbu
humbug! cried Prince Bolkónski frownin
and taking his daughter's hand he did not kiss
her but only bending his forehead at hers just
touched it and pressed her hand so that she
winced and uttered a cry

Prince Vasili rose

My dear I must tell you that this is a
moment I shall never never forget But
my dear will you not give us a little hope of
touching this heart so kind and generou
Say perhaps The future is so long Say
perhaps

Prince what I have said is all there is in my
heart I thank you for the honor but I shall
never be your son's wife

Well so that's finished my dear fellow! I
am very glad to have seen you Very glad! Go
back to your rooms Princess Go! said the old
prince Very very glad to have seen you re
peated he embracing Prince Vasili

My vocation is a different one thou ht
Princess Mary My vocat on is to be happy
with another kind of happiness the happ ness
of love and self sacrifice And cost what it may
I will arrange poor Amélie's happiness she
loves him so pr ionately and so passionately

shall be so happy when she is his wife She is
so unfortunate a stranger alone helpless! And
oh God how passionately she must love him if
she could so far forget herself! Perhaps I might
have done the same! thought Princess
Mary

CHAPTER VI

It was long since the Rostóvs had nev's of
Nicholas Not till midwinter was the count at
last handed a letter addressed in his son's hand
writing On receiving it he ran on tiptoe to his
study in alarm and haste try ng to escape no
tice closed the door and began to read the
letter

Anna Mikháylovna who always knew every
thing that passed in the house on hearing of
the arrival of the letter went softly into the

to ces had repro ed, was till l : g w th the
Rostova.

My dear frie d s d she in t ne of p
theu nqu ry prep red to ymp thuz in any

Th count sobbed yet more
"Nikóle ka lette va a
h count

hol time abo t the wa news nd uo f
b h) : letter h d

Each time that these h nts began to ma c
co tess a x u s and h gl ed unea dly at
m co t d t Ann M kháyl na the l t
ter ery dr dly turned the co ersati n to n

press pri ked up her rs f m the begin
f the meal d was c ria n th t there
wa som secret between her f ther nd An
M kháyl vn that t h d som th g to do w th
he b the nd th t An M kháyl vn wa
p ep n g them f t B ld sb wa N tá
h h k ew h w t e he m ther w
t ythu rel t g to N kól nka d d n t ven
t et ask y q est t d but he

h ll g herself n her eck as soon as h
— —

p-l k w y u kn w som thu g
A M kháyl book h head.
Ar l t l y boots l sa d.
A letter from N kól k l m ure of t l
ext med N tásha ead g co firmati n n
A M kháyl n f ce.
B t f God sake be ca f l y u kn w
how t may flic y ur mamma.

I w ll I w ll only tell me! You w n t T len
I w ll go d tell at once

few words told l er
th t

N tá
a d

she ran off t once to Sónya.

N kólenka w unded a letter she
ann u ced n gleeful triumph.

N h las was all B ya sa d instantly
turn n wh te

N tá h eing the imp ess on the news of
he brother s wound prod ced on Sónya felt fo
the first t me the sorrow ful de of the news
She rushed t Sónya hugged her and begai
t cry

A l ttle w und but he h s been m de n
offi r he s well n w he wrote h mself sa d
he th ugh her tears

"Th re now It true that all o i wome
re cry b es emarked Pétya p c i g the
room w th large esolute n des. N w I m

N tásha miled thro gh her tears.

— b d So va

But perh p sh dece ed y u. Let us go to
M mma

Pétya p ed the room n lence for a t me
If I d been n N kólenka s pl ce I w uld
ha e k lled e n m f th e F encl men
he sa d. "What nasty brutes they are! I d ha e
killed so many th t the d ha e been heap
f them

Il d your t noue Pétya what a goo e you

I m n t goo but they are who cry bout
trifles, sa d Pétya

Do y urem rube him? N tásh dd nly
k d alter m ment il nce.

Só ya sm led.

Il I remember A holas?"

"No So ya but do y u remember so th t
y u remember h m p I ctly remember ery
th g? sa d N tásh w th n exp ess e ges-
ture, ev d ntly wish t g her w rds ery
d fin t me n g I em mbe N kól nka too
I em mber hum well she sa d. B t I d n t
remembe Boris. I d n t remember h m b t.

"What! You d n t remember Bori? ked
Só ya n urpri e.

It's not that I don't remember—I know what he is like but not as I remember Nikólenka Him—I just shut my eyes and remember but Boris Nol (She shut her eyes) Nol there's nothing at all

Oh Natásha! said Sónya looking ecstatically and earnestly at her friend as if she did not consider her worthy to hear what she meant to say and as if she were saying it to someone else with whom joking was out of the question I am in love with your brother once for all and whatever may happen to him or to me shall never cease to love him as long as I live

Natásha looked at Sónya with wondering and inquisitive eyes and said nothing She felt that Sónya was speaking the truth that there was such love as Sónya was speaking of But Natásha had not yet felt anything like it She believed it could be but did not understand it

Shall you write to him? she asked

Sónya became thoughtful The question of how to write to Nicholas and whether she ought to write tormented her Now that he was already an officer and a wounded hero would it be right to remind him of herself and as it might seem of the obligations to her he had taken on himself?

I don't know I think if he writes I will write too she said blushing

And you won't feel ashamed to write to him?

Sónya smiled

No

And I should be ashamed to write to Boris I'm not going to

Why should you be ashamed?

Well I don't know It's awkward and would make me ashamed

And I know why she'd be ashamed said Pétýa offended by Natásha's previous remark "It's because she was in love with that fat one in spectacles (that was how Pétýa described his namesake the new Count Bezukhov) and now she's in love with that singer (he meant Natásha's Italian singing master) that's why she's ashamed!

Pétýa you're a stupid! said Natásha

Not more stupid than you madam said the nine year old Pétýa with the air of an old brigadier

The countess had been prepared by Anna Mikháylovna's hints at dinner On returning to her own room she sat in an armchair her eyes fixed on a miniature portrait of her son on the lid of a snuffbox while the tears kept coming into her eyes Anna Mikháylovna with the let-

ter came on tiptoe to the countess door and paused

Don't come in she said to the old count who was following her Come later And she went in closing the door behind her

The count put his ear to the keyhole and listened

At first he heard the sound of indifferent voices then Anna Mikháylovna's voice alone in a long speech then a cry then silence then both voices together with glad intonations and then footsteps Anna Mikháylovna opened the door Her face wore the proud expression of a surgeon who has just performed a difficult operation and admits the public to appreciate his skill

It is done! she said to the count pointing triumphantly to the countess who sat holding in one hand the snuffbox with its portrait and in the other the letter and pressing them alternately to her lips

When she saw the count she stretched out her arms to him embraced his bald head over which she again looked at the letter and the portrait and in order to press them again to her lips she slightly pushed away the bald head Véra Natásha Sónya and Pétýa now entered the room and the reading of the letter began After a brief description of the campaign and the two battles in which he had taken part and his promotion Nicholas said that he kissed his father's and mother's hands ask-

him dear Sónya whom he loved and thought of just the same as ever When she heard this Sónya blushed so that tears came into her eyes and unable to bear the looks turned upon her ran away into the dancing hall whirled round at full speed with her dress puffed out like a balloon and flushed and smiling plumped down on the floor The countess was crying

Why are you crying Mamma? asked Véra From all he says one should be glad and not cry

This was quite true but the count the countess and Natásha looked at her reproachfully And who is it she takes after? thought the countess

Nicholas' letter was read over hundreds of times and those who were considered worthy to hear it had to come to the countess for she did not let it out of her hand The tutors came and the nurses and Dmitri and several ac-

quantities, and the countess read the letter each time with fresh pleasure and each time discovered in it fresh proofs of Nikolénka's virtues. How strange, how extraordinary, how joyful it seemed, that her son, the scarcely perceptible motion of whose tiny limbs she had felt twenty years ago within her that son about whom she used to quarrel with the room-maid's count, that son who had first learned to sit, to crawl, and then to walk, that this son should now be within a few hands' reach amid strange surroundings, amid manifold dangers, and that he should know of his own, without help or guide, the universal experience of ages, showing that children do grow unperceptibly from the cradle to manhood, did not exist but the countess. Her son's growth toward manhood, each of his steps, had seemed as extraordinary to her as if there had never existed the millions of human beings who grew up in the same way. As twenty years before, it seemed impossible that the little creature who lived somewhere under her heart would ever cry suck her breast, or begin to speak, so now she could not believe that that little creature would be this strong man, this model son and officer, that, passing by this sister, he now was.

"What a life! How charming!" he describes and the reader's description part of the letter and his soul's part of his own himself. Not a word about some Den or other thought in himself, I dare say, is there in this letter. He says nothing about his mother. What heart. How like him it is. And how he has remembered everybody. Not forget me, you, I always said when he was only a boy—I always said

For more than a week preparations were being made. Rough drafts of letters to Nicholas from all the household were written and copied out, and under the supervision of the countess and the soldier of the count, money and jewels were necessary for uniforms and equipment. The chief commissioned officer were selected. A Mrs. Mikhailovna, practical woman, that she was had even managed to favor with arms, thornies, or secure advantageous means of communication for herself and her son. She had opportunities of sending her letters to the Grand Duke Constantine Pavlovich, who commanded the Guards. The Russian supposed that the Russian of the Guards by his appearance—that of fighting hussar who had been under fire.

bly somewhere in the same net. The hood. And so it was decided to send the letters and money to the Grand Duke's courier to Boris and Boris was to forward them to Nicholas. The letters were from the old count, the countess, Pétra, Vera, Natasha, and Sonya, and finally there were six thousand rubles for his outfit and various other things the old count sent to his son.

CHAPTER VII

ON THE TWELFTH OF NOVEMBER Kutuzov's army in camp before Olmütz, was preparing to be reviewed next day by the two Emperors—the Russian and the Austrian. The Guards, just arrived from Russia, spent the night ten miles from Olmütz and next morning were to come straight to the review reaching the field at Olmütz by ten o'clock.

That day Nicholas Rostov received a letter from Boris, telling him that the Ismaylov regiment was quartered for the night ten miles from Olmütz and that he wanted to see him as he had letter and money for him. Rostov was particularly in need of money now, that the troops, after their close service were rationed near Olmütz and the camp swarmed with well provisioned soldiers and Austrian Jews offering all sorts of tempting wares. The Pavlovsk hussars after feast, celebration, wards they had received from the campaign and made expeditions to Olmütz to visit certain Caroline the Hungarian who had recently opened restaurant there with girls as waitresses. Rostov

A low officer of Olmütz died there, drank bottle of wine and then set off alone to the Guards camp to find his old platoon. Rostov had not yet had time to get his uniform. He had on shabby cadet jacket, decorated with soldier's cross, equally shabby cadet riding breeches, and with worn leather and an officer's sword with sword knot. The Don hussars, he was riding was one he had bought from a Cossack during the campaign, and he wore crumpled hussar cap tucked jauntily back on the side of his head. As he rode up to the camp he thought how he would impress Boris and all his comrades of the Guards by his appearance—that of fighting hussar who had been under fire.

The Guards had made their whole march as if on pleasure trip, parade, though cleanliness and discipline. They had come by easy

It's not that I don't remember—I know what he is like but not as I remember Nikólenka Him—I just shut my eyes and remember but Boris! No! (She shut her eyes) No! there's nothing at all

Oh Natásha! said Sónya looking ecstatically and earnestly at her friend as if she did not consider her worthy to hear what she meant to say and as if she were saying it to someone else with whom joking was out of the question I am in love with your brother once for all and whatever may happen to him or to me shall never cease to love him as long as I live

Natásha looked at Sónya with wondering and inquisitive eyes and said nothing She felt that Sónya was speaking the truth that there was such love as Sónya was speaking of But Natásha had not yet felt anything like it She believed it could be but did not understand it Shall you write to him? she asked

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And you won't feel ashamed to write to him?

Sónya smiled

No

And I should be ashamed to write to Boris I'm not going in

Why should you be ashamed?

Well I don't know It's awkward and would make me ashamed

And I know why she'd be ashamed said

I'm not going in (he meant Natásha's Italian singing master) that's why she's ashamed!

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And he blushed so that tears came into her eyes and unable to bear the looks turned upon her ran away into the dancing hall and hurried round it at full speed with her dress puffed out like a balloon and flushed and smiling plumped down on the floor The countess was crying

Why are you crying Mamma? asked Véra From all he says one should be glad and not cry

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Nicholas' letter was read over hundreds of times and those who were considered worthy to hear it had to come to the countess for she did not let it out of her hands The tutors came and the nurses and Dmitri and several ac-

ever, he did not believe in the letter

"Well, they have sent you a tidy sum, said Boris, the heavy purse that sank into the folds of us, Count, we get along on our part. I can tell you for myself.

I say Boris my dear friend said Boris to the young man, get the letter from him and meet me. If your own people whom you want to talk everything over with, it will happen to be there. I'll be at once to be out of your way. I'm going here, you see, to the devil!

How do you know I speak from my heart? said Boris.

"Oh, don't tell me, Count, I quite understand, said Boris, getting up and peaking muffled and guttural once.

Go across to our hosts they invited you added Boris.

Boris picked the cleanest of coats with the pocket brushed with dust, looked at his glass and brushed the hair on his temples upward. The way affected by the Emperor Alexander had assured himself in the way Boris looked at it that his coat had been noticed in the room with pleasant result.

Oh dear what beast I am! muttered Boris, he read the letter.

"Why? Oh, what part I am not to have written down for him, he repeated, flushing suddenly. Will he have sent G. B. I for some reason? All right, he said.

The letter from his parents was enclosed. I'll tell you the recommendation to Baratsion which the old countess Anna Wladimirovna's device had been through. Equally as he and her so to him to take it to the desk and make use of it.

Why use the letter? he asked Boris, throwing the letter under the table.

Why have you thrown that away? asked Boris.

It's some letter of recommendation, he said, he did not want it.

Why? What the devil? said Boris, pecking at the card with his address. "This letter would be of great use to you."

I was nothing, said he, would be anyone's adjutant.

Why not, you read Boris.

It's lackey's job!

You are still the same dreamer, I see, remarked Boris, shaking his head.

And you rest all the same diplomatist! But that's not the point. Come, how were you asked Boris.

Well, as you see. So I'm everything, said he, right, but I confess I should much like to be adjutant and not in the front.

"Why?"

Because when no one can stand on military service he should try to make as successful a career of it as possible.

Oh that still said Boris, evidently thinking of something else.

He looked at the young man and inquiredly into his friend's eyes, and then tried to find the new question.

Old G. B. I brought with me.

Shouldn't we now send for Berg, asked Boris. He would drink with you, I can tell.

He every day in the house, as usual, fellow named Boris.

Again Boris looked tently at Boris's eyes, and smiled. Berg returned and after the bottle of wine conversation between the three.

They spoke of the day and did not stop to

himself but in connection with the to the south. The Grand Duke's quick temper he had tried with his own how to get the best of man and deal with the Grand Duke when the letter made a tour of the regiments and was named to the irregular army. I'm sure. With a pleasant smile Berg talked with the Grand Duke. He had given him a pleasant position. He was a good man. (Armuts was the Tsar's chief of the expression when he was in a rage) and called for the company commander. "Would you believe it, Count, I was not in the front because I knew I was going to die."

Anna Tikhonovna for the Albion, who supplied the Turks with irregular cavalry. — In.

stages their knapsacks conveyed on carts and the Austrian authorities had provided excellent dinners for the officers at every halting place. The regiments had entered and left the town with their bands playing and by the Grand Duke's orders the men had marched all the way in step (a practice on which the Guards prided themselves) the officers on foot and at their proper posts. Boris had been quartered and had marched all the way with Berg who was already in command of a company. Berg who had obtained his captaincy during the campaign had gained the confidence of his superiors by his promptitude and accuracy and had arranged his money matters very satisfactorily. Boris during the campaign had made the acquaintance of many persons who might prove useful to him and by a letter of recommendation he had brought from Pierre had become acquainted with Prince Andrew Bolkonski through whom he hoped to obtain a post on the commander in chief's staff. Berg and Boris having rested after yesterday's march were sitting clean and neatly dressed at a round table in the clean quarters allotted to them playing chess. Berg held a smoking pipe between his knees. Boris in the accurate way

ing this Boris embraced him in a quiet, friendly way and kissed him three times.

They had not met for nearly half a year and, being at the age when young men take their first steps on life's road, each saw immense changes in the other quite a new reflection of the society in which they had taken those first steps. Both had changed greatly since they last met and both were in a hurry to show the changes that had taken place in them.

Oh you damned dandies! Clean and fresh as if you'd been to a fete, not like us sinners of the line, cried Rostov with martial swagger and with baritone notes in his voice, not to Boris pointing to his own mud bespattered breeches. The German landlady hearing Rostov's loud voice popped her head in at the door.

Eh, is she pretty? he asked with a wink.

Why do you shout so? You'll frighten them, said Boris. I did not expect you today, he added. I only sent you the note yesterday by Bolkonski—an adjutant of Kutuzov's who's a friend of mine. I did not think he would get it to you so quickly. Well, how are you? Been under fire already? asked Boris.

Without answering Rostov shook the soil

game as he always thought only of whatever he was engaged on.

Well, how are you going to get out of that? he remarked.

Well try, replied Berg touching a pawn and then removing his hand.

At that moment the door opened.

Here he is at last! shouted Rostov. And Berg too! Oh you *petitsensans allay cushay dormir!* he exclaimed imitating his Russian nurse's French at which he and Boris used to laugh long ago.

Dear me, how you have changed!

Boris rose to meet Rostov but in doing so did not omit to steady and replace some chess men that were falling. He was about to embrace his friend but Nicholas avoided him. With that peculiar feeling of youth that dread of beaten tracks and wish to express itself in a manner different from that of its elders which is often insincere, Nicholas wished to do something special on meeting his friend. He wanted to pinch him, push him, do anything but kiss him—a thing everybody did. But notwithstanding

Little child, go to bed and sleep.—Tr.

Indeed? Yes, yes! said Boris with a smile.

And we too have had a splendid march. You know of course that His Imperial Highness rode with our regiment all the time so that we had every comfort and every advantage. What receptions we had in Poland! What dinners and balls! I can't tell you. And the Tsarévich was very gracious to all our officers.

And the two friends told each other of their doings: the one of his hussar revels and life in the fighting line, the other of the pleasures and advantages of service under members of the Imperial family.

Oh you Guards! said Rostov. I say send for some wine.

Boris made a grimace.

If you really want it, said he.

He went to his bed, drew a purse from under the clean pillow and sent for wine.

Yes and I have some money and a letter to give you, he added.

Rostov took the letter and throwing the money on the sofa put both arms on the table and began to read. After reading a few lines he glanced angrily at Berg then meeting his

eyes hadh f ebeh d the letter

Well they ent you t dy um sad
Berey the lea v p m t t sank into the
s of A f r us Cou t w et l ng on our
I ca tell you f r m eli

I say Berg my dear fell sad R tóv
t) get a lette from l me and meet
e f y ur an people w l m you want to
take r yth er w th nd l happ nt be
th re l l g n t n to b o t f you way!
Do so some h ywhe s to the dev l

low kn w l peak from my hea t w
ld eq ta ce

Oh d t me t t Co nt l I quite un
dena d, m d Berg g it g p nd peak g
muffled nd guttural o e

Go cross to ur h ts th y invited y u
dded Bo u.

Alexs der d ha ssured h ms l from
he way R t look d t t that h s co t had
be u ed, l ft the room w l pleasa t
m l

Oh dea wh t beast l m l mutt red Ros
t as l ead th lett r

Why

h written

All br l t ha som t

I th l tter from his p nts was enclosed
l t f mm d t t B r at s o wh h
h l den res t An M k h a y v n d
hal bua ed thr gh qu t d
t f e r s o k h m t tak t t s des-
dm k us f t

Wha sel M h f ed t l sad Ros-
throw ch l t e r n der th table.

Why h you throw that way? asked

l t som l tter f e comm d t ion
ha h d l d l wa t t f

Why What th d l? sad Boris p ck g
w l d be f great use to y u.

I wa t th g d l won t b any
d j ta t

Why t q ed Boris.

II l keys jobl

You are st l t e me d eamer I see re
marked Boris al k gh s head

And you e i l l the s me d plom t t! But
that n t the po t. Come how are yo
a led Rost v

Well as you see So far everyth n all
glut but I confess I sl ould mu h l ke to be
djutant a d n t em n t the front.

Why

Beacau ewhe on e man starts n m l tary
s r t ce he h uld try t make as successful a
career of t as po ble

Oh th t t l sad Ro tó ev dently th k
ng f som th ng e e

He looked ntently nd t qu r o ly nt o l s
fr ds yes ev de tly try ng in a n t find
t l n w r to me questu n

Old G b el bro ght n the w e

Sh uld n t we now s nd f Berg? asked
Bo u. H would d nk w th y u. I can t.

W l l d f r h m nd ho do you get
on th th t G r m n? a led Rostóv w th a
cont mpt us u l

H u s ery ery n e honest and pleasant
f l l w n w e d B r s.

Ag a n Ro tó looked ntently nto Bo l s
eyes nd s ghed. B rg turned and o er the
bottle of e ersat on between th t l ee

t Gra d D k qu ck temp r he rel ted w th
gut how n G l he h d m eed t de l
w th th Grand D ke w l n th l t t m de a

chs f o t e e p ess wh n he w n a
rag) d called f the c mp ny comm n der

W uld y u bel e v t, Cou t I wa not t
l l r med becaus I knew l w gl t. W th
o t b o t y u kn w l m y say that I k w
th Army O ders by heart d kn w th Regu
l t well l d th Lo ds Pray So
Cou t l t e r ne r s ny egl gence n my

Am t T k h nam f th Alb
h ppl ed th Tur k s w h r regula ca lry
-Tr.

company and so my conscience was at ease I came forward (Berg stood up and showed how he presented himself with his hand to his eye and really it would have been difficult for a face to express greater respect and self complacency than his did) Well he stormed at me as the saying is stormed and stormed and stormed! It was not a matter of life but rather of death as the saying is Albanians! and devils! and To Siberia! said Berg with a sagacious smile I knew I was in the right so I kept silent was not that best Count? Hey are you dumb? he shouted Still I —

That's the way Count said Berg to his pipe

But he was preparing to make fun of Berg and skillfully changed the subject He asked him to tell them how and where he got his wound This pleased Rostov and he began talking about it and as he went on became more and more animated He told them of his Schon Grabern affair just as those who have taken part in a battle generally do describe it that is as they would like it to have been as they have heard it described by others and as sounds well but not at all as it really was Rostov was a truthful young man and would on no account have told a deliberate lie He began his story meaning to tell everything just as it happened but imperceptibly involuntarily and inevitably he lapsed into falsehood If he had told the truth to his hearers—who like himself had often heard stories of attacks and had formed a definite idea of what an attack was and were expecting to hear just such a story—they would either not have believed him or still worse would have thought that Rostov was himself to blame since what generally happens to the narrators of cavalry attacks had not happened to him He could not tell them simply that everyone went at a trot and that he fell off his horse and sprained his arm and then ran as hard as he could from a Frenchman into the wood Besides — even — bec

had tasted flesh and he had fallen exhausted, and so on And so he told them all that

In the middle of his story just as he was saying You cannot imagine what a strange frenzy one experiences during an attack Prince Andrew whom Boris was expecting entered the room Prince Andrew who liked to help young men was flattered by being asked for his assistance and being well disposed toward Boris who had managed to please him the day before he wished to do what the young man wanted Having been sent with papers from Kutuzov to the Tsarvich he took a Boris — in a military

Prince Andrew could not endure that sort of man he gave Boris a pleasant smile frowned as with half closed eyes he looked at Rostov bowed slightly and wearily and sat down languidly on the sofa he felt it unpleasant to have dropped in on bad company Rostov flushed up on noticing this but he did not care this was a mere stranger Glancing however at Boris he saw that he too seemed ashamed of the hussar of the line

In spite of Prince Andrew's disagreeable ironical tone in spite of the room —

Rostov flushed and became silent Boris inquired what news there might be on the staff and what without indiscretion one might risk about our plans

We shall probably advance replied Dolokonski evidently reluctant to say more in the presence of a stranger

Berg took the opportunity to ask with great politeness whether as was rumored the allowance of forage money to captains of companies would be doubled To this Prince Andrew answered with a smile that he could give no opinion on such an important government order and Berg laughed gaily

As to your business Prince Andrew continued addressing Boris we will talk of it later (and he looked round at Rostov) Come to me after the review and we will do what is possible

And having glanced round the room Prince Andrew turned to Rostov whose state of unconquerable childish excitement now changing to anger he did not condescend to notice and said I think you were talking of the Schon Grabern affair? Were you there?

BOOK THREE

135

I was the elder to answer as if not so much like to him for a friend as the very
 lieutenant de de camp adjutant whom he so hated.

CHAPTER VIII

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company and so my conscience was at ease I came forward (Berg stood up and showed how he presented himself with his hand to his eye and really it would have been difficult for a face to express greater respect and self complacency than his did) Well he — I am silent

— (Loudly)

one in the Orders of the Dry That's what keeping one's head means This is the way Count Rostov lighting his pipe and emitting rings of smoke

Yes that was fine said Rostov smiling

But Boris noticed that he was preparing to make fun of Berg and skillfully changed the subject He asked him to tell them how and where he got his wound This pleased Rostov and he began talking about it and as he went on became more and more animated He told them of

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—

— He himself and all aflame with excitement he had flown like a storm at the square cut his way in slashed right and left how his saber

had tasted flesh and he had fallen exhausted, and so on And so he told them all that

In the middle of his story just as he was saying You cannot imagine what a strange experience I had during an attack Prince Andrew whom Boris was expecting entered the room Prince Andrew who liked to help young men was flattered by being asked for his assistance and being well disposed toward Boris who had managed to please him the day before he wished to do what the young man wanted Having been sent with papers from Kutuzov to the Tsarévich he looked in on Boris

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in a mild way Prince Andrew could not endure that sort of man he gave Boris a pleasant smile frowned with half closed eyes he looked at Rostov bowed slightly and carefully and sat down languidly on the sofa he felt it unpleasant to have dropped in on bad company Rostov flushed up on noticing this but he did not care thus as a mere stranger Glancing however at Boris he saw that he too seemed ashamed of the hussar of the line

In spite of Prince Andrew's disagreeable ironical tone in spite of the contempt with which Rostov from his fighting army point of view regarded all these little adjutants on the staff of whom the newcomer was evidently one Rostov felt confused blushed and became silent Boris inquired what news there might be on the staff and what without indiscretion one might ask about our plans

We shall probably advance replied Bolkonski evidently reluctant to stay more in the presence of a stranger

Berg took the opportunity to ask with great politeness whether as was rumored the allowance of forage money to captains of companies would be doubled To this Prince Andrew answered with a smile that he could give no opinion on such an important government order and Berg laughed gaily

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the w. n. n. of two battles would ha. e. m. a. u. them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DAY AFTER the rev. e. w. Boris, in his best
 u. n. f. o. r. m. nd w. th. h. i. c. o. m. r. a. d. e. B. e. r. o. s. b. e. s. t.
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flank of the front) those recently arrived from Russia both Guards and regiments of the line and the Austrian troops. But they all stood in the same lines under one command and in a like order.

Like wind over leaves ran an excited whisper. They're coming! They're coming! Alarmed voices were heard and a stir of final preparation swept over all the troops.

From the direction of Olmutz in front of them a group was seen approaching. And at that moment though the day was still a light gust of wind blowing over the army slightly stirred the streamers on the lances and the unfolded standards fluttered against their staffs. It looked as if by that slight motion the army itself was expressing its joy at the approach of the Emperors. One voice was heard shouting:

Eyes front! Then like the crowing of cocks at sunrise this was repeated by others from various sides and all became silent.

In the deathlike stillness only the tramp of horses was heard. This was the Emperors' suites. The Emperors rode up to the flank and the trumpets of the first cavalry regiment played the general march. It seemed as though not the trumpeters were playing but as if the army itself rejoicing at the Emperors' approach had naturally burst into music. Amid these sounds only the youthful kindly voice of the Emperor

stronger and fuller and merging into a deafening roar.

Till the Tsar reached it each regiment in its silence and immobility seemed like a lifeless body but as soon as he came up it became alive its thunder joining the roar of the whole line along which he had already passed. Through the terrible and deafening roar of those voices amid the square masses of troops standing motionless as if turned to stone hundreds of riders composing the suites moved

ate attention of that whole mass of men was concentrated.

The handsome young Emperor Alexander in the uniform of the Horse Guards wore a cocked hat with its peaks front and back with his pleasant face and resonant throat loud voice attracted everyone's attention.

Rostov was not far from the trumpeters and

distinguish every detail of his handsome happy young face he experienced a feeling of tenderness and ecstasy such as he had never before known. Every trait and every movement of the Tsar's seemed to him enchanting.

Seeing that smile Rostov involuntarily smiled himself and felt a still stronger flow of love for his sovereign. He longed to show that love in some way and knowing that this was impossible was ready to cry. The Tsar called the colonel of the regiment and said a few words to him.

Oh God what would happen to me if the Emperor spoke to me? thought Rostov. I should die of happiness!

The Tsar addressed the officers also. I thank you all gentlemen. I thank you with my whole heart. To Rostov every word sounded like a voice from heaven. How gladly would he have died at once for his Tsar!

You have earned the St. George's standard and will be worthy of them.

Oh to die to die for him! thought Rostov. The Tsar said something more which Rostov did not hear. The soldiers strain

fully that the men themselves were awed by their multitude and the immensity of the power they constituted.

Rostov standing in the front lines of Kutu

proud consciousness of might and a passionate attraction to him who was the cause of this triumph.

He felt that at a single word from that man all this vast mass (and he himself an insignificant atom in it) would go through fire and water commit crime die or perform deeds of highest heroism and so he could not but tremble and his heart stand still at the immensity of that word.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! thundered from all sides one regiment after another greeted them then and

Prince Andrew always became specially keen when he had to guide a young man and help — of advice —

kept in touch with the circle — — — — —
 cess and which attracted him. He very readily took up Boris' cause and went with him to Dolgorukov.

It was late in the evening when they entered the palace at Olmutz occupied by the Emperor and their retinues.

That same day a council of war had been held in which all the members of the High Command and both Emperors took part. At that council, contrary to the views of the old general Kutuzov and Prince Schwarzenberg, it had been decided to advance immediately and give battle to Bonaparte. The council of war was just over when Prince Andrew accompanied by Boris arrived at the palace to find Dolgorukov. Everyone's headquarters was still under the spell of the day's council, in which the party in the young had triumphed. The voices of those who counseled delay and delayed waiting for some thing else before advancing had been so completely silenced and their arguments confuted by such conclusive evidence of the advantages of attacking that what had been discussed in the council — the coming battle and the victory that would certainly result from it — no longer seemed to be in the future but in the past. All the advantages were on our side. Our enormous forces, undoubtedly superior to Napoleon's, were concentrated in one place, the troops inspired by the Emperor's presence were eager for action. The strategic position where the operations would take place was familiar in all its details to the Austrian General Weyrother. Lack of confidence had ordered that the Austrian army should not cover the previous year's in the very fields where the French had now to be fought. The adjacent locality was known and shown in every detail on the maps, and Bonaparte, evidently weak now, was undertaking nothing.

Dolgorukov, one of the warmest advocates of attack, had just returned from the council tired and exhausted but eager and proud of the victory that had been gained. Prince Andrew introduced his protégé and Prince Dolgorukov politely and firmly pressed his hand and no longer to Boris' aid, evidently unable to suppress the thoughts which were pre-occupying his mind. At that moment, addressed Prince Andrew in French.

"Ah, my dear fellow what battle we have gained. God grant that the one that will result from it will be as victorious. However my dear fellow he said brusquely and earnestly. "I must confess to having been unjust to the Austrians."

"So the attack is definitely decided?" asked Bolkonski.

He smiled significantly.

"Is that so? And what did he say?" inquired Bolkonski.

"What can he say? Tra-la-ra-dara and so on."

He laughed, "was that we could not think how to address the reply! If not as Consul and of course not as Emperor. It seemed to me it should be to General Bonaparte."

But between not recognizing him as Emperor and calling him General Bonaparte, there is a difference, remarked Bolkonski.

"That just is interrupted Dolgorukov quickly laughing. "You know Bil'bin — he a very clever fellow. He suggested addressing him as 'The Surper and Enemy of Mankind.'"

Dolgorukov laughed merrily.

"Only that?" said Bolkonski.

All the same, it was Bil'bin who found a suitable formula for the address. He is a wise and clever fellow.

"What was it?"

"To the Head of the French Government."

"*Messieurs le chef du gouvernement français*," said Dolgorukov with grave satisfaction. Good, wasn't it?

"Yes, but he will dislike it extremely," said Bolkonski.

Oh yes, very much. My brother knows him, he dealt with him — the present Emperor — more than once in Paris, and tells me he never met more cunning or able diplomatist — you know — combination of French adroitness and Italian pliancy. Do you know that about him and Count Markov? Count Markov

or rather because of it next day November 15 after dinner he again went to Olmutz and entering the house occupied by Kutuzov asked for Bolkónski. Prince Andrew was in and Boris was shown into a large hall probably formerly used for dancing but in which five beds now stood and furniture of various kinds a table chairs and a clavichord. One adjutant nearest the door was sitting at the table in a Persian dressing gown writing. Another the red stout Nesvitski lay on a bed with his arms under his head laughing with an officer who had sat down beside him. A third was playing a Viennese waltz on the clavichord while a fourth lying on the clavichord sang the tune. Bolkónski was not there. None of these gentlemen changed his position on seeing Boris. The one who was writing and whom Boris addressed turned round crossly and told him Bolkónski was on duty and that he should go through the door on the left into the reception room if he wished to see him. Boris thanked him and went to the reception room where he found some ten officers and generals.

When he entered Prince Andrew his eyes drooping contemptuously (with that peculiar expression of polite weariness which plainly says "If it were not my duty I would not talk to you for a moment") was listening to an old Russian general with decorations who stood very erect almost on tiptoe with a soldier's obsequious expression on his purple face reporting something.

"Very well then be so good as to wait," said Prince Andrew to the general. In Russian speaking with the French intonation he affected when he wished to speak contemptuously and noticing Boris Prince Andrew paying no more heed to the general who ran after him imploring him to hear something more nodded and turned to him with a cheerful smile.

At that moment Boris clearly realized what he had before surmised that in the army besides the subordination and discipline prescribed in the military code which he and the others knew in the regiment there was another more important subordination which made this tight-laced purple-faced general wait respectfully while Captain Prince Andrew for his own pleasure chose to chat with Lieutenant Drubetskói. More than ever was Boris resolved to serve in future not according to the written code but under this unwritten law. He felt now that merely by having been recommended to Prince Andrew he had already risen above the general who at the front had

the power to annihilate him a lieutenant of the Guards. Prince Andrew came up to him and took his hand.

"I am very sorry you did not find me in yesterday. I was fussing about with Germans all day. We went with Weyrother to survey the dispositions. When Germans start being accurate there's no end to it!"

Boris smiled as if he understood what Prince Andrew was alluding to something generally known. But it was the first time he had heard Weyrother's name or even the term dispositions.

"Well my dear fellow so you still want to be an adjutant? I have been thinking about you."

"Yes I was thinking—for some reason Boris could not help blushing—of asking the commander in chief. He has had a letter from Prince Kurágin about me. I only wanted to ask because I fear the Guards won't be in ac-

gentleman's business and I shall be at your disposal."

While Prince Andrew went to report about the purple-faced general that gentleman evidently not sharing Boris' conception of the advantages of the unwritten code of subordination—looked so fixedly at the presumptuous lieutenant who had prevented his finishing what he had to say to the adjutant that Boris felt uncomfortable. He turned away and waited impatiently for Prince Andrew's return from the commander in chief's room.

"You see my dear fellow I have been thinking about you," said Prince Andrew when they had gone into the large room where the clavichord was. "It's no use your going to the commander in chief. He would say a lot of pleasant things ask you to dinner. (That would not be bad as regards the unwritten code thought Boris) but nothing more could come of it. There will soon be a battalion of us aides de camp and adjutants! But this is what I will do. I have a good friend an adjutant general and an excellent fellow Prince Dolgorukov and though you may not know it the fact is that now Kutuzov with his staff and all of us count for nothing. Everything is now centered round the Emperor. So we will go to Dolgorukov. I have to go there anyhow and I have already spoken to him about you. We shall see whether he cannot attach you to himself or find a place for you somewhere nearer the sun."

dragon who was being brought on foot by
the Cossacks.

O! if there was le d g by the b dle a fine
large F e ch h rs he had taken from the pris-

Sell us that h rsel B n so called out t
the Coss cks.

If y l k y u h n r l

Th flicers got up d stood ro d the Cos-
Th F e ch d r o o n

F nch spok he t bega pea g
the flicers, dd ess n first on th n n the
He sa d he w ld n t ha e been taken t was

rd n eu u u

h r s l d str ked the mal It wa pl n
th the d d t qu te gra p whe h was. N w
h e cused h m s l f r h g b e taken pr s-
d n w m g t g h m s e l b e f h u
n flicers suted h sold e ly d s pl e
d cal th ers e He bro ht w th h m
t reargua d l l th f e shness f atmos-
ph e f the F nch rmy w l ch wa so al en
to us.

Th Cossack sold th h m f tw gold
p e e s d Rostó be g th r chest of the f
f i m ow th t he had e ed h m n y
bo ght t.

B t d t hurt my f t u h rsel sa d th
Al t good t edly t Rostó wlen th
m l wa h d d e t the hussar

Rost m l ly eass ed th dragon and
ga e h m m ey

Alley Alley! sa d the Co sack t uchu
th p so rnt m k h m go n

Th Emperor! Tl Empe was ud
d l h rd m the h sars

All bega t ru d b l d Rostó saw
em g p th d beh d h m ral ders
w th wh epl mes th hats. In m m n
every wa l pl w t g

Rostó d d otk w em mber l w he
ra t h pl d m ted. l t tly h re
gr t th g b e e c t d h d
j e e d mood m d people of w l m he wa
r v h d g n t tly r y th ght f
h m e l l h d a f e d. If wa filled w th h p-
p e s th e a m e s th Empe He f l t
tha h e a e s b t s l f made up t h m f r
th da l h d lost H was happy as l e
wh th l g d f m ment of m t

ee N t dar g to look rou d and w t l out

and m e fest e rou d l N e t
er to Rostó came that unshedd ng beam of
mild nd majest e l ght around and already
he f l t himself enveloped in those beams, he
heard h o c e that l dly calm and m j e s t
o c that was y t so s mple! And as if n ac
cord w th Rostó s feel g there was a d e thly
sullness m d wh ch was heard the Emperor s
o c e

The Pá l grad hussars? he nqu ed.

The reserves rel epl ed o c e a very
hum ne compared to that wh ch h d s d

"The Pá l grad hussars?"

The Empero drew level w th Rostó n l
halted. Alexand r s face was even m re be u
t ful th n t h d been three d ys bef at the
e w l t h e w th uch ga e ty nd yoult
uch n o c e t youth, th t t uggested the l e
l ness of fourteen yea old boy nd yet t was
the f c e of the m j e s t u Emperor Ca u lly
wh l survey g the squ dr m the Empero
eyes met Rostó s d rested n them for n t
m th n two seco ds. Whether r n the
Empero understood wh t was go g on n
Ro tó s soul (t eemed to Rostó that l e un

gall p d on

The you ger Empe could n t restrain h s
wish to be p e s e t t the b tle d n p te
of th rem n tran e s f h court ers t w l e
clock l f t l th d column w th wh cl he
had been nd gall ped towa d th gu rd.
B f h came up w th th huss rs ral
d j u t s m th m w th news f th u ce sful
e sult f the c t n

Th b tle wh ch e n s ted n the capture
f F e ch qu d r o n was presented
brill t r y o e the Fre ch nd so the
Emp d th wh l army especially wh l
the m k e hu er the b t l field bel e d
that th French h d been d feated a d w
retr e t g ga t the w l l A few minutes
lter th Emp had passed the Pá l orad
d n w rd ed t d a c e f W s hau
t s l f petty German t w n R tó w the
Empero ga n In th mark e pl where

was the only man who knew how to handle him. You know the story of the handkerchief? It is delightful!

And the talkative Dolgorukov, turning now to Boris, now to Prince Andrew, told the

Prince Markov to pick it up for him, and how Markov immediately dropped his own beside it and picked it up without touching Bonaparte's.

Delightful! said Bolkonski. But I have come to you, Prince, as a petitioner on behalf of this young man. You see, but before Prince Andrew could finish an aide de camp came in to summon Dolgorukov to the Emperor.

Oh, what a nuisance, said Dolgorukov, getting up hurriedly and pressing the hands of Prince Andrew and Boris. You know I should be very glad to do all in my power both for you and for this dear young man. Again he pressed the hand of the latter with an

He was conscious that here he was in contact with the springs that set in motion the enormous movements of the mass of which in his regiment he felt himself a tiny, obedient and insignificant atom. They followed Prince Dolgorukov out into the corridor and met—coming out of the door of the Emperor's room by which Dolgorukov had entered—a short man in civilian clothes with a clever face and sharply projecting jaw which without spoiling his face gave him a peculiar vivacity and shiftiness of expression. This short man nodded to Dolgorukov as to an intimate friend and stared at Prince Andrew with cool intensity, walking straight toward him and evidently expecting him to bow or to step out of his way. Prince Andrew did neither; a look of animosity appeared on his face and the other turned away and went down the side of the corridor.

Who was that? asked Boris.

He is one of the most remarkable, but to me most unpleasant of men—the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Adam Czartoryski. It is such men as he who decide the fate of nations, added Bolkonski with a sigh, he could not suppress as they passed out of the palace.

Next day the army began its campaign and up to the very battle of Austerlitz Boris was unable to see either Prince Andrew or Dolgorukov again and remained for a while with the Ismaylov regiment.

CHAPTER X

AT DAWN

SOVSQUA

and which

ment moved from the place where it had spent the night, advancing into action as arranged and after going behind other columns for about two thirds of a mile was stopped on the highroad. Rostov saw the Cossacks and then the first and second squadrons of hussar and infantry battalions and artillery pass by and go forward and then Generals Bagration and Dolgorukov ride past with their adjutants. All the fear before action which he had experienced is previously all the inner struggle to conquer that fear, all his dreams of distinguishing himself as a true hussar in this battle had been wasted. Their squadron remained in reserve and Nicholas Rostov spent that day in a dull and wretched mood. At nine in the morning he heard firing in front and shouts of *hurrah* and saw wounded being brought back (there were not many of them) and at last he saw how a whole detachment of French cavalry was brought in, convoyed by a *sotnya* of Cossacks. Evidently the affair was over and though not big had been a successful engagement. The men and officers returning spoke of a brilliant victory, of the occupation of the town of Wischau and the capture of a whole French squadron. The day was bright and sunny after a sharp night frost and the cheerful glitter of that autumn day was in keeping with the news of victory which was conveyed not only by the tales of those who had taken part in it, but also by the joyful expression on the faces of soldiers, officers, generals and adjutants as they passed Rostov going or coming. And Nicholas, who had vainly suffered all the dread that precedes a battle and had spent that happy day in inactivity, was all the more depressed.

Come here, Wostov! Let's dwindle to dwindle our grief! shouted Denisov, who had settled down by the roadside with a flask and some food.

The officers gathered round Denisov's can

and the others was given. The Emperor
had only one other son and so Charles
to whom he had been named in the Em-
peror's will, in 1792, he was called "Charles
Ferdinand" the youngest son of the French
Emperor.

On March 10, 1968, the Soviet Union announced that it had agreed to a new arms control agreement with the United States. The agreement, known as the SALT I talks, was a landmark in the history of nuclear disarmament. It was the first time that the two superpowers had agreed to limit their nuclear arsenals. The agreement was signed in Moscow on May 26, 1979. It was a landmark in the history of nuclear disarmament. It was the first time that the two superpowers had agreed to limit their nuclear arsenals. The agreement was signed in Moscow on May 26, 1979. It was a landmark in the history of nuclear disarmament. It was the first time that the two superpowers had agreed to limit their nuclear arsenals.

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[illegible]

The subject of the manuscript is the history
 of the city of London, from the time of the
 Romans to the present. The author is a
 learned man, and his work is a valuable
 contribution to the history of the city.
 The manuscript is written in Latin, and
 is a very fine example of the work of a
 learned man. The handwriting is very
 clear, and the ink is very good. The
 manuscript is a very fine example of the
 work of a learned man.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions in the various departments of the Government of the State of New York, for the year 1890.

[illegible]

are made. Works such as this is
the first time one has seen the author
write what is the truth of his own
heart. It is a very good work and
provides a check it was never in
man's life. It is a book that the women
read when the men are in the army
the army that who have in our
eyes in the women from the war, the
one of which is loved as his.

Just as we did, the rest of the country
was a part of Germany's sphere of in-
fluence. We had to make a decision
on this point. We had to decide
if we were to remain in the sphere
of influence of the German Empire or
if we were to remain in the sphere
of influence of the German Empire.
We had to decide if we were to remain
in the sphere of influence of the German
Empire or if we were to remain in the
sphere of influence of the German
Empire. We had to decide if we were
to remain in the sphere of influence of
the German Empire or if we were to
remain in the sphere of influence of the
German Empire. We had to decide if we
were to remain in the sphere of influence
of the German Empire or if we were to
remain in the sphere of influence of the
German Empire.

There is no way to get the car out of
the garage on the driveway in
front.

I was in the evening. Knew went to the
University. Knew went to the University. Knew
went to the University. Knew went to the University.

...and the Secretary of War ...
...of the
... ..
... ..
... ..

The above is a copy of the original
 document and is not to be used as a
 basis for any other document. It is
 to be used only for reference.

7. What are the main reasons for the decline in the number of people living in the city of London?

[illegible]

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal communication, and it is written in a very dignified and official style. The President expresses his regret that he cannot deliver the message in person, and he explains the reasons for this. He then proceeds to discuss the state of the Union, and he mentions the recent events of the secession of the Southern States. He also mentions the efforts of the Executive branch to maintain the Union, and he expresses his confidence in the future of the country.

[illegible]

there had been some rather heavy firing before the Emperor's arrival lay several killed and wounded soldiers whom there had not been time to move. The Emperor surrounded by his suite of officers and courtiers w

bob

that

bent

large

who lay prone with blood on his uncovered head. The wounded soldier was so dirty, coarse and revolting that his proximity to the Emperor shocked Rostov. Rostov saw how the Emperor's rather round shoulders shuddered as if a cold shiver had run down them. He left for

side w

horse

unconcerned and did not stir. An adjutant dismounting lifted the soldier under the arms to place him on a stretcher that had been brought. The soldier groaned.

Gently, gently! Can't you do it more gently? said the Emperor apparently suffering more than the dying soldier and he rode away.

Rostov saw tears filling the Emperor's eyes and heard him as he was riding away say to Czartoryski: What a terrible thing war is! What a terrible thing! *Quelle terrible chose que la guerre!*

The troops of the vanguard were stationed before Wischau within sight of the enemy's lines which all day long had yielded ground to us at the least firing. The Emperor's gratitude was announced to the vanguard: rewards were promised and the men received a double ration of vodka. The campfires crackled and the soldiers' songs resounded even more merrily than on the previous night. Denisov celebrated his promotion to the rank of major and Rostov, who had already drunk enough at the end of the feast proposed the Emperor's health.

Not our Sovereign, the Emperor, as they say at official dinners, said he, but the health of our Sovereign that good, enchanting and great man! Let us drink to his health and to the certain defeat of the French!

If we fought before, he said, not letting the French pass as at Schon Grabern, I at least shall we not do now when I am at the front? We will all die for him gladly! Is it not so, gentlemen? Perhaps I am not saying it right. I have drunk a good deal—but that's how I feel and so do you too! To the health of Alexander the First! Hurrah!

Hurrah! rang the enthusiastic voices of the officers.

And the old cavalry captain Kirsten shouted enthusiastically and no less sincerely than the twenty-year-old Rostov.

W

the

slashed his eyes went glass in hand to the soldiers' bonfires and with his long gray mustache his white chest showing under his open shirt he stood in a majestic pose in the light of the campfire.

Lads! he

or and vict

exclaimed in his dashing old hussars' barette.

The hussars crowded round and responded heartily with loud shouts.

Late that night when all had separated Denisov with his short hand patted his favorite Rostov on the shoulder.

As there's no one to fall in love with on campaign, he's fallen in love with the Tsar, he said.

Denisov, don't make fun of it! cried Rostov. It is such a lofty beautiful feeling such a

I believe it! I believe it, friend, and I share and approve.

No, you don't understand!

And Rostov got up and went wandering among the campfires, dreaming of what happiness it would be to die—not in saving the Emperor's life (he did not even dare to dream of that) but simply to die before his eyes. He really was in love with the Tsar and the glory of the Russian arms and the hope of future triumph. And he was not the only man to experience that feeling during those memorable days preceding the battle of Austerlitz: nine tenths of the men in the Russian army were then in love though less ecstatically with their Tsar and the glory of the Russian arms.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEXT DAY the Emperor stopped at Wischau and Villier, his physician, was repeatedly summoned to see him. At he la

reported. The cause of this indisposition was the strong impression made on his sensitive mind by the sight of the killed and wounded.

At daybreak on the seventeenth a French officer who had come with a flag of truce to demand the Emperor's return and once with the Russian Emperor was brought into Wischau from our out

BOOK THREE

143

posts. This officer was Svary. The Emperor had only just fallen asleep and so Svary had to wait. At midnight he was admitted to the Emperor's chamber and he rode off with Prince Dolgorukov to the advanced post of the French army.

It was rumored that Svary had been entrusted to Alexander to meet with the Polish. To the joy and pride of the whole army, personal interview was refused and instead of the Sovereign Prince Dolgorukov the Count Wischau was sent with Svary to negotiate with the Poles. Contrary to expectation the negotiations were actually decided by real desire for peace.

Tomorrow Dolgorukov came back direct straight to the Tsar and remained alone with him for a long time.

On the eighth and nineteenth of November the army advanced two days' march and the enemy outposts were briefly touched. The fight was retreated. In the highest army circles from muddy on the net of a great, excitedly busy country began which lasted till the morning of the twentieth when the memoirs of the Austrians were fought.

Till midnight the nineteenth the army—the German talk running to and fro and disappearing of day to day—was confident that Emperor

of yet each wheel creeps on their axles as the cogs engage one another and the revolution of the wheels with the rapidity of the movement

the impulse that wheel began to move. It is the common motion on the result of a mass of which are beyond taken. Just as in the clock the result of the complicated motion of innumerable wheels and pulleys slowly and regular movement of the hands which show the time so the result of all the complicated human activities of

man history

Prince Andrew was on duty that day and noticed at once the commander in chief.

At seven in the evening Kutúzov went to the Emperor's headquarters and after trying but showing me with the Tsar went to see the grand marshal of the court Count Tolstói.

Belikov took the opportunity to go in to

to all the different parts of the army and in the

missions

The courtiers at the Emperor's had begun at the Emperor's headquarters in the morning and had started the whole movement that followed as the first movement of the machine wheel of large tower clock. On the whole, however, another was continued. The third, the wheels began to revolve and the last levers of the mechanism to play figures of pop-out of the hands of the watch regular movement as it of the that country.

Just the mechanism of clock so in the mechanism of the military machine. Please consider the first result of just as directly escape till the moment when the mechanism of the clock parts of the mechanism with the impulse has

the effect would be to speak to Dolgorukov

"Well, how do you do my dear fellow? Dolgorukov who was sitting at tea with Belikov. 'The first time I saw him was yesterday. Out of sorts'.

I want say his out of sorts but if he would like to be heard.

But they had him to the council of war and would hear him when he talks and but to temporize and wait for some thing new when the preparations are as much as general battle is possible.

"Yes, you have seen him? said Prince Andrew. 'Well, what is Belikov like? How did he impress you?'

"Yes, I saw him. I am not in the least afraid of him so much as a general. I repeat Dolgorukov's daily prize and this general conclusion which he had at

ried at from his interview with Napoleon. If he weren't afraid of a battle why did he ask for that interview? Why negotiate and above all why retreat when to retreat is so contrary to his method of conducting war? Believe me he is afraid, afraid of a general battle. His hour has come! Mark my words!

But tell me what is he like eh? said Prince Andrew again.

He is a man in a gray overcoat very anxious that I should call him Your Majesty but who to his chagrin got no title from me! That's

Despite my great respect for old Kutuzov he continued we should be a nice set of fellows if we were to wait about and so give him a chance to escape or to trick us now that we certainly have him in our hands! No we mustn't forget Suворов and his rule—not to put yourself in a position to be attacked but yourself to attack. Believe me in war the energy of young men often shows the way better than all the experience of old Cunctators.

But in what position are we going to attack him? I have been at the outposts today and it is impossible to say where his chief forces are situated said Prince Andrew.

He wished to explain to Dolgorukov a plan of attack he had himself formed.

Oh that is all the same Dolgorukov said quickly and getting up he spread a map on the table. All eventualities have been foreseen. If he is standing before Brunn.

And Prince Dolgorukov rapidly but distinctly explained Weyrother's plan of a flank movement.

Prince Andrew began to reply and to state his own plan which might have been as good as Weyrother's but for the disadvantage that Weyrother's had already been approved. As soon as Prince Andrew began to demonstrate the defects of the latter and the merits of his own plan Prince Dolgorukov ceased to listen to him and gazed absent-mindedly not at the map but at Prince Andrew's face.

There will be a council of war at Kutuzov's tonight though you can say all this there remarked Dolgorukov.

I will do so said Prince Andrew moving away from the map.

Whether tomorrow brings victory or defeat, the glory of our Russian arms is secure. Except your Kutuzov there is not a single Russian in command of a column! The commanders are Herr General Wimpfen le Comte de Lanzeron le Prince de Lichtenstein le Prince de Hohenlohe and finally Prishprish and so on like all those Polish names.

Be quiet backbiter! said Dolgorukov. It is not true there are now ten Russians Milorádovich and Dokhturov and there would be a third Count Arakchéev if his nerves were not too weak.

However I think General Kutuzov has come out said Prince Andrew. I wish you good luck and success gentlemen! he added and went out after shaking hands with Dolgorukov and Bilbin.

On the way home Prince Andrew could not refrain from asking Kutuzov who was sitting silently beside him what he thought of tomorrow's battle.

Kutuzov looked sternly at his adjutant and after a pause replied I think the battle will be lost and so I told Count Tolstoy and asked him to tell the Emperor. What do you think he replied? But my dear general I am engaged with rice and cutlets look after military matters yourself! Yes That was the answer I got!

CHAPTER XII

SHORTLY AFTER nine o'clock that evening Weyrother drove with his plans to Kutuzov's quarters where the council of war was to be held. All the commanders of columns were summoned to the commander in chief's and with the exception of Prince Bagration who declined to come were all there at the appointed time.

Weyrother who was in full control of the proposed battle by his eagerness and briskness presented a marked contrast to the dissatisfied and drowsy Kutuzov who reluctantly played the part of chairman and president of the council of war. Weyrother evidently felt himself to be at the head of a movement that had already become unrestrainable. He was like a horse running downhill harnessed to a heavy cart. Whether he was pulling it or being pushed by it he did not know but rushed along at headlong speed without time to consider but this movement might lead to Weyrother had been twice that evening to the enemy's picket line to reconnoiter personally and twice to the

General Przebyszewski.—T

and now was evidently ready with a joke

Emperors R us n a d Austr so repo t
d expla d to h headquarters wh r he
had d clated th d spos to s i Germ nd
m hexh usted h arr ed t kut ro s.
He was de dly so busy that he even f r
gott be pol te to th comma de nch f He
terrupted h m talked rap dly a d d t nct
ly w th t look g t the man he was dd ess-
-t p t to h m.

K t wa occupy a oblem n s castle
L I modest dimens n near Ostrat z. I the
l rge dra g oom wh ch had become the
comma der ch ef ff we gath red hu

1st room.

S Pri B gration m t com g we
nay beg sa d Weyrother hurriedly r g
rom h t d go g up t the tabl on
h ch en rmous m p of the en rons of
Bru p d t.

k id w th h n f rm u butt ned so
that h s f t eck b lged o e h s collar as f es-
cap g was it g almost leep n l wch ir
w th h podry ld h ds est ymmetr
cally is rma. At th sou d f W yr ther s

D spos tuo s for an att k on the enemy
po t n bel nd kob l tz and Sokoln No-
embe 3 180

The dispo t ons w re very complicated and
d sfulc. They began s f llows

As the enemy s left w g rests on wooded
hills and h s rght exte ds long Kobeln tz
and Sok l tz beh nd the ponds th t are there
wh l w on the the ha d with our left w ng
by f outfl k h s rght, t s d anta eous to

that Th first column m hes The
se o d column ma d es The thurd column
marches a d so on read Weyrother

The g eral seemd to l st reluct ntly to
the d sfulc d po t on The tall fa h red
G neral B xh w den stood lean g h s b ck
ga n t th wall h s eye fied on a burn g
candle nd seemd n t to l t n or ev n to
w sh to be thou ht to l ten Exactly opp te
Weyroth w th gl ten gw de-open yes
fied pon h m d h s mu tach twisted up-
wa ds sat the ruddy M lorád ch n a m l
tary pose lu lbows t rned outwards h s
ha ds on h k es d l s h ulders ra ed
He rem ed t bbornly s lent gaz g t Wey
rother s f d o ly t rned away h s eyes
wh n the Austr n h ef of taff n hed read

La g ron wh w th ubtle sm le t l t
l f th typ cally so thern F e ch f durn
the whole t m f there d g gaz d th s d l
cat gers wh ch rap dly tw led by its cor
ners gold s ulfbox wh ch was po tra t
In the m ddl of one of the lon est ente ces

B t th Austr ge eral co unu g to read
frowned or ly nd jerked h s lbow f t
say y u can tell m y ur ewslat but n w
b so good st look t t e m p and l sten
La ge n l fied h s y w th an express n of
perpl ty sur ed u d t M l rád vich
ifs k g n expl u but me u g th l t

as p u g eep u
m ds h ose mtted d r g the e d
that f l l wed p ed th t the comm der n
ch f t th t m m t was bso bed by a f r
more serio m tter tha desure to h w h
on templ th d po t yth gel
-h was gaged sa fy g the rres t bl
human eed f leep H cally was leep
Weyrother w th th gest e f man too busy
to lose moment, gl ed t k t ov d,
ha ed h m lf that he was asleep
took p a p per d n l d, m t us
voce bega t ead t the d pos tions f
the mpe d g bat le u der a h d g wh ch
he ho ead t

rived at from his interview with Napoleon. If he weren't afraid of a battle why did he ask for that interview? Why negotiate and above all why retreat when to retreat is so contrary to his method of conducting war? Believe me he is afraid, afraid of a general battle. His hour has come! Mark my words!

But tell me what is he like eh? said Prince Andrew again.

He is a man in a gray overcoat very anxious that I should call him Your Majesty but who to his chagrin got no title from me! That is the sort of man he is and nothing more replied Dolgorukov looking round at Bilibin with a smile.

Despite my great respect for old Kutuzov he continued we should be a nice set of fellows if we were to wait about and so give him a chance to escape or to trick us now that we certainly have him in our hands! No we mustn't forget Suворov and his rule—not to put yourself in a position to be attacked but yourself to attack. Believe me in war the energy of young men often shows the way better than all the experience of old Cunctators.

But in what position are we going to attack him? I have been at the outposts today and it is impossible to say where his chief forces are situated said Prince Andrew.

quickly and getting up he spread a map on the table. All eventualities have been foreseen. If he is standing before Brunn.

And Prince Dolgorukov rapidly but indistinctly explained Weyrother's plan of a flank ing movement.

Prince Andrew began to reply and to state his own plan which might have been as good as Weyrother's but for the disadvantage that Weyrother's had already been approved. As soon as Prince Andrew began to demonstrate the defects of the latter and the merits of his own plan Prince Dolgorukov ceased to listen to him and gazed absent mindedly not at the map but at Prince Andrew's face.

There will be a council of war at Kutuzov's said he.

away from the map.

Whatever are you bothering about gentlemen? said Bilibin who till then had listened with an amused smile to their conversation and now was evidently ready with a joke.

Whether tomorrow brings victory or defeat.

Herr General Wimpfen le Comte de Lan cr on le Prince de Lichtenstein le Prince de Hohenlohe and finally Prishprish and so on like all those Polish names.

Be quiet bickbiter! said Dolgorukov. It is not true there are now two Russians Milorádovich and Dokhturov and there would be a third Count Arakhchev if his nerves were not too weak.

However I think General Kutuzov has come out said Prince Andrew. I wish you good luck and success gentlemen! he added and went out after shaking hands with Dolgorukov and Bilibin.

On the way home Prince Andrew could not refrain from asking Kutuzov who was sitting silently beside him what he thought of tomorrow's battle.

Kutuzov looked sternly at his adjutant and after a pause replied I think the battle will be lost and so I told Count Tolstoy and asked him to tell the Emperor. What do you think he replied? But my dear general I am engaged with rice and cutlets look after military matters yourself! Yes That was the answer I got!

CHAPTER XII

SHORTLY AFTER nine o'clock that evening Weyrother drove with his plans to Kutuzov's quarters where the council of war was to be held. All the commanders of columns were summoned to the commander in chief's and with the exception of Prince Bagration who declined to come were all there at the appointed time.

Weyrother who was in full control of the proposed battle by his eagerness and briskness presented a marked contrast to the dissatisfied and drowsy Kutuzov who reluctantly played the part of chairman and president of the council of war. Weyrother evidently felt himself to be at the head of a movement that had already become unrestrainable. He was like a horse running downhill harnessed to a heavy cart. Whether he was pulling it or being pushed by it he did not know but rushed along at headlong speed with no time to consider. In this movement might led to Weyrother had been twice that evening to the enemy's picket line to reconnoiter personally and twice to the

General Przebysławski—T

ter's impressive but meaningless gaze drooped his eyes sadly and again took to twirling his snuffbox.

A geography lesson! he muttered as if to himself but loud enough to be heard.

A Cossack of a man absorbed in attention Dohkturov a little man sat opposite Weyrother with an assiduous and modest mien and stooping over the outspread map conscientiously studied the dispositions and the unfamiliar locality. He asked Weyrother several times to repeat words he had not clearly heard and the difficult names of villages. Weyrother complied and Dohkturov noted them down.

When the reading which lasted more than an hour was over Langeron again brought his snuffbox to rest and without looking at Weyrother or at anyone in particular began to say how difficult it was to carry out such a plan in which the enemy's position was assumed to be known whereas it was perhaps not known since the enemy was in movement. Langeron's objections were valid but it was obvious that their

er—
self

child —that he had to do not with fools but with men who could teach him something in military matters.

When the monotonous sound of Weyrother's voice ceased Kutuzov opened his eye as a miller wakes up when the soporific drone of the mill

stened to

So you

ly closed

his eye again and let his head sink still lower.

Langeron trying as virulently as possible to sting Weyrother's vanity as author of the mili-

a

t

Younger met all objections with a firm and contemptuous smile evidently prepared beforehand to meet all objections be they what they might.

If he could attack us he would have done so today said he.

So you think he is powerless? said Langeron.

He has forty thousand men at most replied Weyrother with the smile of a doctor to whom an old wife wishes to explain the treatment of a case.

In that case he is inviting his doom by awaiting our attack said Langeron with a subtly ironical smile again glancing round for support to Milorádoich who was near him.

But Milorádoich was at that moment evidently thinking of anything rather than of what the generals were disputing about.

Ma foi! said he tomorrow we shall see all that on the battlefield.

Weyrother again gave that smile which seemed to say that to him it was strange and ridiculous to meet objections from Russian generals and to have to prove to them what he had not merely convinced himself of but had also convinced the sovereign Emperors of.

The enemy has quenched his fires and a continual noise is heard from his camp said he. What does that mean? Either he is retreating which is the only thing we need fear of he is changing his position. (He smiled ironically.) But even if he also took up a position in the Thucrassa he merely saves us a great deal of trouble and all our arrangements to the minutest detail remain the same.

How is that? began Prince Andrew who had for long been waiting an opportunity to express his doubts.

Kutuzov here woke up coughed heavily and looked round at the generals.

Gentlemen the dispositions for tomorrow—or rather for today for it is past midnight—cannot now be altered said he. You have heard them and we shall all do our duty. But before a battle there is nothing more important he paused than to have a good sleep.

He moved as if to rise. The generals bowed and retired. It was past midnight. Prince Andrew went out.

The council of war at which Prince Andrew had not been able to express his opinion as he had hoped to left on him a vague and uneasy impression. Whether Dolgorukov and Weyrother or Kutuzov Langeron and the others who did not approve of the plan of attack were right—he did not know. But was it really not possible for Kutuzov to state his views plainly to the Emperor? Is it possible that on account of court and personal considerations tens of thousands of lives and my life he thought must be risked?

Yes it is very likely that I shall be killed tomorrow he thought. And suddenly at the thought of death a whole series of most distant most intimate memories rose in his mind.

BOOK THREE

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and two her rememb red husl stp ru fr m
 f ther a d hus w fe h emembered the
 d ys hen he first l ed her He thou ht of
 her pregn cy a d felt sorry f her and fr
 himself d in nerv usly em t n land sof
 tened mood h w nt ut of the hut in which
 h wa bull ted w th Nes itula nd began to
 lk pa dd wn befo e t

The n ght was f ggy nd through the fog the
 moonl ght gleamed myst riously "Yes t m r
 row tom row he tho ght "T m row ev
 eryth g may be o er fo mel All these mem
 es will be om en f them w ll h e
 a ymea g f r me T mow w p e haps e en
 certa ly I ha e a p ese t ment that fo th
 first t m I hall h e to sh w all I can d
 A d hus f cyp ctu ed the b til is) ss the
 co e trau f fighting t n point nd the
 hes tat f ll the comma ders And then
 that happy m me t that To lon fo wh ch he
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 t k tur t Weyr ther nd to th Em
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 d post f r th ext b tile repl n ed by
 humal e N m lly he is o ly n dputa t
 k t so s taff but he does everyth
 l The ext b til is won by h m al ne
 k uzo em ed d he is ppo ted
 "W ll a d th ?" ked the ther ce H
 bef that y n t ten t mes w u ded
 killed be ra ed well wh t th n?
 "W ll th Pri ce A drew answered h m elf
 l d t k w wh t w ll happ n d don t

these men here he thought as he l stened to
 ces kutu o courtyard. The vo ces ere
 those of the d rles who were p cking up
 one o ce p ob bly a co chm n s w s tea
 kut sold cook wh m Pr nce Andrew knew
 and who was called Tit. He was saying "Tit
 I say T t l

Well? returned th old m n
 Go Tit, thresh a b l sa d th wag
 Oh go to the dev ll called out a vo ce
 drowned by th laughter of the rd rles and
 serva ts

All the same I lo and value oth n but
 triumph o er them all I alue th myst c pow
 e and glory that is fl ting here bo e me in
 th s mu tl

CHAPTER XIII

T IAT SA M r Rostó was w th a pl toon
 fro t of B erat ó s

c m g e h m. An en rm s p h
 our rmys campf m dunly gl w n the for

wh re the e emy ought t be n w i e u
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 eyes and w clos befo h m the he u u

say Go nd find ut what s ther I h e a
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 them ll t f moun nt f l g r f r m
 mph er m n f l e f m men l d n t
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d ot n to th so ereign R tó p ctured to
 h m s l n nemy dec tful German w l m
 hew ld t nly k ll w th pleasu but wh m
 ll w uld sl p n the f b f e th Emper
 S dd ly a dista t h ut aroused him. He
 tarted a d pened his ey

ter's impressive but meaningless gaze drooped his eyes sadly and again took to twirling his snuffbox.

A geography lesson! he muttered as if to himself but loud enough to be heard.

Przebyszewski with respectful but dignified politeness held his hand to his ear toward Weyrother with the air of a man absorbed in attention. Dohkturov a little man sat opposite Weyrother with an assiduous and modest mien and stooping over the outspread map conscientiously studied the dispositions and the unfamiliar locality. He asked Weyrother several times to repeat words he had not clearly heard and the difficult names of villages. Weyrother complied and Dohkturov noted them down.

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Yes it is certain that I shall be killed tomorrow he thought of defiantly at this most dangerous moment his im-

even go that kn ll if they had etreated
they w ld ha e w thdrawn from th t too
Offi e l sa d B grat ó t Ro tó theen
emys sk rmishers st ll ther ?

"They w re th re th s e en ■ b t n I
d n t k w y e cellency Sh ll I go w th
som I my bussars to e? epl ed R tó
B grat / n ■ pped a d bef eply g
tred to s R tó f e n them t.

"W ll go d see he sa d after a pause

"Yes r

t I m whch th sh ut came He test
both f ght ed dpl as dt ber dng l ne

the hull t t gn bey nd the tream but Ros-
tó p e ded n t to h a h m nd d d n t
■ p b t odeo d c t llym stak g
bushes f r trees nd gull ■ fo me a d con
■ ually d sco r h s m tak s Ha g d
sc ded th h ll t tr t he no l er saw e
ther wn the e emy fires b t heard
the h t f the F h m ludy nd
d t cly I the alley h w bef e h m
som th l k e b t h l e ched t
bef d t was ar d. H g e m outo to
th d h e d h h r s hes tati g
wh ther t de l g t or cros t d rid
rth bl k f ld p tch h d To keep to
th ro d whch gleamed wht th m st
wo ld h bee fer b cause t w uld be
ea er to ee people com g l g t. F ll w
m l sa d he cro ed the d d bega r d
g p th h ll t gall p tow d the po nt
here the F e ch p ckets had be n st d g
that eve ■

"I h t l r he l er d o e of the
bussars beh d h m A d b f e R tó had
t me t m k t wh t th bl k th g w

missed fire ■ t ll shed the p R tó v
turned h b rse d gall ped b ck F m re
report f ll wed t serval d th hull ts
■ sed somewhere th fog g g n d f
ent t ex. Rostó r ed h h rse whos
■ u had sen l k h own tth fi g a d
w t ba k t footp e Well some m rel
Some mo m rry o ce wa say ■ n h s
soul. B t mo ■ h ts came.

o l w l appro ch g Bar ratió n d d R

dec e u

"What d es that pr e? I e was ay ng as
Rostó rode up Th y mght retre t a d le ■
the p ckets

I m s

"Very good ery good s d B grat n
"Thank you offic

"I ur xc lle cy s d Rost m y I k a
fa ?

"What s t?

"Tom rrow ursqu d on to be n esers
M y I kt be t t cled t th frst qu l n?

"What s you me

Cou t Ro tó

Oh ery well y u m y ta t t nd
on me

Cou t Ilyá R t s so ? a ked D lgor
ko

B t R tó d d n t reply

Tlen I m y e k n o n t y ll ncy?

I w ll g th o der

T m r r w ery l kely I m y b t w th
som mess g t the Empe ll ht Rostó

Th k God!

Th fi es d sh t g t l my army
w cca d by t l f ct th t w l l n pol
sp l nat n wa be g d to th t oop
the Empe I mself ode ro d l b u cs.
Th solders o ■ gh m l t p f str w
a d ran ft h m sh ut g, I tEmper
N p leo sp ociam t n w f ll s

Sold rst Th R ss army is t a ga ■
t t venge th A t my f Ulm Th y
th sam battal as y b k H ll b d
■ p r s ed e v th pl Th pos
occupy t g d h l h y
m li g t go d m th ht they w ll
expose fl k me, Sold m f ll lf d ect
y b tial I ll keep t f f y h
h l t l l carr d so der d co f on
th my k l t t h l l ct ry be
d l cn f m t y ll sc y Em-

Wheream I? Oh yes in the skirmishing line pass and watchword—*shaft Olmutz* What a nuisance that our squadron will be in reserve tomorrow he thought I'll risk leave to go to the front this may be my only chance of seeing the Emperor I'll not be long now before I am off duty I'll take another turn and when I get back I'll go to the general and ask him Here he adjusted himself in the saddle and touched up his horse to ride once more round his hussars. It seemed to him that it was getting lighter. To the left he saw a sloping descent lit up and facing it a black knoll that seemed as steep as a wall. On this knoll there was a white patch that Rostov could not at all make out. Was it a glade in the wood lit up by the moon or some unmelted snow or some white houses? He even thought something moved on that white spot.

I expect it's snow that spot—a spot—*une tache* he thought. There now it's not a *tache*. Natásha sister black eyes Natásha (Won't she be surprised when I tell her how I've seen the Emperor?) Natásha take my *sabretache* — keep to the right your honor there are bushes here came the voice of an hussar past whom Rostov was riding in the act of falling asleep. Rostov lifted his head that had sunk almost to his horse's mane and pulled up beside the hussar. He was succumbing to irresistible youthful childish drowsiness. But what was I thinking? I mustn't forget. How shall I speak to the Emperor? No that's not it—that's tomorrow. Oh yes! Natásha *sabretache* *saber* them. Whom? The hussars. Ah the hussars with mustaches. Along the Tverskaya Street rode the hussars with mustaches. I thought about him too just opposite Guryev's house. Old Guryev.

Oh but Denisov's a fine fellow. But that's all nonsense. The chief thing is that the Emperor is here. How he looked at me and wished to say something but dared not. No it was I who dared not. But that's nonsense the chief thing is not to forget the important thing I was thinking of. Yes Natásha *sabretache* oh yes yes! That's right! And his head once more sank to his horse's neck. All at once it seemed to him that he was being fired at. What? What? What? Cut them down! What? said Rostov waking up. At the moment he opened his eyes he heard in front of him where the enemy was the long-drawn shouts of thousands of voices. His horse and the horse of the hussar near him pricked their ears at these shouts. Over there where the shouting came from a fire flared up and went out again then

another and all along the French line on which hill fires flared up and the shouting grew louder and louder. Rostov could hear the sound of French words but could not distinguish them. The din of many voices was too great all he could hear was *ah ah ah!* and *rrr!*

What's that? What do you make of it said Rostov to the hussar beside him. That must be the enemy's camp!

The hussar did not reply.

Why don't you hear it? Rostov asked again after waiting for a reply.

Who can tell your honor? replied the hussar reluctantly.

From the direction it must be the enemy repeated Rostov.

It may be /e or it may be nothing muttered the hussar. It's dark. Steady! he cried to his fidgeting horse.

Rostov's horse was also getting restive.

For that only an army of several thousand men could produce. The lights spread farther and farther probably along the line of the French camp. Rostov no longer wanted to sleep. The gay triumphant shouting of the enemy army had a stimulating effect on him. *Vive l'Empereur! l'Empereur!* he now heard distinctly.

They can't be far off probably just beyond the stream he said to the hussar beside him.

The hussar only sighed without replying and coughed angrily. The sound of horse's hoofs approaching at a trot along the line of hussars was heard and out of the foggy darkness the figure of a sergeant of hussars suddenly appeared looming huge as an elephant.

Your honor the generals! said the sergeant riding up to Rostov.

Rostov still looking round toward the French and the shouts rode with the sergeant to meet some mounted men who were riding along the line. One was on a white horse. Prince Bagration and Prince Dolgorukov with their adjutants had come to witness the curious phenomenon of the lights and shouts in the enemy's camp. Rostov rode up to Bagration inquired to him and then joined the adjutants listening to what the generals were saying.

Believe me said Prince Dolgorukov addressing Bagration it is not a trick but a trick! He has retreated and ordered the rearguard to kindle fires and make a noise to deceive us.

Hardly said Bagration I saw them thus

even g that kn ll sf they h d ret e ted
they v ld ha ew thdrawn from th t too
v i the en

C t w l approach n Baorat n d l Ros-

ow I
do t kn w y ur exce) w th
some l mv hussars t ee? repl ed Rostó
Bagrató st pped nd bef e reply
tried t m Rostó sf ce them e
"W ll go d ee h s d d after a p use.
"Yes.

Rostó purred h h rse called t Sergeant
Fédche k d ew other hussars. l d them to
f ll wh m nd trotted down h ll n the d ec
tu from wh ch th shout cam He felt
both fr htened d plea ed t berid g lo e
w th three h sars t that myst s us and
dangerous m ty d ta ce where n had
been bef e hum. Baorat called t h m from
th hull t go beyo d the stream b t Ros-
tó p ete ded t t h r h m d d d not
t pb trode n d co t nually m tak g
bushes f r trees a d gull es fo men d con-
t uall d co ers h m takes. H g de-
see ded th hull t trot he n l ger sa e
ther ur n th e emy fires but heard
the h t of the F ch more l dly and
disu cily l the alley he saw bef h m
som th gl ke rier b h he ched t
h f d t was ro d. H g com ut o t
the road he ed hus h rse hes tat g
"ether t rid l g t o cro t d ride
ov the bl ck f ld up l h lls de To keep to
the ro d wh ch gleamed wht n th m t
would ha bet saf beca se t w uld be
eas er t ee peopl com g l g t. F ll w
m s d be crossed th ro d. d bega rid-
ing p th h ll t gall p toward the po t
where th Fre ch p ckets had been tand g
tha even

"h ther he l med o f the
hussars behu d h m. A d bef e R to h d
tum mak t wh t th bl k th wa
that h d dd ly pp ar d the fog there
was flash, f ll wed by r port, d bull t
huzz g h gh up th must w th pl t e
so d passed t of hea A ther musket
mused fir b t fl hed n th p Rostó
t med h h m d gall p d b ck F u m re
ports f ll wed t erval d the b l l ts
passed somewher th fog g g n d ff
e to es. Rostó re ed fl h rs whose
prush d rise l k h own t th f ll d
wen back foo p W ll som m
Some mo t merry v ce was say g n h
soul. B t no m h ts cam

dece e us.

"What does that pro e? I e wa saying as
R to rod up They m g t retreat nd lca e
the p kts.

Its pl that they ha e n t ll go e yet
Pr ce s d B ratón. W t ll tom rr w
most g well fi lout everyth tomorrow
"The p ckets s ll n the h ll your excel
no t

Very good cry good s d ll grat t

"Th k you off er

"Your xcellency m d Rost ma l k
f o?

"What s st?

"T m rrow ou quadro t t be n reserv
M y l k to beatta hed t the frst aqu d

What s t ur n me?

Co t Ro t

Oh cry well um ta t da
o me.

Cou t llyá Rost s so? ked Dolgoru
k

B t Rostó d d t reply

Then I may eck t your e ll er
I w ll g e th m der

"T m rr w cry l kely I m y be se t w l
som messag t the Emperor d o. ht Rostó
"Tha k God!

Th fies d sl ut ntl e e my may
w eocca ed by th f ct th tw l l \ pole
on p ocla nat n wa be g d t ll troop
th Empero h ms ll rode ro d l l ou ca.
The sold rs n ee h m l t w ps f uraw
d ra fte h m h uta f e l Emper
e A polcon sp od m t on as as f l l s

Sold ers Th m s rmy is l cu ga t
) venge m A tra my f l l m They
th sam ba tal ss y brok t H ll bru n d
h p ed ect th pl Th pos
w occupy tro g d wh l ley
m h g t go ro d m th l t th y ll
expose fl kt me. Sold ers l all self d ect
y ll tial l ll keep f f t y w th
y h l l al carr dso d d co f on
h m k b t sh ld ct ry be
d t l m y w ll ac Em-

Where am I? Oh yes in the skirmishing line pass and watchword—*shaft Olmutz* What a nuisance that our squadron will be in reserve tomorrow he thought I'll ask leave to go to the front this may be my only chance of seeing the Emperor It won't be long now before I am off duty I'll take another turn and when I get back I'll go to the general and ask him He readjusted himself in the saddle and touched up his horse to ride once more round his Hussars It seemed to him that it was getting lighter To the left he saw a sloping descent lit up

girde in the wood lit up by the moon or some unmelted snow or some white houses? He even thought something moved on that white spot

I expect it's snow that's got a spot—*une tache* he thought There now it's not a *tache* Natasha sister black eyes Natishra (Won't she be surprised when I tell her how I've seen the Emperor?) Natishra take my sabretache — keep to the right

your honor there are bushes here came the voice of an Hussar past whom Rostov was riding in the act of falling asleep Rostov lifted his head that had sunk almost to his horse's mane and pulled up beside the Hussar He was succumbing to restless stible youthful childish drowsiness But what was I thinking? I mustn't forget How shall I speak to the Emperor? No that's not it—that's tomorrow Oh yes! Natishra sabretache staber them Whom? The Hussars Ah the Hussars with mustaches Along the Tverskaya Street rode the Hussar with mustaches I thought about him too just opposite Guryev's house Old Guryev

Oh but Denisov's a fine fellow But that's all nonsense The chief thing is that the Em

sank to his horse's neck All at once it seemed to him that he was being fired at What? What? What? Cut them down! What? said Rostov waking up At the moment he opened his eyes he heard in front of him where the enemy was the long drawn shouts of thousands of voices His horse and the horse of the Hussar near him pricked their ears at these shouts Over there & here the shouting came from a fire flared up and went out again then

another and all along the French line on the hill fires flared up and the shouting grew louder and louder Rostov could hear the sound of French words but could not distinguish them The din of many voices was too great all he could hear was *shahshah* and *sm!*

What's that? What do you make of it? said Rostov to the Hussar beside him That must be the enemy's camp!

The Hussar did not reply

Why don't you hear it? Rostov asked again after waiting for a reply

Who can tell your honor? replied the Hussar reluctantly

From the direction it must be the enemy repeated Rostov

It may be he or it may be nothing muttered the Hussar It's dark Steady! he cried to his fidgeting horse

Rostov's horse was also getting restive

men could produce The lights spread farther and farther probably along the line of the French camp Rostov no longer wanted to sleep The gay triumphant shouting of the enemy army had a stimulating effect on him *Vive l'Empereur! l'Empereur!* he now heard distinctly

They can't be far off probably just beyond the stream he said to the Hussar beside him

The Hussar only sighed without replying and coughed angrily The sound of horse's hoofs approaching at a trot along the line of Hussars was heard and out of the foggy darkness the figure of a sergeant of Hussars suddenly appeared looming huge as an elephant

Your honor the generals! said the sergeant, riding up to Rostov

Rostov still looking round toward the French and the shouts rode with the sergeant to meet some mounted men who were riding along the line One was on a white horse Prince Biryukov and Prince Dolgorukov with their adjutants had come to

enon of the lights camp Rostov rode up to him and then joining to what the general

Believe me said Prince Bagration it's He has retreated and I kindle fires and make a no

Hardly said Bagration

marked s very difficult to define but cer-
tly s mmu cated v r s ly a d fl s
rs dl mp c pt bly a d ur p es bly as

f m ma gem t became ge er
t b t s t w the d s o d r w e d ly
a d t rally t r buted to the t p d German
d ery ew co ed th t a d nge us
m d d l h d been o ca ned by the s e
t r s

Why h ewe topped? I the w y b l e d?
O h e we al dy c m up ga n t the
Fre ch?

N e can t hear them They d be fr g
f w e h d.

They were m hurry en h t start us
d whe we ta d n them d dle of f l d
w th t r h m e r It l l those d m ed
G r m a m d d l g l What t p d d e l s l

Yes I d d them n f n t b t n fe
they cr d g u p b h n d. And ow he w
sta d h g r y

I y h l l e s o o b e l e ? Th y s y th
ca lry b l k n g the way d an off r
Ah, th e d m n d G r m a n s l Th y d n t
k w th w t r y l d t h e r

Wh t d is on ar y u? h u t d a n d j u
ta t r d g p

Th E g h t e th

The why ar y u h e r e? Y u h o u l d h a e
go e l g w y u w o t g e t t l e t l l
e e g

Wh t t p d d e r s l They d t t l m e l e s
k w w h t t h e y a r d g l d t h f f c n d
r o d f f

The r a l r d e p t h o u t m m t h g
g r l y t R u s s e n

T l l f l B t w h t h s j b b g n o o e
ca m a k t d s o l d m m k m the
gen r a l w h d d d n w y I d h o o t t l m
the s o u d r l f

W w d e d t b e t t l p l e b f e
b t w h e t g o t h l f w y F o d e r s l

A d t h f l g f e r y w t h w h c h the
troop h d t a t e d b e g a n t u r n m t n
d g e t t h e t p d r r a g m e t s a d t
th Germa

The f the f n w a s t h t w h l e

crossed n fr nt of the s f n t r y w l o h a d t
w a l.

At the fro t a l t e r a t o n o c c u r r e d l t w e n
a Austr n g u d e a d R u s a n g e r a l T l e
g e r a l s h u g e d a d e m n d t h a t t l e c a v a l r y
s l o l d b e h a l t e d t h e A m a n a r g u e d t h a t n t
h e b u t t h e h g l e r m m d w a s t o b l a m e
The troop m e w h l e s t o o d g r w i n g l t l e s
a d d s p r t e d. A f t e a n l u r d e l a y t l e y a t
l a s t m d o n d e s c e d t m t h e h l l T l e s n o
t h t w a s d p m n g o n t h e h l l y s t l l r e
d e n c l y b e l w w h r e t h e y w e r e d e s c e n d m I n
f r o m t h e f g a l o t w a h e d n d t h e r a
t h r t f r s t r e g u l r l y t r y i g i t e r s l -
t r a t a t t d t h e n m o r e a d m o r e r g l a r
l y d r a p d l y n d t h e c t a t t h e G o l d b a c h
S t r e m b e g a

N t e x p e c t g t o c o m e o n t h e e m v d w
b y t l e s t c a m a d l i n g t u m b l e d l m i
t h e f g h e a n g o n c u r a g g w l f m

R x c h g e d s h t s w t h t h e e n e m y l
x l y d d e d a d a g a l l t e d r e c e g
n o t m e l y r d t s f r m t h e s t i c e r a o a d j t m

u m n w w n
P r a t e n H g h t s

u u u u

w a s q u t e l g h t A b o e h m w a c l e a r b l k y
d t h e n a t b q d l k e a h g e h l
f w c r m s o n f l t o n t h e s u f e o f t h t m l k y
f m t T h e w h l e F c h r m y d e

peror exposing himself to the first blows of the enemy for the must be no doubt of victory especially on this day when what is at stake is the honor of the French infantry so necessary to the honor of our nation

Do not break your ranks on the plea of removing the wounded! Let every man be fully imbued with the thought that we must defeat these hirelings of England inspired by such hatred of our nation! This victory will conclude our campaign and we can return to winter quarters here fresh French troops who are being raised in France will join us and the peace I shall conclude will be worthy of my people of you and of myself

NAPOLEON

CHAPTER XIV

AT FIVE in the morning it was still quite dark. The troops of the center, the reserves, and Bagration's right flank had not yet moved, but on the left flank the columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, which were to be the first to descend the heights to attack the French right flank and drive it into the Bohemian mountains according to plan, were already up and astir. The smoke of the campfires, into which they were throwing everything superfluous, made the eyes smart. It was cold and dark. The officers were hurriedly drinking tea and breakfast, the soldiers munching biscuit and beating a tattoo with their feet to warm themselves, gathering round the fires, throwing into the flames the remains of sheds, chairs, tables, wheels, tubs, and everything that they did not want or could not carry away with them. Austrian column guides were moving in and out among the Russian troops and served as heralds of the advance. As soon as an Austrian officer showed himself near a commanding officer's quarters, the regiment began to move, the soldiers ran from the fires, thrust their pipes into their boots, their bags into the carts, got their muskets ready and formed rank. The officers buttoned up their coats, buckled on the rapiers and pouches and moved along the ranks shouting. The train drivers and orderlies hurried and packed the wagons and tied on the loads. The adjutants and battalion and regimental commanders mounted, crossed themselves, gave final instructions, orders, and commissions to the baggage men who remained behind, and the monotonous tramp of thousands of feet resounded. The column moved forward without knowing where and unable from the masses around them, the smoke and the increasing fog, to see either the place they were leaving or that to which they were going.

A soldier on the march is hemmed in and borne along by his regiment as much as a sailor is by his ship. However far he has walked, whatever strange unknown and dangerous places he reaches, just as a sailor is always surrounded by the same decks, masts, and rigging of his ship, so the soldier always has around him the same comrades, the same ranks, the same sergeant-major, Iván Mitrich, the same company dog, Jack, and the same commanders. The sailor rarely cares to know the latitude in which his ship is sailing, but on the day of battle—heaven knows how and whence—a stern note of which all are conscious sounds in the moral atmosphere of an army, announcing the approach of something decisive and solemn and awakening in the men an unusual curiosity. On the day of battle the soldiers excitedly try to get beyond the interests of their regiment, they listen intently, look about and eagerly ask concerning what is going on around them.

The fog had grown so dense that though it was growing light they could not see ten paces ahead. Bushes looked like gigantic trees and level ground like cliffs and slopes. Anywhere on any side one might encounter an enemy in visible ten paces off. But the columns advanced for a long time always in the same fog, descending and ascending hills, avoiding gardens and enclosures, going over new and unknown ground and nowhere encountering the enemy. On the contrary, the soldiers became aware that in front, behind, and on all sides other Russian columns were moving in the same direction. Every soldier felt glad to know that to the unknown place where he was going many more of our men were going too.

There now, the *Kurskies* have also gone past, as being said in the ranks.

It is wonderful what a lot of our troops have gathered! Last night I looked at the campfires and there was no end of them. A regular Moscow!

Though none of the column commanders rode up to the ranks or talked to the men (the commanders, as we saw at the council of war, were out of humor and dissatisfied with the affair and so did not exert themselves to cheer the men but merely carried out the orders), yet the troops marched gaily as they always do when going into action, especially to an attack. But when they had marched for about an hour in the dense fog, the greater part of the men had to halt and an unpleasant consciousness of some delusion and blunder spread through the ranks. How such a consciousness is com-

man cated is very difficult to defin but t cer
tainly is comm cated ery urely nd flows
nd imperceptibly nd rrepress bly as

f usmanament became genera
tio but was, the disorder was read ly
and rurally imb ed to the t p d Germans,
and every was convi ced that a da erous
muddl had been occas oned by the sausa-e
eaters.

"Why ha w st pped? Is the way blocked?
Or ha e we already come up ga nst the
French.

"No, o can t hear them. They d be firing
if we had.

"They were in hurry en u h t start us,
and now here w ta d in th muddl f fild
witho t hyme reason. It all those damned
Germans muddl g! What t p d de ls

"Yes, I d send them in front, but no fear
they re crowd p beh nd. And now her we
stand hungr

"I say shall we soo be clear? They say the
cavalr ar block g th way said n officer

Ah, those damned Germans! They don t
know their wn country said an ther

"What division are you, shouted an adju-
tant, ridin p.

"The Eighth ee th.

"Then wh are yo here? You should have
gon lo go now you won t get th re t ll
evening

"What stup d rders They d n t themsel es
know what they are d in said th offi er and
rod ff.

The general rode past shoutin g somethin
angrily not in Russian.

"T falaf ll wha h jabber o o
can make t, said soldier mmm k th
general h had ridden way "I d hoot them,
th sc undrels

"We were rdered to be t the pl ce bel
min but w ha got half way F rders
was bei grepea ed different des.

And th feelin f ergy w th which th
troops had tarted beean to turn exation
and anger t th stupid arran-em nts and t
the Germans.

Th cause f the confusion was that while
the Austrian cavalry was movin g ward ur
lef flank, the higher command f d that our
cen er was too far separated from our rht
flank and L. cavalry er all rd ed to turn
back to the r h Several thousa d calry

crossed in front of the infantry who had to
wa t.

At the front a ltercat occurred between
a Austr ngude a d a Russ an general The
ge eral ounted a dema d that the cavalry
should be halted the Austrian rgued th t not
be but the higher command was to bl me.
The troops mea wh le stood growin g l ties
nd disp nited. After n hours delay they at
l st mo ed o descendin the h ll. The for
that was dispers on the h ll lay t ll more
densely below where they were desce d In
front n the fog a shot was heard nd then a
other at first irregul rly at vary g tervals—
trata tat—a d then more a d more regul
l d rap div and the ction t the Goldb ch
Stream be-an.

N t expect to come on the enem d w
by the stream a d ha ng tumbled on h m n
the for heart e no enco ragi g word from
the comma ders, d w th a consc ou nes of
be too late spread thro h th ra ks,
nd bo e ll be gunable t see m th n s
front r round them n the thick for the
Russ ns exchanged shots w th the emv l
zily nd advanced nd a n halted, rece
o um ly orders from th officers o adjuts is
who wandered bo t m th for n those un
known surrou d g sun ble to f d their own
regum nts. In th way the ct on be-an f r
the first, seco d, d third col mns, wh ch had
gon d wn to the valley The ll urth col
um with wh ch Kutúso was, stood on the
Pratzen H ghts.

Bel w where the fi ht was bein runn ther
l

whether they were ear by n that sea of mist,
no n knew till ster ght o clock

was quite light. Abo e hum was clear bl k
and the sun vast o bqu ered like hure hol
low crimson fl t on th surf e of that milk
sea f m t. The whol F ench rmy and ev n
N poleon himself w th his taff were not on
th far de of th eams nd holl ws of Sok
lutz and Schlappanitz beyo d which w

peror exposing himself to the first blows of the enemy for there must be no doubt of victory especially on this day when what is at stake is the honor of the French infantry so necessary to the honor of our nation

Do not break your ranks on the plea of removing the wounded! Let every man be fully imbued with the thought that in this defeat these hitherlings of England inspired by such hatred of our nation! The victory will conclude our campaign and we can return to our quarters where fresh French troops who are being raised in France will join and the peace I shall conclude will be worthy of my people of you and of myself

NAPOLEON

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to the place they were leaving or that to which they were going

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occupies the same ranks the same sergeant-major Iván Mítch the same company dog Jack, and the same commanders. The sailor rarely cares to know

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There now the Cossacks have also gone past: was being said in the ranks.

It was wonderful what a lot of our troops have gathered here! Last night I looked at the campfires and there was no end of them. A regular Moscow!

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in some oodle hills were discernible and
 with the enemy probably as for some
 though could be discerned On the right the
 could erect the gilemtyregon with

shall not rely on the Austrian
 Prince Andrew galloped off to execute the
 order
 Once taking the last look still at continued to

might try to
 to do at the of the High left gith
 troops by him Till the morning but o
 the medwarndrrible Till the tryps
 gibleme met a halt with ut a y
 commenced the g g pprethly obstructed
 by meth g n f t

the mma le ntheis order to row
 skrm lers He had felt perfectly sure th
 there were still troops in front of him and
 miles away

my?
 I te d d t f r m them b y d th v l
 er d i h e r l

cl f s n me to rect fy t s m n i nce

e de ed.

Y
 My de f l l w Nes f k wh pe ed t
 Pre ce And ew th old m m su ly
 d g

d ew nd tu ed to general wh w tci
 l d w y g u w st met they sta ted all
 th l f t f n k e lum sh d alre dy desce led
 Plenty time y re elle cy m tte ed
 kut v in the m d t of a yawn Plenty f
 t me he repeated.

A A tr n ffer w l s unf r m w th
 gr pl mes h h t gall ped up t Kutu
 zo d k d th Emper r n m had the
 f thcol m d ed t t

Just then tad tan beh d kutd ov was
 h rd the u d of regments lutu g and
 thi sound r p dly came nearer alo g the whole
 exte ded l ne f tle d ancing Russ an c l

k t t r n d d w th ut n wer
 d h y h ppen d t f l l up n Pr ce An
 d ew wh be de h m Se gh m Kutu
 zo v s m l t t d c a t expes m f
 t ed f d m t t g that wh t w B g d ne
 w t l d j ta t f u l t a d t l n t
 we g the Austri n d j t n t he d d e ed
 Bolko k

Two of the m d s de bys de in front at f l l
 g l l p O n a b l k u f r m w th wh te
 plumes h s h t de bobt l d che t ut
 h the th who w s n a white un form
 de a b l k e These we e the two Emper
 rs f l l w d by the u t kut ov affect
 m m ers of old lde at the f o t
 g e tle comm nd Attent nl nd de p
 t th Emper w th a s lute H s w l l p
 pe n e d m er w suddenly t n s
 f r m ed He put on the a r of s bord ate
 wh b y w th t e n g W th n ffecta
 to of respect wh ch ev d tly stru k Al x
 a de u pl antly he d up nd s l t d
 Th unpl nt mpre n me ely f tted
 o er the you g d h ppy f ce of tle Emp r

Go my dea fellow a d w l the the
 thrd d m has pas d the l l g T l l t t
 t p d t my ders
 H dly h d Pr c A dr w t ted th n he
 topped h m

A d k whethe h rp boot rsh e been
 pot d he dded. Wh t th y d g?
 What they d g? h m r m d t h m

foot Napoleon in the blue cloak which he had

were being more and more denuded by Russian troops moving down the valley to their left

rise out of the sea of mist and on which the Russian troops were moving in the distance and he listened to the sounds of firing in the valley. Not a single muscle of his face—which in those days was still thin—moved. His gleaming eye were fixed intently on one spot. His predictions were being justified. Part of the Russian force had already descended into the valley toward the ponds and lakes and part were leaving these Pratzen Heights which he intended to attack and regarded as the key to the position. He saw over themist that in a hollow between two hills near the village of Pratzen the Russian columns their bayonets glittering were moving continuously in one direction toward the valley and disappearing one after another into the mist. From information he had received the evening before from the sound of wheels and footsteps heard by the outposts during the night by the disorderly movement of the Russian columns and from all indications he saw clearly that the allies believed him to be far away in front of them and that the columns moving near Pratzen constituted the center of the Russian army and that that center was already sufficiently weakened to be successfully attacked. But still he did not begin the engagement.

Today was a great day for him—the anniversary of his coronation. Before dawn he had slept for a few hours and refreshed vigorous

heights visible above the mist and his cold face wore that special look of confident self com-

tion. He looked now at the Pratzen Heights not at the sun floating up out of the mist.

When the sun had entirely emerged from the fog and fields and mist were aglow with dazzling light—as if he had only awaited this to begin the action—he drew the glove from his

CHAPTER XV

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK KUTUZOV rode to Pratzen at the head of the fourth column Miloradovich's, the one that was to take the place of Prebyshevskii's and Langeron's columns which had already gone down into the valley. He greeted the men of the foremost regiment and gave them the order to march, thereby indicating that he intended to lead that column himself. When he had reached the village of Pratzen he halted. Prince Andrew was behind among the immense number forming the commander in chief's suite. He was in a state of suppressed excitement and irritation though controlledly calm as a man is at the approach of a long-awaited moment. He was firmly convinced that this was the day of his Toulon or his bridge of Arcola. How it would come about he did not know but he felt sure it would do so. The locality and the position of our troops were known to him as far as they could be known to anyone in our army. His own strategic plan which obviously could not now be carried out was forgotten. Now entering into Weyrother's plan, Prince Andrew considered possible contingencies and formed new projects such as might call for his rapidity of perception and decision.

To the left down below in the mist the musketry fire of unseen forces could be heard. It was there Prince Andrew thought the fight would concentrate. There we shall encounter difficulties and there, thought he, I shall be!

He could not look calmly at the standards of the passing battalions. Seeing them he kept thinking: That may be the very standard with which I shall lead the army.

In the morning all that was left of the night mist on the heights was a hoar frost now turning to dew but in the valleys it still lay like a milk white sea. Nothing was visible in the valley to the left into which our troops had descended and from whence came the sounds of firing. Above the heights was the dark clear sky and to the right the vast orb of the sun. In front far off on the farther shore of that sea of

The scene of Napoleon's battle of Austerlitz, 1805, showing the Russian forces in the foreground and the French forces in the background.

BOOK THREE

some wooded hill were discernible and
 it was there the enemy probably was for some-
 thing could be discerned. On the right the
 Guards were entering the misty region with a
 sound of hoof and wheel and now and then
 gleams of bayonets that lit beyond the
 line of miles. Cavalry came up and his
 appeared the first in front and behind
 the infantry. The commander himself was
 riding the head of the line letting the
 troops pass by him. That morning but
 seemed worn and irritable. The infantry pass
 before him came to him without any
 command being given presently obstructed
 by something in front.
 "Do order them to form into battalions
 immediately. The regimental heads are angry
 they are already had ridden up. Don't you
 understand, you excellency, my dear sir that
 you must fill through the narrow alleys
 trees here with march on the edge
 of the forest." He said to Prince An-
 drew and turned to the general who was in
 hand with saying it was time they started a
 little. The left flank column had already de-
 parted. Plenty of time your excellency muttered
 Kutuzov in the midst of a yawn. Plenty of
 time he repeated.

"The disposition is easily
 altered. What do you think? Handily as you
 are ordered."

"Yes.
 My dear fellow, let us whisper to
 Prince Andrew the old man is as usual."

And he happened to fall upon
 the ground where he was. See him Kutuzov
 mortal in the dust express his soul

Both risks

Go my dear fellow and see whether the
 third division has passed the village. Till it to
 stop down wait my orders.

Hardly had Prince Andrew started than he
 stopped him.

And with the horse hoots he bee-
 posted, he added. "What are they doing?
 What are they doing?" he murmured to him-

self still not replying to the Austrian
 Prince and was galloped off to execute the
 order.

Ordering the battalions that continued to
 advance he topped the third division and con-
 vinced himself that there really were no sharp-
 shooters in front of our columns. The colonel
 at the head of the regiment was much surprised
 at the commander's chief's order to throw out
 skirmishers. He had felt perfectly sure that
 there were other troops in front of him and
 that the enemy must be at least a mile away.
 There was really nothing to be seen in front
 except barren descent hidden by dense mist.
 The general ordered the commander
 to form the regiment into a line. Prince
 Andrew galloped back. Kutuzov still in the
 same place he sat at body rest. Heavily in
 the saddle with the attitude of a cat yawn-
 ing wearily with closed eyes. The troops were
 not longer moving but stood with the muzzles of
 the muskets on the ground.

All right, all right! he said to Prince An-
 drew and turned to the general who was in
 hand with saying it was time they started a
 little. The left flank column had already de-
 parted. Plenty of time your excellency muttered
 Kutuzov in the midst of a yawn. Plenty of
 time he repeated.

Just then the distant behind Kutuzov was
 heard the sound of regiments saluting. A
 sharp sound rapidly cameearer along the whole
 extended line of the advance. The Russian
 columns. Evidently the person they were greet-
 ing was riding quickly. When the soldiers of the
 regiment in front of which Kutuzov was stand-
 ing began to shout, he rode a little one
 and looked round with frown. All the road
 he from Pruten galloped what looked like a

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firmed. He put on the air of a subordinate
 who obeys without reason. With a
 touch of respect which evidently struck Alex-
 ander unpleasantly he rode up and saluted.
 This unpleasant impression merely fitted
 over the young and happy face of the Emperor

like a cloud of haze across a clear sky and vanished. After his illness he looked rather thinner that day than on the field of Olmutz where Bolkónski had seen him for the first time abroad but there was still the same

expression and the same prevalent appearance of goodhearted innocent youth

At the Olmutz review he had seemed more majestic here he seemed brighter and more energetic. He was slightly flushed after galloping two miles and reining in his horse he sighed restfully and looked round at the faces of his suite young and animated as his own Czartoryski Novosiltsev Prince Volkónsky Strogonov and the others all richly dressed gay young men on splendid horses

He sat very erect on his handsome black horse looking about him

At a quarter of twelve he is asking at what o'clock they started. He thought Prince Andrew watching his old acquaintance with a smile he could not repress as he recalled his reception in Brunn. In the Emperor's suite were the picked young orderly officers of the Guard and fine regiments Russian and Austrian. Among them were grooms leading the Tsar's beautiful relay horses covered with embroidered cloths.

As when a window is opened a whiff of fresh air from the fields enters a stuffy room so a whiff of youthfulness energy and confidence of success reached Kutuzov's cheerless staff with the galloping advent of all these brilliant young men.

At the same time the Emperor Francis

I am waiting Your Majesty answered Kutuzov bending forward respectfully.

The Emperor frowning slightly bent his ear forward as if he had not quite heard.

Waiting Your Majesty repeated Kutuzov (Prince Andrew noted that Kutuzov's upper lip twitched unnaturally as he said the word waiting.) Not all the columns have formed up yet Your Majesty.

The Tsar heard but obviously did not like the reply he shrugged his rather round shoulder

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begins
the Tsar with another glance at the Emperor Francis as if inviting him if not to join in at least to listen to what he was saying. But the Emperor Francis continued to look about him and did not listen.

That is just why I do not begin sire said Kutuzov in a resounding voice apparently to preclude the possibility of not being heard and again something in his face twitched. That is just why I do not begin sire because we are not on parade and not on the Empress Field said he clearly and distinctly.

In the Emperor's suite all exchanged rapid looks that expressed dissatisfaction and reproach. Old though he may be he should not he certainly should not speak like that their glances seemed to say.

The Tsar looked intently and observantly into Kutuzov's eye waiting to hear whether he would say anything more. But Kutuzov with respectfully bowed head seemed also to be waiting. The silence lasted for about a minute.

However if you command it Your Majesty said Kutuzov lifting his head and again assuming his former tone of a dull unreasoning but submissive general.

He touched his horse and having called Milorádovich the commander of the column gave him the order to advance.

The troops again began to move and two battalions of the Nóvgorod and one of the Apsheron regiment went forward past the Emperor.

As this Apsheron battalion marched by the red faced Milorádovich without his greatcoat with his Orders on his breast and an enormous tuft of plumes in his cocked hat worn on one side with its corners front and back galloped strenuously forward and with a dashing salute reined in his horse before the Emperor.

God be with you general! said the Emperor.

Ma foi sire nous ferons ce qui se a dans not e possibilité se he answered gaily raising nevertheless ironic smiles among the gentlemen of the Tsar's suite by his poor French.

Milorádovich wheeled his horse sharply and said to the Emperor's suite: we shall do everything that it is

stationed himself behind the Emperor. The Apscheron men, excited by the Tsar's presence, passed step by step before the Emperors and their suites in a bold, brisk pace.

"Lads!" shouted Miloradovich in a loud, self-confident, and cheery voice, obviously so elated by the prospect of firing, by the prospect of battle, and by the sight of the gallant Apscherons, his comrades in Suvorov's time, now passing so gallantly before the Emperors, that he forgot the sovereign's presence. Lads, it is not the first village you've had to take," cried he.

"Glad to do our best," shouted the soldiers.

The Emperor's horse started at the sudden cry. This horse that had carried the so serious a man in Russia bore him also here on the field of Austria, enduring the heedless blows on his left foot and prickings in ears with the sound of shoes just as they do on the Empress Field, not understanding the significance of the firing, nor of the earnestness of the Emperor Francis back and forth, nor of all that was being said, thought, and felt that day in order.

The Emperor turned with a smile to one of his followers and made a remark to him, pointing to the gallant Apscherons.

CHAPTER XVI

KUTUZOV accompanied by his adjutants rode walking pace behind the carabineers.

When he had gone less than half a mile in the rear of the column he stopped at a solitary deserted house that had probably once been an inn, where two roads parted. Both of them led downhill and troops were marching down both.

The fog had begun to clear and enemy troops were already dimly visible about a mile and half off on the opposite heights. Down below on the left the firing became more distinct. Kutuzov had stopped and was speaking to an Austrian general. Prince Andrew who was like John's and looking at them turned to his valet and asked him for field glass.

"Look, look!" said his adjutant, looking over the troops in the distance, but down the hill before him. "The French!"

The two valets and the adjutant took hold of the valet's glass and each in turn from one another. The expression on all their faces suddenly changed to one of horror. The French were supposed to be far off and half way but had suddenly and unexpectedly appeared just in front of them.

"The French!" "Yes, see it is."

It is certain.

But how is that?" said the Emperor.

With the naked eye Prince Andrew saw below them to the right, not more than five hundred paces from where Kutuzov was standing, a dense French column coming up to meet the Apscherons.

Here the decisive moment has arrived. My turn has come," thought Prince Andrew and striking his horse he rode up to Kutuzov.

"The Apscherons must be stopped, your excellency," cried he. But at that very instant a cloud of smoke spread all round, firing was heard quite close at hand, and voice of noise and terror barely two steps from Prince Andrew shouted, "Brothers! All is lost! And it thus voice as if at command, everyone began to run.

Confused and ever increasing crowds were running back to where five minutes before the troops had passed the Emperor. Not only

his cheek. Prince Andrew forced his way to him.

"You are wounded!" he asked, hardly to master the trembling of his lower jaw.

"The wound is not here, it is there!" said Kutuzov pressing the handkerchief to his wounded cheek and pointing to the bleeding so deep. "Stop them," he shouted, and at the same moment, probably realizing that it was impossible to stop them, spurred his horse and rode to the right.

A fresh wave of the flying mob caught him and bore him back with it.

The troops were running in such a dense mass that once surrounded by them it was difficult to get out again. One was shouting, "Get on! Where are you hiding?" Another in the same place turned round and fired in the air. A third was striking the horse Kutuzov himself rode. Having by great effort got away to the left from this flood of men, Kutuzov with his suite dominated by more than half, rode toward sound of artillery fire near by. Having forced his way out of the crowd of fugitives,

like a cloud of haze across a clear sky and vanished. After his illness he looked rather thinner that day than on the field of Olmutz where Bolkonski had seen him for the first

time. On his delicate lips the same capacity for varying expression and the same prevalent appearance of goodhearted innocent youth.

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surely and not to one question. He is asking at what o'clock they started, thought Prince Andrew watching his old acquaintance with a smile he could not repress as he recalled his reception at Brunn. In the Emperor's suite were the picked young orderly officers of the Guard and line regiments Russian and Austrian. Among them were grooms leading the Tsar's beautiful relay horses covered with embroidered cloths.

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With a courteous at the same time at the Emperor Francis.

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God be with you general! said the Emperor.

Ma foi sire nous ferons ce qui sera dans not e po ib lité si e he answered gallantly nevertheless ironical smiles among the gentlemen of the Tsar's suite by his poor French.

Miloradovich wheeled his horse sharply and in fact we all do everything that it is possible to do.

CHAPTER VII

that some of these several of them were not separated from one another but merged into a general form.

He could see puffs of musketry smoke that
seemed to hiss on another down the hill
sides and clouds of cannon smoke roll on
padding a dim glow through another. He
could see by the gleam of bayonets visible
through the smoke make out moving masses
of infantry and narrow lines of artillery with
green caissons.

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n ld be cry d ffcult) he w uld not be able
t eet ba k bef e n g

B orat o cast hual rge p ess nless leepy
eyes round h se d tle boy h f ceof Ros-
t b eathless w th at m t d h p a
the first t catch his eye lfe t h m.

Energy and Determination

Goo! Goo! Get them! I'm really

grat 6

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m rn d fl t cheer l, bold d resolute
w th lacity fm eme t f th n h good
f rt dg erally that t te of m d
which makes e eryth em poss bl pl
t deasy

All his wishes were be- if filled that morn

was already in action

H t ll be there I d n t know b t ll
ll be ellt d ht Rostó

After passing some Austrian troops he ordered that the next position (the Guards) was already in action.

So much the better! I shall see to it
that I get it.

He 'asndu in t'af the front f a
l d f l of men cam gallop ng i ward h m
Th y w Ull i who w i d sordered

who had t y t d a e d t c t n but
were t a d g m t l e s s t h e n h e c a m t o t h
e g o c c u p e d b y U a r c a l r y d h r
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l y h e a r d t h s o d f c a n m d m u k t r y
a h e a d o f h i m . T h f i n g g r e w l u d d l u d
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In th fresh m rn ■ ir wcr now heard,
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tervals as bef f ll wed by o o two can
h ts b t ll of lleys f mu ketry
f m th l pes f th h ll bef Prätzen n
t rupted by ch freq ent reports f cann

th t b f he saw t h l ft cross th l l
w dth of the f ld e rm us m ss of ca al
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th same ped b t they kept crea th r
pa e so th t some of the h rses v e lre dy
gall p g R t's heard the thud of t hoof
d the j le of th we pons d saw the r
h rses their f'uses a d e n the fa es
m and m d t cly they were our
H rse Guards d a c t t ck the Fre ch

Prince Andrew trying to keep near Kutuzov saw on the slope of the hill amid the smoke a Russian battery that was still firing and French men running toward it. Higher up stood some Russian infantry neither moving forward to protect the battery nor backward with the fleeing crowd. A mounted general separated himself from the infantry and approached Kutuzov. Of Kutuzov's suite only four remained. They were all pale and exchanged looks in silence.

Stop those wretches! gasped Kutuzov to the regimental commander pointing to the flying soldiers, but at that instant as if to punish him for those words bullets flew hissing across the regiment and across Kutuzov's suite like a flock of little birds.

The French had attacked the battery and seeing Kutuzov were firing at him. After this volley the regimental commander clutched at his leg, several soldiers fell, and a second lieutenant who was holding the flag let it fall from his hands. It swayed and fell, but caught on the muskets of the nearest soldiers. The soldiers started firing without orders.

Oh! Oh! Oh! groaned Kutuzov despairingly and looked around. Bolkonski! he whispered, his voice trembling from a consciousness of the feebleness of age. Bolkonski! he whispered, pointing to the disordered battalion and at the enemy, what's that?

But before he had finished speaking Prince Andrew, feeling tears of shame and anger choking him, had already leapt from his horse and run to the standard.

For! and lads! he shouted in a voice piercing as a child's.

Here it is! thought he, seizing the staff of the standard and hearing with pleasure the whistle of bullets evidently aimed at him. Several soldiers fell.

Hurrah! shouted Prince Andrew and scarcely able to hold up the heavy standard, he ran forward with full confidence that the whole battalion would follow him.

And really he only ran a few steps alone. One soldier moved and then another and soon the whole battalion ran forward shouting Hurrah! and overtook him. A sergeant of the battalion ran up and took the flag that was away from its weight in Prince Andrew's hands, but he was immediately killed. Prince Andrew again seized the standard and dragging it by the staff ran on with the battalion. In front he saw our artillerymen, some of whom were fighting while others, having abandoned their guns, were running toward him. He also saw French

infantry soldiers who were seizing the artillery horses and turning the guns round. Prince Andrew and the battalion were already within twenty paces of the cannon. He heard the whistle of bullets above him unceasingly and to right and left of him soldiers continually

by the figure of a red-haired gunner with his shako knocked away, pulling one end of a mop while a French soldier tugged at the other. He could distinctly see the distraught yet angry expression on the faces of these two men who evidently did not realize what they were doing.

What are they about? thought Prince Andrew as he gazed at them. Why doesn't the red-haired gunner run away as he is unarmed? Why doesn't the Frenchman stab him? He will not get away before the Frenchman remembers his bayonet and stabs him.

And really another French soldier, trailing his musket, ran up to the struggling men and the fate of the red-haired gunner, who had triumphantly secured the mop and still did not realize what awaited him, was about to be decided. But Prince Andrew did not see how it ended. It seemed to him as though one of the soldiers near him hit him on the head with the full swing of a bludgeon. It hurt a little, but the worst of it was that the pain distracted him and prevented his seeing what he had been looking at.

What's this? Am I falling? My legs are giving way, thought he, and fell on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see how the struggle of the Frenchmen with the gunners ended, whether the red-haired gunner had been killed or not, and whether the cannon had been captured or saved. But he saw nothing. Above him there was now nothing but the sky—the lofty sky, not clear yet still immeasurably lofty with gray clouds gliding slowly across it. How quiet, peaceful and solemn, not at all. I ran, thought Prince Andrew—not as we ran shouting and fighting, not at all as the gunner and the Frenchman with frightened and angry

Am I how happy I am to have found it at last! Yes! All is vanity, all false, good except that in finite sky. There's nothing, nothing but that. But even it does not exist here, nothing but quiet and peace. Thank God.

BOOK THREE

that's met mes se eral of them were not sep-
arated from one an tler but merged int a

CHAPTER XVII

O R R G I F L A m m n d e d b y B e r a t o n
d k i l e b t t l h d n t y t l e g u
h g t g r e D l g o k d m n d
m m h t n d l t e t
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l d d c h f B g t k w i l t
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m t h m l e s e e t f l n g e
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l c a g h m H M J
d D l k h r r d l r r P g B
g r a O b g l f f p k d R
h i m g d h f w l r s l l b f
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l p l b l l f p p f
l l l l g l l l r v h l
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g r e e c a s o s
R o s t e r p l l h r s f r a m o e n t o n
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t h w o l d h e c o u l d n t u n d e r s t a n d
m k u t h f w h t v a s h a p p e n n
t l m k e f s o m e s o r t w e r e m o
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m o e n d m o e d t c l y T h e y w e r e o u r
H o r s e G u a r d s d g t o u t k t h e F r e n c h

cavalry that was coming to meet them

The Horse Guards were galloping but still holding in their horses Rostov could already see their faces and heard the command

Charge! shouted by an officer who was urging his thoroughbred to full speed Rostov fearing to be crushed or swept into the attack on the French galloped along the front as hard as his horse could go but still was not in time to avoid them

The last of the Horse Guards a huge pockmarked fellow frowned angrily on seeing Rostov before him with whom he would inevitably collide This Guardsman would certainly have bowled Rostov and his Bedouin over (Rostov felt himself quite sure)

Allen hands high shield throwing back its ears but the pockmarked Guardsman drove his huge spurs in violently and the horse flourishing its tail and extending its neck galloped on yet faster Hardly had the Horse Guards passed Rostov before he heard them shout Hurrah! and looking back saw that their foremost ranks were mixed up with some foreign cavalry with red epaulets probably French He could see nothing more for immediately afterwards cannon began firing from some here and smoke enveloped every thing

At that moment as the Horse Guards having passed him disappeared in the smoke Rostov hesitated whether to gallop after them or to go where he was sent This was the brilliant charge of the Horse Guards that amazed the French themselves Rostov was horrified to hear later that of all that mass of huge and handsome men of all those brilliant

Why should I envy them? My chance is not lost and maybe I shall see the Emperor immediately! thought Rostov and galloped on When he came level with the Foot Guards he noticed that about them and around them cannon balls were flying of which he was not so much because he heard their sound as because he saw uneasiness on the soldiers' faces and unnatural warlike solemnity in those of the officers

Passing behind one of the lines of a regiment of Foot Guards he heard a voice calling him

Rostov!

What? he answered not recognizing Boris Isay we've been in the front line! Our regiment attacked! said Boris with the happy smile seen on the faces of young men who have been under fire for the first time

Rostov stopped

Have you? he said Well how did it go? We drove them back! said Boris with animation growing talkative Can you imagine it? and he began describing how the Guards, having taken up their position and

Rostov without hearing Boris to the end spurred his horse

Where are you off to? asked Boris

With a message to His Majesty

There he is! said Boris thinking Rostov had said His Highness and pointing to the Grand Duke who with his high shoulders and frowning brows stood a hundred paces away from them in his helmet and Horse Guards jacket shouting something to a pale white uniformed Austrian officer

But that's the Grand Duke and I want the commander in chief or the Emperor said Rostov and was about to spur his horse

Count! Count! shouted Berg who ran up from the other side as eager as Boris Count! I am wounded in my right hand (and he showed his bleeding hand with a handkerchief tied round it) and I remained at the front I held my sword in my left hand Count! All our family—the von Bergs—have been knights!

He said something more but Rostov did not

He

empt

front

He as he had done when the Horse Guards charged followed the line of reserves going far round the place where the hottest musketry and cannonade were heard Suddenly he heard musketry quite close in front of him and behind our troops where he could never have expected the enemy to be

What can it be? He thought The enemy in the rear of our army? Impossible! And suddenly he was seized by a panic of fear for himself and for the issue of the whole battle But be that what it may he reflected

The foreboding of evil that had suddenly come over Rostov was more and more confirmed. Further he rode in the direction behind the village of Prätzen which was full of troops of all kinds.

"What does it mean. What is it. Whom are they killing?" Rostov kept asking.

path.

"The devil knows. They've killed everybody! All up now!" he was told in Russian, German, and Czech by the crowd of fugitives who understood what was happening as little as he did.

"Kill the Germans!" shouted one.

"At the devil take them—all traitors!"

"Zi Henker des Russen!" muttered a German.

Several wounded men passed along the road, and words of these screams, and groans mingled in general hubbub. When the firing died down, Rostov learned later that Russian and Austrian soldiers had been firing at one another.

"O God! What does it all mean," thought he. And here where at an moment the Emperor might see them. But no, these must be on the battlefield! Scoundrels! I will soon be over it, can't be! I can't be! Only to get past them quicker, quicker!

The idea of defeat and flight could not enter Rostov's head. Though he saw French cannons and French troops on the Prätzen Heights just where he had been ordered to look for the commander in chief, he could not, did not wish to, believe that!

CHAPTER XXIII

Rostov had been ordered to look for Kutuzov and the Emperor near the village of Prätzen. But neither there nor any other command of his were there, only disorganized crowds of troops of various kinds. He urged on his already weary horse to get quickly past these crowds, but the farther he went the more disorganized they were. The highroad on which he had come out was thronged with the carriages of all sorts, and Russian and Austrian soldiers of all arms, some wounded and some not. This whole mass droned and jostled in confusion under the dismal influence of cannon balls flying from the French batteries stationed on the Prätzen Heights.

"Where is the Emperor? Where is Kutuzov?"

He asked the Russians.

Rostov kept asking everyone else he could stop but got no answer from anyone.

At last seeing a soldier by his collar he forced him to answer.

"Oh, brother! They've all bolted long ago and the so-called lieutenant for some reason and shaking himself free."

He saw a fat stout soldier who was evidently drunk, Rostov stopped the horse of a batman or groom of some important personage and began to question him. The man announced that the Tsar had been driven in a carriage at full speed about an hour before along that very road and that he was dangerously wounded.

"It can't be," said Rostov. "It must have been someone else."

"I saw him myself," replied the man with a self-confident smile of derision. "I ought to know the Emperor better now. After the times I've seen him in Petersburg. I saw him just as I see you. There he sat in the carriage as pale as anything. How they made the four black horses fly! Gracious me they did until past the time I knew the imperial horses and Ilya Ildarich. I don't think Ilya drives any more except the Tsar."

Rostov let go of the horse and was about to ride on, when a wounded officer passing by addressed him.

"Who is it you want?" he asked. "The commander in chief? He was killed by a cannon ball—struck in the breast before our retreat."

"Not killed—wounded," another officer corrected him.

"Who, Kutuzov?" asked Rostov.

"Not Kutuzov, but what's his name—well, never mind. There are not many left alive. Go that way to that village, all the commanders are there," said the officer pointing to the village of Mosyadek, and he walked on.

Rostov rode on at a footpace not knowing who to whom he was now going. The Emperor was wounded, the battle lost. It was impossible to doubt it now. Rostov rode in the direction pointed out to him, in which he saw tunnels and church. What need to hurry? What was he now to say to the Tsar or to Kutuzov even if they were alive and unwounded?

"Take this road, your honor, that way you will be killed at once," a soldier shouted to him. "They'll kill you there."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" said another. "Where is he to go? That way is nearer."

Rostov considered, and then went in the direction where they said he would be killed.

"It's all the same now. If the Emperor is

wounded am I to try to save myself? he thought. He rode on to the region where the greatest number of men had perished in fleeing from Pratzen. The French had not yet occupied that region and the Russians—the uninjured and slightly wounded—had left it long ago. All about the field like heaps of manure on well kept plowland lay from ten to fifteen dead and wounded to each couple of acres. The wounded crept together in twos and threes and one could hear their distressing screams and groans sometimes feigned—or so it seemed to Rostov.

the sight of these unfortunates

The French who had ceased firing at this field strewn with dead and wounded where there was no one left to fire at on seeing an adjutant riding over it trailed a gun on him and fired several shots. The sensation of those terrible whistling sounds and of the corpses around him merged in Rostov's mind into a single feeling of terror and pity for himself. He remembered his mother's last letter. What would she feel? thought he if she saw me here now on this field with the cannon aimed at me?

In the village of Hosjeradok there were Russian troops retiring from the field of battle who though still in some confusion were less disordered. The French cannon did not reach there and the musketry fire sounded far away. Here everyone clearly saw and said that the battle was lost. No one whom Rostov asked could tell him where the Emperor or Kutuzov was. Some said the report that the Emperor was wounded was correct others that it was not and explained the false rumor that had spread by the fact that the Emperor's carriage had really galloped from the field of battle with the pale and terrified Oberhofmarschal Count Tolstoy who had ridden out to the battlefield with others in the Emperor's suite. One officer told Rostov that he had seen someone from headquarters behind the village to the left and thither Rostov rode not hoping to find anyone but merely to ease his conscience. When he had ridden about two miles and had passed the last of the Russian troops he saw near a kitchen garden with a ditch round it twelve men on horseback facing the ditch. One with a white plume in his hat seemed familiar to Rostov—the other on a beautiful chestnut horse (which Rostov fancied he had seen be-

fore) rode up to the ditch struck his horse with his spurs and giving it the rein leaped lightly over. Only a little earth crumbled from the bank under the horse's hind hoofs. Turning the horse sharply he again jumped the ditch and deferentially addressed the horseman with the white plumes evidently suggesting that he should do the same. The rider whose figure seemed familiar to Rostov and involuntarily riveted his attention made a gesture of refusal with his head and hand and by that gesture Rostov instantly recognized his lamented and adored monarch.

But it can't be he alone in the midst of this empty field! thought Rostov. At that moment Alexander turned his head and Rostov saw the beloved features that were so deeply engraved on his memory. The Emperor was pale his cheeks sunken and his eyes hollow but the charm the mildness of his features was all the greater. Rostov was happy in the assurance that the rumors about the Emperor being wounded were false. He was happy to be seeing him. He knew that he might and even ought to go straight to him and give the message Doltorukov had ordered him to deliver.

But as a youth in love trembles is unnerved and dares not utter the thoughts he has dreamed of for nights but looks around for help or a chance of delay and flight when the longed for moment comes and he is alone with her so Rostov now that he had attained what he had longed for more than anything else in the world did not know how to approach the Emperor and a thousand reasons occurred to him why it would be inconvenient unseemly and impossible to do so.

What! It is as if I were glad of a chance to take advantage of his being alone and despondent! A strange face may seem unpleasant or painful to him at this moment of sorrow besides what can I say to him now when my heart fails me and my mouth feels dry at the mere sight of him? Not one of the innumerable speeches addressed to the Emperor that he had composed in his imagination could he now recall. Those speeches were intended for quite other conditions they were for the most part to be spoken at a moment of victory and triumph generally when he was dying of wounds and the sovereign had thanked him for heroic deeds and while dying he expressed the love his actions had proved.

Besides I can't ask the Emperor for instructions I must take flight now that it is nearly four o'clock and not a little is lost? No.

certainly I must not approach him, I must not intrude on his reflection. But I shall show you an unkind look

of indecision.

While Rostov was thus arguing with himself a dreadful way Captain von Toll changed his ride to the same spot, and seeing the Emperor to be rode up to him, offered him services, and suggested him to cross the ditch on foot. The Emperor with a rest and feeling unwell, sat down under an apple tree and on Tolstoy remained beside him. Rostov from distance saw with envy and remorse how on Tolstoy spoke to the Emperor warmly to the Emperor and how the Emperor evidently weeping, covered his eyes with his hand and pressed von Tolstoy's hand.

And I might have been in his place! thought Rostov and hardly restrained his tears. I pity the Emperor who rode on in utter despair not knowing where to go why he was now riding.

His despair was all the greater from feeling that his weakness was the cause of his grief.

He might not only might but should, he thought up to the sovereign. It was an opportunity to show his devotion to the Emperor and he had made use of it. "What has he done," thought he. And he turned round and galloped back to the place where he had seen the Emperor but there was no one beyond the ditch now. Only some carts and caresses were passing by. From one of the drivers he learned that Kutuzov's staff were not far off, the village the chancellery were going to. Rostov followed them. In front of him walked Kurat's groom leading horses and horses. Then came carts and behind that walked a band of legged comestibles in peaked caps and sheepskin coats.

"That is the Tsar," said the groom.

"What answered the old man bent mind."

"Go, T. Thrush."

"Oh, you fool," said the old man spitting gravel. Some in passed in silence, and then the same joke was repeated.

Before the evening the battle had been lost to all purposes. More than hundred cannons were already in the hands of the French. Prebuzhnik and his corps had laid down

their arms. Other columns after long half the men were retreated in disorderly confused masses.

The remnants of Lanzeron's and Dokhturov's men led forces were crowded on the dikes and banks of the pond near the village of Aures.

After five o'clock it was only at the Aures-Dam that a hot cannonade (directed by the French alone) was still to be heard from numerous batteries ranged on the slopes of the Prater Heiligs, directed to our retreat forces.

In the rear guard, Dokhturov and others rallied in some battalions kept up musketry fire to the French cavalry that was pursuing our troops. It was growing dusk. On the narrow Aures-Dam where for some years the old miller had been accustomed to sit in his tasseled cap peacefully and while his grandson with shirt sleeves rolled up handled the sundial silvery fish in the water in can on that dam over which for so many years Miran's shaggy caps and blue jackets had peacefully driven their two horse carts loaded with wheat had returned dusty with flour when in the carts on that narrow dam amid the water on the cannon under the horses hoofs between the water wheels, men disappeared by sea of death now crowded together crushing one another down, stepping over the dyed and killed one another only to move on few steps and be killed themselves in the same way.

Every ten seconds a cannon ball flew compressed the round, a shell burst in the midst of that dense throng, killed some and splashed with blood those near them.

Dolikhov—now an officer—wounded in the arm, and on foot, with the regimental commander on horseback and some ten men of his company represented that that was all of that whole regiment. Impelled by the crowd they had got wedged to the approach to the dam and, jammed in on all sides, had stopped because horses in front had fallen under cannon and the crowd were dragged to the caisson ball killed someone behind them, and Dolikhov and plashed Dolikhov with blood. The crowd, pushing forward desperately squeezed together moved forward and stopped.

More on the hundred yards and we are certainly saved, remain here in the two minutes and is certain death, thought each on Dolikhov who was in the midst of the crowd

forced his way to the edge of the dam throw

It cleared under him turn this way! he shouted to those with the gun It bears!

The ice bore him but it swayed and creaked and it was plain that it would give way not only under a cannon or a crowd but very soon even under his weight alone The men looked at him and pressed to the bank hesitating to step onto the ice The general on horseback at the entrance to the dam raised his hand and opened his mouth to address Dólokhov Suddenly a cannon ball hissed so low above the

look or thought of raising him

Get onto the ice over the ice! Go on! Turn! Don't you hear? Go on! innumerable voices suddenly shouted after the ball had struck the general the men themselves not knowing what or why they were shouting

One of the hindmost guns that was going onto the dam turned off onto the ice Crowds of soldiers from the dam began running onto the frozen pond The ice gave way under one of the foremost soldiers and one leg slipped into the water He tried to right himself but fell in up to his waist The nearest soldiers shrank back the gun driver stopped his horse but from behind still came the shouts Onto the ice why do you stop? Go on! Go on! And cries of horror were heard in the crowd The soldiers near the gun waved their arms and beat the horses to make them turn and move on The horses moved off the bank The ice that had held under those on foot collapsed in a great mass and some forty men who were on it dashed some forward and some back drowning one another

Still the cannon balls continued regularly to whistle and flop onto the ice and into the water and oftenest of all among the crowd that covered the dam the pond and the bank

CHAPTER XIX

ON THE PRATZEN HEIGHTS where he had fallen with the flagstaff in his hand lay Prince Andrew Bolkónski bleeding profusely and unconsciously uttering a gentle piteous and childlike moan

Toward evening he ceased moaning and became quite still He did not know how long

It is that lofty sky that I did not know till now but saw today? was his first thought And I did not know this suffering either he thought Yes I did not know anything anything at all till now But where am I?

He listened and heard the sound of approaching horses and voices speaking French He opened his eyes Above him again was the same lofty sky with clouds that had risen and were floating still higher and between them gleamed blue infinity He did not turn his head and did not see those who judging by the sound of hoofs and voices had ridden up and stopped near him

It was Napoleon accompanied by two aides-de-camp Bonaparte riding over the battlefield had given final orders to strengthen the bat

at a dead Russian grenadier who with his face buried in the ground and a blackened nape lay on his stomach with an already stiffened arm slung wide

The ammunition for the guns in position is exhausted Your Majesty said an adjutant who had come from the batteries that were firing at August

by the French as a trophy)

That's a fine death! said Napoleon as he gazed at Bolkónski

Prince Andrew understood that this was said of him and that it was Napoleon who said it He heard the speaker address ed as *Sire* But he heard the words as he might have heard the buzzing of a fly Not only did they not interest him but he took no notice of them and at once forgot them His head was burning he felt himself bleeding to death and he saw above him the remote lofty and everlasting sky He knew it was Napoleon—his hero—but at that moment Napoleon seemed to him such a small insignificant creature compared with what was passing now between himself and that lofty in

he was only glad that people were standing near him and only wished that they would help him and bring him back to life, which seemed to him so beautiful now that he had today learned to understand it so differently. He collected all his strength, to stir and utter sound. He feebly moved his legs and uttered weak, sickly groan which aroused his own pity.

"Ah, he is alive," said Napoleon. "Lift this young man up and carry him to the dressing-station."

"He is," said this Napoleon rode on to meet Marshal Lannes, who, hat in hand, rode up smiling to the Emperor to congratulate him on the victory.

Prince Andrew remembered nothing more but lost consciousness from the terrible pain of being lifted out the stretcher and jolting while being moved, and the probability of his wound in the dressing-station. He did not regain consciousness till late in the day when with other wounded and captured Russian officers he was carried to the hospital. During this transfer he felt little ironing and was obliged to look about him and even speak.

The first words he heard in command to his senses were those of French convalescent officers: "We must halt here; the Emperor will pass here immediately; it will please him to see these gentlemen prisoners."

"There are so many prisoners today, nearly the whole Russian army that he is probably tired of them," said another officer.

All the same they said this to the commander of all the Emperor Alexander Guards, said the first one, indicated Russian officer in the white uniform of the Horse Guards.

Boleski recognized Prince Reprim whom he had met in Petersburg society. Besides him stood his nineteen, also wounded officer of the Horse Guards.

Bonaparte having come up to gallantly stopped his horse.

"Which is the senior?" he asked, on seeing the prisoners.

They named the colonel, Prince Reprim.

"You are the commander of the Emperor Alexander regiment of the Horse Guards," asked Napoleon.

"Commanded squadron," replied Reprim. "Your regiment fulfilled its duty honorably and Napoleon."

"The praise of great commander is a soldier's best reward," said Reprim.

"I bestow it with pleasure," said Napoleon.

"And who is that young man beside you?"

Prince Reprim named Lieutenant Sukhtelen.

After looking at him Napoleon smiled.

"He is very young to come to meddle with us."

"With no hindrance to courage," muttered Sukhtelen in a faint voice.

"A pleasant reply," said Napoleon. "Young man, you will go far!"

Prince Andrew who had also been brought forward before the Emperor's eyes to complete the show of prisoners, could not find it to attract his attention. Napoleon apparently remembered seeing him on the battlefield and, dressing him, again used the epithet young man that was connected in his memory with Prince Andrew.

"Well, and you, young man," said he. "How do you feel, from the wound?"

Though five minutes before, Prince Andrew had been able to say a few words to the soldiers who were carrying him, now with his eyes fixed straight on Napoleon he was silent. So much silent at that moment seemed to him all the interests that enrossed Napoleon, so mean did his hero himself with his paltry vanity and joy in victory appear compared to the lofty equality and kindly sky which he had seen and understood, that he could not answer him.

Everything seemed so futile and insignificant in comparison with the stern and solemn traits of thought that weakness from loss of blood, suffering, and the nearness of death aroused in him. Looking into Napoleon's eyes Prince Andrew thought of the insignificance of greatness, the unimportance of life which no one could understand, and the still greater unimportance of death, the meaning of which no one alive could understand or explain.

The Emperor without waiting for an answer turned away and said to one of the officers as he went: "Have these gentlemen attended to and taken to my bivouac; let my doctor Larrey examine their wounds; I give Prince Reprim and he spurred his horse and galloped away."

His face shone with self-satisfaction and pleasure.

The soldiers who had carried Prince Andrew had noticed and taken the little old countess Princess Mary had hung round her brother's neck, but when the Emperor showed the prisoners, they now hastened to return to their homes.

Prince Andrew did not see how and by whom it was replaced but the little icon with its thin gold chain suddenly appeared upon his chest outside his uniform

glad

How good it would be to know where to seek for help in this life and what to expect after it beyond the grave! How happy and calm I should be if I could now say Lord have mercy on me! But to whom should I say that? Either to my dear friends or to my dear enemies

cannot

press Great All or Nothing—said he to himself or to that God who has been sewn into this amulet by Mary! There is nothing certain nothing at all except the unimportance of everything I understand and the greatness of something incomprehensible but all important

The stretchers moved on At every jolt he again felt unendurable pain his feverishness

increased and he grew delirious Visions of his father wife sister and future son and the tenderness he had felt the night before the battle the figure of the insignificant little Napoleon and above all this the lofty sky formed the chief subjects of his delirious fancies

The quiet home life and peaceful happiness of Bald Hills presented him

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more easy to end in death than in convalescence

He is a nervous bilious subject said Larrey and will not recover

And Prince Andrew with others fatally wounded was left to the care of the inhabitants of the district

Book Four 1806

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CHAPTER I

E. L. V THE YEAR 806 N d l R tóv re
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"Yes G d b thanked! Yes! Tley e just
Il l ed pper Let me hav look t y u
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I e ryl q te Il ght?

"Th Lo d be thanked yes!

R tó who had compl tely forgotte Il f

Prince Andrew did not see how and by whom it was replaced but the little icon with its thin gold chain suddenly appeared upon his chest outside his uniform

It would be good thought Prince Andrew glancing at the icon his sister had hung round his neck with such emotion and reverence it would be good if everything were as clear and simple as it seems to Mary How good it would be to know where to seek for help in this life and what to expect after it beyond the grave! How happy and calm I should be if I could now say Lord have mercy on me!

or even express in words—the Great All or Nothing—said he to himself or to that God who has been sewn into this amulet by Mary! There is nothing certain nothing at all except the unimportance of everything I understand and the greatness of something incomprehensible but all important.

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more likely to end in death than in convalescence

He is a nervous bilious subject said Larrey and will not recover

And Prince Andrew with others fatally wounded was left to the care of the inhabitants of the district.

opened crack and there was a glimpse of something blue of ribbons, black hair and merry faces. It was Nísha Sóya a d Píva, who had come to see whether they were getting on.

Nísha Get up Nísha voice was again heard at the door.

"Directly

er d f retun that t wa unbercomi g f th gúst seem n u dressed, pened the bedroom door

I this yoursaber he sho ted.

Nísha Com t ny urdress "gown said Nísha

I this y saber asked Píva. Or is t yours. hem d, d dress the black mustached Deniso with servil d fere ce

Ros hurriedly put something on his feet, drew his dress gown, drew to Nísha had put on a pair of purred boots was just getting her foot to the other Sóya when he came in was twirling round and was about to expel her dresses to balloon and t down. They were dressed like in new pale-blue frocks, d were both fresh, rosy and bright. So they ran away but Nísha, taking her by the arm, led him into the room, where they began talking. They hardly got there to ask questions and

wer saví as mus h t because sh f l t happ d was unabl t co trol her joy wh ch exp ressed itself by l hter

"Oh, how nice how spl did sh said to everyth

Rostó felt that, under the influence of the arm ravs l l tha childlike smile which had not ppeared h f c c h left hom w f h first tim lter hteen months van brightened his soul d his face.

Nísha listen h said w you are qu man, aren ou. I m wfully gl dy ure m brother Sh t ched his mustache. "I wa t to kn w what yo men are lik Are you t e sam as w N

"Why did Sonya run away? asked Rostó Ah, yes That a whole lot of it How are you going to speak to her—thou or you?"

As may happen said Rostó

"No call her you please I'll tell you all about it some other time. No, I'll tell you now I know Sóya's my dearest friend. Such a friend that I burned my arm for her sake Look here!

She pulled up her muslin sleeve and showed him red scars on her long slender delicate arm, his hand on the elbow on that part that is covered even by a ball dress.

"I burned this to protect myself from her I just heated a ruler in the fire and pressed it there

Sitting on the sofa with the little cushions on its arms, what used to be his old school-room, d looks to Nísha wildly bright eyes, Rostó re-entered that world of home d childhood which had no meaning for anyone else but gave him some of the best joys of his life and the burn on his arm with the ruler as a proof of love did not seem to him senseless, he understood and was not surprised at it.

"Well, and is that all he asked.

"We are such friends, such friends. All that ruler business was just nonsense but we are friends forever. She loves her as anyone does if life but I don't understand that, I forget quickly

"Well, what then?"

"Well she loves me and you'll see that."

Nísha suddenly flushed.

"Why you remember before you went away

Well, he says you are to forget all that.

Sh says I shall love him always, but let him be free if not that I rely on noble yes, very noble? I don't?" asked Nísha, so serious and excitedly that it was evident that what she was now saying she had talked of before with tears.

Rostó became thoughtful.

"I never go back in my word, he said. Besides, Sóya is so charming that only a fool would renounce such happiness.

"No, o cried Nísha she and I have already talked over. We knew you'd say so. But it won't do because you see, if you say that—if you consider yourself bound by your promise—it will seem as if he had not meant it seriously. It makes it as if you were married to her because you must, and that wouldn't do at all.

Rostó saw that it had been well considered by them. Sóya had bread truck him by her beauty on the pedestal. Today when he

sov not wishing anyone to forestall him threw off his fur coat and ran on tiptoe through the large dark ballroom. All was the same there were the same old card tables and the same chandelier with a cover over it but someone had already seen the young master and before he had reached the drawing room something flew out from a side door like a tornado and began hugging and kissing him. Another and yet another creature of the same kind sprang from a second door and a third more hugging more kissing more outcries and tears of joy. He could not distinguish which was Papa which Natásha and which Pétya. Every one shouted talked and kissed him at the same time. Only his mother was not there he noticed that.

And I did not know Nicholas My darling!

Here he is our own Kólya dear fellow How he has changed! Where are the candles? Teal!

And me kiss me!

Dearest and me!

Sónya Natásha Pétya Anna Mikháylovna Véra and the old count were all hugging him and the serfs men and maids flocked into the

ing

Natásha after she had pulled him down to ward her and covered his face with kisses holding him tight by the skirt of his coat sprang away and pranced up and down in one place like a goat and shrieked piercingly.

All around were loving eyes glistening with tears of joy and all around were lips seeking a kiss.

Sónya too all rosy red clung to his arm and radiant with bliss looked eagerly toward his eyes waiting for the look for which she longed. Sónya now was sixteen and she was very pretty especially at this moment of happy rapturous excitement. She gazed at him not taking her eyes off him and smiling and holding her breath. He gave her a grateful look but was still expectant and looking for someone. The old countess had not yet come. But now steps were heard at the door steps so rapid that they could hardly be his mother's.

Yet it was she dressed in a new gown which he did not know made since he had left. All the others let him go and he ran to her. When they met she fell on his breast sobbing. She could not lift her face but only pressed it to

Nicholas.

the cold braiding of his hussar's jacket. Denisov who had come into the room unnoticed by anyone stood there and wiped his eyes at the sight.

Vasilí Denisov your son's friend he said introducing himself to the count who was looking inquiringly at him.

You are most welcome! I know I know said the count kissing and embracing Denisov. Nicholas wrote us Natásha Véra look! Here is Denisov!

The same happy rapturous faces turned to the shaggy figure of Denisov.

Darling Denisov! screamed Natásha beside herself with rapture springing to him putting her arms round him and kissing him. This escapade made everybody feel confused. Denisov blushed too but smiled and taking Natásha's hand kissed it.

Denisov was shown to the room prepared for him and the Rostóvs all gathered round

the rest crowding round him watched every movement word or look of his never taking their blissfully adoring eyes off him. His brother and sisters struggled for the places nearest to him and disputed with one another who should bring him his tea handkerchief and pipe.

Rostóv was very happy in the love they showed him but the first moment of meeting had been so beatific that his present joy seemed insufficient and he kept expecting something more more and yet more.

Next morning after the fatigues of their journey the travelers slept till ten o'clock.

In the room next their bedroom there was a confusion of sabers satchels sabretaches open portmanteaus and dirty boots. Two freshly cleaned pairs with spurs had just been placed by the wall. The servants were bringing in jugs and basins hot water for shaving and their well brushed clothes. There was a masculine odor and a smell of tobacco.

Hallo Gwiska—my pipe! came Vasilí Denisov's husky voice. Most v get up!

Rostóv rubbing his eyes that seemed glued together raised his disheveled head from the hot pillow.

Why is it late?

Late! It is nearly ten o'clock answered Natásha's voice. A rustle of starched petticoats and the whispering and laughter of girls' voices came from the adjoining room. The door was

BOOK FOUR

pe ed a cra k and there was a gl p e of
someth g bl e f r bbo s bl ck h r nd
merry f ces It w N tál S' ya d Pétya
who h d come t ee w el r tley we e get
t up

N h l l Get up N tál a o ce was
ara he rd t the doo

D ectly
Mea hl Pétya h ng f u d a d se red
th sabers th utor room w th the d l ght
bo fel tle ght fam l r y elde br th
er d f r g u ng that t w u becom g f r
th gl st eeme und es ed pened the bed
room doo

I thuy s ber? he h uted

N ch l Come t y u d ess ggowt
sa d N tálh

I th y sab r? ked Pétya O is t
rs? hesa d dd ess gtl ebl k mu t hed
Den so w tl er led f

Ros ó h rr dly put sometl g n h s feet
d ew h s des gow d w nt ut N
tisha h d p t e p rr d boot nd wa
just g tt g he foot t the ther Sónya
hen h cam w tw l u d d was
bo t t exp d he d es es t b l loon d
td Th y w d ess d l k n cw p l
M f ock d we both fresh ro y d
b ght Só y b t N tisha tak g
her brother rm led h m to th tu g
nom h th y bega t lk g They h rdly
ga e her t m t k q est o d
g ples rm th m d ittl m t
ers h h ld t crest but them
sel es N tál h l hed t cry w d he sa d
tha h sa d h rs If because what they

eryth
Ros ó felt that, u der the m ce of the
arm ray f l th t ch l d l k m l wh ch
h d

q ma are ty I m f lly gl dy re
m brother She t h d h mustache I
wa t kn w h ty m e l ke. A e you
th same we N?

Why d d Sónya r n away? asked R st
Ah yes! That s a wh le lo story! If w
ar you go ng to spe k to her—t/ u or you?
As may h ppen sa d Rost
N call her y u ple I l l tell y u all

h rel

She pulled up l e mul n a seec e a d h we l
h m a red scar n her lo g slender del cate
arm h gh abo e the elbow on that p t that
co e ed e en by a b l l dress

I burned th to pro emyl e for her l j t
heated a ruler the fire a d pressed it there

S t t g n th sofa with the l ttle cusl s
on ts arms t what u ed m bel s ld chool
room d look ng int N tál ha w l dly b ght
eyes To tó e ente ed th tw ld f hom a d
ch ldhood wh ch had n mean g f r any ne
else but ga e h m some of the best joys of l s
l fe nd the burn g of n rm w th a ruler a

ruler bu ess was just nonse se b t we re
fr ds f e er She if he l res a y ne does
t f r l e b t l do tu der sta d that I forget
qu ckly

"Well wh t th n?

"Well she lo es me and y ul ke that.

N tisha d dently flushed.

"Why yo remember bel e y u went away?

W l l she says yo are to f r get all that.

She say I shall lo e h m lw ys b t let h m
be free I n t that lovely and noble l yes very
noble? I t u ked N tálh so seri ly
a devotedly d t t w s ev dent that what she
was n w say g she had talked of bel re t l
tears.

R tó became thoughtf l

I never go b ck o my word he said. Be
des Só ya s so ch rm n th t nly a fool
w uld re ces ch happ es

Nu l cried Natál he and I have al
re dy t l k d t over We k ew y u d say so
B t it w nt d because you see f you say
t t—f you con der y rself bou d by y u
p mis—t w l l seem f he h d t m t
t cr l y l t m kes it s f y uwer m rry g
her because you m t nd that would n t do t
all

R tó sa w th t th d b n w l l e n de ed
by th m. Só ya h d l dy tru k h m by her
l ty n th p eed ng day Today wh n h

sov not wishing anyone to forestall him threw off his fur coat and ran on tiptoe through the large dark ballroom. All was the same there were the same old card tables and the same chandelier with a cover over it but someone had already seen the young master and before he had reached the drawing room something flew out from a side door like a tornado and began hugging and kissing him. Another and yet another creature of the same kind sprang from a second door and a third more hugging more kissing more outcries and tears of joy. He could not distinguish which was Papa which Natásha and which Pétya. Every one shouted talked and kissed him at the same time. Only his mother was not there he noticed that.

And I did not know Nicholas My darling!

Here he is our own kólya dear fellow
How he has changed! Where are the candles? Teal

And me kiss me!

Dear

1 The maids flocked into the room exclaiming and ohing and ahing

Pétya clinging to his legs kept shouting
And me too!

Natásha after she had pulled him down to ward her and covered his face with kisses holding him tight by the skirt of his coat sprang away and pranced up and down in one place like a goat and shrieked piercingly

All around were loving eyes glistening with tears of joy and all around were lips seeking a kiss

Sónya too all rosy red clung to his arm and radiant with bliss looked eagerly toward his eyes waiting for the look for which she longed. Sónya now was sixteen and she was very pretty especially at this moment of happy rapturous excitement. She gazed at him not taking her eyes off him and smiling and holding her breath. He gave her a grateful look but was

Yet it was she dressed in a new gown which he did not know made since he had left. All the others let him go and he ran to her. When they met she fell on his breast sobbing. She could not lift her face but only pressed it to

Nicholas

the cold braiding of his hussar's jacket. Denisov who had come into the room unnoticed by anyone stood there and wiped his eyes at the sight.

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You are most welcome! I know I know said the count kissing and embracing Denisov. Nicholas wrote us Natásha Véra look! Here is Denisov!

The count

1 putting her arms round him and kissing him. This escapade made everybody feel confused. Denisov blushed too but smiled and taking Natásha's hand kissed it.

Denisov was shown to the room prepared for him and the Rostovs all gathered round Nicholas in the sitting room.

The old countess not letting go of his hand and kissing it every moment sat beside him the rest crowding round him watched every movement and word or look of his never taking their blissfully adoring eyes off him. His brother and sisters struggled for the places nearest to him and disputed with one another who should bring him his tea handkerchief and pipe.

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Late! It's nearly ten o'clock answered Natásha's voice. A rustle of muffled petticoats and the whispering and laughter of his voices came from the adjoining room. The door was

d sm li sil r purs passed h t me very

h borrow g m ey from Ga ril t p y a
l gh dri er hus k ss So ya on the sly—he
w recalled all th ch ld hness he h d left
mmeasurably beh d. N w h wa a le te
t f hussars j ket l ced w th l er and
wa g the Cross of St. George warded t
soldiers f r bra ery n act and n th com
p v f well k wn elderly nd respected rac
men wa tra g trotter f his own for
race He k ew lady on o f the boulevards
whom h vis ted f n eve He led the
mazurka t the A kháro's ball talked bo t
th war with F' ld M rshal kám k v ted
th English Cl b d wa n t m te terms
with col l of f rry to whom Deniso had
trod ced him.

H pass n f th Empero had cnoled
somewhat Mosco But till he d d n t
see him d had no pportu ty of sec gh m,
he often spoke abo t h m d bout his l e
f hum, lett g t be u derstood th e had
t told all d that th re was someth g n
his feelings f th Emperor o t e cryo co l d
derst d, d w th h u wh le soul h hared
th dorat n then comm Moscov f the
Empero who wa pok of as th ngel in
carate.

Dum Rostó h r t ay n Mosc w b f e
rejo g th rmy h d d t draw loser t
So va b t rather dr fted way from li She
wa ery pret d weat, d e d tly deep-
l lo w th hum but h wa t th period f
th when there eems so much t d th t
there u t m f th t sort of th g a d a
ou g ma fears t b nd hums H d pri es
h freed m wh ch he eed f soma yo th
th g x Wl en h th lit of Só ya d n th
ta Moscov li m d to h mself Ah the
ll be, and there re m y m re ch g l
mew here whom I d n t v k w Ther
ll be tunc en gh th nk be t l e when
l t t b t w h t me. Bes des
seemed hum that th societ f women was
rather derowat ryt h ma hood He w t to
ball d t lides society w th ffectat n
f do g so gaust h s w ll Th races th
I l h Cl b prees I D iso d
u t certa li —t t was th
matter and q t th th g f dash ng
yo g hussa l

At the beg nn ng of M rch old Cou t llyd
Rost was erv busy arrang a d nner in
hon r f Prince B grat ón t the En l h Club
The co t walked up nd d wn the hall t
his dress g gown n ng rders to the cl b
tew rd nd to th f mou Feokt t the Cl b s

lest at 10 0 0 0 1
k ew so well how to rra gea fea to n open
ha ded hosp t ble cale, a d st ll fewe men
would be so well able d will to m ke p
out of the rown resources what m ht be need
ed f r the success of the fete. The l b cook nd
the teward lste ed to the count s orders w ll

the turtl so p you kn w l

Sh ll w ha e th eecold dashes then? ked
the cook

Th cou t con d ed.

"W ca t h e less—yes three th m y
o se that s o e sad he bend g d w
finger

"Tl n m I to order those large sterl i
led t steward.

"Yes, t can t be helped f they won t take
less. Ah dear me! I wa f rgett g We mu t
h e u ther ent é Ah, good ess grac u
li d tched th head Wh go g to get
m th flowers? Dmtr l Eh, Dmtr l G llop off
to ur M scow estat he sa d to the f ctum
wh appea ed t h call Hurry off d t l
M ksm the gard to ct the erist k
S y th t eryth go t of the h th uses m t
be brougt h ere well wrapped up n felt. I must
l two hu dred pots here on Friday

H g en se ral m e ord rs, he wa
bo t t go t h s "Ttle cou tess t li e a
est, b t emembe g som th le f m
portan he returned a called b k the
cook nd th club tewa d aga n began
g orders. Al ht footst p d th clnk g
f p rswer heard t the doo a d th you
cou t ha dsome rosy w th dark l t l mus
tach d tly rested d m d leeker by his
easy l fe n Moscov tered the room.

Ah my boy my head s n wh l sa d the
old man with mil as f h f l t a t l o
fused bef e h s so "N w if you w uld nly

had caught a glimpse of her she seemed still more lovely. She was a charming girl of sixteen, evidently passionately in love with him (he did not doubt that for an instant). Why should he not love her now, and even marry her? Rostov thought, but just now there were so many other pleasures and interests before him! Yes, they have taken a wise decision: he thought, I must remain free.

Well, then that's excellent, said he. Well, talk it over later on. Oh, how glad I am to have you!

Well, and are you still true to Boris? he continued.

Oh, what nonsense! cried Natasha, laughing. I don't think about him or anyone else, and I don't want anything of the kind.

Dear me! Then what are you up to now?

Now? repeated Natasha, and a happy smile lit up her face. Have you seen Dupont?

No.

Not seen Dupont—the famous dancer? Well, then you won't understand. That's what I'm up to.

Curving her arms, Natasha held out her skirts as dancers do, ran back a few steps, turned out a caper, brought her little feet sharply together, and made some steps on the very tips of her toes.

See! I'm standing! See! she said, but could not maintain herself on her toes any longer.

So that's what I'm up to! I'll never marry any one, but will be a dancer. Only don't tell any one.

Rostov laughed so loud and merrily that Denisov, in his bedroom, felt envious, and Natasha could not help joining in.

No, but don't you think it's nice? she kept repeating.

Nice! And so you no longer wish to marry Boris?

Natasha flared up. I don't want to marry any one.

Oh, well, then good-by, go and dress. Is he very terrible, Denisov?

Why terrible? asked Nicholas. No, Vaska is a splendid fellow.

You call him Vaska? That's funny! And is he very nice?

Very.

Well, then be quick. We'll all have breakfast together.

And Natasha rose and went out of the room on tiptoe like a ballet dancer, but smiling. Only happy girls of sixteen can smile. When Rostov met Sonya in the drawing room, he red-dened. He did not know how to behave with her. The evening before, in the first happy moment of meeting, they had kissed each other, but today they felt it could not be done: he felt that everybody, including his mother and sis-

ters, was

ing to

kissed

but as you—Sonya. But their eyes met and said, *Ilou*, and exchanged tender kisses. Her looks asked him

Natasha

prom

His looks thanked her for offering him his freedom, and told her that one way or another he would never cease to love her, for that would be impossible.

How strange it is, said Vera, selecting a moment when all were silent, that Sonya and Nicholas now say you to one another and meet like strangers.

Vera's remark was as correct as her remarks always were, but like most of her observations, it made everyone feel uncomfortable, not only Sonya, Nicholas, and Natasha, but even the old countess, who—dreading this love affair, which might hinder Nicholas from making a brilliant match—blushed like a girl.

Denisov, to Rostov's surprise, appeared in the drawing room with pomaded hair, powdered, and in a new uniform, looking just as smart as he made himself when going into battle, and he was more amiable to the ladies and gentlemen than Rostov had ever expected to see him.

CHAPTER II

ON HIS RETURN to Moscow from the army, Nicholas Rostov was welcomed by his home circle as the best of

Nikolénka

tractive and

ances is a handsome lieutenant of hussars, a good dancer, and one of the best matches in the city.

The Rostovs knew everybody in Moscow. The old count had money enough that year, as all his estates had been re-mortgaged, and so Nicholas acquired a trotter, a horse, a very stylish riding breeches of the latest cut, as there was no one else yet in Moscow, and boots of the latest fashion, with extremely pointed toes.

d sm ll s l sp rs p d h s t m e ry
 gal Afte asl rtpe od f l pt h m self
 t th l d c d u n o f l f e N ch la found n
 ery please t to be at l m a w n He felt th t
 he h dgr w n up d m at ed r y m u h H s
 desp rat f l g in a S c r p t u r e x m n t n
 h borrow g money from G r f l t p y
 - h k g S e j a o n th ly-he

we ng the Cu
 sold rs f l l ery n t d n th c m
 p y f w l k w n eld ly and e p e t d r a c
 g m e w a t r a g l t e f h s o w f o r a
 r a e H k e w l d y n o n f the boulevard
 h m h t d f n e x ng H led the
 m ru ka t the A k h i o s b l l t a l k e d b o u t
 the a w th F l d M r i h k a m e k i s t e d
 th E g l h C l b a d w a n t m e t e r m s
 th l l f f r y t w h m D e n i s o h a d
 t r o d e d h u m .

H pass n f the Emp h d cooled
 somewhat n Mosco But t l l h d d n t
 se h u m d h a d p p o r t t y l e g h m
 h l i t e p o k b o u t h u m d b o t h s l o e
 f h u m , l t u n g t b e u n d e r s t o o d t h t h e h a d
 t t o l d a l l d t h a t t h e w s o m e t h g n
 h f e e l m f t h e E m p e r t r y n e c u l d
 d e n s t d , d w t h h w h l s u l h s l r e d
 t h a d r a t u t h e c o m m n M s c w f r t h e
 E m p e r o w h w a s p o k e o f t h n g e l
 c a r n t e .

I l n g R o s t o h r t t y M o s c w b e f e
 p g t h a r m y h d d t d r a w l e r t
 S e y a b t r a t h e d r f t d w y f m h e S h
 w a e r y p e t y d w t , n d d e t l y d e e p -
 l l w t h m b u t h w t h p e d o f
 t h w h t h e e m m u h t d t h a t
 t l t m f t h a t s o t o f t h g d
 g m a f e a r s d h m l f d p e s
 l l f e e d m h c h h e e d s f s o m y t h e r
 t h i n g s . W h h t h t I S o y a d r i g t h
 t a M o s c o w h d t h m s e l f A h t h e e
 l l b e , d t h e r m a y m e c h i g l s
 w m h e r e h m l d n t t k w T h e r e
 l l b e t u m g h t o t h k b o l e w h e n
 l w a t b t w i t h o t m B e s d e s
 s e e m e d t o h u m t h a t t h e s o c e t f w m w a s
 n a h e r d e o g a t o r y t b m h o o d . H w e t o
 b a l l d t l d e s o y w t h f c i a t n
 f d o g s o g a n s h w l l T l r a c e s t h e
 E n g l h C l b p e s w l D i s o d
 u c e r t a f i u s - t h t w a s o t h
 m a t e r d q t t h t h g f a d a s h i n g
 y o u g h u s s a t

h n o r o f P r n e b g t

The c t w a l k e d u p a n d d o w n t h e h l l i n
 h s d e s s n g g o w n g o r d e r s t o t h e c l u b
 t w r d n d t o t h e f m u s F e o k t f t h C l u b s
 h e d c o o k b o u t s p a r a g u s f r e s h c u c u m b e r s
 s t r a w b e r r i e s e a l a n d f i h f o r t h d n n e r T h e
 c o u t l d b e e n m e m b e r a n d n l e c o m m t
 t e e o f t h e C l b f r m t l e d y i t w a s f u n d e d . T o
 l h m t h e C l u b e n t r u t e d t h e a r r a n g e m e n t o f t h
 h r o f B a g r a t o n f r f e w m e n

o u t f t h e r w n r e s o u r e s u
 d f t h e s c c e s s o f t h e f e t e T h e c l u b c o o k n d
 t h e t e w d l i s t e d t t h e c o u t s o r d e r s w l
 p l a e d f e e s f o t h e y k n e w t h a t u d e r n t h
 e r m n a g e m n t o u l d t h e y s o l y e x t r a c t
 h m e l e s f r o m a d n n e c o s t

Sh l l w e h a e t h e e c f a u t e asked
 t h e c o o k

T h e c o u t e n s d e d
 W e c a n t l e s s - y e s t h e e t h e m y
 n e t h t s o n e s a d h e b e n d g d w n a
 f i g r

T l n a m I t o r d e r t h o s e l a r g e s t e l e t
 a k e d t h e t e w a r d .

Y e s t c a n t b e h e l p d i f t h e y w o n t t a k e
 l e s s . A h d e a m e l I w a s f r e g e t t i n g W e m u s t

w h a p p e a d t h c a l l H u r r y u t t
 M k s i m t h e g a r d e n e r t s e t t h e f i s t w o k
 S y t h t e e r y t h o u t f t h e h o t h m m t
 b b g l t h e r e w e l l r a p p e d u p f e l t . I m t
 h a e t w h u n d r e d p o u s h e r e n F r i d y

H g g e n s e v e r a l m o e o d e r s , h e r a s
 a b o t t g o t o h i s l i t t l e t e s s t o h a e a
 r e s t b t m e m b e r s o m e t h e l s e o f i m
 p o r t a h r e t u r n e d g a n c a l l e d b a k t h e
 c o o k d t h e c l u b s t w r d d g a n b e c a n
 g g d e r s . A l h t f o o t s t e p a d t h e c l k g
 o f s p r s e r e h e a r d t t h e d o o r a d t h e y g
 c o t h n d s o m e r o s y w t h d r k l t l e m u s t a c h
 e v d u t l y e s t e d a d m d e s l e e k e r b y h s
 e a y l f M s c o w n t e r e d t h e r o o m .

A l m y b o y m y h e a d n a w h l s a d t h e
 l d m a w t h m l e a s f i h e f e l t a l t t l c o
 f u s e d b e f o e h i s s o n N o w f y o u w u l d o n l y

help a bit! I must have singers too I shall have my own orchestra but shouldn't we get the gypsy singers as well? You military men like that sort of thing

Really Papa I believe Prince Bagration worried himself less before the battle of Schön Graben than you do now said his son with a smile

The old count pretended to be angry

Yes you talk but try it yourself!

And the count turned to the cook who with a shrewd and respectful expression looked obsequiously and sympathetically at the father and son

What have the young people come to nowadays eh Feoktist? said he Laughing at us old fellows!

That's so your excellency all they have to do is to eat a good dinner but providing it and serving it all up that's not their business!

That's it that's it! exclaimed the count and gaily seizing his son by both hands he cried Now I've got you so take the sleigh and pair at once and go to Bezukhov's and tell him Count Ilyá has sent you to ask for strawberries and fresh pineapples We can't get them from anyone else He's not there himself so you'll have to go in and ask the princesses and from there go on to the Rasgulyáy—the coachman Ipátka knows—and look up the gypsy Ilyushka the one who danced at Count Orlóv's you remember in a white Cosack coat and bring him along to me

And am I to bring the gypsy girls along with him? asked Nicholas laughing Dear dear!

At that moment with noiseless footsteps and with the busyness-like preoccupied yet meekly Christian look which never left her face Anna Mikháylovna entered the hall Though she came upon the count in his dressing gown every day he invariably became confused and begged her to excuse his costume

No matter at all my dear count she said meekly closing her eyes But I'll go to Bezukhov's myself Pierre has arrived and now we shall get anything we want from his hothouses I have to see him in any case He has forwarded me a letter from Boris Thank God Boris is now on the staff

The count was delighted at Anna Mikháylovna's taking upon herself one of his commissions and ordered the small closed carriage for her

Tell Bezukhov to come I'll put his name down Is his wife with him? he asked

Anna Mikháylovna turned up her eyes and profound sadness was depicted on her face

Ah my dear friend he is very unfortunate she said If what we hear is true it is dreadful How little we dreamed of such a thing when

him what consolation I can

What is the matter? asked both the young and old Rostóv

Anna Mikháylovna sighed deeply Dolokhov Mary Ivánovna's son she said in a mysterious whisper has compromised her completely they say Pierre took him up and invited him to his house in Petersburg and now she has come here and that daredevil after her! said Anna Mikháylovna wishing to show her sympathy for Pierre but by involuntary intonations and a half smile betraying her sympathy for the daredevil as she called Dolokhov They say Pierre is quite broken by his misfortune

Dear dear! But still tell him to come to the Club—it will all blow over It will be a tremendous banquet

Next day the third of March soon after one o'clock two hundred and fifty members of the English Club and fifty guests were awaiting the guest of honor and hero of the Austrian campaign Prince Bagration to dinner

On the first arrival of the news of the battle of Austerlitz Moscow had been bewildered At that time the Russians were so used to victories that on receiving news of the defeat some would simply not believe it while others sought some extraordinary explanation of so strange an event In the English Club where all were distinguished important and well informed gathered when the news began to arrive in December nothing was said about the war and the last battle as though all were in a conspiracy of silence The men whose tone in conversation—Count Rostopchin Prince Yuri Dolgorukov Valuev Count Márkov and Prince Vyázemsk—did not show themselves at the Club but met in private houses in intimate circles and the Moscovites who took the opinions from others—Ilyá Rostóv among them—remained for a while without any definite opinion on the subject of the war and without leaders Till Moscovites felt that something was wrong and tried to discuss the bad news was difficult and so it was as best to be silent But after a while just as a jury comes out of its room the lawyers were guided the Club's

opinion reappeared, and everybody began speaking clearly and definitely. Reasons were found for the incredible unheard-of, and impossible event of Russian defeat, everything became clear and in all corners of Moscow the same things began to be said. These reasons were the treachery of the Austrians, a defective commissariat, the treachery of the Polish Priests and of the Frenchman Lieutenant Kutuzov incapable and (it was whispered) the youth and inexperience of the sovereign, who had trusted worthless and insignificant people. But the army of the Russian army everyone declared, was extraordinary and had achieved miracles of valor. The soldiers, officers, and generals were heroes. But the hero of heroes was Prince Bagration, distinguished by his Schon Graben affair and by the retreat from Austerlitz, where he alone had withdrawn his column unbroken and had all day beaten back an enemy force twice as numerous as his own. What also conduced to Bagration's being selected as Moscow hero was the fact that he had no connections in the city and was therefore there. In his person, honor was shown to the simple Russian soldier without connections and intrigues, and to one who was associated by memories of the Italian campaign with the name of Suvarov. Moreover paymaster

was said, and only those who knew him intimately regretted that he had died so young leaving a pregnant wife with his eccentric father.

CHAPTER III

ON THAT third of March, all the rooms in the English Club were filled with a hum of conversation, like the hum of bees swarming in spring time. The members and guests of the Club wandered hither and thither sat, stood, met, and separated, some in uniform and some in evening dress, and a few here and there with powdered hair and in Russian *kafis*. Powdered footmen, in livery with buckled shoes and smart stockings, stood at every door anxiously noting visitors every movement in order to offer their services. Most of those present were elderly respected men with broad, self-confident faces, fat fingers, and resolute gestures and voices. This class of guests and members sat in certain habitual places and met in certain habitual groups. A minority of those present were casual guests—chiefly young men, among whom were Denisov Rostov and Dolokho—who was now again an officer in the Semenov regiment. The faces of these young people, especially those who were military men, bore that expression of condescending respect for their elders which seems to say: the older generation, "We are prepared to respect and honor you, but all the same remember that the future belongs to us."

Nevskiy was there as an old member of the Club. Perre, who at his wife's command had let his hair grow and abandoned his spectacles, went about the rooms fashionably dressed but looking sad and dull. Here, as elsewhere, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of subservience to his wealth, and being in the habit of looking down on these people, he treated them with absent-minded contempt.

But his wealth should have belonged to the younger men, but by his wealth and connections he belonged to the groups of old and honored guests, and so he went from one group to another. Some of the most important old men were the center of groups which even strangers approached respectfully to hear their voices of well-known men. The largest circles formed round Count Rostopchin, Valuer and Naryshkin. Rostopchin was describing how the Russians had been overwhelmed by fifteen Austrians and had had to force their way through them with bayonets.

Valuer was confidentially telling that Uvirov

and Shumshin, parodying the words of Voltaire. Kutuzov now spoke of, except some who abused him in whispers, calling him a court wethercock and an old sinner.

All Moscow repeated Prince Dolgorukov's saying: "If you go on modeling and modeling you must get mixed with clay." The surgeon's consolation for our defeat by the memory of former victories and the words of Rostopchin, that French soldiers have to be incited to battle by *brilliant words*, and Germans by logical arguments to show them that it is more dangerous to run away than to advance, but that Russian soldiers only need to be restrained and held back. On all sides, new and fresh anecdotes were heard of individual examples of heroism shown by our officers and men at Austerlitz. One had saved a standard, another had killed five Frenchmen, a third had loaded his cannon and expended. Berezin was mentioned, but those who did not know him, as having, when wounded in the right hand, taken his sword in his left, and gone forward. Of Bolkonski's death

help it but I must have singers too I shall have my own orchestra but shouldn't we get the gypsy singers as well? You military men like that sort of thing

Really Papa I believe Prince Bagration worried himself less before the battle of Schön Grabern than you do now said his son with a smile

The old count pretended to be angry

Yes you talk but try it yourself!

And the count turned to the cook who with a shrewd and respectful expression looked observantly and sympathetically at the father and son

What have the young people come to now adays eh Feoktist? said he Laughing at us old fellows!

That's so your excellency all they have to do is to eat a good dinner but providing it and serving it all up that's not their business!

That's it that's it! exclaimed the count and gaily seizing his son by both hands he cried Now I've got you so take the sleigh and pair at once and go to Bezukhov's and tell him Count Ilyá has sent you to ask for strawberries and fresh pineapples We can't get them from anyone else He's not there himself so you'll have to go in and ask the princesses and from there go on to the Rasgulyáy—the coachman Ipátka knows—and look up the gypsy Ilyushka the one who danced at Count Orlov's you remember in a white Cosack coat and bring him along to me

And am I to bring the gypsy girls along with him? asked Nicholas laughing Dear dear!

At that moment with noiseless footsteps and with the businesslike preoccupied yet meekly Christian look which never left her face Anna Mikháylovna entered the hall Though she came upon the count in his dressing gown every day he invariably became confused and begged her to excuse his costume

No matter at all my dear count she said meekly closing her eyes But I'll go to Bezukhov's myself Pierre

Count Boris I thank God Boris

missions and ordered the small closed carriage for her

Tell Bezukhov to come I'll put his name down Is his wife with him? he asked

Anna Mikháylovna turned up her eyes and profound sadness was depicted on her face

Oh my dear friend he is very unfortunate she said If what we hear is true it is dreadful How little we dreamed of such a thing when we were rejoicing at his happiness! And such a lofty angelic soul as young Bezukhov! Yes I pity him from my heart and shall try to get him what consolation I can

What is the matter? asked both the young and old Rostovs

Anna Mikháylovna sighed deeply

Dólokhov M

in a m

compl

I

l y for Pierre but by involuntary intonations and a half smile betraying her sympathy for the daredevil as she called Dólokhov They say Pierre is quite broken by his misfortune

Dear dear! But still tell him to come to the Club—it will all blow over It will be a tremendous banquet

Next d

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On the first arrival of the news of the battle of Austerlitz Moscow had been bewildered At that time the Russians were so used to victories that on receiving news of the defeat some

the unsungushed important and still in formed forgathered when the news began to arrive in December nothing was said about the war and the last battle as though all were in a conspiracy of silence The men whose the net

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the but met in private houses in intimate circles and the Moscovites who took the opinion from others—Ilyá Rostov among them—remained for a while without any definite opinion on the subject of the war and without leaders The Moscovites felt that something was wrong and that in discussion the business was difficult and so it was best to be silent But after a while just as a jury comes out of its room the big guns who guided it

B 1 b f r e h h d f h e d r e d g a s t n t o
m a j d m o c e d t h t d n e r w
d y ! T h e d o o r o p e d n d f r m t h e d n
r o o m c a m e t h e r e s o d s t r a i s f t h e
p o l o e

C q t j j f l i l d k e n
T m p l l t R u s w

d C o t R t o g l g r l y t t h u

t A l e x d e r s - B e k l h e d N a r y h k i -
h c h w g n f i c a t i l l u s o n t o t h e n m e f
t l s v e g T h r e e h d r e d p e r s t o o k
t h e e a t s t h e d g r o o m a d g t o
t h r r k a d m p r t t h e m m p o r
t a t n e a r t t h h e d g u e s t a n t l y
t e l l d e p o s t w h e e t h e l a d i e s l o w
e s t.

J u s t b f o d C o t I l y á R t o p r e
t d h s o t B g r a t ó w l o r g n e d
h m d s a d f e w w d s t h u m d j n e d
d k w r d a s e l l t h e w d s h p o k e
t h t d y d C o t I l y á l o o k e d j y f u l l y d
p d l y a r d w h l B g r a t p k e s h s
s o n.

u w a l y a k o t o w i t h t h
t h e r m e m b s f t h e m m u e s a t f g B
g r a t ó d, a s t h e e r y p e r s o n f i c a t o f
M c o w h p i l t y d d t h e h r a t t h e
p

l l e l l r i s h d o t b e n T h e d
b o t h L e n t e d t h e t h e r f r e w a p l e
d d y t h e c o l d t f l q t e t e a e t l l t h
e d o t h m e a l H s k d t t h e b t l e w i s
p e r e d d e c t t t h f o o t m d w a t d
e l e x p e c t d d h w t h s o m e t y E c r y
t h g e l l e t. W t l t h e d r s e
g g a t t l t (t s h a f w h c h I l y á R t
b l h e d h e l l u s p l a s) t l f t
m e b g a p o p p k s d f i l l g t h c h m
p g n e g l a e s A f t t h e f i s h v h d m a d e c
t a n e s a t t h e c o t h g d g l c e s
t h h

e n t l u s m T h e h a n d i m m e d a t e l y s t r u c k u p
C o n q u e s t j o y f l t l u n d e r w k e n A l l
o n d e r e d H r r h l B a g r a t ó n a l s o r o s e
a n d s h t e d H u r r a h l i n e x c t l y t h e s m e
v o c e i n w h c h h e l d s l e d t o n t h e f e l d
t S l n G r a b e r n Y o u g R o t ó v s e c s i a t c
o c c e u l d b e l e r d b o t l e t l r e e h u d r e d
t l e s H e n e a r l y w e p t. T o t h e h e a l t h o f o u r
S o g n t h e I m p e r l h e r o e d H u r r a l l
d e m p t y g l s g l a t o n e g u l p h e d s l e d
i t t o t h e f l o o r M a n y f o l l o w e d h e x a m p l e n d
t h e l o u d l u t g c o t u e d f o r a l o n g t i m e
W h e t h e s s u b d e d t h e f o o t m e n c l e a r e l
w y t h e b r o k e n g l a s s d e c r y b o d y s a t d o w n
s m l n g a t t h e n o s e t h e y h d m a d e n d
e x c h a g g r m r k s T h e o l d c o u n t r o e o n c e
m o r e g l n d a t a n o t e l y i g b e s d e h s p l t e
a d p o s e d a t o s t T o t h e h e l t h o f t h e
h e r o f l s t c a m p g n P n c e P t e r l á o
v h B g r a t ó t d g a n h u s b l e e y e s g r e w
m o t H u r r a h l e r d t h e t h r e e l u d r e d
e s a g a b t e a d o f t h e b d a d r
b e g a n s g g a c a t t a c o m p o e d b y P a u l
l á o c h k t

R u s O l l b r r

C g q t g t

H a v t n t d f

H b r i g f m t t l k e t

A s s o o a s t h e s g g w s o e r o t h e r a d
o t h t o u s t w a s p o p e d a n d C o u t I l y á
R t o b e c a m e m e d m o r e m o e d m
r

CHAPTER IV

P E T E R S A O O N T Z D o l o k h v a d N c h l
u

u w
g n
s m d p
T k

a h e n o t h g o f w h t w a
d h m d t b e b b e d b y
d u n s l e d p r o b l e m

had been sent from Petersburg to ascertain what Moscow was thinking about Austerlitz

In the third circle Naryshkin was speaking of the meeting of the Austrian Council of War at which Suvorov crowed like a cock in reply to the nonsense talked by the Austrian generals. Shishin standing close by tried to make a joke saying that Kutuzov had evidently failed to learn from Suvorov even so simple a thing as the art of crowing like a cock but the elder members glanced severely at the wit making him feel that in that place and on that day it was improper to speak so of Kutuzov.

Count Ilyá Rostóv hurried and preoccupied went about in his soft boots between the dining and drawing rooms hastily greeting the important and unimportant all of whom he knew as if they were all equals while his eyes occasionally sought out his fine well-set up young son resting on him and winking joyfully at him. Young Rostóv stood at a window with Dólokhov whose acquaintance he had lately made and highly valued. The old count came up to them and pressed Dólokhov's hand.

Please come and visit us you know my

an old man who was passing but before he had finished his greeting there was a general stir and a footman who had run in announced with a frightened face. He's arrived!

ent rooms came together and crowded in the large drawing room by the door of the ball room.

Bagratión appeared in the doorway of the anteroom without hat or sword which in accord with the Club custom he had given up to the hall porter. He had no lambskin cap on his head nor had he a loaded whip over his shoulder as when Rostóv had seen him on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz but wore a tight new uniform with Russian and foreign Orders and the Star of St. George on his left breast. Evidently just before coming to the dinner he had had his hair and whiskers trimmed which

shes and Theodore Uvárov who had arrived with him paused at the doorway to allow him as the guest of honor to enter first. Bagratión

was embarrassed not wishing to avail himself of their courtesy and this caused some delay at the doors but after all he did at last enter first. He walked shyly and awkwardly over the parquet floor of the reception room not knowing what to do with his hands he was more accustomed to walk over a plowed field under fire as he had done at the head of the Linsk regiment at Schön Grabern—and he would have found that easier. The committeemen met him at the first door and expressing their delight at seeing such a highly honored guest took possession of him as it were without waiting for his reply surrounded him and led him to the drawing room. It was at first impossible to enter the drawing room door for the

rare animal Count Ilyá Rostóv laughing and repeating the words "Make way dear boy! Make way make way!" pushed through the crowd more energetically than anyone led the guests into the drawing room and seated them on the center sofa. The bigwigs the most respected members of the Club beset the new arrivals. Count Ilyá again thrusting his way through the crowd went out of the drawing room and reappeared a minute later with another committeeman carrying a large silver salver which he presented to Prince Bagratión. On the salver lay some verses composed and printed in the hero's honor. Bagratión on seeing the salver glanced around in dismay as though seeking help. But all eyes demanded that he should submit. Feeling himself in their power he resolutely took the salver with both hands and looked sternly and reproachfully at the crowd who had presented it to him. Someone obligingly took the dish from Bagratión (or he could it seemed have held it till evening and have gone in to dinner with it) and drew his attention on to the verses.

Well I will read them then! Bagratión seemed to say and fixing his weary eyes on the paper began to read them with a fixed and serious expression. But the author himself took the verses and began reading them aloud. Bagratión bowed his head and listened.

Bring glory then to the der' regn
I do the tho' o' T'us stild
A d e d d f be t t u k d l t d a s a n
A R l i p h e u s at home a C r i n t l f l d
I n f o t e n p l n
K b y e p e r n o u B g i
A d d e n t H e r c l n R a t b l e

BOOK FOUR

to fore he had fi hed e d ng st ntor
majo d mo annou ced that d nne w s
eady The doo opened and fr m the d
room came the resounding tra ns of the
pol e

■ q t joyf l t l der ken
Tri mp l t Rus

d Co t Ro tóv g l c g gr ly at the au
th r ho went on re d ng h erses bowed to
B trát ó ■ ry ne rose feel g th t d ner
asm importanttl nv rses d B grat ó
ga pre ed gall the rest ent nt d nner
H a s ted n the pl ce of hon between
t Alexand rs—B kl sh nd N rysht n—
h ch was a n fican allus on to the n me of
the so e e gn Thr e h dred pers s took
he is the d n ng room accord ng t
th ra k nd mport n e the m re mpor
ta t es t t l l ed guest as n turally
ater fl deepe t wh r the l nd l es l w
en.

J t befo e d er Cou t llyá R tó p
e ted hus so t B grat ó w l e on ed
h m d sad few w rds t h m d j nted
d kward a we e ll the w ds he spoke
th t d y nd Co t llyá looked j yfully and
pro dly r d hl B grat ó n sp ke t hu
son.

■ ce Nes tskí Co t llyá R w the
th t members f the comm u e sat f c ng Ba
gratu d as the ery p ro s fication of
Moscow hosp tal ty did th ho rs to the
pr e.

■ fl rshad b e The d n
bo th Le t d th other f e w spl n
did yet h uld t f el q t t e a t l l the
d t l meal fl w k d t h b t l w l s
per d d t t th footme d w t d
ea h exp c d d h w th som n ety E ry
thu g e ll W l th second o rs a
gga t le (t ht f whch llyá R t
bl shed th elf-consci plea) ■ foot
m bega popp ■ ks d fill ng the cl m
pa n gl ses. Aft the f h wh ch mad c
ta se ■ th cou t h g d gl es
wh th ther coum u m The e w ll be
m t ts t me to b g h wh p red
d tak g ph gl s s he All w lent
g f wh t l w uld y

T th h lth f So e g the Em
per h cred d t th mem m th s
k dly eyes grew m t w t t rs of j y d

ntl us asm Tl b nd mmed ately struck up
Conquest s joyful t l under waken All
ros and cr ed Hurrah! Bagrat ó n also rose
and sh uted Hurrahl in exactly the same
o ce in w l h he l d shouted t on t e f e l
at Sch Crabern You g Ro t s ecstasc
o ce c uld be l e rd bo e t e t l ree hundred
otl rs He nearly wept To the he lth of our
her ared Hurrahl

When t le v cessu u u
way t le b oken gl s and everybody sat lown
aga n sm l ng at the n se t ey had m de an l
exchang n remarks T le old count rose once
more glan d at a n te l ng bes de h s plate
and p po ed a toa t "To the health of t le
her of ur l t campa gn Pr nce Peter I áno-
ch P grat ó n and again h s l lue eyes grew
m t Hurrahl cr ed the three l un lred
o ces aga but stead of th b nd a l
beg n s ng ng a cant ta composed by Paul
I á ch kutuz

Rus O ll b rriers on

C g q t g t

Have u t B trát ó ?

H br n g f ment t t k s l

As soon as the s gn was o cr nother an l
noth t st was p oposed a d Cou t llyá
R stó became mo e a d more mo ed m e
gl was m l ed nd the sh ut ggrew l ud
r They dra ke Beklesh N ry h k n U
Dolg rukov Apráka n V l es to t le com
C members t all t le

CHAPTER IV

PIERRE SAT OP OSITE Dólokh v and N chola
Ro t s A u u l heate nd dra k much nd

w th fi ed eyes and a look of complete b e
m ded ess k pt rubb ng the b d of h s

some d p e d u sol ed pr blem

Th u l ed p blem that t rm ted h m
was caus d by l us g n by t le pr ess h
cous t Mos w concern g Dól kho

intimacy with his wife and by an anonymous letter he had received that morning which in the mean jocular way common to anonymous letters said that he saw badly through his spectacles but that his wife's connection with Dólokhov was a secret to no one but himself Pierre absolutely disbelieved both the princess hints and the letter but he feared now to look at Dólokhov who was sitting opposite him Every time he chanced to meet Dólokhov's

his wife's past and her relations with Dólokhov Pierre saw clearly that what was said in the letter might be true or might at least seem to be true had it not referred to *his wife* He involuntarily remembered how Dólokhov who had fully recovered his former position after the campaign had returned to Petersburg and come to him Availing himself of his friendly relations with Pierre as a boon companion Dólokhov had come straight to his house and Pierre had put him up and lent him money Pierre recalled how Hélène had smilingly expressed disapproval of Dólokhov's living at their house and how cynically Dólokhov had praised his wife's beauty to him and from that time till they came to Moscow had not left them for a day

Yes he is very handsome thought Pierre and I know him It would be particularly pleasant to him to dishonor my name and ridicule me just because I have exerted myself on his behalf befriended him and helped him I know and understand what a spice that would add to the pleasure of deceiving me if it really were true Yes if it were true but I do not believe it I have no right to and can't believe it He remembered the expression Dólokhov's face assumed in his moments of cruelty as when tying the policeman to the bear and dropping them into the water or when he challenged a man to a duel without any reason or shot a post boy's horse with a pistol That expression was often on Dólokhov's face when looking at him Yes he is a bully thought Pierre to kill a man means nothing to him It must seem to him that everyone is afraid of him and that must please him He must think that I too am afraid of him—and in fact I am

one of whom was a dashing hussar and the other a notorious duelist and rake and every now and then he glanced ironically at Pierre whose preoccupied absent minded and massive figure was a very noticeable one at the dinner Rostóv looked inimically at Pierre first because Pierre appeared to his hussar eyes as a rich civilian the husband of a beauty and in a word—an old woman and secondly because Pierre in his preoccupation and absent mindedness had not recognized Rostóv and had not responded to his greeting When the Emperor's health was drunk Pierre lost in thought did not rise or lift his glass

What are you about? shouted Rostóv looking at him in an ecstasy of exasperation Don't you hear it's His Majesty the Emperor's health?

Pierre sighed rose submissively emptied his glass and waiting till all were seated again turned with his kindly smile to Rostóv

Why I didn't recognize you! he said But Rostóv was otherwise engaged he was shouting Hurrah!

Why don't you renew the acquaintance? said Dólokhov to Rostóv

Confound him he's a fool! said Rostóv

One should make up to the husbands of pretty women said Denisov

Pierre did not catch what they were saying but knew they were talking about him He red-dened and turned away

Well now to the health of handsome women! said Dólokhov and with a serious expression but with a smile lurking at the corners of his mouth he turned with his glass to Pierre

Here's to the health of lovely women Peterkin—and their lovers! he added

Pierre with downcast eyes drank out of his glass without looking at Dólokhov or answering him The footman who was distributing leaflets with Kutuzov's cantata laid one before Pierre as one of the principal guests He was just going to take it when Dólokhov leaning across snatched it from his hand and began reading it Pierre looked at Dólokhov and his eyes dropped the something terrible and monstrous that had tormented him all dinner time rose and took possession of him He leaned his whole massive body across the table

How dare you take it? he shouted

pered their frightened voices

Dólokhov looked at Pierre with clear mirth-

Rostóv was talking merrily to his two friends

fool, cruel eyes, and that smile of his which
seemed to say Ah! This is what I like!

"You have thought he said distinctly
Pale with quivering lips Perres attached the
copy

You! You scoundrell! I challenge
you! He ejaculated, and pushing back his
chair here from the table
At the very next he did this, and uttered

I should have done the same then why the
devil the murder? Either I shall kill him or he
will hit me with the elbow or knee. Can't
I go away from here, run away, bury myself
somewhere? passed through his mind. But just
at moments when such thoughts occurred to
him he would sink into particularly calm and
absent-minded ways which inspired the respect
of the onlookers. Will it be long? Are things
ready?

When all was ready the sabers stuck in the
— — — — —

he
ly

you could not see the horse, you have done
me no choice, give me five, you could do it
— — — — —

Perres thought but Roto with Dólkh
did not say a word to the Clabell
le to the gypsies and their singers

"Will the little man row the Sokólk said
Dólkh as he took leave of Roto in the
Clabell.

And do you feel quite calm? Roto asked.
Dólkh replied.

"Well, you see I tell myself with what secret
confidence I will go to
fight and I know I will do it with af-
fect. I tell myself that I am and you
think I may be killed, you fool, do you

in the right you were impudent

Oh yes, it is really stupid, said Perres

Then I will not pass your regrets and
I am sure your opponent will accept them
said Nesfuk (who like the others concealed
in the field like very small larks)
did not yet believe that the flea had come to
us, said he. You know Countess much
— — — — —

He fears he has said too much, you see
you fear I will do it with what secret
confidence I will go to fight and I know I will do it with affect.

Next day the night the man named Perres
did not yet believe that the flea had come to
us, said he. You know Countess much

he did. Only tell me where to go and where
to shoot, he said with an unnecessarily gentle
manner.

He took the pistol and began to
go about the king of the tigers, he did
not believe he had a pistol, he did not believe
that he did not want to lose.

Oh yes, like that I know I only forgot
to do it.

Now please, one who is said Dólkh
to Den so (who on his side had been to
tempt the countess) and he will be
up to the appointed place.

The pot had in the duel was somewhat
poor from the day when the light had

his eyes dazzled by the light. He was not
too bad by the conduct of his wife
guilt of her father's sleepiness, guilt of
the lightest doubt of his guiltlessness.
Dólkh had no case to preserve the
body of his wife, he was not guilty.
The light of his eyes, the light of his eyes,
place, the light of Perres. It is not the
Toto man may be a fool.

farther edge of the light. The countess
was the poor left tracks, the deep
now between the place where they had been

intimacy with his wife and by an anonymous letter he had received that morning which in the mean jocular way common to anonymous letters said that he saw badly through his spectacles but that his wife's connection with Dólokhov was a secret to no one but himself Pierre absolutely disbelieved both the princess hints and the letter but he feared now to look at Dólokhov who was sitting opposite him Every time he chanced to meet Dólokhov's handsome insolent eyes Pierre felt something terrible and monstrous rising in his soul and turned quickly away Involuntarily recalling his wife's past and her relations with Dólokhov Pierre saw clearly that what was said in the letter might be true or might not

~~~~~  
true had  
untarily

fully recalled his former position after the campaign had returned to Petersburg and come to him Availing himself of his friendly relations with Pierre as a boon companion Dólokhov had come

Pier  
erre  
pres  
their

praised his wife's beauty to him and from that time till they came to Moscow had not left them for a day

Yes he is very handsome thought Pierre and I know him It would be particularly pleasant to him to dishonor my name and ridicule me just because I have exerted myself on his behalf befriended him and helped him I know and understand what a spice that would add to the pleasure of deceiving me if it really were true Yes if it were true but I do not believe it I

face

where you see the policeman to the bear and dropping them into the water or when he challenged a man to a duel without any reason or shot a post boy's horse with a pistol That expression was often on Dólokhov's face when looking at him Yes he is a bully thought Pierre to kill a man means nothing to him It must seem to him that everyone is afraid of him and that must please him He must think that I too am afraid of him—and in fact I am afraid of him he thought and again he felt something terrible and monstrous rising in his soul Dólokhov Denisov and Rostov were now sitting opposite Pierre and seemed very gay Rostov was talking merrily to his two friends

one of whom was a dashing hussar and the other a notorious duelist and rake and every now and then he glanced ironically at Pierre whose preoccupied absent minded and massive figure was a very noticeable one at the dinner Rostov looked inimically at Pierre first because Pierre appeared to his hussar eyes as a rich civilian the husband of a beauty and in a word—an old woman and secondly because Pierre in his preoccupation and absent mindedness had not recognized Rostov and had not responded to his greeting When the Emperor's health was drunk Pierre lost in thought did not rise or lift his glass

What are you about? shouted Rostov looking at him in an ecstasy of exasperation Don't you hear it? His Majesty the Emperor's health!

Pierre sighed rose submissively emptied his glass and waiting till all were seated again turned with his kindly smile to Rostov

Why I didn't recognize you! he said But Rostov was otherwise engaged he was shouting Hurrah!

Why don't you renew the acquaintance? said Dólokhov to Rostov

Confound him he is a fool! said Rostov

One should make up to the husbands of pretty women said Denisov

Pierre did not catch what they were saying but knew they were talking about him He red-dened and turned away

Well now to the health of handsome women! said Dólokhov and with a serious expression he

terkin—and their lovers! he added

Pierre with downcast eyes drank out of his glass without looking at Dólokhov or answering him The footman who was distributing leaflets with Kutuzov's cantata laid one before Pierre as one of the principal guests He was just going to take it when Dólokhov leaning across snatched it from his hand and began reading it Pierre looked at Dólokhov and his eyes dropped the something terrible and monstrous that had tormented him all dinner time rose and took possession of him He leaned his whole massive body across the table

How dare you take it? he shouted

Hearing that cry and seeing to whom it was addressed

~~~~~  
Pierre's face glowed so

Dólokhov looked at Pierre with clear mirth-

BOOK FOUR

"Wh^y asked Rostóv
My m^{other}! My m^{other} my g^{irl} my
ad ed l m t n r d Dólk v pressed
Rostóv h d d burst t t r
d h ome l tle qu et = he ex

ut of the bedroom into h s study a l tle be
f e noon n h s s l k d essing gown and found
d the e who bow ng respect

P ess

But how often I h e felt proud of her
p oud of her m j s t c be uty nd social tact
th u ht he b en p oud of my house n
wl h he re c ed all Petersburg pr ud of
h up achability nd beauty So th s s
h t l d d

broth rs

CHAPTER VI

t m me fo not u u
h t n t nt composur a d

poken th t terr ble w u u
come clear

An tle used to come to borr w money
f m h d used t k s her naked h ulders
Sh d d n t g e h m the m ney but let her
H be k ssed. Her f ther in jest tried to rouse
l er jeal u y nd h r pl d w th calm mile
hat sh w n t s o t p d to be jealous Let
w d to say of me

t ms
ya d
chl

d en nd th = he was not g b to e ny
hldr n by me

Then he ecalled the co rse ess and bl nt
ness f her th ughts d the vulgarity of th
exp ess that w er natural to her tlo h
sh had been br ght p in the most sto-
cr u circles

th bar ho lders d l gud p w
look he f d th n mmedu ely he w
bes d her Dólk h a dsome sol t
r hard, d mock g f e as he had t t th
b q d th th sam f ple q
d ffer = had been wh n he c l d
d k th w
Wh ha happe ed h ked hms H l
ha k lled her lo er s k lled my w f l r
Yes, tha wa t And why? H w d d l m t
do t. - Because y u marr ed her nsw e d
er e.

B hat was l to blam h asked. In
marr y her w thout l her nd c
y nself d l er And he dly ecalled th t
mom lter pper Pri Vasil wh n
h pok those w ds h had f und so difficult
to er l l y u. I all mcs fr m that
E then l f l t, h thought. l f l then
tha as no so that l had o right to do t.
A d so urn ou

H remembered h s ho cymoon d blushed
th excolection. Paricularly nd, humil
t ng, nd shameful was th ecoll cto I
bow on day soon fter h s marriage he came

I knew h wa d pra ed w ma l l
pe ted b t dared n t dm t t to mys H And
now tler Dólk h tu g n th s w w th
l ed ml d perh ps dy g wh l meet
g my em rs w th some f ced bra d
P err wa = of those peopl who n p te
of n ppearanc of what is called weak char
cter don t se k co fidant n their tr oubles
H d est d h s uffern g al e.
It is all all her fault, h sa d to himself
l dea l ths.

standing and Nesvitski and Dolokhov sabers which were stuck into the ground ten paces apart to mark the barrier. It was thawing and misty at forty paces distance nothing could be seen. For three minutes all had been ready but they still delayed and all were silent.

CHAPTER V

WELL BEGIN! said Dolokhov.

All right said Pierre still smiling in the same way. A feeling of dread was in the air. It was evident that the affair so lightly begun could no longer be averted but was taking its course independently of men's will.

Denisov first went to the barrier and pronounced. As the adversaries have refused a reconciliation please proceed. Take your pistols and at the word *three* begin to advance.

One! Two! Three! he shouted angrily and stepped aside.

The combatants advanced along the trodden tracks nearer and nearer to one another beginning to see one another through the mist. They had the right to fire when they liked as they approached the barrier. Dolokhov walked slowly without raising his pistol looking in

So I can fire when I like! said Pierre and at the word *three* he went quickly forward

ly back because he wished to support his right hand with it and knew he must not do so. Having advanced six paces and strayed off the track into the snow Pierre looked down at his feet then quickly glanced at Dolokhov and bending his finger as he had been shown fired. Not at all expecting so loud a report Pierre shuddered at the sound and then smiling at his own sensations stood still. The smoke rendered denser by the mist prevented him from seeing anything for an instant but there was no second report as he had expected. He only heard Dolokhov's hurried steps and his figure came in view through the smoke. He was pressing one hand to his left side while the other clutched

teeth no it's not over. And after stumbling a few staggering steps right up to the saber he sank on the snow beside it. His left hand was

bloody he wiped it on his coat and supported himself with it. His frowning face was pallid and quivered.

Pierre began Dolokhov but could not at first pronounce the word.

Please he uttered with an effort.

Pierre hardly restraining his sobs began running toward Dolokhov and was about to cross the space between the barriers when Dolokhov cried

To your barrier! and Pierre grasping what was meant stopped by his saber. Only ten paces divided them. Dolokhov lowered his head to the snow greedily bit at it and raised his head adjusted himself drew in his legs and sat up seeking a firm center of gravity. He sucked and swallowed the cold snow his lips quivered but his eyes still smiling glittered with effort and exasperation as he mustered his remaining strength. He raised his pistol and aimed.

Sideways! Cover yourself with your pistol ejaculated Nesvitski.

Cover yourself! even Denisov cried to his adversary.

Pierre with a gentle smile of pity and remorse his arms and legs helplessly spread out stood with his broad chest directly facing Dolokhov and looked sorrowfully at him. Denisov Rostov and Nesvitski closed their eyes. At the same instant they heard a report and Dolokhov's angry cry.

Missed! shouted Dolokhov and he lay helplessly face down in the snow.

Pierre clutched his temples and turning round went into the forest trampling through the deep snow and muttering incoherent words.

Folly! Folly! Death lies here

wounded Dolokhov

The latter lay silent in the sleigh with closed eyes and did not answer a word to the questions addressed to him. But on entering Moscow he suddenly came up and lifting his head with an effort took Rostov who was sitting beside him by the hand. Rostov as struck by the totally altered and unexpectedly rapturous and tender expression on Dolokhov's face

Well? How do you feel? he asked.

But! But it's not that my friend— said Dolokhov with a gasping voice. Where are we? In Moscow I know I don't matter but I have killed her killed. She can't get over it! She can't survive.

not understand. He lay down as usual. He was
physically that moment, there was
right his chest and he could not breathe.
He knew that he must do something to get out
end to this suffering but what he wanted to do
was too terrible.

"I had better separate," he muttered in a
broken voice.

"Separate. Very well but only if you give
me five minutes," said Hélène. "Separate. That's
just what I intend to do with you."

Pierre leaped from the sofa and rushed
straight toward her.

"I'll kill you," he shouted, seizing the
marble pedestal with strength he had
never before felt. He made a step toward her
brandish the sword.

Hélène's face became terrible, she shrieked
and ran. His fierce nature showed
himself. Pierre felt the fascination and delirium
of the first time. He fell down the slab broke
hand-swooping down on her with outstretched
hands shouted. Get out in such terrible
voice that the whole house heard with horror
God knows what he would have done at
the moment had Hélène not fled from the
room.

A week later Pierre gave his wife full power
to dispose of his estates in Great Russia, which
formed the larger part of his property and left
for Petersburg alone.

CHAPTER VII

Two months had elapsed since the news of
the battle of Austerlitz and the loss of Prince
Andrew had reached Bald Hills, and a peace
of sorts let us say through the embassy and all
searches made his body had not been
found or was but in the list of prisoners. What
was worse of all his relations was the fact
that there was still possibility of his having
been picked up at the battlefield by the
people of the place and that he might now be
recovered. Living, no more strange
news could be told of him. The
gossip from which the old prince first heard
of the defeat of Austerlitz dated a week before
the dramatic tale of brilliant retreat of
men the Russians had had retreat and had
made their withdrawal perfect order. The
old prince understood from this official report
that his arm had been defeated. A week before
the gossip report of the battle of Austerlitz
came to him from the same source. The
prince felt that he had befallen his son.

There he lay in the
myself and of the whole army to still under
stand whether he is alive or not. I comfort my
self and you with the hope that your son is
alive. Otherwise he would have been men-
tioned among the officers found on the field of
battle. List of whom has been sent me under
flag of truce.

After receiving this news late in the evening,
when he was alone in his study, the old prince
thought but

unnatural voice thrown into the air.
(The wheel continued to revolve by its own
impetus, and Princess Mary remembered
the divine creak of that wheel, which merged
in her memory with what followed.)

She approached him, saw his face and some-
thing gave way within her. Her eyes grew dim.
By the expression of her father's face not sad,
not crushed but anxious and so kin unnatural
to her. She saw that happiness in her and about to
crush her was some terrible misfortune the
worst in life. She had not yet experienced,
unreparable and comprehensible—the death
of the loved.

Father drew—said the ungrateful
backward princess with such indescribable
charm of sorrow and self-respectfulness that
her father could not bear her look but turned
away with sob.

Bad news. He is among the prisoners
and among the killed. Kuzyovskiy writes and
he screamed passionately as if he wished to
drive the princess away by that scream.
Killed.

The princess did not fall down faint. She
thought and

this world—so efflowed the great grief within
her. She forgot all fear of her father. She went up
to him, took his hand, and drawing him down
put her arm round his thin scraggy neck.

Father she said, do not turn away from
me, let us weep together.

but what of that? Why did I bind myself to her? Why did I say *Je vous aime* to her which was a lie and worse than a lie? I am guilty and must endure what? A slur on my name? A misfortune for life? Oh that's nonsense he thought. The slur on my name and honor—that's all apart from myself.

Louis XVI was executed because they said he was dishonorable and a criminal came in to Pierre's head and from their point of view they were right as were those too who canonized him and died a martyr's death for his sake. Then Robespierre was beheaded for being a despot. Who is right and who is wrong? No one! But if you are alive—live tomorrow you'll die as I might have died an hour ago. And is it worth tormenting oneself when one has only a moment of life in comparison with eternity?

But at the moment when he imagined himself calmed by such reflections she suddenly came into his mind as she was at the moments when he had most strongly expressed his sincere love for her and he felt the blood rush to his heart and had again to get up and move about and break and tear whatever came to his hand. Why did I tell her that *Je vous aime*? he kept repeating to himself. And when he had said it for the tenth time Molière's words *Mais que diable alloit il faire dans cette galère?* occurred to him and he began to laugh at himself.

informing her of his intention to part from her forever.

Next morning when the valet came into the room with his coffee Pierre was lying asleep on the ottoman with an open book in his hand.

He woke up and looked round for a while with a startled expression unable to realize where he was.

The countess told me to inquire whether your excellency was at home said the valet.

But before Pierre could decide what answer he would send the countess herself in a white satin dressing gown embroidered with silver and with simply dressed hair (tremendous plaits twice round her lovely head like a coronet) entered the room calm and majestic except that there was a wrathful wrinkle on her

I'll be you

Which did he think of? He thought of that mess of letters on the table. What did he do with the galley? —T

rather prominent marble brow. With her imperturbable calm she did not begin to speak in front of the valet. She knew of the duel and had come to speak about it. She waited till the valet had set down the coffee things and left the room. Pierre looked at her timidly over his spectacles and like a hare surrounded by hounds who lays back her ears and continues to crouch motionless before her enemies he tried to continue reading. But feeling this to be senseless and impossible he again glanced timidly at her. She did not sit down but looked at him with a contemptuous smile waiting for the valet to go.

Well what's this now? What have you been up to now? I should like to know? she asked sternly.

If? What have I? stammered Pierre.

So it seems you're a hero eh? Come now what was this duel about? What is it meant to prove? What? I ask you.

Pierre turned over heavily on the ottoman and opened his mouth but could not reply.

If you won't answer I'll tell you. Hélène went on. You believe everything you're told. You were told. Hélène laughed that Dolokhov was my lover she said in French with her coarse plainness of speech uttering the word *amant* as casually as any other word and you believed it! Well what have you proved? What does this duel prove? That you're a fool *que vous êtes un sot* but everybody knew that. What will be the result? That I shall be the laughingstock of all Moscow that everyone will say that you drunk and not knowing what you were about challenged a man you are jealous of without cause. Hélène raised her voice and became more and more excited. A man who's a better man than you in every way.

Hm Hm I growled Pierre frowning without looking at her and not moving a muscle.

And how could you believe he was my lover? Why? Because I like his company? If you were cleverer and more agreeable I should prefer yours.

Don't speak to me I beg you muttered Pierre hoarsely.

Why shouldn't I speak? I can speak as I like and I tell you plainly that there are not many wives with husbands such as you who would not have taken lovers (*des amants*) but I have not done so said she.

Pierre wanted to say something looked at her with eyes whose strange expression she did

wil from the eighth in town who had been at Bald Hill for last (the last).

"Oh yes," answered Princess Mary perhaps that it will go. Contrary my novel. She has and Lise and was about to leave the room.

"Oh, no no. A d besides the pall and the physical suffering of the little princess face, an express of childish fear of evil b p a showed a l f.

"No t o l direction! Sa t o l y indignation, so Mary S y . And the l t princess began to cry capriciously l k merrily child and to writh her l t l hands even with some affectat = Princess Mary ran out l th room t fetch Mary Borden na.

He D e u M D e u Oh he heard as a. left the room.

The maid l was already n her was to meet her rubb her small plump white hands with n a calm importance.

Mary Bordenova l th n k b e r n n g and Princess Mary took l th m d w l e w i t h w d - open eyes alarm.

"W l l, the Lord be thanked, Princess, s a d Mary Bordenova. t h a t her tears. "You young ladies should not kn w y i t h a b o u t

But how is l th doctor from Moscow is not here yet?" s a d th princess. (In cord- c with Lise d Prin Andrew wishes they had sen good tum to M scow l docto nd were expectu him t n y m o m e n t.)

"M a e r P r i e s s d n t b e a l a r m e d, s a d M r e B o r d i n a. "We'll manage very well w i t h o u t d o c t o r

F m. e s l a e r P r i e s s M a r y f r o m h e r r o o m h e a r d s o m e t h i n g h e a v y b e i n g c a r r i e d b y S l o o k e d o u t. The menservants were carry th l a r g e l e a t h e r s o f a f r o m P r i e A n d r e w t u d t o t h e b e d r o o m. O n t h a t c e s w a s q m d s o l e m l o o k.

P r i e s M a r y s a l i n h e r r o o m l i s t e n - m h s o u n d t h h u s e, n o w d t h e n o p e n h e r d o o w h e n s o m e o n p a s s e d a n d w a t c h w h a t w a g o i n t o t h e p a s s a - g e. S o m e w o m e n p w i t h q u i e t t e p s n n d o u l t h b e d r o o m g l a n c e d t h e p r i n e s a n d u r n e d w a s h d d n o t e n t e r t o k n q u e s t i o n a b o u t t h d o o r g a n o w t u d w h e r e a s y c h a i r n o w t a k e n h e r p r e e r b o r k n o w k e e l n g b e f r e t h e w a t a d. T o h e r u p r i s e a n d d i s t r e s s s h f o u d t h a t h e r p r a e r s d i d n o t c a l m h e r e x a c t m e n t. S u d d e n l h e r d o o r p e n e d w i l l y d h e r o d u r s e, P r a s k o v a S a u s h n a, w h o h a r d l y e v e r c a m e t o t h a t

room the old prince had f l i d d e n t a p - p e a r e d n t h e t h r e s h o l d w i t h a h a w l r o u n d h h e a d.

1. Masha s a d

angel h e s a d w a u a b
Oh, nurse, I m s o g l d
G o d i s m e r c i f u l b r d e.

The nurse l t t h e r i t c a d l e s b e f o r e t h e i c o n s n d s a t d w n b d e d o n w i t h h e r k n t u n P r i e s s M a r y t o o k b o o k a n d b e g a n r e a d O n l y w h e n f o o t s t e p s o r v o c e s w e r e h e a r d d i d t h e y l o o k t o o n e a n o t h e r t h e p r i n - c e s a n x i o u s n d q u i r t h e n u r s e e n c o u r - a g i n g E e r o n e m t h e h o u s e w a s d o m n t e d b y t h s a m f e e l t h a t P r i e s s M r y e x p e r i - e n e d s h s a t n h e r r o o m. B u t o w i n g t o t h e u p e r s u a n t h a t t h e f e w e r t h e p e o p l e w h o k n o w o f t h l e s s w o m a n i n t r a v e l s u f f e r s, m e r v o e t r i e d t o p r e t e n d n o t t o k n w n o o e s p o k e o f t, b u t p a r t f r o m t h e o r d r y t a d d r e s p e c t f u l g o o d m a n n e r s h a b t u a l i n t h p r i n c e b u s e h i d c o m m o n a n x i e t y a s o f t n g o f t h l e a r t, n d c o n s c i o u s e s s t h a t s o m e t h i n g g r e a t a d m y s t e r i o u s w a s b e n c o m p l i h e d t t h a t m o m e n t m a d e u e l f f e l t.

T h e r e w a s n o l u c k t e r n t h m a i d l a r g e h a l l i n t h e m s e r v a n t s h a l l l l s a t w a u g, d e n t l a d a l e r t. I t h e o u t l i n e s e r f s q u a e r t r e h e s n d c a n d l e s w e r e b u r n n o d n o o e l e p t. T h e o l d p r i e c e, t e p p g o n h i s h e e l s, p e e d u p d d o w n h i s t u d y n d s e n t T i k h o t o k M r y B o r d i n a w h a t n e w s. - "S a y l y t h a t t h p r i n c e t o d m t o a s k, a n d c o m a n d t e l l m h e r n s w e r

I l r m t h p r i e c e t h a t l a b o r h a s b e g u n, s a d M a r y B o r d i n a m o r i n g t h e m e s s e n g e r a s n o n s c a n t l o o k.

T i k h o n w e n t n d t l d t h e p r i n c e.

"V e r y g o o d s a d t h p r i n e c l o s i n g t h d o o r b e h i n d h u m, n d T i k h o n d i d n o t h e a r t h l i g h t e s t s o u n d f r o m t h r u d y f l e t h a t.

A f t e r w h i l e h r e e t e r e d t a s i f t o n u f f t h c a n d l e s, a n d, s e e n t h p r i n c e w a s l y i n o i f s o f a, l o o k e d t h u m, n o t i c e d h i s p e r t u r b e d f a c e b o o k h u h e a d, a n d g o u p t o h u m. T e n t l y k i s s e d h u m o n t h e h o u l d e r a n d l e f t t h e r o o m w t h o u t n u f f i n t h c a n d l e s o r s a v i n g w h y h h a d e n e r e d. T h m o s t s o l e m n m y s t e r y n t h w o l d c o u n u e d i s c o u r s e. E e n n p a s s e d, m l l c a m e, a n d t h f e e l g o f s u s p e n s e a n d s o l e n n o f h e a r t i n t h e p r e s e n c e o f t h u n f t h o m a b d d r o t f e s s e n b u t i n - c r e a s e d. N o o l e p t.

Scoundrels! Blackguards! shrieked the old man turning his face away from her. Destroying the army, destroying the men! And why? Go go and tell Lise.

The princess sank helplessly into an arm chair beside her father and wept. She saw her brother now as he had been at the moment when he took leave of her and of Lise: his look tender yet proud. She saw him tender and amused as he was when he put on the little icon. Did he believe? Had he repented of his unbelief? Was he now there? There in the realms of eternal peace and blessedness? she thought.

Father tell me how it happened, she asked through her tears.

God! God! killed in battle where the best of Russian men and Russia's glory were led to destruction. Go, Princess Mary. Go and tell Lise. I will follow.

When Princess Mary returned from her father the little princess sat working and looked up with that curious expression of inner happy calm peculiar to pregnant women. It was evident that her eyes did not see Princess Mary but were looking within into herself at something joyful and mysterious taking place within her.

Mary, she said, moving away from the embroidery frame and lying back, give me your hand. She took her sister-in-law's hand and held it close to her face.

Here eyes were smiling expectantly, her downy lip rose and remained lifted in childlike happiness.

Princess Mary knelt down before her and hid her face in the folds of her sister-in-law's dress.

There, there! Do you feel it? I feel so strange. And do you know, Mary, I am going to love him very much, said Lise looking with bright and happy eyes at her sister-in-law.

Princess Mary could not lift her head, she was weeping.

What is the matter, Mary?

Nothing, only I feel sad, sad about Andrew, she said, wiping away her tears on her sister-in-law's knee.

Several times in the course of the morning Princess Mary began trying to repair her sister-in-law and every time began to cry. Unobserved as was the little princess, these tears the cause of which she did not understand agitated her. She said nothing, but looked about uneasily as if in search of something. Before dinner the old prince, of whom she was

always afraid, came into her room with a peculiarly restless and malign expression and went out again without saying a word. She looked at Princess Mary then sat thinking for a while with that expression of attention to something within her that is only seen in pregnant women and suddenly began to cry.

Has anything come from Andrew, she asked.

No, you know it is too soon for news. But my father is anxious and I feel afraid.

So there is nothing?

Nothing, answered Princess Mary looking firmly with her radiant eyes at her sister-in-law.

She had determined not to tell her and persuaded her father to hide the terrible news from her till after her confinement, which was expected within a few days. Princess Mary and the old prince each bore and hid their grief in their own way. The old prince would not cherish any hope; he made up his mind that Prince Andrew had been killed and though he sent an official to Austria to seek for traces of his son he ordered a monument from Moscow which he intended to erect in his own garden to his memory and he told everybody that his son had been killed. He tried not to change his former way of life but his strength failed him. He talked less, ate less, slept less and became weaker every day. Princess Mary hoped. She prayed for her brother as living and was always awaiting news of his return.

CHAPTER VIII

DEAREST, said the little princess after breakfast on the morning of the nineteenth of March and her downy little lip rose from old habit but as sorrow was manifest in every smile the sound of every word and even every footstep in that house since the terrible news had come so now the smile of the little princess—influenced by the general mood though without knowing its cause—was such as to remind one

with me.

What is the matter with you, my darling? You look pale. Oh, you are very pale! said Princess Mary in alarm, running with her swift ponderous steps up to her sister-in-law.

Your excellency! said I not, Mary Bogdanovna be sent for? said one of the maids who was present. (Mary Bogdanovna was a maid of the prince's chamber.)

It was one of those March nights when winter seems to wish to resume its sway and scatter its last snows and storms with desperate fury. A relay of horses had been sent up the highroad to meet the German doctor from Moscow who was expected every moment and men on horseback with lanterns were sent to the crossroads to guide him over the country road with its hollows and snow covered pools of water.

Princess Mary had long since put aside her book, she sat silent, her luminous eyes fixed on her nurse's wrinkled face (every line of which she knew so well) on the lock of gray hair that escaped from under the kerchief and the loose skin that hung under her chin.

Nurse Sávischna, knitting in hand, was telling in low tones, scarcely hearing or understanding her own words, what she had told hundreds of times before, how the late princess had given birth to Princess Mary in Lishenkiv with only a Moldavian peasant woman to help instead of a midwife.

God is merciful, doctors are never needed, she said.

Suddenly a gust of wind beat violently against the casement of the window, from which the double frame had been removed (by order of the prince, one window frame was removed in each room as soon as the birds returned).

shuddered, her nurse, putting down the stocking she was knitting, went to the window and

the doctor.

Oh, my God! thank God! said Princess Mary. I must go and meet him, he does not know Russian.

Princess Mary threw a shawl over her head and ran to meet the newcomer. As she was crossing the anteroom she saw through the window a carriage with lanterns standing at the entrance. She went out on the stairs. On a

holding another candle still lower beyond the turn of the staircase, one could hear the footstep of someone in thick felt boots and a

voice that seemed familiar to Princess Mary was saying something.

Thank God! said the voice. And Father? Gone to bed, replied the voice of Demyán, the house steward, who was downstairs.

Then the voice said something more. Demyán replied and the steps in the felt boots approached the unseen bend of the staircase more rapidly.

It's Andrew! thought Princess Mary. No, it can't be that, it could be too extraordinary, and at the very moment she thought this, the face and figure of Prince Andrew in a fur cloak, the deep collar of which was covered with snow, appeared on the landing where the footman stood with the candle. Yes, it was he, pale

You did not get my letter? he asked and not waiting for a reply—which he would not have received for the princess was unable to speak—he turned back, rapidly mounted the stairs again with the doctor, who had entered the hall after him (they had met at the last

went to the little princess' apartment.

CHAPTER IX

THE LITTLE PRINCESS lay supported by pillows, with a white cap on her head (the pains had just left her). Strands of her black hair lay round her inflamed and perspiring cheeks, her charming rosy mouth with its downy lip was open and she was smiling joyfully. Prince Andrew entered and paused facing her at the foot of the sofa on which she was lying. Her glittering eyes, filled with childlike fear and excitement, rested on him without changing their expression. I love you all and have done no harm to anyone, why must I suffer so? Help

She looked at him inquiringly and with childlike reproach.

I expected help from you and I get none, none from you either! said her eyes. She was not surprised at his having come, she did not realize that he had come. His coming! Nothing to do with her sufferings or with the re

bel The p ews began ga n nd Mary Bogd
no na ad used Prince Andrew to lea n the
oom.

The doctor entered. Prince Andrew went out, meeting Princess Mary, gaily, and met her. They began talking in whispers but their talk broke off at every moment. They waited and waited.

Go dear said Princess Mary

Princess Andrew went on to his wife's
suite at the room next to hers. A woman
from the front office

Pr ce A d ew got up we t i u wou as d

He began painting the room. The creation ceased, and a few more seconds went by. Then

In 2.

"What ha they taken a baby n there fo ?
tho ht Pri ss And ew th first econd. A
bab ? What b by ? Why ss there a b by
ther ? O the baby born?"

Th dd ly he real ed the joyful gni
 sca f that wail tears ch ked h m a d
 les his elbow n th w ndow all be began
 to cry sobb glik chuld. Th door opened.
 Th docto w th his hurt l eyes tu ked p
 w th t coat, pl d w th t embl g j w
 came f th oom. Princ A drew turned
 to h m, b t the docto ga h m bewildered
 look d p sed by w th t w d. A w man
 rushed t d see g Pr A drew t pped
 fex tat th thress ld. H w nt to his
 w les oom. She was ly g dead, n th sam
 posuo h had ee her n fi m utes be
 lo d, desp e th E ed eyes nd th pl
 f th cheeks the m expres was o her
 harmu g ch ld ke f ce w th its upper l p co
 ered w th y bl k h z r

11 y all d ha e d ■ no harm to
d what ha e y d t m ? —
u d her charm ■ p ther c, dead fa

at a corner of the room some thirty feet and
to the ground. Mary Rose
died with trembling hands.

softly went to his father's room. The old man already knew everything. He was standing by the door and as soon as it opened

like a u u

Threedaysl terthel itlepr ncesswasbu ed
ndPr ce Andrew went up the steps t wl re
the coffin tood, to e her the f rewell k s
And there n the coffin was the same f ce
tho gh wth closed eyes Ah what ha e y u
d e to me? it st ll cemed to say and Prince
Andrew f lt that somethu g ga e way in t s

the ther on her b east and to l u o u l
face seem d t say Ah what ha e you done
to me nd whyr And t the ght the old man
turned ngrly aw y

An therfi days p sed, nd then theyou g Prince N ch las André et ch was b pt ed. The wet nurse upported the co erlet with herch n while the priest w th goose leather n nted th boy l ttle red nd wr kled soles a d p lms.

self test 1 end

Pr ce And ew sat n n thyr room fa nt w th

th li by: ha r had not u k in the font but
had flo ted.

CHAPTER X

Rosto	HARE	Dólokho	duel w th Be
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and I and old Mary I á o wh had
gr wnf nd f Rostó f hus fr dsh p to her

It was one of those March nights when winter seems to wish to resume its sway and scatter its last snows and storms with desperate fury. A relay of horses had been sent up the highroad to meet the German doctor from Moscow who was expected every moment and men on horseback with lanterns were sent to the crossroads to guide him over the country road with its hollows and snow covered pools of water.

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God is merciful, doctors are never needed, she said.

Suddenly a gust of wind beat violently against the casement of the window from which the double frame had been removed (by order of the prince, one window frame was removed in each room as soon as the larks returned).

Shuddered her nurse, putting down the stocking she was knitting, went to the window and leaning out tried to catch the open casement. The cold wind flapped the ends of her kerchief and her loose locks of gray hair.

"Princess, my dear, there's someone driving up the avenue!" she said, holding the casement and not closing it. With lanterns. Most likely the doctor.

"Oh, my God! thank God!" said Princess Mary. "I must go and meet him; he does not know Russian."

Princess Mary threw a shawl over her head and ran to meet the newcomer. As she was crossing the anteroom she saw through the window a carriage with lanterns standing at

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"You did not get my letter?" he asked and not waiting for a reply—which he would not have received for the princess was unable to speak—he turned back rapidly, mounted the stairs again with the doctor who had entered the hall after him (they had met at the last

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She looked at him inquiringly and with childlike reproach.

"I expected help from you and I get none none from you either!" said her eyes. She was not

Philip, the footman, stood looking scared and holding another candle still lower beyond the turn of the staircase, one could hear the footstep of someone in thick felt boots and a

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Suddenly a gust of wind beat violently against the casement of the window from which the double frame had been removed (by order of the prince, one window frame was removed in each room as soon as the larks returned) and forcing open a loosely closed latch set the damask curtain flapping and blew out the candle with its chill, snowy draft. Princess Mary shuddered, her nurse putting down the stocking she was knitting, went to the window and

"Princess, my dear, there's someone driving up the avenue!" she said, holding the casement and not closing it. With lanterns! Most likely the doctor.

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"You did not get my letter?" he asked, and not waiting for a reply—which he would not have received for the princess was unable to speak—he turned back, rapidly mounted the stairs again with the doctor who had entered the hall after him (they had met at the last post station) and again embraced his sister.

What a strange fate, Masha darling! And having taken off his cloak and felt boots, he went to the little princess's apartment.

CHAPTER IV

THE LITTLE PRINCESS lay supported by pillows, with a white cap on her head (the pains had just left her). Strands of her black hair lay round her inflamed and perspiring cheeks, her charming, rosy mouth with its downy lip was

rested on him without changing their expression. "I love you all and have done no harm to anyone, why must I suffer so? Help me!" her look seemed to say. She saw her blind, but did not realize the significance of her appearance before her now. Prince Andrew

She looked at him inquiringly and with childlike reproach.

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Philip the footman stood looking tired and holding another candle. Still lower beyond the turn of the staircase, one could hear the footstep of someone in thick felt boots, and a

BOOK FOLIO

4. The pair began again in the room dressed Prince Andrew & leave the room.

room.
The doctor and nurse were
told to meet the patient at the
her. They were told to wait but
talk broke off at every point. The waiting
and I told.

and I te cu.
"Go dea and Pines have
Pri e A drew we an n the w
nt aut n the room the n he A w
came from the bedroom the
d became co fused w
drew. He co red his face w
ema ed so for some m
less, an mal moans came from the
Pri e A drew got up. w
ned! pen t Some e was b
i a t come to a
fed from w th n.

H began playing the room. The ~~music~~
ceased, a few more seconds went by, and
suddenly terrible shrieks came from the
bedroom. Pri A drew ra to the c r and
scream ceased. d h heard the wa o a. n
f t.

What ha e they take b by the fr-
tho hi Pri A drew the frst word
baby Wh t baby ? Why is there bab-
th e? O is the baby born?

The sud en b eal ed the y o u a s s e
 sca e f that wa l t e a r s c h o k e d h i m . m
 l e a g h f l o w s t h e d w a l b e t o w
 t o c r y s o b b i n f l h i d t h d r o e c o m e d
 Th d o c w i t h h i s s h r t s l e e c s u n k e d o
 t h o t o u t , p a l d t h a t r e m b l i n g p a r
 c a m e i t h r o o m . P A d r e w t u r n e d
 t o h m b i t h e d o c t g a e h m b e w d e m
 l o o k d p s e d b y w t h t e d . A w o m a
 r u s h e d i d s e e t g p r c e A d r e w t u r n e d
 h e s t g t h e t h e x h i d l l e w e n t h a
 i o o m . S h w a l y g d e a d , t h s a t e r
 p o s t u h h a d s e e n h e r f i e m t e s b e
 f o r e d d e s p e t h e f i e d e y e s d h e p l o r
 f t h e c h k s , t h s a m e c u p e s w a s n b e

d bat h yō dō to m ? -
 a d her charm g p thet c, dead f
 i corn f th om ammetl g i i
 u gā gru t d wpa-wi H y i x
 dinovna wrembl gwt f. 22

FOUR
I went to the other room. The
man knew evil. He was
not a woman. He was
a man. I was like a
sheep. I was without a
shepherd. I was without a
shepherd.

[illegible]

The above information was obtained from the records of the
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[illegible]

Fédya often talked to him about her son

Yes Count she would say he is too noble and pure souled for our present depraved world No one now loves virtue it seems like a reproach to everyone Now tell me Count was it right was it honorable of Bezukhov? And Fédya with his noble spirit loved him and even now never says a word against him Those pranks in Petersburg when they played some tricks on a policeman didn't they do it together? And there! Bezukhov got off scot free while Fédya had to bear the whole burden on his shoulders Fancy what he had to go through! It's true he has been reinstated but how could they fail to do that? I think there were not many such gallant sons of the father land out there as he And now—this duell Have these people no feeling or honor? Knowing him to be an only son to challenge him and shoot so straight! It's well God had mercy on us And what was it for? Who doesn't have intrigues nowadays? Why if he was so jealous as I see things he should have shown it sooner but he lets it go on for months And then to call him out reckoning on Fédya not fighting because he owed him money! What baseness! What meanness! I know you understand I dya my dear count that believe me is why I am so fond of you Few people do understand him He is such a lofty heavenly soul

Dolokhov himself during his convalescence spoke to Rostov in a way no one would have expected of him

I know people consider me a bad man! he said Let them! I don't care a straw about any

an adored a priceless mother and two or three friends—you among them—and as for the rest I only care about them in so far as they are harmful or useful And most of them are harmful especially the women Yes dear boy he continued I have met loving noble high minded men but I have not yet met any women—countesses or cooks—who were not venal I have not yet met that divine purity and devotion I look for in women If I found such a one

hope to meet such a divine creature who will regenerate purify and elevate me But you don't understand it

Oh yes I quite understand answered Rostov who was under his new friend's influence

In the autumn the Rostovs returned to Moscow Early in the winter Denisov also came back and stayed with them The first half of the winter of 1806 which Nicholas Rostov spent in Moscow was one of the happiest merriest times for him and the whole family Nicholas brought many young men to his parents' house Véra was a handsome girl of twenty

girlishly enchanting

At that time in the Rostovs' house there prevailed an amorous atmosphere characteristic

him and hearing the fitful bursts of song and music and the inconsequent but friendly prattle of young girls ready for anything and full of hope—experienced the same feeling sharing with the young folk of the Rostovs' house hold a readiness to fall in love and an expectation of happiness

Among the youngmen introduced by Rostov one of the first was Dolokhov whom everyone in the house liked except Natasha She always quarrelled with her brother about him She insisted that he was a bad man and that in the duel with Bezukhov Pierre was right and Dolokhov wrong and further that he was disagreeable and unnatural

There's nothing for me to understand she cried out with resolute self will he is wicked and heartless There now I like your Denisov though he is a rake and all that still I like him so you see I do understand I don't know how to put it with this one everything is calculated and I don't like that But Denisov

Oh Denisov is quite different replied Nicholas implying that even Denisov was nothing compared to Dolokhov—you must understand what a soul there is in Dolokhov you should see him with his mother What a heart!

Well I don't know about that but I am

I am certain of it you'll see

Natasha's prediction proved true Dolokhov who did not usually care for the society of ladies began to come often to the house and the question of his love affair came (though no one spoke of it) was soon settled He came be-

cause of Sô y A d Sô ya th i gl she w uld
 ney rha ed ed t say so k wit an l blud
 sca let n cry t me Dô l kh vappe ed.
 i t al Rostô n er

Nicholas fast as t sm l exha ted two
 pa n f h res w l t t ng all the pl res
 lem t t got an i w ere he had been in
 m i t bel te d i ner At
 en
 low
 me

h s looks

rel t w th So ya b t l d d t pl it
 h m self hat these ew l t swere Ecy e
 l vs l e w th someo e he t gh
 f Sô y d N tã h B t l wa t N
 te se th Sô y a d D l kh bef d
 less freq tly th me

l th i m f So es rybody l d gan
 begu talk g l the w w th N pteo w th
 e greater w r m th th they r bef e Or
 d n ere g e t r a se recr u s t n me m
 every th us d f th regul army i l be
 des th m ne cry t l sa d i the
 m l i a E cry wher Bo p tews t l
 t ed d i Mosc w t l g b t l e m g
 ar t l k d f F the Rost i m l y t e
 hol t erest f thes p e p rat n l w
 l y th f t that N h l w l d n th f

l st o e j e sent Sô ya D l k a d col l
 e u tes were espec lly d sturbel and to a
 les e de gr e \ tã h \ d l der stood th t
 som t l g mu t l i a e h p p ened betwee S
 ya t d D l kh bef re l er n i w th the
 k d i y sen t enes n t rat to l m wa ry
 g n l nd w a y w d t l e m both t d n i er
 th t same eve g t l ere was t be one of t e
 t l l t t l o e l (t l e d c n u ter) g a e l r
 l s p p l l g t l e l d y a

— — — — — Please

m d l sa d De ho who at the Rost h al

h e l d k e d t l e q e s t u h e n t e e d t a t t
 l o l d t h a e b e e n j t

Perhap c l l y d g r l y r e j e d l k
 l k l g l e m t Sô ya d w l g l
 g a e h l o l j t u h l o o k l e l d g n
 l e r r a t t h e C l l l e r

There u s m t l g p t l g l t \ d i o l

h r w h a w t h e n u t e r

A d i w a s l o o k g f r y o u s a d N tã l
 r u g o u t t o l m l e l d y u b t y u w l d
 t b l e e t s l e a d t r u m p h a t l y l l e l
 p r o p o s e d t Sô ya

L u t l s h h l t d o c c u p e d h m e l f w t h
 Sô y l l t e s o m t l g e e m e d t m e w y
 w t l l m t t h n e w D o l k l w a s t
 a b l e d s o m e e s p m b r l l t t l f r
 t l e d w l e s o p l n g l F m l e p o t f
 w f t l e l d n t s d o l s o c t y t w s
 t f t h e q e s t f r h r t e f u s e h n A n d

CHAPTER XI

O n i z t r a s o f i e r C h t m a n d l
 d e d t h m t h g h b d l y d f
 l e l t w g r a d f r e w l l d n l e d
 D l s o w l g t j t h e g n e t
 a f e r E p p l y A b o t w e t y p p l e w e
 p e s t l d D o l k h d D s o

A h a d f e b e e n s o m u l t h e d
 h d t h m t m o s p h m d t l f
 s o g l y f f t t h R o l u s t l
 h l d y t m S u t h m m t f h p p
 i d b e l d l t t t l n l y e a l t y
 m t h e l d l l e l f l l y l t h l l
 m e s t e d h e d t h j t f
 t h p l

b t h f e l e l d t m e s s a y t N tã l a b e g a n
 g a n
 D e n f o

And fancy! she refused him quite definitely! adding after a pause she told him she loved another

Yes my Sónya could not have done other wise! thought Nicholas

Much as Mamma pressed her she refused and I know she won't change once she has said

And Mamma pressed her! said Nicholas reproachfully

Yes said Natásha Do you know Nicholas—don't be angry—but I know you will not marry her I know heaven knows how but I know for certain that you won't marry her

Now you don't know that at all said Nicholas But I must talk to her What a darling Sónya is! he added with a smile

Ah she is indeed a darling! I'll send her to you

And Natásha kissed her brother and ran away

A minute later Sónya came in with a frightened guilty and scared look Nicholas went up to her and kissed her hand This was the first time since his return that they had talked alone and about their love

Sophie he began timidly at first and then more and more boldly if you wish to refuse one who is not only a brilliant and advantageous match but a splendid noble fellow he is my friend

Sónya interrupted him

I have already refused she said hurriedly If you are refusing for my sake I am afraid that I

Sónya again interrupted She gave him an imploring frightened look

Nicholas don't tell me that! she said No but I must It may be arrogant of me but still it is best to say it If you refuse him on my account I must tell you the whole truth I love you and I think I love you more than anyone else

That is enough for me said Sónya blushing

No but I have been in love a thousand times and shall fall in love again though for no one have I such a feeling of friendship confidence and love as I have for you I am young

I make D'lok articulating his friend's name with difficulty

Don't say that to me I want nothing I love you as a friend and always shall and I want nothing more

You are an angel I am not worthy of you but I am afraid of misleading you And Nicholas again kissed her hand

CHAPTER VII

JOELS WERE the most enjoyable balls in Moscow So said the mothers as they watched their young people executing their newly learned steps and so said the youths and maidens themselves as they danced till they were ready to drop and so said the grown up young men and women who came to these balls with an air of condescension and found them most enjoyable That year two marriages had come of these balls The two pretty young Princesses Czarskóv met suitors there and were married and so further increased the fame of these dances What distinguished them from others was the absence of host or hostess and the presence of the good natured Joel flying about like a feather and bowing according to the rules of his art as he collected the tickets from all his visitors There was the fact that only those came who wished to dance and

scarcely were they all were so seemed to be pretty—so rapturous were their smiles and so sparkling their eyes Sometimes the best of the pupils of whom Natásha who was exceptionally graceful was first even danced the *pas de cloile* but at this ball only the *écos saise* the *anglaise* and the *mazurka* which was just coming into fashion were danced Joel had taken a ballroom in Bezukhov's house and the ball as everyone said was a great success There were many pretty girls and the Rostóv girls were among the prettiest They were both particularly happy and

could hardly get her hair plaited and she was transparently radiant with impulsive joy Natásha no less proud of her first long dress and of being at a real ball was even happier They were both dressed in white muslin with pink ribbons

Natásha fell in love the very moment she entered the ballroom She was not in love with anyone in particular but with everyone With ever person she happened to look at she was in love for that moment

Oh how delightful it was she kept saying running up to Sónya

Nicholas and Denisov were walking up and

down look g w th k ndly p tron ge at the dancers.

Hi sweet she is—she will be a weal beauty said De Iso.

"Who?"

Cotless N tisha, answered Deniso.

A d howsh da cest What gwacel hessa d ga lter a p use.

"Who re y u talk gabo it?"

Abo ty s ter j culated De Iso test-

tly.

Roud m led.

"My dear co t you were o e f my best pupils—no muss da ce said little logeloom g p t h las. Look h w m y charm ng y lad es— He turned w th the sam requit De Iso who was Iso f m p p l t h u.

"m dea fell w I'll be wallf wer said D so Do t y wet llect what b d use I mad f your lesson.

Oh no! said logel, ha ten g t reassure him. "I were ly it t e b t you had tal t—oh yes, yo had tale it!

The ba d stur k up the cwly trod ed maru ka. "cholas co ld n t refuse love! d asked So vas da ce. De Iso sat down by the

her d beat

ted
ed
dly
f s
ha

Nol saw that De Iso was h n the igl he m led d l l tedly He ran up to them.

Please V lli Dmitriel N tisha w s say ing f com f

Oh n let me off Counten Deniso re al ed.

td ha

Oh the f wy She ca do anyth ng w tl mel said Deniso d he unhooked h sabre

He came o t from beh d the cha ra, l ped h p rner sh nd firmly threw ba k h head

nd d a ced his foot, wa ting for the beat. O ly h re back and n tl maru ka wa

Deniso sshot tat ren t n t ealle d l e looked the f e fell w l felt h mself to be At

ll e r ght beat of the mus c he looked sideways t h s p rner w th a merry a d triumphant

a r suddenly st mped w th o e foot, bou ded from the floor l ke b ll nd flew rou d th

room tak h partner w th h m. He gl led lently on o foot h lf across th room a d

seem g t n t e tle ha r wa d h g

ted
ed
dly
f s
ha

ward that t eemed s f l wo ld ru h

ing

hall th N tisha wh th gh hy w t on caref lly executi g her t ps. De Iso d d n t

take his eyes ff her d beat t m w th his sabre in w y that clea ly d cated that f he

was t da g t was becaus he w ld n t and t becaus h ld t l th middle

f foure h beck ed t Ro to who w passing.

"Th t all th thi hessa d. What sort f P l h mazurk is hi? B t he does da e pl didly

h n g that D Iso had reputat n even P la d l th ma rly way wh ch

h da ced th maru ka N ch las ra up t N tisha

Go d hoose D Iso H l da cer d l h said.

Wh t cam t N tisha turn to choose partner h o e nd, tripp g rap dly cross

in her litle hoest mmed w th bow ra t m idly to th rner where Den so t. Sh saw

that every body was looking her d wa g

g

And fancy! she refused him quite definitely! adding after a pause she told him she loved another

Yes my Sonya could not have done other wise! thought Nicholas

Much as Mamma pressed her she refused and I know she won't change once she has said

And Mamma pressed her! said Nicholas reproachfully

Yes said Natásha Do you know Nicholas—don't be angry—but I know you will not marry her I know heaven knows how but I know for certain that you won't marry her

Now you don't know that it will said Nicholas Put I must talk to her What a darling Sonya is! he added with a smile

Ah, she is indeed a darling! I'll send her to you

And Natásha kissed her brother and ran away

A minute later Sonya came in with a frightened guilty and scared look Nicholas went up to her and kissed her hand This was the first time since his return that they had talked alone and about their love

Sophie he began timidly at first and then more and more boldly if you wish to refuse one who is not only a brilliant and advantageous match but a splendid noble fellow he is my friend

Sonyá interrupted him

I have already refused she said hurriedly

If you are refusing for my sake I am afraid that I

Sonyá again interrupted She gave him an imploring frightened look

Nicholas don't tell me that! she said

No but I must It may be arrogant of me but still it is best to say it If you refuse him on my account I must tell you the whole truth I love you and I think I love you more than anyone else

That is enough for me said Sonyá blushing

No but I have been in love a thousand times and shall fall in love again though for no one have I such a feeling of friendship confidence and love as I have for you That is all

I'm

Dó!

frier

ly

Don't say that to me I want nothing I love you as a brother and always shall and I want nothing more

You are not worthy of me I am not worthy of you but I am afraid of misleading you

And Nicholas again kissed her hand.

CHAPTER VII

TOGETHER were the most enjoyable balls in Moscow So said the mothers as they watched their young people executing their newly learned steps and so said the youths and maidens themselves as they danced till they were ready to drop and so said the grown up young men and women who came to these balls with an air of condescension and found them most enjoyable That year two marriages had come of these balls The two pretty young Princesses Catherine and Anastasia met sisters there and were married and so further increased the fame of these dances What distinguished them from others was the absence of host or hostess and the presence of the good natured fogel flying about like a feather and boxing according to the rules of his art as he collected the tickets from all his visitors There was the fact that only those came who wished to dance and that all were

sculptured, they all were or seemed to be pretty—so rapturous were their smiles and so sparkling their eyes Sometimes the best of the pupils of whom Natásha was exceptionally graceful was first even danced the *pas de chaise* but at this first ball only the *deux sa se* the *anglaise* and the *mazurka* which was just coming into fashion were danced Lovell had taken a ballroom in Bezukhov's house and the ball as everyone said was a great success There were many pretty girls and the Rostov girls were among the prettiest They were both particularly happy and

left home so that the maid could hardly get her hair plaited and she was transparently radiant with joy

Natásha no less proud of her first long dress and of being at a real ball was even happier They were both dressed in white muslin with pink ribbons

Natásha fell in love the very moment she entered the ballroom She was not in love with anyone in particular but at the moment whatever person she happened to look at she was in love with for that moment

Oh how delightful!

BOOK FOUR

him have till Monday and asked him to be more economical this time. Cholas had replied that it would be more than enough for him and that he gave the word of honor not to take anything more till the price was only twelve

while he had reckoned up to ten thousand but that now she suddenly supposed must have been ten to fifteen thousand. I really it all ready expended twenty thousand rubles. Dolokho was no longer listening to her and tell them, but followed every movement of Rostov's hand and occasionally ran his eyes over the score again. He had decided to play until that score reached fifty thousand. He had fixed on that number because if it three was the sum of the and Sonvashin's. Rostov, leaning his head on both hands, sat at the table while he was scrawled over with figures wet with spilled wine and littered with cards. Once the moment impressed did not come him that those broad-boned reddish hands with hairy wrists visible from under the sleeve, those hands which he loved and hated held him in the power.

"Five hundred rubles, ace corner and a king with the king's impression. Oh, how pleasant was that! The knowledge of the pleasure it can be. And why should I not take it? Rostov pondered. Sometimes I take it, sometimes I do. I have refused to myself a hole.

waited with his heart throbbed in of Dolokho had. Those broad reddish hands, the hairy wrists visible from under the sleeve, laid down the pack and took the glass of poppy that was handed him.

"So you are not afraid to play with me," repeated Dolokho, and as if he wanted to tell good words, he put down the cards, laid back his chair and began to deliberate with a smile.

"Yes, I have been told there is no more gain to be made in Moscow than in sharper so I use only the best card.

Now deal, exclaimed Rostov.

Oh, those Moscow games! said Dolokho, and he took the cards with a smile.

A Rostov almost screamed in his hands to his head. The service he needed was by the uppermost, the first card in the pack. He had lost more than he could pay.

"Don't do it, ruin yourself," said Dolokho with a glance at Rostov as he continued to deal.

the card that came first to hand in the shuffled heap under the table would save him.

what was passing in his mind.

He knew of course what this loss meant to me. He said it was my ruin. Wasn't he my

came to the table with the thought of winning five hundred rubles to buy that casket for Marina. He said then go home I was so

CHAPTER XIV

A few days later most of the players were but little interested in the game.

The hotel where they were concentrated in Rostov I heard of a few hundred rubles he had lost. Column of figures seemed to him,

down by Natasha and did not leave her for the rest of the evening

CHAPTER XIII

FOR TWO DAYS after that Rostov did not see Dolokhov at his own or at Dolokhov's home on the third day he received a note from him

As I do not intend to be at your house again for reasons you know of and am going to rejoin my regiment I am giving a farewell supper tonight to my friends—come to the English Hotel

About ten o'clock Rostov went to the English Hotel straight from the theater where he had been with his family and Denisov. He was at once shown to the best room where

Two candles on the table were a pile of gold and paper money and he was keeping the bank. Rostov had not seen him since his proposal and Senyavin's refusal and felt uncomfortable at the thought of how they would meet

Dolokhov's clear cold glance met Rostov as soon as he entered the door as though he had long expected him

It's a long time since we met, he said. Thanks for coming. I'll just finish dealing and then Ilyushka will come with his chorus

I called once or twice at your house, said Rostov, reddening

Dolokhov made no reply

You may punt, he said

Rostov recalled at that moment

Or are you afraid to play with me? Dolokhov now asked as if guessing Rostov's thought. Beneath his smile Rostov saw in him the mood he had shown at the Club dinner and at other times when as if tired of everyday life he had felt a need to escape from it by some strange and usually cruel action

Rostov felt ill at ease. He tried but failed to find some joke with which to reply to Dolokhov's words. But before he had thought of anything Dolokhov, looking straight in his face, said slowly and deliberately so that everyone could hear

Do you remember we had a talk about cards? He's a fool who trusts to luck; one should make certain, and I want to try

To try his luck or the certainty? Rostov asked himself

Well you'd better not play, Dolokhov added, and, ringing a new pack of cards and Bank gentlemen!

Moving the money forward he prepared to deal. Rostov sat down by his side and at first did not play. Dolokhov kept glancing at him.

Why don't you play? he asked

And strange to say Nicholas felt that he could not help taking up a card, putting a small stake on it and beginning to play

I have no money with me, he said

I'll trust you

Rostov staked five rubles on a card and lost. He staked another and lost that is!

Gentlemen! dealt for our time. Please place your money on the cards or I may get muddled in the reckoning

One of the players said he hoped he might be trusted

Yes, you might, but I am afraid of getting the accounts mixed. So I ask you to put the money on your cards, replied Dolokhov

Don't stint yourself; we'll settle afterwards, he added, turning to Rostov

The game continued; a waiter kept handing round champagne

All Rostov's cards were beaten and he had eight hundred rubles scored up against him. He wrote 800 rubles on a card but while the waiter filled his glass he changed his mind and altered it to his usual stake of twenty rubles

Leave it, said Dolokhov, though he did not seem to be even looking at Rostov. You'll win it back all the sooner. I lose to the others but win from you. Or are you afraid of me? he asked again

Rostov submitted. He let the eight hundred remain and laid down a seven of hearts with a torn corner which he had picked up from the floor. He well remembered that seven after cards. He laid down the seven of hearts on which with a broken bit of chalk he had written 800 rubles in clear upright figures. He emptied the glass of warm champagne that was handed him, mused at Dolokhov's words and with a sinking heart, a tingling seven to turn up, gazed at Dolokhov's hands which held the pack. Much depended on Rostov's winning or losing on that seven of hearts. On the previous Sunday the old count had given his son two thousand rubles and though he always disliked speaking of money difficult as he had told Nicholas that it was all he could let

pen and what has happened? I am well and strong and still the same and in the same place. No, it can't be! Surely it will all end in nothing!

He was flushed and bathed in perspiration though the room was not hot. His face was terrible and piteous to see especially from its helpless efforts to seem calm.

The score against him reached the fateful sum of forty three thousand. Rostov had just prepared a card by bending the corner of which he meant to double the three thousand just put down to his score when Dolokhov slamming down the pack of cards put it aside and began rapidly adding up the total of Rostov's debt, breaking the chalk as he marked the figures in his clear, bold hand.

Supper! It's time for supper! And here are the gypsies!

Some swarthy men and women were really entering from the cold outside and saying something in their gypsy accents. Nicholas understood that it was all over, but he said in an indifferent tone:

Well, won't you go on? I had a splendid card all ready as if it were the fun of the game which interested him most.

It's all up! I'm lost! thought he. Now a bullet through my brain—that's all that's left me! And at the same time he said in a cheerful voice:

Come now, just this one more little card!

All right! said Dolokhov, having finished the addition. All right! Twenty-one rubles, he said, pointing to the figure twenty-one by which the total exceeded the round sum of forty three thousand, and taking up a pack he prepared to deal. Rostov submissively unbent the corner of his card and instead of the six thousand he had intended carefully wrote twenty-one.

It's all the same to me, he said. I only want to see whether you will let me win this ten or beat it.

Dolokhov began to deal seriously. Oh, how Rostov detested at that moment those hands with their short reddish fingers and hairy wrists which held him in their power. The ten fell to him.

You owe for the...
E...
tl...
he said.

Yes, I'm tired too, said Rostov.

Dolokhov cut him short as if to remind him that it was not for him to jest.

When am I to receive the money, Count? Rostov flushing drew Dolokhov into the next room.

I cannot pay it all immediately. Will you take an IOU? he said.

Isay Rostov said Dolokhov clearly smiling and looking Nicholas straight in the eyes: you know the saying. Lucky in love, unlucky at cards. Your cousin is in love with you, I know.

Oh, it's terrible to feel oneself so in this man's power, thought Rostov. He knew that a shock he would inflict on his father and mother by the news of this loss, he knew what a relief it would be to escape it all, and felt that Dolokhov knew that he could save him from all this shame and sorrow, but wanted now to play with him as a cat does with a mouse.

Your cousin...
but

It's not necessary to mention her! he exclaimed fiercely.

Then when am I to have it?

Tomorrow, replied Rostov and left the room.

CHAPTER XV

TO SAY tomorrow and keep up a diffident tone was not difficult, but to go home alone...
f...
g... is terrible.

At home they had not yet gone to bed. The young people after returning from the theater had had supper and were grouped round the clavichord. As soon as Nicholas entered he was enfolded in that poetic atmosphere of love which pervaded the Rostov household that winter and now after Dolokhov's proposal and Iogel's ball seemed to have grown thicker round Sonya and Natasha as the air does before a thunderstorm. Sonya and Natasha in the light blue dresses they had worn at the theater looking pretty and conscious of it, were standing by the clavichord, happy and smiling. Vera was playing chess with Shishin in the drawing room. The old countess waiting for the return of her husband and son sat playing patience with the old gentlewoman who lived in their house, Denisovna, with striking eyes and ruffled hair sat at the clavichord striking chords with his short fingers, his legs thrown back and his eyes rolling as he sang with his small husky but true voice some

esses called Enchantress, which he had composed, and in which he was trying to fit music

I have to say I'm forsaken I e
 I have to say I'm forsaken I e
 I have to say I'm forsaken I e
 I have to say I'm forsaken I e

It is going to pass in the end
his path will be the right one
and happy Natisha

"Splendid! Excellent! excellent!" she
 said with a not a
 ch. la.

E eryth still th sam with them,
th ht \ h lxx, glx c t the draw g
room, where he saw Véra a d his mother w th
the fd lady

Ah d here s \ chol s er ed Natisha
 ru p to h m

"I Pap them?" he led.

9 of 11

\ P p is n t ba k yet, sa d Sô ya
 \ h las ha e you com ? Come here
 dea called th old cou tess from the draw
 room.

N ch las we t t her kussed her ha d nd
 d n dw n le tlv t he tabl began t
 ch her ha ds m n g t g th cards. From the
 da c room they tll heard the l hter
 dmerry esry g t pers de Vardisha t

All w/ht All w/ht! sh ted Denso
 It good mak g excuses w/ht your
 turn to th bacw if -f newest you!

Th co tesglac ed ther s l tson.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Oh, thou art so tired as I weary of being
so usually asked the same question. Will
P. be back soon?

Dec 10.

Everyth^{ing} the same w^{ith} them. They
k^{new} this bo^{ut} t^{he} Where m^y I t^{he} go?
the h^{ot} N^o ch^{ild} d^{id} w^{ent} to the
d^{ance} room wh^{ere} the cl^{oud} h^{ard} stood

S va was tu g t th d hord, pi y i g
 th prel d e D ho fa nt b caroll
 N tisha was p pari g to g Den so was
 look g ther w th raptu ed eyes.

Why do they want to make him go? He will be there to be happy.

Sin a truck the first chord of the prelude
My God I maru ned and d I red man!

gloomily at Denise and the girl at the river.

↳ kolenka what is the matter? Sónva
eyes had on I seemed: L. She not real:
o ce th: someth had happened: h. m.

o ce th someth had happened t h r
 N holas turned way from l er N d h s tow
 w th her qu ck t nct had t tly not ed
 her brother s co d t on B t tlow h he no
 t cred t he was t e r s e l l n u ch t h s p r t a t
 that m ment so t r from sorrow sad ess, or
 self reproa h that he purposely dece ed her
 sell s y o g p e o p l e t t e n d o. No l a m t o o h p
 p y n w t p o l m y e n g y m e n t b y s y m p a t h y w t h
 y o n e s s o r r o w h e f e l t, a d h e s a d t o h e r
 e l l N o I m u s t b e m t h e h e m u t b e f e e l
 g h p p y j u s t a l a m.

Now So-ya he said, go to the middle of the room, where the cornered the reason it was best.

He g l i d her head and let her arms
droop l i l e s y b a l l t d n e e n d o b t i h a,
r u e n r e t c a l l f r o m h e r f e e l s t h e r t o e s,
e p p e d t o t h e m d d l e o f t h e r o o m d s t o o d
a t l l.

Yes, the smell he seemed to say a war
the rapt ga w thwh ch D ho f ll wed her

A d wh t is she so pleased b n ? thou ?
N holas look t l u s t e r "W y u n t s h e
d l l d a h a m e d

N tasha took th frst ote her throat
swelled her chest rose her eyes became ser us.
At that m m tsh wa obl us of her s
ro d ga d from her m l g lps fl wed
so d wh h yo emayprod ce tll same
terval d h ldf tl same t me b tw d
lea y u cold th usa d t mes d the th
sa d d frst t me thr ll y u a d make you
weep

N tisha that w ter had f the first t me

g w ll all the coun issuers who heard her
s d It is n t tra ed, b t t is a be t l l
that must be tra ned. lly th y gener
lly s d this some t m fter she h d fi l ed
g g W hle that u tra ed c d w th s
correct b eath g and l bo ed trans ns.

pen and what has happened? I am well and strong and still the same and in the same place. No, it can't be! Surely it will all end in nothing!

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Dolokhov began to deal seriously. Oh, how Rostov detested at that moment those hands with their short reddish fingers and hairy wrists which held him in their power. The ten fell to him.

You owe forty-three thousand, Count, said Dolokhov, and stretching himself he rose from the table. One does get tired sitting so long, he added.

Yes, I'm tired too, said Rostov.

Dolokhov cut him short as if to remind him that it was not for him to jest.

When am I to receive the money, Count? Rostov flushing drew Dolokhov into the next room.

I cannot pay it all immediately. Will you take an IOU? he said.

I say Rostov said Dolokhov clearly smiling and looking Nicholas straight in the eyes, you know the saying. Lucky in love, unlucky at cards. Your cousin is in love with you, I know.

Oh, it's terrible to feel oneself so in this man's power, thought Rostov. He knew that a shock he would inflict on his father and mother by the news of this loss, he knew what a relief it would be to escape it all and felt that Dolokhov knew that he could save him from all this shame and sorrow but wanted now to play with him as a cat does with a mouse.

Your cousin, Dolokhov started to say but Nicholas interrupted him.

My cousin has nothing to do with this and it's not necessary to mention her! he exclaimed fiercely.

Then when am I to have it?

Tomorrow, replied Rostov and left the room.

CHAPTER XV

TO SAY tomorrow and keep up a dignified tone is not difficult but to go home alone see his sisters, brother, mother and father confess and ask for money he had no right to after giving his word of honor is terrible.

At home they had not yet gone to bed. The young people after returning from the theater had had supper and were grouped round the clavichord. As soon as Nicholas entered he was enfolded in that poetic atmosphere of love which pervaded the Rostov household that winter and now after Dolokhov's proposal and Logels ball seemed to have grown thicker round Sonya and Natasha as the air does before a thunderstorm. Sonya and Natasha in the light blue dresses they had worn at the theater looking pretty and conscious of it were standing by the clavichord happy and smiling. Vera was playing on chess with Shushlin in the drawing room. The old countess waiting for the return of her husband and son sat playing patience with the old gentleman who lived in their house. Denisov with sparkling eyes and ruffled hair sat at the clavichord striking chords with his short fingers, his legs thrown back and his eyes rolling as if he sang with his small husky but true voice some

crises called En ha t ess wh ch l e had com
posed, d t wh ch he was try l fit mu c

E hant er say t mv f rsaken by
What magic power th ll m st ill?
Wh t perk has t my m t l on fi
Wh t th bliss th t mak mv fi gers thrill?

He was g g p s s n tet es ga ngw th
his park bl ck gate eyes at the f ghic ed
d happy N tasha

Sp! d d! Excellen t! l med N tasha
A ther erse she sa d w th t t
N cholas.

E eryth s still the same w th stem
tho ht N cholas gi nc ng nt th draw
oom, here he saw Vera d l is m ther w d
the old lad

Ah, and h res N chol s er ed N tasha
run pt h m.
Is Papa th m he ked.

m s d N tasha

N P p is t b k yet sa d b o ya
N ch las, ha e y u c me? Come here
dear called th ld cou tess from th draw
in room.

N cholas we t t her k sed her ha d d
un down s lently t her tabl began t
wa ch her ha ds arra g th card From the
da an room, they t ll heard th l hter
d mery cetry ll persuad N tasha t
an.

All w ht All w ght h uted Deniso
I good mak ge cuses n w l t y ur
turn to in th ba caw !! — I ntweat you!
Th countess gla ced t her l ntson.

"What is th m t er? he ked.
Oh, oth sa d he l weary of be g
co unually asked the same questi n. W ll
P pa be back soo ?

I expect so
I eryth the same w th them. They
kno noth: bo t t Wher m l to go?
Low ht N cholas, d w t ga n the
dan n room her th cl ch d ood
S a s t g t th cl h d, pl y g
t pr lude to D iso s fa rit b ca lle
N tasha was p pari g to g D so was
loking ther w th rapt ed eyes.

Nicholas began paci g up nd d wn th
room.

"Why do they wa t t make h g? H w
can th Ther th g t be h ppy
about" tho th he.

S nya struck the first chord of t e prelu le
My God I maru neda d d hon red man
A bullet th ough my bra n s the only th
l fime-nots ll gl h st u hts ran o C
away? But w l cret lts ll ne-let them
He co t nued t p ce the room look
gloom ly t Deniso d t e g r is an l l
the eyes.

N kile k w l t s the matter S nya s
eves f ed l m ce med t a k. She not ced at

t ced t she was l ersell s h l e t
th t mome t so f r fr m sorrow sa l es or
ell repro h th t she p rpos ly dece ed her
self s y u g people oft ndo N l mtooh p
pynow t polmy nyment bysymp thy w th
a y ne sorrow l e felt, nd she sa d to l er
self No l mu t be m t ken he mu t be feel
ghappy ju t l m.

N w S nyal she sa d go g to the w
m d dle of th room w l ere sle n d ered
res ce was best.

ll g l lted l r l e d a d let l e rms
droop l e l e ly b l l e d n ers do, N tasha,
n g erg t call f m her l eel t her toes,
tepped t th m d dle of the room and stood
t ll

Yes th t mel sh seemed to say swer n
d rapt ga w l wh l Deniso l l owed l er
N d w l t sl so pleased bo t th w ht
N chol look ll t l s s ter "Why un t she
d ll d h med?

N tasha took the first m te her throat
sw lled her l est rose her eyes becam ser s
At h t mom t she wa bl us of her sur
rou d gs, d fr m her sm l l p a l wed
n m w l th same

weep

N tasha that w nter had l r the first t me
begu to s g ser us ly m nly because Den

g w ll as all the co o se rs who heard her
sa d l t t tra ed b t t a bea t l l
ce that m t be tra ed. O ly they ge er
ally sa d this some t me lter she had f l ed
g g Wh le that u tra ned o ce w th t s
rrect breath g and l bored tran t ns,

was sounding even the connoisseurs said nothing but only delighted in it and wished to hear it again. In her voice there was a virgin's freshness, an unconsciousness of her own powers, and an as yet untrained velvety softness which so mingled with her lack of art in singing that it seemed as if nothing in that voice could be altered without spoiling it.

What is this? thought Nicholas listening to her with widely opened eyes. What has happened to her? How she is singing today! And suddenly the whole world centered for him on anticipation of the next note, the next phrase and everything in the world was divided into three beats. *Oh mio crudele affetto* One two three one two three. One *Oh mio crudele affetto* One two three. One Oh this senseless life of ours! thought Nicholas. All this misery and money and Dolokhov and anger and honor—it is all nonsense, but this is real. Now then Natasha now then dearest! Now then darling! How will she take that? She is taken! Thank God! And without noticing that he was singing to strengthen the *si* he sung a second and third below the high note. Ah God! How fine! Did I really take it? How fortunate! he thought.

Oh how that chord vibrated and how moved was something that was as finest in Rostov's soul! And this something was apart from everything else in the world and above everything in the world. What were losses and Dolokhov and words of honor? All nonsense! One might kill and rob and yet be happy.

CHAPTER XVI

It was long since Rostov had felt such enjoyment from music as he did that day. But no sooner had Natasha finished her barcarolle than reality again presented itself. He got up without saying a word and went downstairs to his own room. A quarter of an hour later the

Well—had a good time? said the old count smiling guily and proudly at his son.

Nicholas tried to say yes, but could not and he nearly burst into sobs. The count was lighting his pipe and did not notice his son's condition.

Ah it can
for the fi

ought Nicholas
uddenly in the
n feel ashamed
ly skin his fa

ther to let him have the carriage to drive to town.

Papa I have come on a matter of business.
I

enough. How much?

Very much, said Nicholas flushingly and with a stupid careless smile for which he was long unable to forgive himself. I have lost a little. I mean a good deal, a great deal—forty-three thousand.

What! To whom? Nonsense! cried the count suddenly reddening with an apoplectic flush over neck and nape as old people do.

I promised to pay tomorrow, said Nicholas.

Well! said the old count spreading out his arms and sinking helplessly on the sofa.

It can't be helped! It happens to everyone! said the son with a bold free and easy tone while in his soul he regarded himself as a worthless scoundrel whose whole life could not atone for his crime. He longed to kiss his father's hands and kneel to beg his forgiveness, but said in a careless and even rude voice that it happens to everyone!

The old count cast down his eyes on hearing his son's words and began busily searching for something.

Yes yes he muttered it will be difficult. I fear difficult to raise. happens to everybody! Yes who has not done it?

And with a furtive glance at his son's face the count went out of the room. Nicholas had been prepared for resistance but had not at all expected this.

Papa! Papa! he called after him sobbing, forgive me! And seizing his father's hand he pressed it to his lips and burst into tears.

While father and son were having their explanation the mother and daughter were living one not less important. Natasha came running to her mother quite excited.

Mamma! Mamma! He has made me

Made what?

Made made me an offer. Mamma! Mamma! she exclaimed.

The countess did not believe her ears. Denisov had proposed. To whom? To this child of a girl Natasha who not so long ago was playing with dolls and who was still having lessons.

Don't Natasha! What nonsense! he said, hoping it was a joke.

Nonsense indeed! I must tell you the fact

said N tisha nd gn nthy I c me t ask you
h t t d d yo call t n nse se
The co tess brugged he sh lders
h m de

dy dserously
W l the whad y u want l reall in
lo e adays W l f you re l e mar
ry h m said the c u tes thal ough of an
ya Good l kt yo
No Mamma I m not lo e w th hum I
suppose I m t l w th m.

Well the tell h m so
Mmma re you cross Do t be cross, dear l
I t my la l d

W b t what u t my dea ? Do you wa t
met go d tell hum? sa d the cou tess m l

I w l d t myself ly tell me what to
say It all ery w l f you sa d N tisha
thar spo e m le. You ho l d ha e cen
bow h sa d t l k whed d n mea t say
t, b t cam t cride tly

Well all th sam yo must luse h m.

I must n t l m so sorry f r h m He s
so e

W l th ept h Her It s h g t me
for yo t be married n wered the co tess
sharply d sarca t cally

Mmma b t I m so sorry f r hum. I
d t k whow I m t say t.

A d there s n h f y u t say I hall
peak t h m myself sa d the co tess, d g
na t that they sh uld ha e d ed t treat this
litle N tisha as gr w p

N t y co t t l w l t l h m my
self, d yo l l e t l e door d N tisha
ra cross th dra room t t l d g
hall her De iso was t g n the same
cha by the cl ch rd w t l l f hus
ha da

He j mped p t th so d l l l ght t p

N taly h sa d, m g w th rap d tep
t ard her decid my l t l t s y h ds.

Vas l Dm trich, I m so sorry f y u l

N b t y so but t w n t d
t that l l as fne d l sh l l l ways l
y u.

He so bent over l e r l a n l and sl e l eard
stra ge m nds l d d not u d rsta l She
K ed h s rough cu ly black l ead At th
stant they l eard t l e q ck r tle of the c t
es dress Sl e came t p t l e m.

W l l Dm tr ch, l l l nk you f r the h nor
he sa d w th emb rassed l e the l l
so ded se ere to De iso — W t my lau lter
so you g and l tho ght that a my w t
f er d yo t w l l h ve a l d ressed y rself
f r st me In that case you would n t l e
l l g ed me to g e th refusal

Co n tress sa d Deniso w l d w nca t
eyes nd a gu lty f ce He tr ed to say more but
f l t ed.

N t h co l d not rema n calm, see ng h m
s h pl g t. Sl e bega to sob al d.

Cou tess, l h d w l l Deniso
wento n n u t eady ce l t bel e ve me
I so ad re your da ghter nd all your f m ly
th t l w l d g e my l f e tw o er He
looked t the co tess, n l ee her se er
f ce sa d W l l good by Co tess a d k
gl e r h nd l e l f e th room w th qu ck reso
lute tr des w d t look g at Nat l ha

N t d y Rost saw Deniso off He d d not
w h t y oter day n M sc w All Deni
so s Moscow f e d ga h m f rewell e

hust m the g l room.

Si nva w mo e t e d a d devoted t h m
th er l t wa l l wa ted t l ow l m
that l losses we d e m n t that male
her l e h m l l th mo but N l o l n w
co s d e red h uelf u w rthy l l e

He filled the g l l b ms w th ernes d
m nd h g t l e n t D l l k the
wh l e f r y th d lousa drubles a d rece ed
hus rece pt, h l f e at th d of No embe
w d t t k g l e e of ny of his acqu t
es to o t k e l e mment wh ch wa al
ready n P l d

voice there was a virginal freshness an unconsciousness of her own powers and an as yet untrained velvety softness which so mingled with her lack of art in singing that it seemed as if nothing in that voice could be altered without spoiling it

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CHAPTER XVI

IT WAS LONG since Rostov had felt such enjoyment from music as he did that day But no sooner had Natasha finished her barcarolle than real life again presented itself He got up without saying a word and went downstairs to his own room A quarter of an hour later the old count came in from his Club cheerful and contented Nicholas hearing him drive up went to meet him

Well—had a good time? said the old count smiling gaily and proudly at his son

Nicholas tried to say Yes but could not and he nearly burst into sobs The count was lighting his pipe and did not notice his son's condition

Ah it can't be avoided! thought Nicholas for the first and last time And suddenly in the most casual tone which he felt in his heart of himself he said as if merely remarking his fa-

ther to let him have the carriage to drive to town

Papa I have come on a matter of business I am nearly forgetting I need some money

Dear me! said his father who was in a specially good humor I told you it would not be enough How much?

Very much said Nicholas flushing and with a stupid careless smile for which he was long unable to forgive himself I have lost a little I mean a good deal a great deal—forty three thousand

What! To whom? Nonsense! cried the count suddenly reddening with an apoplectic flush over neck and nose as old people do

I promised to pay tomorrow said Nicholas

Well! said the old count spreading out his arms and sinking helplessly on the sofa

It can't be helped It happens to everyone said the son with a bold free and easy tone while in his soul he regarded himself as a worthless scoundrel whose whole life could not atone for his crime He longed to kiss his father's hands and kneel to beg his forgiveness but said in a careless and even rude voice that it happens to everyone!

The old count cast down his eyes on hearing his son's words and began bustlingly searching for something

Yes yes he muttered it will be difficult I fear difficult to raise happens to everybody! Yes who has not done it?

And with a furtive glance at his son's face the count went out of the room Nicholas had been prepared for resistance but had not at all expected this

Papa! Papa! he called after him sobbing and forgetting himself And seizing his father's hand he pressed it to his lips and burst into tears

While father and son were having their conversation on the mother and daughter were having one not less important Natasha came running to her mother quite excited

Mamma! Mamma! He has made me

Made what?

Made made me an offer Mamma! Mamma! she exclaimed

The countess did not believe her son Denisov had proposed To whom To this child of a girl Natasha was not long in laying

Nonsense indeed I am telling you the fact

BOOK FOUR

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I come t a k y u

De isov bent o er her hand and she l ead
stra soun h s l e d d n t u d r t d. Sh
h ued h moun h cu ly bl k l ead. At th in
cr u t

hono

h t

h t

so ded se ere t D : -

so y u g d I thou-ht that a m a n
f end you wou d h e a l roved ourself
f r t me In that case you wou d not ha

ll ed me to g e th refusal

Co tes s d Denio with downca t
eyes and a g ly face H tried t say m e but
faltered.

Nati ha could not erua calm, see n o h m
n such a pl ight. She be-an t sob aloud.

Countess, f ha e d e won. Denio
went on n n t eady n ce "but bel ere me
I s o d e your dau-ht er d ll you f m ly
that I wou d g e m v l e tw e o er "He
looked t the countess, and see her severe
f ce s d "W ll, good by Countess. nd k u-
g her h nd, he left th room with quick rean-
l te t ides, w thout look t Natiha.

"Well ll th same you must refuse h m.

"I must t. I am so sorry f h m He s

so

"W ll then ept h fter l t s h ght me
for y to be married, wered th countess
sh rply d sarcast cally

"M mma ll t I m so sorry for him. I
d t know how I m t say t

A d there th f u to s a I hall
speak to him mys ll s a d th ou tess, d
n t th a they sh ld ha e da ed to t e a th a
l t l N tish gro p

N t y unt f w l t ll l m my
self d y o ll e t th d o d N tish a
ra cross th dra room t the danc g
hall her D uo as o th sam
cha by th cla ch rd w th his face his
ha da

H jumped ll t the sound f her l ight ep.

N taly he s a d movi with rap d steps
toward h deod my fate. It s y rha da.

"Asll Dm trich I m so sorry f y u

N b y ar so b t won do
t that but as friend, I hall always love
y u.

Next day Rost saw Denio off. H d d not
w h to t a nother day Moscow All Den
so Moscow f r i e n s g a e h m f rewell en
er t a ment t th g p a e w th the resu t that
he had no recollection f how he wa put the
l h o r of the first th ee t a m s of his journey

After Den s o departure Rost n pent n
other f r t s n Moscow w thout g m out
f the house wa f r th m o m h a t er
could not onc r a s e d he pent most of
his t m n the g l o n e a.

S n i a was more ten u e r nd devoted t h m
than ever It wa f a wa ed to show l m
that h losses wer n ch e v e r e n t that made
her lo h r t all t e more, but N chola now
cons d e r e d h m s e l f n w o r t h y f her

H filled th girls lours w th cries and
mus d h a t last se t D o l o k o v the
whol f r t three th us and rubles d r e c e d
his rec pt. Le l f t t the end f N e m b e r
w th o t k m l e a e o f y o f h. acquai nt
an es, to e r t ke his re n e m e n t which was al
read in P l a d.

Book Five· 1806-07

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CHAPTER I

AFTER HIS INTERVIEW with his wife Pierre left for Petersburg. At the Torzhók post station either there were no horses or the postmaster would not supply them. Pierre was obliged to wait. Without undressing he lay down on the leather sofa in front of a round table, put his big feet in their overboots on the table and began to reflect.

Will you have the portmanteaus brought in? And a bed got ready and tea? asked his valet.

Pierre gave no answer for he neither heard nor saw anything. He had begun to think of the last station and was still pondering on the same question—one so important that he took no notice of what went on around him. Not only was he indifferent as to whether he got to Petersburg earlier or later or whether he secured accommodation at this station but compared to the thoughts that now occupied him it was a matter of indifference whether he remained there for a few hours or for the rest of his life.

The postmaster, his wife, the valet and a peasant woman selling Torzhók embroidery came into the room offering their services. Without changing his careless attitude Pierre looked at them over his spectacles unable to understand what they wanted of him.

After the duel he had spent that first agonizing sleepless night. But now in the solitude of the journey they seized him with special force. No more!

It was as if the thread of the chief screw which held his life together were stripped so that the screw could not get in or out but went on turning uselessly in the same place.

The postmaster came in and began obsequiously to beg his excellency to wait only two

hours when come what might he would let his excellency have the courier horses. It was plain that he was lying and only wanted to get more money from the traveler.

Is this good or bad? Pierre asked himself.

It is good for me, bad for another traveler and for himself it is unavoidable.

He saw the courier horses. But the officer thrashed him because he had to get on as quickly as possible. And I continued, Pierre, shot Dólokhov because I considered myself injured and Louis XVI was executed because they considered him a criminal and a year later they executed those who executed him—also for some reason. Why?

What is death? What power governs all?

There was no answer to any of these questions except one and that not a logical answer and not at all a reply to them. The answer was: You will die and all will end. You will die and I know all or cease asking. But dying was also dreadful.

The Torzhók peddler woman in a whining voice

pays
rubles

stands in a tattered cloak looking timidly at me, he thought. And what does she want the money for? As if that money could add a line of breadth to her happiness or peace of mind. Can anything in the world make her or me less a prey to evil and death?—death which ends all and must come today or tomorrow—at any rate in an instant as compared with eternity. And again he twisted the screw of the stripe thread and again it turned uselessly in the same place.

His servant landed him in the

ous troubles (a cert n Emile de M nfeld
 A d hy d d he res t her sedu er w en sl e
 l ed him? h th u ht. God could ot h e
 p t t her heart a impuls e that was a t
 H s ill. My w le—as she on e wa —d d n t
 trugle d pe hap l e was rgt t. Notng
 ha been f d o t nothng d sco erd
 Perr sa d t llmself All we can know

The ervant brou t e back? stumblers turned
 ps de d wn with an unfn sl ed b t of n t
 bled ear and asked if anyth ng more w uld
 be wa ted.

No G ve me the book sa d the stranger
 The servant handed l m a book wh l
 erre took t be devnt alw k an l t e
 tra ler became bwo bed m t. Perre lookd
 at l m All at once the extra ger closed the book
 putt g n a marker a lag n lea g w l
 h s arms on the ba k of the sof sat n l
 Perre looked

res t bly

CHAPTER II

It t t e pleasure of dd es m Cou t Be
 z kh ll m t m t ien f the tr n
 ger a del berat a d l u d c

Perre looked s lently nd ngu ngly th m
 o er his pecta lea.

I ha heard of you my dear r co t nued
 the tra ger a d of your m l r u e He
 seemed to mpha se the l t word f to say
 —"Yes must r u e Call t what you please f
 kn w that what happened t y u i. Moscow
 was m f r u n e. — I regret t cry mu h, my
 dear s r

Perre flut d, hurriedly p t gh l e s
 d wn from the bed bent f rward t ward the
 ld man w th f ced d m d m l e.

I ha e n t r f e r r e d t th m t of curios ty
 my dea s but f r g e t t e r reasons.

He paused h ga e t l l n Perre a d mo ed
 as d on the sof by way of t g l e other
 t take seat bes d h m Perre f l t r l u c t
 to t e r n t o co e r s a t on w th th old man
 b t s b m t t g t h m n l u t l y cam up
 d s a t d w bes d h m

You unhappy my dea th tra ger
 co t u e d. "You y u g d l m old. I
 sho ld l k to h lp you f r a s l e s in my
 powe

Oh yes s d Perre w l a f r e d s m l e
 I m ery grat ful to you. Where re y tra
 g from?"

The tra er fa e was n t g l t was
 er ld d e r e b t p t of th both
 th f d w d f h ew qu a t a ce
 were rres t bly t r a c t t l r r

B t f f y e a v o r o d n t f e e l l e d
 T d c a h d d m e a

t gray sh col
 Perre took h feet off the s ble stood up
 d l y do n n a bed that had been got ready
 f h m, gl a g n w nd then t th ewc m
 er who w th gloomy d tured f ce was
 easily tak off his wraps w th the d of his
 serva t, and t look g t Perre W th pa r
 f f l boots h s th bo y legs, nd keep
 om kee co e r e d sheepsk
 coat, the tra ler sat d wn n the sof lea ed
 ba k h s b ead w th s bro d temples d
 lose-cropped hair a d looked at Ber k h o
 Th tern shrewd, nd p e t r a t g e x p e s n
 f that look stru k Perre H f l t a w h t
 pe k t th tranoe but by th time h had
 r i a d up h s m u d to ask h m q e s t i n b o t
 h roads, the tra eler had closed h eyes. H
 h n e l e d l d h a d s w r e f l d e d nd on the
 f i e r s o n e f t h e m Perre n e e d l a r g e c a t
 r o m w th seal e p e s e t u n g d e a t h s
 head. Th s e r a g e r s a t w t h o u t r m g e t h e r
 resu as t seemed t Perre unk p r o
 f d and calm med t a t n. His serv t wa
 l s o y l l w n k l e d o l d m a w t h o u t h e a r d
 mustach e r d n t l y t b e c a u s e h e w a s h a
 b t b e c a u s e t h e y h a d e v e r g r o w n T h
 l d s e r v a n t w a u p c k g t h e t r a l e r s
 m e e n d p e p n t e a. H b g h
 b o l s a m v a r W h e v e r t h i n g w a s e a d y
 th t r a n s e r p e e d h s e y e s m e d t o t h e
 table, filled tumbler with tea f h m s e l f d
 f t h b e a r d l e s s l d m a t o w h m h
 p a s e d t Perre b e w a t f e e l s e o f u
 e a s s a d t h e e d, e v n t h n t a b l i t y f
 e n e r n g t o c o e r s a w t h t h i s t r a g e r

Book Five· 1806-07

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CHAPTER I

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... first agonizing sleepless night. But now in the solitude of the journey they seized him with special force. No matter what he thought about, he always returned to these same questions which he could not solve and yet could not cease to ask himself. It was as if the thread of the chief screw which held his life together were stripped so that the screw could not get in or out but went on turning uselessly in the same place.

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It is good for me, bad for another traveler and for himself it is unavoidable. I need money for food, the man had once given him a thrashing, private travelers have the courier, the officer thrashed him because he was on as quickly as possible. And I, Pierre, shot Dolokhov because I myself injured and Louis XVI was because they considered him a traitor. Year later they executed those who hurt him—also for some reason. What is it

There was no answer to any of these questions except one—death—

You know all or cease asking. But dying is dreadful.

The Torzhók peddler woman in a voice went on offering her wares especially of goatskin slippers. I have hundred rubles I don't know what to do with it.

... to make her or me less prey to evil and death?—death which ends all—
... turned uselessly in the same place
... turned uselessly in the same place
... turned uselessly in the same place

d h l l e s o l h t t h e s t r a g e r s a d
 W t h e r l e c r e p t e d t h w e r e s o i g e n
 t e d t h M s o n s w r d r b e l e d s a
 h l d b e l e v e s t h e p e a k i e o f c o
 t o d e a r n t s t e t e m o l t h s p e a k
 e r c e h l s o e t e s l m t b r o k e - o r
 t h o s e b r i l l t n e d e y e s g n l d t h n
 a o r t h c a l m f r m n e s a l e e t t y o f
 h s o a t i o n w h h r a d t e d f r o s i s w l l e b e
 (d h c h s r u c k P e r r e e s p e l l y b y c o n
 t r a t t h w i n d e j e c t a n d l p e s e e s)
 - t r a t e P e r r e l e d t i l l e l e w l
 t b e l e v e d l e d d b e l e e d l l e a j o y l
 s e s e l e m f t e g e r a t a d r t s o
 l l e

H e i t b e p p e l e d e d b y e a s o n
 b t b l e s a d t h M s o
 l d t d e r s t a d s l P e r r f e e l
 t h d m d b u s r e w k e H e w s
 f r a d f w a t f l r n e s y e s k e s
 t h M s o s r o u m e t l e l e a l e d t t
 b e b l t b e l e e a n h m l l t u l e r
 t a d h e s a d l w a t t i t h m d o f
 m c a a t t a t h e k l e d g e f w h h
 p e a k

The M s o m l e d w h l g e t l f t h e r l y
 m l e

"T h h e s t d m d t r a t h l k e t l e
 p u r e s t l q d w m y i t m b b e h s a d
 C a l e e e t h a t p e l j l n t m p e
 e v e l d j d l m p r i t y ? O l y b y t h e
 e r p f i c a t n l m y s l f c a l t s o m e
 d e v o e e l p r i t y t h l q d l e e e

Y e s m t h t u s s d l r e j y f u l l y

"T h h e s w a d m

I h a t e m y l f e P r e m u t t e r e d w n e
 n e

T h u l a t e s t t T h e n c h a n g e t p u r s y t l y
 s e l f l a s t h o u a r t p r i f e d t h o w l t p a n
 w i d m L o o k t w o r l l e m y l e a r s r H w
 l e j o s p e t t l n r t o r g e s a l d
 b l e r y r e c e v s m e r y t h g l i m m s o c e y
 d g m d g r e t n l o h a c b e
 c o e t h e p o s s e s s o r o f w e a l t h H w h
 u e d n ? W l t l v e y i d e s r y n e h
 b o ? H v e y u v e r t h u l t o f y r t f
 l l s a l f l e s ? H a e y u h l p e d t h e n
 p h y l l y l m r a l l ? N y u l e p f t l
 l y t h r t l t o l e a d a p l l g t e l l e t h a t
 w l t y u h a e d m H e v o u t l s e n p o s t
 i w l l y o u m g l t b e s e r v e t y o n e g l
 b o ? N o l o h e s p e n t y o l l l l e n e v
 T h e n y o u m r e d m y l e a r s t - t o o k o y
 e l l r e s p o l l t y f r l e g u l a c e o f y o
 w m a d w a t l e y u d n e ? Y i l e
 o t h l p e d l e r t f d t h e w y o f t r u t h m
 d e a r t l a v e t h r u t h e r t o a a b y f i d e
 c e t a l m e r y l m n o f f e n l e d y o d y o
 s h t h m a n d y o u s a y y u t s o t k n o w G o d
 d h t y a l l e T h e e s n t h t r a g e t
 t l t m y l e r s l

A l e t l e s e w l t l e M s o n f t e d b y
 l s l d c o r s e n l e a e d h r m o n
 t l e b k o f d s o l d l o s e d l y e s l e r r e
 l o o k e d a t t l t g e d t e r m m o t i o n l e s l m o s t
 l f l e s s e c d m e d h l p w t h o t t u t t e r
 i g s o n d H e w h e d t o s a y Y e s a v l e i d l
 c a u s l f l e d n t

l o o k g a t l e r r e

"T h e x l m h r e s h e j u s t c o m e a n
 s w e d t l s e r v a n t W l l y u n t r e s t l e r ?

N

e t o t t o f t b t l h a v e l e d a c
 t e m p t b l e l p l l g a t e l l e t h l l d d n t
 l k t d d l n t w a t t o t l l l l r r
 B t h m t

ch, y e d e e r y u r w e l l
 e d c a t e d A d w l t l e y u d w t h l l
 t h e s g o o d g f u s ? A y u e n t t w t h y u r s l f
 a n d t h y o l l f ?

to talk to me said the old man say so my dear sir And he suddenly smiled in an unexpected and tenderly paternal way

Oh no not at all! On the contrary I am very glad to make your acquaintance said Pierre And again glancing at the stranger's

son?

Yes I belong to the Brotherhood of the Freemasons said the stranger looking deeper and deeper into Pierre's eyes And in their name and my own I hold out a brotherly hand to you

I am afraid said Pierre smiling and wavering between the confidence the personality of the Freemason inspired in him and his own

at the world is so opposed to yours that we shall not understand one another

I know your outlook said the Mason and the view of life you mention and which you think is the result of your own mental efforts is the one held by the majority of people and is the inviolable fruit of pride indolence and ignorance Forgive me my dear sir but if I had not known it I should not have addressed

I should never dare to say that I know the truth said the Mason whose words struck Pierre more and more by their precision and firmness No one can attain to truth by himself Only by laying stone on stone with the co-operation of all by the millions of generations from our forefather Adam to our own times is that temple reared which is to be a worthy dwelling place of the Great God he added and closed his eyes

I ought to tell you that I do not believe do not believe in God said Pierre regretfully and with an effort feeling it essential to speak the whole truth

The Mason looked intently at Pierre and smiled as a rich man with millions in hand might smile at a poor fellow who told him that he poor man had not the five rubles that would make him happy

Yes you do not know Him my dear sir said the Mason You cannot know Him You do not know Him and that is why you are unhappy

Yes yes I am unhappy as entered Pierre. But what am I to do?

You know Him not my dear sir and so you are very unhappy You do not know Him but He is here He is in me He is in my words He is in thee and even in those blasphemous words thou hast just uttered! pronounced the Mason in a stern and tremulous voice

He paused and sighed evidently trying to calm himself

If He were not he said quietly you and

ulting austerity and authority in his voice Who invented Him if He did not exist? Whence came thy conception of the existence of such an incomprehensible Being? Why dost thou and why did the whole world conceive the idea of the existence of such an incomprehensible Being a Being all powerful eternal and infinite in all His attributes?

He stopped and remained silent for a long time

Pierre could not and did not wish to break this silence

He exits but to understand Him is hard the Mason began again looking not at Pierre but straight before him and turning the leaves of his book with his old hands which from excitement he could not keep still If it were a man whose existence thou didst doubt I could bring him to thee could take him by the hand and show him to thee But how can I an insignificant mortal show His omnipotence His infinity and all His mercy to one who is blind or who shuts his eyes that he may not see or understand Him and may not see or understand his own wickedness and sinfulness He paused again Who art thou? Thou dreamest that thou art wise because thou couldst utter those blasphemous words he went on with a somber and scornful smile And thou art more foolish and unreasonable than a little child who playing with the parts of a skillfully made watch dares to say that as he does not understand its use he does not believe in the master who made it To know Him is hard For ages from our forefather Adam to our own day we labor to attain that knowledge and are still infinitely far from our aim but in our

hand led him forward. The hairs stood on the back of his neck and there were beads of perspiration on his face and a shamefaced smile. He hurried forward, with his hands down and with a pucker, though smiling, of course, after Wilanski with a certain timid steps.

He now led him about ten paces. Wilanski stopped.

What ever happen to you, he said, you must bear tall me full (you have firmly resolved to join our Brotherhood. (Perre nodded affirmatively.) When you hear knock at the door you will uncover your eyes, added Wilanski. I wish you courage and success, and, presently, Perre said, he went out.

Left alone, Perre went to smile again the

The Embrace with the woman seemed him in hour. He felt numb his legs almost gave way. It seemed to him that he was turned out. He experienced variety of most complex sensations. He felt afraid of what would happen to him and still more afraid of his fear. He felt curious to know he was going to happen and what would be revealed to him by most of all he felt joyful that the moment had come when he would take that path of regeneration and the eternal virtuous life which he had been dreaming since he met Joseph Alexander. Loud knocks were heard. The door Perre took. He dared to his eyes and gazed around him. The room was a black dark room. Only small lamp was burning and some light. Perre went over and saw that the lamp stood on a black table on which lay an open book. The book was the Gospel and the thing with the lamp and was his main skull with its carvings and teeth. After reading the first words of the Gospel in the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God. Perre went round the table and saw large pen box filled with something. It was a coffin with bones in it. He was not at all surprised by what he saw. He put it on a table and felt quite unlike the old man he expected everything to be unusual, even more unusual than what he was seeing. A skull, coffin, the Gospel—seemed him that he had expected all this and even more. True to himself his emotions he looked around. God, death, the brotherhood of man. He kept himself, associating these words with various joyful ideas.

The door opened and someone came in.

He then admitted that while Perre had already become accustomed, he saw a rather short man. He evidently came from the light into the darkness. The man paused, then moved with a

went to the table and placed on

from

he

was a

1

(which was taken up from below)

For what have you come here? asked the newcomer turning to Perre's direction. It was all his rustle made by the latter. What have you, who do not believe in the truth of the light? said who have not seen the light, come here? What do you seek from us? Wisdom, and true enlightenment.

At the moment the door opened and the stranger came. Perre felt a sense of awe and veneration as he had experienced in his

himself in the

brother who prepared a seeker (sent to the Brotherhood was known). Draw near, he recognized in the Rhetor, as he knew Smolva in a distant world. He thought that the newcomer was a equal to him—he wished him to be brother and virtuous. For long time he could not utter word, so that the Rhetor had to repeat his question.

Yes, I desire regeneration. Perre uttered with difficulty.

Very well, said Smolva now and went on to say: He you, ydea of the man which our holy Order will help you to reach your aim, said he quietly and quickly.

I hope I guidance help in regeneration, said Perre with trembling voice and some difficulty in utterance due to his extreme desire to be united to peak of abstract matters in Russia.

What is your conception of Freemasonry? I mean that Freemasonry, the fraternity of equal men who have virtuous men, said Perre feeling ashamed of the inadequacy of his words for the solemnity of the moment, as he poked. I mean.

Good, said the Rhetor quickly. Apparently I satisfied with the answer. He you sought for means of saving your mortal soul.

Where are you going to now my dear sir?

"I'm going to Petersburg," answered Pierre in a childlike hesitating voice. "I thank you. I agree with all you have said. But do not suppose me to be so bad. With my whole soul I wish to be what you would have me be, but I have never had help from anyone. But it is I, above all, who am to blame for everything. Help me, teach me, and perhaps I may."

Pierre could not go on. He gulped and turned away.

The Mason remained silent for a long time, evidently considering.

"Help comes from God alone," he said, "but such measure of help as our Order can bestow it will render you, my dear sir. You are going to Petersburg. Hand this to Count Willarski (he took out his notebook and wrote a few words

to solitude and self-examination and do not resume your former way of life. And now I wish you a good journey, my dear sir," he added, seeing that his servant had entered, and success.

The traveler was Joseph Alexéevich Buzdév. As Pierre saw from the postmaster's book, Buzdév had been one of the best known Freemasons and Martinists even in Novikov's time. For a long while after he had gone, Pierre did not go to bed or order horses but paced up and down the room, pondering over his vicious past and with a rapturous sense of beginning anew pictured to himself the blissful irreproachable virtuous future that seemed to him so easy. It seemed to him that he had been virtuous only because he had somehow forgotten how good it was to be virtuous. Not a trace of his former doubts remained in his soul. He firmly believed in the possibility of the brotherhood of men united in the aim of supporting one another in the path of virtue, and that is how Freemasonry presented itself to him.

CHAPTER III

ON REACHING Petersburg, Pierre did not let anyone know of his arrival; he went nowhere and spent whole days in reading Thomas à Kempis, whose book had been sent him by

week after his arrival the young Polish count, Willarski, whom Pierre had known slightly in Petersburg society, came into his room one evening in the official and ceremonious manner in which Dolokhov, second had called on him and having closed the door behind him and satisfied himself that there was nobody else in the room, addressed Pierre.

"I have come to you with a message and an offer, Count," he said without sitting down. "A personhood has received

and has proposed to me to be your sponsor. I consider it a sacred duty to fulfill that person's wishes. Do you wish to enter the Brotherhood of Freemasons under my sponsorship?"

The cold austere tone of this man, whom he had almost always before met at balls, amiably smiling in the society of the most brilliant women, surprised Pierre.

"Yes, I do wish it," said he.

Willarski bowed his head.

"One more question, Count," he said. "Which I beg you to answer in all sincerity—not as a future Mason but as an honest man: have you renounced your former convictions—do you believe in God?"

Pierre considered.

"Yes, yes, I believe in God," he said.

In that case, began Willarski, but Pierre interrupted him.

"Yes, I do believe in God," he repeated.

In that case we can go, said Willarski. My carriage is at your service.

Willarski was so lent throughout the drive. To Pierre's inquiries as to what he must do and how he should answer, Willarski only replied that brothers more worthy than he would test him and that Pierre had only to tell the truth.

Having entered the courtyard of a large house where the Lodge had its headquarters and having ascended a dark staircase, they entered a small well-lit anteroom where they took off their cloaks without the aid of a servant. From there they passed into another room. A man in strange attire appeared at the door. Willarski, stepping toward him, said something to him in French in an undertone and then went up to a small wardrobe in which

ity of active brotherly love among men which Joseph Alexéevich had revealed to him. A

it and tied it in a knot before catching some hairs painfully at the knot. Then he drew his face down kissed him and taking him by the

h ordeal was bo t t beg n

If yo a e resol ed I m t beg your i
t t s d the Rhet r m ng closer to
Perre I toke I gene sty I k you to
g e me all your v lu bles

Y t I h e n th ng here repl ed Perre
s ppos g that he wa ked t e up I he
possessed.

What y ha e w th y u wa h mo cy
n n.

Perre qu kly took out h s purse d watch
m met e t the

Th V so d w the l r b k i m e s
l f brea t, d sloop d w p lled up the
l f leg of t trousers t bo e the k ee
Perre h r edly bega t k g f h t ght

try a d ga hum l ppe fo l left foot
Wh h l d k m l f emb rassment
doubt, a d self-de wh l app red on
h f e ga t h s w l l Perre tood w t h
rns h g d w n a d legs p t, bel e
h b other Rh t d wa ted h s f r the
c mma ds.

A d ow t ken f ca lo I a k y u to
ealt m your ch ef p s d the l t
ter

My p s I I h had so ma y epl ed
Perre

"That p s wh l m e tha all thers
ca sed y t wa er n t p t l f r
d th Maso

Perre p used k g eply
"W ? G l tto y? I d l ess? La ess? I r n
tab l y? A ger? W me ? He w t o er h
es h s m d, t k w g to wh ch of
them to g th p -em e ce

W me h s a d n l w scarcely dible

ttent upo y urt If p t b dle n your
se es d k blessed s t p s but
y own h rt Th so e f blessed s s
is th t b t w th n
Perre h d alr dy l g been feel m hum

cl f d at refrel ng source of bles l es w l d
now flooded l s l e r t w l g l d emot n

CHAPTER IV

SOON AFTER THIS THERE CAME INT l f e d a k h m
e e not t l e R l e t r l u t Perre s

u
chest u m erel tepp ng u e e ly and t m l
ly t o e l ppe e d a lone l w ted foot l e l
van ed wh l W larks held a sw rd to l s
b e c l est. He w s lu ted fr m n that room
l g pa sages that turned l ckward a l f r

— a l l boos of
w red
d w n
m A h ce t l er wa

f l d nd s they we t long he w t l l l l l
— a l l

endu et l s a d d ang r. Dur g t l e s w ander
l g Perre not ced t l h e w a poken of n w
a the Seeker n was the S f f e r a d now
a the P t l t to the comp me t of
a r o k ock g w d m llet and wo d s. h
h wa be g l ed p t some object f e n t ced
l e s t a t n a d u e r t y m o g l on

th t they took h r ght h nd pl ed t on
someth g a d t l d h m to h l d p of com
p s s to h l f b r e t w th t l e r h a d d
t e p e t l e r s o m e o n e w l e a d a l d t l
— a l l

ba d g wast ken f l l s e y e s d by t l e f t
— a l l

blood. O g th Perre mo ed f rward
w th l s b east t ward the sw rds mean ng
them t p t. B t the w d s w e drawn
b k f m l m d he was t o c e b l d fold
ed ga n

Now th u ha s seen the lesser l ght, ut

No I considered it erroneous and did not follow it said Pierre so softly that the Rhetor did not hear him and asked him what he was saying I have been an atheist answered Pierre

You are seeking for truth in order to follow its laws in your life therefore you seek wisdom and virtue Is that not so? said the Rhetor after a moment's pause

Yes yes assented Pierre

The Rhetor cleared his throat crossed his

^

with yours you may enter our Brotherhood with profit The first and chief object of our Order the foundation on which it rests and which no human power can destroy is the preservation and handing on to posterity of a certain important mystery which has come down to us from the remotest ages even from the first man—a mystery on which perhaps the fate of mankind depends But since this mystery is of such a nature that nobody can know or use it unless he be prepared by long and diligent self purification not everyone can hope to attain it quickly Hence we have a secondary aim that of preparing our members as much as possible to reform their hearts to purify and enlighten their minds by means handed on to us by tradition from those who have striven to attain this mystery and thereby to render them capable of receiving it

By purifying and regenerating our members we try thirdly to improve the whole human race offering it in our members an example of piety and virtue and thereby try with all our might to combat the evil which sways the world Think this over and I will come to you again

To combat the evil which sways the world

Pierre repeated and a mental image of his future activity in this direction rose in his mind He imagined men such as he had himself been a fortnight ago and he addressed and flying exhortation to them He imagined to him self vicious and unfortunate people whom he could assist by word and deed imagined oppressors whose victims he would rescue Of the three objects mentioned by the Rhetor this

second aim that of purifying himself did not much interest him because at that moment he felt with delight that he was

already perfectly cured of his former faults and was ready for all that was good

Half an hour later the Rhetor returned to inform the seeker of the seven virtues corresponding to the seven steps of Solomon's temple which every Freemason should cultivate in himself These virtues were 1 Discretion the keeping of the secrets of the Order 2 Obedience to those of higher rank in the Order 3 Morality 4 Love of mankind 5 Courage 6 Generosity 7 The love of death

In the seventh place try by the frequent thought of death the Rhetor said to bring yourself to regard it not as a dreaded foe but as a friend that frees the soul grown weary in the labors of virtue from this distressful life and leads it to its place of recompense and peace

Yes that must be so thou hast Pierre when after these words the Rhetor went away leaving him to solitary meditation It must be so but I am still so weak that I love my life the meaning of which is only now gradually opening before me But five of the other virtues which Pierre recalled counting them on his fingers he felt already in his soul courage

be free from his own lawlessness and to submit his will to those who knew the indulgent truth He forgot it but the seventh virtue was and could not recall it

The third time the Rhetor came back more quickly and asked Pierre whether he was still firm in his intention and determined to submit to all that would be required of him

I am ready for everything said Pierre

I must also inform you said the Rhetor that our Order delivers its teaching not in words only but also by other means which may perhaps have a stronger effect on the sincere seeker after wisdom and virtue than mere words This chamber with which you see therein should already have suggested to your heart if it is sincere more than words could do You will perhaps also see in your further initiation a like method of enlightenment Our Order imitates the ancient sages that explained their teaching by hieroglyphics A hieroglyph said the Rhetor is an emblem of something not cognizable by the senses but which possesses qualities resembling those of the symbol

Pierre knew very well that a hieroglyph was but a real not a symbol He listened to the Rhetor in silence listening for more and that

these men o ly brothers nd burned w th imp-
p tence to set to wo k w th them.

The Grand Master rapped w th h s mallet.
All the Maso sat d wn n th m pl ces, and
of them read n exhortati n the neces-
sary of humil ty

The Gra d Master proposed th t the last du-
w h hd be perf rmed, nd the d t gu hed
d gn tary who bore the t tle of Coll t of
Alms we t ro d to all the brothers. P erre
n ill ha e l'ked to subscr be l' he had but
fearing that t m ght look l'ke pride subscr bed
th same amou t as th t hers.

The meetu g was t ne d, and n reaching ng
home P erre f l' t s l' he had returned from a
lo g journey n wh ch l' e had spent d n f
years, had become completely cha ged nd
had q te l' st behv d h s f rmer hab ts nd
way l' l' e.

CHAPTER V

TIZ AFTER h had been tce ed nto the
Lodge P erre was t g at h me read g
book d tryng t f th m the gn l'ca of
the Square e de f wh h ymbol ed God
nother moral th g, th rd phy cal th ngs
d th f rth comb nat of these n w
and then h s tu wandered from the book
d the Square d he formed magn t on
ew plan l' l' e. O th p ev us even ~ t
the Lodge, he had heard that rum r of h s
d el had reached th Emper nd th t t
w ld be wiser l' hum to les e P tersburg
P erre p posed g g t h estates n the
so th d ther tte d g to the w l'fa of h s
serfs. H was joyf lly plan g th new l' f e
he Pri e V l' suddenly en cred the room.

My dear fell w what ha ey u been up to
m Moscow? Why h y u quarrel d with
Hélène m her Y u are under d h s n
sa d Pri e Vasil as he ntered. I k w ll
bo t, and I cant lly u post cly that Hé-
l' e as ocent bef y u as Christ was be-
f the Jews.

P erre was bout to eply but Pri Vasil
m erup ed hum.

A d why didn y u imply com tra ght to
m as to fr d? I kn wall bout t d un-
derstand t all h sa d. Y u behv ed as he-
mes man who alues h s h perhaps too
hasuly B tw w n t g to that. B t co d
er th pos t n n wh ch y u ar plac g her
d m n th eyes f soci ty d even f th
court, h dded lower h s ce. 'Sh is
l' ng Moscow d y u ar her Remembe
dear boy d h drew P erre arm down

wards it is s mply m s understand g l ex-
pect you feel it so yo rself Let u write her a
letter t once and he ll come here and all
w ll be expla ned or else my dear boy let me
tell you t n qu te l' kely you ll h e to suffer
for t.

Prince Vasil gave P erre a s gn f ca t look.

I know from rel ble so rces that the De w
ager Empress n tak g a keen terest n the
whole affa r You know she is very gracious t
Hélène.

P erre tried several t mes to speak but on
one hand Pr nce Vasil d d n t let h ma d on
the other P erre h mself se red t ber n to
peak n the t ne f d cided refusal nd dis-
greement n wh ch he had f rmy resol ed to

got up nd sat down ga struggl w ll
h mself to do wh t wa so h m the most d f-
cult th g n l' f e—to say an u pleasant th n
to man s f ce to say what the other whoever
he m ght be d d n t expect. He wa so used to
subm t t g t Pr e Vasil s tone of careles
self assura e that he f l' t he wo ld be u l' l' e
to w thstand t now but he lso felt that on
what he sa d n wh s f tu depended—wheth-
er h wo ld foll w the same old ro d, or that
new path so ttract cly bown h m by the Ma-
so o wh ch he f rmy bel eved he would be
reborn e a ew l' f e

N w dear boy sa d Pr nce Vasil pl y f l'
ly say yes and I ll wr te to her myself a d
w w ll k l' l' the f tued calf.

B t bef re Pr Vasil h d f h ed h s
playf l' p eech, P erre w thout look g at h m,
d w th a k nd of fury that made h m k h s
father m ttered n a whisper—

Prince I d d n t ask you her Go please
got And he jumped up and opened th door
f hum.

Go! h repeated, ama ed at h mself nd
gl d t see the look of confus n d f e r that
showed m l' f on Pr n Vasil f ce

"What the matt w th y u Arcy u ll?"

Go! the qu er ng ce repeated. And
Pri ce Vasil had to go w thout ng y
expl n uon.

A week later P erre, ha g taken lea of
h s new friends th Maso and lea g l' rge
sums f m ney w th them f lms went way
t h s estates. H s ew brethren ga c him let-
ters to the K iev d Odessa Masons d prom-
ised t write to hum nd gu de hum n h s new
cu ty

tered a voice. Then the candles were relit and he was told that he would see the full light. The bridegroom was again removed and more than ten voices said together: *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

Pierre gradually began to recover himself and looked about at the room and at the people in it. Round a long table covered with black sat some twelve men in garments like those he had already seen. Some of them Pierre had met in Petersburg society. In the President's chair sat a young man he did not know with a peculiar cross hanging from his neck. On his right sat the Italian abbé whom Pierre had met at Anna Pavlovna's two years before. There were also present a very distinguished dignitary and a Swiss who had formerly been tutor at the Kuráguins. All maintained a solemn silence, listening to the words of the President who held a mallet in his hand. Let into the wall was a star-shaped light. At one side of the table was a small carpet with various figures worked upon it; at the other was something resembling an altar on which lay a Testament and a skull. Round it stood seven large candlesticks like those used in

from vice and indulgently to smooth with it the heart of his neighbor. As to the first pair of gloves a man's he said that Pierre could not know their meaning but must keep them. The second pair of man's gloves he was to wear at the meetings and finally of the third a pair of women's gloves he said. Dear brother these women's gloves are intended for you too. Give them to the woman whom you shall honor most of all. This gift will be a pledge of a purity of heart to hers whom you select to be your worthy helpmeet in Masonry. And after a pause he added. But beware dear brother that these gloves do not deck hands that are unclean. While the Grand Master said these last words it seemed to Pierre that he grew embarrassed. Pierre himself grew still more confused, blushed like a child till tears came to his eyes, began looking about him uneasily and an awkward pause followed.

This silence was broken by one of the brethren who led Pierre up to the altar and began reading to him from a manuscript book an explanation of all the figures on it: the sun, the moon, a hammer, a plumb line, a trowel, a rough stone and a squared stone, a pillar, three windows and so on. Then a plate was assigned to Pierre. He was shown the signs of the Lodge, told the pass-words and at last as permitted to sit down. The Grand Master began reading the statutes. They were very long and Pierre from joy, agitation and embarrassment was not in a state to understand what as being read. He managed to follow only the last words of the statutes and these remained in his mind.

In our temples we recognize no other distinctions, read the Grand Master, but those between virtue and vice. Beware of making any distinctions which may infringe equality. Fly to a brother's aid; whoever he may be, exhort him, who goeth astray, raise him that falleth, never bear malice or enmity toward thy brother. Be kindly and courteous, kindle in all hearts the flame of virtue. Share thy happiness with thy neighbor and may envy never dim the purity of thy bliss. Forgive thy enemies.

1

He finished and getting up embraced and kissed Pierre who with tears of joy in his eyes looked round him not knowing how to answer the congratulations and greetings from acquaintances that met him on all sides. He acknowledged no acquaintances but saw in all

must prostrate himself at the Gates of the Temple.

He must first receive the trowel, whispered one of the brothers.

Oh hush please! said another.

Pierre perplexed looked round with his shortsighted eyes without observing

paused a moment. Pierre glanced at the serious faces of those around remembered all he had already gone through and realized that he could not stop halfway. He was agitated at his hesitation and trying to rouse his former devotional feeling prostrated himself before the Gates of the Temple. And recall him even had lain t

and a white apron such as the others wore was put on him. He was given a trowel and three pairs of gloves and then the Grand Master addressed him. He told him that he should try to do nothing to stain the whiteness of that apron which symbolized strength and purity, then of the unexplained trowel he told him to toil with it to cleanse his own heart

BOOK FIVE

these men only brothers and brethren with them
 pte ce to set to work with them
 The Grand Master rapped with his mallet
 All the Masons sat down in the places and
 f them read an exhortation in the neces-

war is it is simply a misunderstanding I ex-
 pect you feel too yourself Let us write her a
 letter at once and she will come here and all
 will be explained or else my dear boy let me
 tell you it is quite likely you will be to suffer
 for it.

Prince Vasil gave Perre a significant look

I know from reliable sources that the De-
 ager Empress is taking a keen interest in the
 welfare of You know she is very gracious to
 Hélène

Perre tried several times to speak, but on
 one hand Prince Vasil did not let him and on
 the other Perre himself feared to begin it
 — the tone of decided refusal and dis-

ous resorted to
 got up and sat down again struggling with
 himself to do what was for him the most dif-
 ficult thing I fear—to say an unpleasant thing
 to a man face to face what the other whoever
 might be did not expect. He was so used to
 him that he did not expect it. He was so used to
 if assurance that he felt he would be un-
 ble to withstand it now but he also felt that on
 what he said in his letter depended—whether
 or he would follow the same old road or that
 new path so attractively shown him by the Ma-

son so on which he firmly believed he would be
 reborn to a new life
 Now dear boy said Prince Vasil playfully
 say yes and I will write to her myself and
 we will like the fatted calf

But before Prince Vasil had finished his
 playful speech Perre without looking at him
 and without a word of fury that made him like his

did had reached the capital
 would be wonderful but the Petrusburg
 Perre proposed going to the states the
 so that there might get the welfare of his
 new life

said Prince Vasil as he entered
 both to let her tell upon it that Hélène
 is as obedient to you as Christ was be-
 fore the Jews.

Perre was both to reply but Prince Vasil
 interrupted him.

Admittedly you imply me to go to
 me to find out I will but I do not
 understand all he said. You have been
 meeting men who always have been honest
 hastily between them and he said
 after the post which you place her
 in the society of the new friends of the
 court had decided to leave the Shash
 leaving the cow-dy which he remembered
 of boy and his dear Perre's arm and won

explained to

A week later Perre having taken leave of
 his new friends the Masons and leaving large
 sums of money with them for the Masons went away
 to his estates. His new brethren gave him let-
 ters to the Grand Master of Odessa Masons and prom-
 ised to write to him and to guide him in his new
 activity

CHAPTER VI

THE DUEL between Pierre and Dolokhov was hushed up and in spite of the Emperor's severity regarding duels at that time neither the principals nor their seconds suffered for it. But the story of the duel confirmed by Pierre's rupture with his wife was the talk of society. Pierre who had been the cream of society and the best mate of the Emperor's daughter had sunk greatly in the esteem of society after his marriage—

He did not wish to court society's favor. Now he alone was blamed for what had happened; he was said to be insanely jealous and subject like his father to fits of bloodthirsty rage. And when after Pierre's departure Hélène returned to Petersburg she was received by all her acquaintances not only cordially but even with a shade of deference due to her misfortune. When conversation turned on her husband Hélène assumed a dignified expression which with characteristic tact she had acquired though she did not understand its significance. This expression suggested that she had resolved to endure her troubles uncomplainingly and that her husband

pointed and pointing to his forehead remarked: "A bit touched—I always said so."

I said from the first," declared Anna Pavlovna referring to Pierre. "I said at the time and before anyone else" (she insisted on her priority) "that that senseless young man—"

When he had just returned from abroad and when if you remember he posed as a sort of Mirat at one of my soirees. And how has it ended? I was against this marriage even then and foretold all that has happened.

Anna Pavlovna continued to give on free evenings the same kind of soirees as before—such as she alone had the gift of arranging—at which was to be found the cream of really good society the bloom of the intellectual essence of Petersburg as she herself put it. Besides this refined selection of society Anna Pavlovna's receptions were also distinguished by the fact that she always presented some new and interesting person to the visitors and that nowhere

else was the state of the political thermometer of legitimate Petersburg court society so clearly and distinctly indicated.

Toward the end of 1806 when all the sad details of Napoleon's destruction of the Prussian army at Jena and Auerstadt and the surrender of most of the Prussian fortresses had been received when our troops had already entered Prussia and our second war with Napoleon was beginning Anna Pavlovna gave one of her soirees. The cream of really good society consisted of the fascinating Hélène forsaken by her husband Mortemart the delightful Prince Hippolyte who had just returned from Vienna two diplomatists the old aunt a young man referred to in that drawing room as a man of great merit (*un homme de beaucoup de mérite*) a newly appointed marquis of honor and her mother and several other less noteworthy persons.

The novelty Anna Pavlovna was setting before her guests that evening was Boris Drubetskoy who had just arrived as a special messenger from the Russian army and was aide de camp to a very important personage.

The temperature shown by the political thermometer to the company that evening was this:

Whatever the European sovereigns and commanders may do to countenance Bonaparte

and can only say to the king of Prussia and others: "So much the worse for you. Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin, that's all we have to say about it!"

When Boris who was to be served up to the guests entered the drawing room almost all the company had assembled and the conversation guided by Anna Pavlovna was about our diplomatic relations with Austria and the hope of an alliance with her.

Boris grew more manly and looking fresh rosy and self-possessed entered the drawing room elegantly dressed in the uniform of an aide de camp and was duly conducted to pay his respects to the aunt and then brought back to the general circle.

Anna Pavlovna gave him her shrimpled hand to kiss and introduced him to several persons whom he did not know giving him a whispered description of each.

Prince Hippolyte Kuragin — chatman

You will see it so. C. G. Dandin: a comedy by Molière—T

you fellow M. Kroq—clarg d ff es from
Cope haven—pr f nd nt llect a d m
pl M Shift —a man f great mer i —tj s
—had

enna

sa d

tu Berl h d m n ged d r g h s s c
pl e h m s e l f e r y d n t c o l y l i e w a s
d d e c a m p t e r y m p o t a t p e r s o n g e
h a d b e e s e t n a v e r y m p o r t t m s o n t
P r u s s i a h a d j e t r e t u r n e d f r o m t h e r a s a
p e c a l m e s s e e r l i e h d b e c o m e t h r o g h l y

e a t f f i s w k s r c o u r a g e o p e r s e
e r a b t l y t h k n w l e d g e o f h o w i g e t
w i t h t h o s e w h c a g r a t e w a r d d h e
a s h i m s e l f o l t u r p r i s e d t h r a p i d i t y o f
h s u c c e s s d t h e b l i t y o f o t h e r s t u

rich, b t w o u l d s p e n d h i l t g r o a t t o b e b e t
t e r d r e s s e d t h a n t h e r s a n d w o u l d r a t h e r d e
p h u m s i f f m a y p l e a s e s t h a a l l o w
h i m s e l f t o b e s e e h a b b y e q u p e o p
p e a t h t r e t s f P e t e r s b r g n o l d u
f r m H m a d f r i e n d s w i t h d s o b t t h e
q u a n t a n c e f n l y t h o s e b o e h m n p o s
m a n d h c o l d t h e r e f e b e o f u s e t o h m
H l i k e d P e t e r s b u r g d d e s p u e d M o s c o w
T l r e m e m b r a c e f t h R o s t o h o u s e d
t h i s c h i l d i s h l o e f N i s h w a s u p l e a s a n t
t o h u m a n d h a d t o c e b e e n t e e t h
R o s t o r s e o t h d a y I h u s d e p r s t u r e f t h e
a r m y T b e A n n P a l i o n a d r a w r o o m
H c o n s i d e r e d a n i m p o r t a n t t e p u p t h e s e r v
c e, a n d h t e u n d e r s t o o d h u s l e, l e t t u H
h b o t t e s m a k u s e f w h a t e v e r t e r e s t h
h a d t o f i e r H h i m s e l f c a r e f u l l y s a d e a c h
h a c e, p p r a i s i n g t h p o s s b l e s o f e s t a b l i s h
m i n t i m a c y w i t h e a c h o f t h o s e p r e s e n t, a n d
t h d a t e s t h a t m i h c r u H e t o o k t h
s e a i n d i c a t e d t o h u m b e s d t h f a i r H e l e n e
a n d l i s t e d t o t h g e n e r a l c o n c e r n s a n

"T h e n a c o n d e r s t h b a s e s f t h H p o s e d
t r e a t y s n a t t a i n a b l e t h a n o t e r m c o n u
t y f m o s t b r i l l i a n t s u c c e s s e s w o u l d s e c u r e
t h e m, a n d h d o u b t s t h m e a n s w h a c o f
w i n n i n g t h e m. T h a t i s t h a c t u a l p h r a s e u s e d
b y t h e e n n a c a b i n e t, a n d t h H n i s h c h a r g e
d a f f a i r s.

M r e m a r t "T h e E m p e r o r o f A u s t r i a c a n n e v
e r h a v e t h o u g h t o f s u c h a t h i n g t u o n l y t h e
c a l n e t h t s a y s L

A h m y d e a r c o m t e p u t i n A n n P a l i v
n a f U p (f o r s o m e r e s o n s h e c a l l e d i t
U p e a s i f i t t w e r e a p e c a l l y r f e d F r e n c h
p r o u n c a t n w i c h l e c o u l d a l l w h e r s e l f
w h e n c o v e r s g w i t h F r e n c h m e n) L U p
n e s e j m t e l l e d e

A f t e r t h A n P a l i n l e d u p t o t h e
c o u r a g e a n d f i r m e s s o f t h e k g o f P r u s s i a i n
o r d e r t o d r a w B o r i n t o t h e c o n c e r n s a n

B o i s t e e d t t n t e l y t e a h o f t h e
s p e a k e r s w a t g t t u r n b t m m e d m e a n
w i l e t l o o k r o d e p e a t e d l y a t h n e g h
b o t h e b e a u t i f u l H e l e n e w h o s e e y e s s e v e r a l
t i m e s m e t t h o s e o f t h e h a n d s o m e y o n g a d e d
c a m p w i t h m l e

S p e a k i n g o f t h e p o s t i o n o f P r u s s i a, A n n
P a l i n c r y n t r a l l y k e d B o r i t o t l l
t h e m b o u t h y o r n e y t o C l o g a u a n d i w h a t
s t a t h e f u d t h e P r u s s i a n m y B o r i s, s p e a k
i n g w i t h d e l b e r a t t l d t h e m p u e c o r
r e c t F n c h m y t e r e s t g d e t a l a b o t
t h e r m e s a d t h e c o u t, c a r f u l l y t m g
f r o m e x p r e s g a n o p n n o f h o w n b o u t
t h e f u t u r e w a s e c o t n F o r s o m e t i m e
h e e n t r o s e d t h e g e n e r a l a t t e n t i o n a d
A n n a P a l i n f e l t t h a t t h e l i t y s h e
h a d e r e d u p w a s r e c e d w i t h p l u e b y
H h e r t r s. T h e g r e a t e s t a t t e n o f
H t o B o r i n e r a t e w a s s h w n b y H e l e n e
S h e k e d h m s e v e r a l q u e s t i o n s b o u t h
j u r n e y a d c e m e d g r e a t l y i n t e r e s t e d i n
t h s t a t e o f t h P r u s s i a n m y A s s o o n a h e
h d f i n i s h e d h e t u r n e d t o h m w i t h h e r u s u a l
s m l e

"Y o u a b s o l u t e l y m u s t c o m e a n d s e e m e s l e
s a d t o e t h a t i m p l e d t h a t, f c e r t a n c o n
d e r a t o h c o u l d n o t k n o w o f t h i s w a s a b
s o l u t e l y n e c e s s a r y

O n T u e s d a y b e t w e e n e i g h t a n d n e e. I t
w l l g i v e m g r e a t p l e a s u r e.

B o r i s p r o m i s e d t f e l l h e r w i s h a d w a s
b o u t t o b e g i n a c o n c e r n s w i t h h e r w h e n
A P a l o v n c a l l e d h m w a y t h p e t i
t h a t h u s w h e d t h e a r h m.

"Y o u k n o w h e r h u s b a n d, o f c o r s e s a d
A n n a P a l i n c l o s e h e y e s d d c a t
o H e l e n e w i t h s o r r w l l g e s t e. A h h
i s u c h n u n f r t n a d c h a r m w m

"E u r o p e w i l l n e v e r b e u r m e r l y

Don't mention him before her—please don't! It is too painful for her!

CHAPTER VII

WHEN BORIS and Anna Pávlovna returned to the others Prince Hippolyte had the ear of the company.

Bending forward in his armchair he said *Le Roi de Prusse!* and having said this laughed. Everyone turned toward him.

Le Roi de Prusse? Hippolyte said interrogatively again laughing and then calmly and seriously sat back in his chair. Anna Pávlovna waited for him to go on, but as he seemed quite decided to say no more she began to tell of how at Potsdam the impious Bonaparte had stolen the sword of Frederick the Great.

It is the sword of Frederick the Great which I she began, but Hippolyte interrupted her with the words *Le Roi de Prusse!* and again as soon as all turned toward him excused himself and said no more.

Anna Pávlovna frowned. Mortemart Hippolyte's friend addressed him firmly.

Come now, what about your *Roi de Prusse?*

Hippolyte laughed as if ashamed of laughing.

Oh, it's nothing. I only wished to say (he wanted to repeat a joke he had heard in Vienna and which he had been trying all that evening to get in). I only wished to say that we are wrong to fight *pour le Roi de Prusse!*

Boris smiled circumspectly, so that it might be taken as ironical or appreciative according to the way the joke was received. Everybody laughed.

Your joke is too bad, it's witty but unjust, said Anna Pávlovna, shaking her little shavened finger at him.

We are not fighting *pour le Roi de Prusse*

and turned chiefly on the political news. It became particularly animated toward the end of the evening when the rewards bestowed by the Emperor were mentioned.

Pardon me! A snuffbox with the Emperor's portrait is a reward but not a distinction, said the diplomatist—a gift rather.

For the King of Prussia—a phrase used in French to denote a trifle of no value.—*Tr.*

There are precedents. I may mention Schwarzenberg.

It's impossible, replied another.

Will you bet? The ribbon of the order is a different matter.

When everybody rose to go Hélène who had spoken very little all the evening again turned to Boris, asking him in a tone of caring significant command to come to her on Tuesday.

It is of great importance to me, she said, turning with a smile toward Anna Pávlovna and Anna Pávlovna with the same smile with which she spoke of her exalted patroness supported Hélène's wish.

It seemed as if from some words Boris had spoken that evening about the Prussian army Hélène had suddenly found it necessary to see him. She seemed to promise to explain that necessity to him when he came on Tuesday.

But on Tuesday evening, having come in Hélène's splendid salon, Boris received no clear explanation of why it had been necessary for him to come. There were other guests and the countess talked little to him and only as he kissed her hand on taking leave said unexpectedly and in a whisper with a strangely unsmiling face: Come to dinner tomorrow—in the evening. You must come. *Comel*

During that stay in Petersburg Boris became an intimate in the countess's house.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WAR was flaming up and nearing the Russian frontier. Everywhere one heard curses on Bonaparte, the enemy of mankind. Militiamen and recruits were being enrolled in the villages and from the seat of war came contradictory news, false as usual and therefore variously interpreted. The life of old Prince Bolkónski, Prince Andrei and Princess Mary had greatly changed since 1805.

In 1806 the old prince was made one of the eight commanders in chief then appointed to supervise the enrollment decreed throughout Russia. Despite the weakness of age which had become particularly noticeable since the time when he thought his son had been killed, he did not think it right to refuse a duty to which he had been appointed by the Emperor himself and this fresh opportunity for action gave him new energy and strength. He was continually traveling through the three provinces entrusted to him, as president in the fulfillment of his duties severe to cruelty with his subordinates and went into everything down to the

— was M ry had

at Bald Hills as usual during h f ther s absence Little N chola had been unwell f r four days. The coa hman who had d en the old prince to t wn returned br g p pers and letters f r Pr nce And ew

Not fi d ng the you g prince n h study the valet went w th the letters to Princess M ry s apartments, but d d not find h m there. He was t ld that the prin e had gone m the nursery

If you please your excellency Petrú ha h s bro ht some papers," sa d one of the nurse- ma ds to Pri ce Andrew who was tting on ch ld s l tle ch r whle frown ng nd w th trembl ng h nd he pou ed drops from med cine bottle nto a w e glass half full of water

"What is t? he sa d crossly and his ha d shak g un te uon ly he poured too m ny drop nto th gl ss. H threw the m ture on to the floor d ked f some mo e w ter. The ma d brou ht t.

There were n the room a ch ld s cot, two bo es, two sm ha rs, a table a ch ld table a d the l tle cha r on wh ch Prince Andrew wa s t g. The curts n were drawn d s gle candlewa burn g n the table screened by bo d mu c book so that the l ght d d not fall n the cot.

My dear sa d Pr ncess M ry address ng her brother from bes de the cot where she was sta d ng better wa t a b t l ter

Oh lea e off you lway talk nonsense d keep p m g th ngs off—and th s: what comes of tl sa d Pr c Andrew in n exasperated whispe er dently mean ng to wou d h s s ter

My dear re lly t better n t to wake him he asleep m d the p ces nat of entreaty

Pr ce t d w got up d w nt on t ptoc up t th l tle bed w rgl s n h nd

Perh p w d re lly better n t wake h m " he sa d hes tat g

As you please really I th k so but as y u please sa d Pr cess M ry e d t ly tum dated d co fused that her op l d preva led. She drew her brothe att tion t the ma d who was calling hum n a wh s per

It was th eco d n ght th t ne ther of tlem had l pt watchu g the boy wh wa n h gh fever. Thes l tday m trut g the ho m li l d doct d expect g ther f r w lom they had ent t t wn th y had be n try g first o rem dy d the nother W m ut by sl plessness and anx ety they threw th u

to her l ttl nephew s best she could. t mousselle Bourien e, too seemed p s nately f d l the boy d Princess M ry of n deprived hers lf t ga e her friend the plea ure f da dli g the l tle c l—as he called her nephew—a d playi g w th hum.

Near the altar f th church t B ld H lls there was chapel o er the t mb of the l tle pri cess, d n this chapel was a ma blem nu ment b o ght from Italy representng gel th upspread w gs ready to fly upwards. Th eels pper l p was slightly raised s though bout t smle, a d once on com g t f th chapel Prince A drew and Pri cess Mary dmuted t o e n ther that the ngels face reminded them tra gely of th l ttl prn cess. B t what wa ull trange though of this Prince A drew said n thng to his s ter was that in th express n th sculpts had happe ed to g e th novel face Pri ce Andrew read th sam mild repro ch he had read on th face f his dead wife. Ah, why h e you d etrust me?

Soo after Pri A drew' return th ld prin e mad er to h m large estate Bogucháro about twen y- s miles from Bald Hills. Partly because f the d press memones associa ed w h B ld Hills partly because Pri ce A drew d d t always feel equal to bearing w th his father' pecul anuses, nd p rly because h eeded sol tud Pri e A drew mad use f Bogucháro began buildi g nd spe t most f his um there.

After th Austerlitz camp gn Prince And ew had finally col ed not t cont ue his military erv d when the war recom menced d erybody had to erv H took a post under his father the crutment so as to vo d cu ervice. The ld prince d hus son seemed t ha e changed roles since the campaign f 8 . Th ld man rous d by c tivity expected the best esults from th ew camp wn whil Pri ce A drew n the contrary taki g n part n th war nd excretly exretting th saw only th dark de.

February 6 807 th ld pri ce et off f his circuits. Prince Andrew remained

There are precedents I may mention
Schwarzenberg

It's impossible replied another
Will you bet? The ribbon of the order was
different matter

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Vienna and which he had been trying all that
evening to get in) I only wished to say that
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Paris and the world.

Boris smiled circumspectly so that it might be taken as ironical or appreciative according to the way the joke was received. Everybody laughed.

Your joke is too bad, it's witty but unjust," said Anna Pávlovna, shaking her little shriveled finger at him.

We are not fighting *pour le Roi de Prusse*
but for right principles Oh that wicked Prince
Hippolyte! she said.

The conversation did not flag all evening and turned chiefly on the political news. It became particularly animated toward the end of the evening when the rewards bestowed by the Emperor were mentioned.

You know N—N— received a snuffbox with the portrait last year? said the man of profound intellect. Why shouldn't S—H— get

the a promatist— a gift rather

For the King of Pura — phrase used in French to denote for a title of noval — The

THE WAR WAS flaming up and nearing the Russian frontier. Everywhere one heard curses on Bonaparte the enemy of mankind. Militiamen and recruits were being enrolled in the villages and from the seat of war came contradictory news false as usual and therefore variously interpreted. The life of old Prince Bolkonski, Prince Andrew and Princess Mary had greatly changed since 1805.

In 1806 the old prince was made one of the

He thought his son had been killed he did not think it right to refuse a duty in which he had been appointed by the Emperor himself and this fresh opportunity for action gave him new energy and strength. He was continually traveling through the three provinces entrusted to him was pedantic in the fulfillment of his duties severe to cruelty with his subordinates and went into everything down to the

cumsta ces allowed I have h ste ed t take
all step t that e d M y I ha e cceeded!
The Pruss general p de them el es on be
g pol te t the Fre h d lay d wn the r
arm t th first dema d.

"The head f the garr so t Glogau w th
ten th sand men asks the k g of Pru
hat be is d f he summ ed t s re
der All th s s bsolutely true

I h rt, h p to s title matt rs by t k g
ll keatt de t t r til t we ha e
la ded rsel es n wa a d wh t m n
r wn fro ters u th d f the k ng
f Pruss We ha e eryth g in perfect or
der ly el ttle th g u l ch g nam ly a
comma der n ch f A t wa on dered th
the Austerl tz success m l t h been m e
dec e had the comm der n h f ot be n
so yo ll oet g t n we e cwed
d f Proz d k ll k amen k the last
w

P tersb rg Th m l or t ken so the feld
marsha room f h l k e t lo everyth g
h mself I m called n t help so t the letters
d take those mea t f u The feld m rshal
lork n d wa t f lett rs dd essed t l m
Weser ch, b t e et bel u d Th feld
m rshal gro t mp t e t nd sets to w rkl m
sell d f d letters from the Empero to
Co t T Pri e l a d th rs. Then he burst
e f b w l d f es d raves t e cry
one d everyth ll n es the lett rs ope s
them, d reads thos from th Empero d
dressed t th rs. Ah! So that the way t ey
treat m l n

eral next in se or ty Count Buxhöw le I

g sent h m my wh le at ll d ll at be
lo s to t, d ng h m if there is a lack f
breal to m ve f rther to the interi r of
Pruss f ro ly e lay s t n of bre l re
ma s a d n some reg me t s n ne at all as
reported by the d v n comm lers O ter
ma d Sedm r t k s a d all that the pe a
ants h d h been eaten up I myself w ll r
ma n l osp tal t Ostrolenka t ll I reco er
In regard to w l ch I humbly subm t my re
port w th the s f mat n that if the n v re
ma in u p c ient b ouac an d l e r n g l t
there w ll n t be a healthy m n left m t b
p

Crant leav t ret ret l s e n try se t to
an o l m n w l o s l e dy n any ca e d h n
o ed by be ll unable t f ll the g eat l
gl r u t a k f w l ch h w chos n. I s ll
wa t y most grac u perm here i
ll p l t l t l m y n th a e t pl y the p r t
of a s e r t y r a t l r t a comm d n the
army My rem v l from the army d es n t pro
d

I

n t rally crea gly nterest g d ter
ta g After th feld m rsh l s leparture n
ppears t l t we c w th n s ght of the e r m y
a d m t g e battl B t l w d e is comm nd

v t s s y uk w h e ery b d w
of d c d g whel ll tle w s w r lost.
Those who et t fter a b t l ha e lost t
wh t w say d cco rd g t l t n w e w h
lost th b tle f Pult k In h t we et eat
ll the b t l ll t end c r r to P ters
ll rg w th n w of s t r y d Ce eral Ben
g e l p g t re e from Pet rsh rg the
po t f comm der n l e f r ward f l
c r y does t g e u p t e c ma l o f t l
m y t C eral B h ad n D r g t l s
terregn m w beg n ery g n l n l nter
est g s e r e s of m ers O r a m n o

t mall y n d g h w r t e s t th Em
per r l l e got sa l d l e so wh h m g
f e r ll my prev ou j o r n e y s q t p e v t s
m y d g d m m a d g s o t r m y
so l ha passed th comma d to th g n
w l d f sh ed ooden ca t ll co ed
w p. Th

burden of sorrow on one another and reproached and disputed with each other

Petrusha has come with papers from your father whispered the maid

Prince Andrew went out

Devil take them! he muttered and after listening to the verbal instructions his father had sent and taking the correspondence and his father's letter he returned to the nursery

Well? he asked

Still the same What for heaven's sake Karl Ivanich always says that sleep is more important than anything whispered Princess Mary with a sigh

Prince Andrew went up to the child and felt him He was burning hot

Confound you and your Karl Ivanich! He took the glass with the drops and again went up to the cot

Andrew don't! said Princess Mary

But he scowled at her angrily though also with suffering in his eyes and stooped glass in hand over the infant

But I wish it he said I beg you—give it him!

Princess Mary shrugged her shoulders but took the glass submissively and calling the nurse began giving the medicine The child screamed hoarsely Prince Andrew winced and clutching his head went out and sat down on a sofa in the next room

He still had all the letters in his hand Open

per as follows

Has just the moment received by special messenger very joyful news—it is not false Bennigsen seems to have obtained a complete victory over the Prussians at Eylau In the battle everyone rejoiced and the result is not to the advantage of the Prussians. Though he is a German—I congratulate

Has received another letter about the Eylau battle from Péténka—let me repeat it—and it is all true When the French made the attack the Prussians were beaten Buoyant He is said to be fleeing in great disorder. We do not yet know the exact result without delay and carry out strict

Prince Andrew sighed and broke the seal of another envelope It was a closely written letter of two sheets from Bilbin He folded it up

without reading it and reread his father's letter ending with the words Gallop off to Korchovo and carry out instructions!

No pardon me I won't go now till the child is better though he is going in the door and looking into the nursery

Princess Mary was still standing by the cot, gently rocking the baby

Ah yes and what else did he say that is unpleasant? thought Prince Andrew recalling his father's letter Yes I have gained a victory over Bonaparte just when I am not serving Yes yes he is always poking fun at me Ah well! Let him! And he began reading Bilbin's letter which was written in French He read without understanding half of it read on

CHAPTER IX

BILBIN WAS NOW at army headquarters in a diplomatic capacity and though he wrote in French and used French jests and French id

was happy to have in Prince Andrei a reliable correspondent to whom he could pour out the bile he had accumulated at the sight of all that was being done in the army The letter was old having been written before the battle at Preussisch Eylau

Since the day of our brilliant success at Ausertitz wrote Bilbin as you know my dear prince I never leave headquarters I have certainly acquired a taste for war and it is just as well for me what I have seen during these last three months is incredible

I begin ab ovo The enemy of the human race as you know attacks the Prussians The Prussians are our faithful allies who have only betrayed us three times in three years We take up their cause but it turns out that the enemy of the human race pays no heed to our fine speeches and in his rude and savage way

to smithereens and installs himself in the palace at Iotsdam

I most ardently desire writes the King of Prussia to Bonaparte that Your Majesty should be received and treated in my palace in a manner agreeable to yourself and in so far as cir

BOOK FIVE

circumstances allowed, I have taken all steps to that end. My have succeeded. The Prussian generals predicted no longer to the French and lay down their arms at the first demand.

"The head of the garrison at Gigaon with
ten thousand men asks the king of Pru
what he is to do if he is surrounded by the
armies of the king of Pru."

commander in chief. A t w a n d r e d t t
th Austri t z s u c c e s s m l t h e b e m u
dec s e h a d t h c o m m d e n c i e n t e e n
s o y u n o a l l u r o c t o r e s w e e r e e w e d
a n d f P r o x o r o s h d k a m e n t h e l i e r
w a s p r e f e r r e d. T h g e r a l m e t o u s S o
r o l i k t n k b i k a d r e c e e d w i t h a c
d u m a n i s i o y d t m p l

d tak those mea i f r Th field m r h l
 looks d a n f letters dd e ed i m
 W sea ch, b t no e et be f u l T f l d
 m a h a l g r o m p t t d e u s t w k l m
 w e l a n d f i d e t t e r s f m the Emp t
 Count T P r i v d t h r s Th l b r s
 t o n f h w l d f a s d e s t e r y
 and e s r y t h g e s the letters p e s
 them, and reads those f m the Emp d
 dressed t t h e r s. A h t S o t h t H w y t e y
 t r e a m N c o f i d e c m e l A h r d e r e d t o
 k e e p e y m l v r y w e l l t h t C t l g
 w i t h y o u S o h w r i e s t h f m u s d e r o f t h e
 d o t o G e r a l B g e

I am w ded dca t d d
 q only ca t comm d the rmy y l =
 brought y rmy corp t P lt k ted
 her t e posed d w th fcl fr b
 so somethu must be d d y y
 well reported to Co t B l wle yesterd y
 ou must th k f t g t f t -
 which d today

From all my rid g l w t c t l e F
peror I ha got ddle so ew l i m g
fter all my pre us i u y q t i
my di d m m d g so t i n r m y
so I ha passed th g m m d t l e g e
ld fa h ed ood ca l
w p T h

eral next to the Green Building and
a giant ham was visible and
lo to the, it was a very large
bread, it was famous in the
Pruss, I on one of the
ma a d some of the
reported by the d
man a d some of the
a is had been
ma n hospital
I regard which I
port with th
ma ns is present
there will be a
spr

Cra tle clore
 a ldm n who
 red by be g una let i
 gl n u t k l which he was clo
 w t your most gra vity
 l osp t l that I may not be
 of r r y rather
 army My rem al from
 duce the sl g test sur
 There t l u d

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the United States National Bank of Commerce, New York City, since the first meeting of the Board on January 1, 1900, to the present time.

Th... the... a... Th...
n... rally... crea... ngly... tem... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7... 8... 9... 10... 11... 12...
ta... g... After the... id... mar... a... 6... 7... 8... 9... 10... 11... 12...

the enemy and he will fight for the
port not fight and in his own hand

by bad w

Every day, I see the little
 you are in the little
 tree now, I see you in
 the series of the little
 boy who is the little
 child who is the little
 who is the little

So energetically do we pursue this aim that after crossing an unfordable river we burn the bridges to separate ourselves from our enemy who at the moment is not Bonaparte but Buxhowden. General Buxhowden was all but attacked and captured by a superior enemy force as a result of one of these maneuvers that enabled us to escape him. Buxhowden pursues us—we scuttle. He hardly crosses the river to our side before we recross to the other. At last our enemy Buxhowden catches us and attacks. Both generals are angry and the result is a challenge on Buxhowden's part and an epileptic fit on Bennigsen's. But at the critical moment the courier who carried the news of our victory at Pultusk to Petersburg returns bringing our appointment as commander in chief and our first foe Buxhowden is vanquished. We can now turn our thoughts to the second Bonaparte. But as it turns out just at that moment a third enemy rises before us—namely the *Orthodox Russian soldiers* loudly demanding bread, meat, biscuits, fodder, and whatnot! The stores are empty, the roads impassable. The Orthodox begin looting and in a way of which our last campaign can give you no idea. Half the regiments form bands and scour the countryside and put everything to fire and sword. The inhabitants are totally ruined, the hospitals overflow with sick and famine is everywhere. Twice the marauders even attack our headquarters and the commander in chief has to ask for a battalion to disperse them. During one of these attacks they carried off my empty portmanteau and my dressing gown. The Emperor proposes to give all commanders

I

At first Prince Andrew read with his eyes only but after a while in spite of himself (although he knew how far it was safe to trust Bilbin) what he had read began to interest him more and more. When he had read thus far he crumpled the letter up and threw it away. It was not what he had read that vexed him but the fact that the life out therein which he had now no part could perturb him. He shut his eyes, rubbed his forehead as if to rid himself of all interest in what he had read and listened to what was passing in the nursery. Suddenly he thought he heard a strange noise through the door. He was seized with alarm lest something should have happened to the child while he was reading the letter. He went on tiptoe to the nursery door and opened it.

Just as he went in he saw that the nurse was hiding something from him with a scared look and that Princess Mary was no longer by the cot.

My dear, he heard what seemed to him a despairing whisper behind him.

dead. All that he saw and heard seemed to confirm this terror.

All at once he thought and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He went to the cot in confusion, sure that he would find it empty and that the nurse had been hiding the dead baby. He drew the curtain aside and for some

head lower than the pillow and was smacking his lips in his sleep and breathing evenly.

Prince Andrew was as glad to find the boy like that as if he had already lost him. He beat over him and as his sister had taught him, tried with his lips whether the child was still feverish. The soft forehead was moist. Prince Andrew touched the head with his hand; even the hair was wet so profusely had the child perspired. He was not dead but evidently the crisis was over and he was convalescent. Prince Andrew longed to snatch up to squeeze to hold to his heart this helpless little creature but dared not do so. He stood over him gazing at his head and at the little arms and legs which showed under the blanket. He heard a rustle behind him and a shadow appeared under the curtain of the cot. He did not look round but still gazing at the infant's face listened to his regular breathing. The dark shadow was Princess Mary who had come up to the cot with noiseless steps, lifted the curtain and dropped it again behind her. Prince Andrew recognized her without looking and held out his hand to her. She pressed it.

He has perspired, said Prince Andrew.

I

dim shadow of the curtain her luminous eyes shone more brightly than usual from the tears of joy that were in them. She leaned over the elder brother and kissed him slightly catching the curtain of the cot. Each made the other a warning gesture and stood still in the dim light beneath the curtain as if not wishing to

leave that edus o where they three were shut
from all the world. Pr n e A drew wa the
first t move way ruff n his hair aga t the
muslin f th curta

"Yes, this is the one th gl f t me n w he
s d th gh.

CHAPTER V

SoO AFTER his admist n to the M so c Broth-
erhood, P erre we t t sh k ev pro ce
mber of serfs, tak

stewards t th head fice nd expl ed to
them h tentu ns and wishes. He t ld them
that steps would be take unmed t ly to free
his serfs—and that till then they were n t be
erburd ed with labo women while nurs-
ing th ir bab es were n i to be sent to wo k
assistance ast be given t the serfs, p ish
me is er t be dmon t ry a d not corporal
and hosp tals, asyl ms, d schools wer t be
established ll th estates. Some of the stew-
ards (there were semil terate f remen m g
them) listened w th lrm uppos g these
words to mea that th you g count wa d s-
pleased w th their ma game t d embezzle-
m t of mo ev some fter th first fright
ere amused by P erre l p d th new words

could best handl the master f r th r wn
ends.

The chu l teward expressed great sympathy
w th P erre t ns, but ema ked that be-
sides these cha ges t w uld be necessary t go
o the general tate f affa m which was far
from satisf ct ry

Deep te Co t Benuk v en rmous wealth
h had me t n ome wh ch was
said to amount to fi hu dred thousand ru-
bles year P erre f l h mself fa poore than
wh his father had mad h m n ll wa ce
f ten thousand rubles. H had d m per ep-
to f th f ll w g bud t

About 80 000 w t paym nts on all the
esta es to th Land B k bout 3 000 w t
for the pkeep f th esta ear Most w th
town house d th ll wance t th three
princesses bo 000 was g en pe ns
nd the same m f asylums 5 000 al
mony was sent t the cou tess bo 000

we t f t terest d bts. The bu ld n of a
new church p ev nly begun had cost b t
0,000 n e h of the la t two ears, and he
d d not know how th rest, bout 10 000
rubles, wa spent, d lmost every year he wa
ll g ed to borrow Bes des th s the ch f st w
and wrote every y a tell g h m of f es t
bad harvests, o of the neces ty of rebu ld
s g facti es a d w rk hops So the first ta k
P err had to f e wa one f r wh ch he had
ery l tle ptude or nd n t n—pract cal
bus ess.

— — — — —

n t l kup w th them r make them m e U
the ne ha d the h e f steward put th st t of
— — — — —

P erre dema ded th t eps should be t ken to
lberat th serf wh h the steward met b
how g the neces t of first p vin off the
loa s from the Land B k nd the consequent
mpos b lty of speedy eman pation

The steward d d not say t wa qu te mpos-
ble but suggested sell g the f rest t l
pro ce f Kostroma the l d lwer down
the er d the Crimean estate orle to
make t pos ble ll f wh h operatio ac-
cord ng to h m were nected w th u h com-
pl cated measures—th remo al of j nct o
pet t s, perm ts, d so on—that P erre be-
came qu e bew ld red and only repl ed

"Yes yes do so

P erre had o of the pract cal pers tence
th t would ha e bled h m t t d to the
bu ess h mself d so he d lked t d only
tried t pret nd to the steward th t h wa t
t nd g to t. Th teward f his part t ed to
p e e d to the co t that h cons d ed these
o ulta on ry aluabl f r the p p t
d troublesom e h mself.

l k ev P err f und some peopl l knew
d tra ers h tenced t make fi qua t
e d jo fully w l med th r h ew omer
th largest l ndowner of th pro e Temp-
tatio to P err s greatest w e es—the
t wh h he had confessed when dm tted to
the Lodge—were so tro g th t h e u d not re-
them. Aga whol days weeks, d month
f his l l used n great rush nd w
much occup ed w th e e g p r tes, d ers
lunches nd balls, g h m no tum f re-

So energetically do we pursue this aim that after crossing an unfordable river we burn the bridges to separate ourselves from our enemy who at the moment is not Bonaparte but Buxhowden. General Buxhowden was all but attacked and captured by a superior enemy force as a result of one of these maneuvers that enabled us to escape him. Buxhowden pursues us—we scuttle. He hardly crosses the river to our side before we recross to the other. At last our enemy Buxhowden catches us and attacks. Both generals are angry and the result is a challenge on Buxhowden's part and an epileptic fit on Bennigsen's. But at the critical moment the courier who carried the news of our victory at Pultusk to Petersburg returns bringing our appointment as commander in chief and our first foe Buxhowden is vanquished. We can now turn our thoughts to the second Bonaparte. But as it turns out just at that moment a third enemy rises before us.

...ooting and in a way of which our last campaign can give you no idea. Half the regiments form bands and scour the countryside and put everything to fire and sword. The inhabitants are totally ruined, the hospitals overflow with sick and famine is everywhere. Twice the marauders even attack our headquarters and the commander in chief has to ask for a battalion to disperse them. During one of these attacks they carried off my empty portmanteau and my dressing gown. The Emperor—
of divisions
I much fear
to shoot the

At first Prince Andrew read with his eyes only but after a while in spite of himself (although he knew how far it was safe to trust Billbin) what he had read began to interest him more and more. When he had read thus far he crumpled the letter up and threw it away. It was not what he had read that vexed him but the fact that the life out there in which he had now no part could perturb him. He shut his eyes, rubbed his forehead as if to rid himself of all interest in what he had read and listened to what was passing in the nursery. Suddenly he thought he heard a strange noise through the door. He was seized with alarm, lest something should have happened to the child while he was reading the letter. He went on tiptoe to the nursery door and opened it.

Just as he went in he saw that the

My dear he heard what seemed to him her despairing whisper behind him
As often happens after long

at the saw and heard seemed to confirm this terror

All is over he thought and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead in confusion and that baby. He drew the curtain aside and for some time his frightened, restless eyes could not find the baby. At last he saw him: the rosy boy had tossed about till he lay across the bed with his head lower than the pillow and was smacking his lips in his sleep and breathing evenly.

Prince Andrew was as glad to find the boy like that as if he had already lost him. He bent over him and as his sister had taught him, tried with his lips whether the child was still feverish. The soft forehead was moist. Prince Andrew touched the head with his hand even the hair was wet so profusely had the child perspired. He was not dead but evidently the crisis was over and he was convalescent. Prince Andrew longed to snatch up to squeeze to hold to his heart this helpless little creature but dared not do so. He stood over him gazing at his head and at the little arms and legs which showed under the blanket. He heard a rustle behind him and a shadow appeared under the curtain of the cot. He did not look round but still gazing at the infant's face he

... it again behind her. Prince Andrew recognized her with his

I was coming to tell you so. The child moved slightly in his sleep, smiled, and rubbed his forehead against the pillow. Prince Andrew looked at his sister. In the dim shadow of the curtain her luminous eyes shone more brightly than usual from the tears of joy that were in them. She leaned over to her brother and kissed him, almost glidingly catching the curtain of the cot. Each made the other a warning gesture and stood still in the dim light beneath the curtain as if not wishing to

but he insisted, though reluctantly on what he thought right. The steward promised to do all in his power to carry out the commands he saw he clearly thought to only would the court ever be able to find out whether all measures had been taken for the sale of the land and rests to release them from the Land Bank, but would probably ever encourage a deal would ever that the newly erected building

CHAPTER VI

RERITA IN RE T HIS journey through Soth Russia the happiest time of Prince Pierre carried out to the unhappily had of Russia his friend Bolikó, who when he did not seem two ears.

Boo-cháro lay in flat uninteresting part of the country among fields of forests of fir and birch, which were partly cut down. The house-labourer newly deposited filled with water the brick down the hills bare of grass.

was garden only of the finest of gates were and sold for pumps of water cart, painted green, stood on the paths were tramways, the bridges were iron and had handrails. Everywhere good management. Some domestic servants Pierre met, copy of the cases as to where the printed, posted to small newly built lodge close to the post. A to man who had looked after Prince Andrew his boyhood, helped Pierre to his carriage and showed him to his room, and showed him to his room.

Pierre was struck by the modesty of the small though clean house after the ill-lit streets of Petersburg.

He quickly entered the small reception room which is still unplastered wood on wall redolent of pine, and would have gone farther but a servant ran ahead to the door and knocked.

"Well, what is it?" came sharp unpleasant voice.

AVSTRA SWED Anton.
Ask me to at the soul was heard of his being present.
Pierre went through the steps to the door and suddenly came face to face with Prince Andrew who came to him and looked at him. Pierre embraced him and felt perfectly at ease. He looked at him closely.

Well, didn't expect you I am very glad to see you.

Pierre said to him he looked fixedly at his friend with surprise. He was struck by the change in him. His words were kindly and there was a smile on his lips and face but

these were different from the past. He felt a great wish to do so he could not get them a joyous glad smile. Prince Andrew had grown thinner, paler, more melancholy, but with a smile and a strange Pierre felt he got used to these things. He saw a gleam on his brow, a cat, propped up, sitting on some one's thigh.

As usually the case with people meeting for the first time, separation was a long business. They parted and gave each other a long look. At length, after a long conversation, gradually settled on some of the points at first fully touched on their plans for the future. Pierre's journey and occupation, the war, and so on. The preoccupation of the government which Pierre had not noticed in his first look was now all more clearly expressed. The smile which he had seen in Pierre especially when he spoke with joyful interest of the past. It was as if Prince Andrew would have liked to sympathize with Pierre's feelings but did not. The latter began to feel that it was bad to let the peak of his enthusiasm, dreams, hopes of happiness, good wishes to Prince Andrew escape. He was ashamed to express his own views, which had been partly reflected and then by his letter to him.

LETSU RG

I can't tell you how much I have learned through science. I hardly know myself again.

"Yes, we have altered much, very much," then said Prince Andrew.

fection as in Petersburg Instead of the new

enjoined every Mason to set an example of moral life and that of the seven virtues he lacked two—morality and the love of death He consoled himself with the thought that he fulfilled another of the precepts—that of reforming the human race—and had other virtues—love of his neighbor and especially generosity

In the spring of 1807 he decided to return to Petersburg On the way he intended to visit all his estates and see for himself how far his orders had been carried out and in what state were the serfs whom God had entrusted to his care and whom he intended to benefit

The chief steward who considered the young count's attempts almost insane—unprofitable to himself to the count and to the serfs—made some concessions Continuing to represent the liberation of the serfs as impracticable he arranged for the erection of large buildings—schools hospitals and asylums—on all the estates before the master arrived Everywhere preparations were made not for ceremonious welcomes (which he knew Pierre would not like) but for just such gratefully religious ones

erected or in course of erection all on one plan for hospitals schools and almshouses which were soon to be opened Everywhere he saw the stewards' accounts according to which the serfs' manorial labor had been diminished, and heard the touching thanks of deputations of serfs in their full skirted blue coats.

What Pierre did not know was that the place where they presented him with bread and salt and wished to build a chantry in honor of Peter and Paul was a market village where a fair was held on St. Peter's day and that the richest peasants (who formed the deputation) had begun the chantry long before but that nine tenths of the peasants in that village were in a state of the greatest poverty He did not know that since the nursing mothers were no longer sent to work on his land they did still harder work on their own land He did not know that the priest who met him with the cross oppressed the peasants by his exactions and that the pupils' parents wept at having to let him take their children and secured their release by heavy payments He did not know that the brick buildings built to plan were being built by serfs whose manorial labor was thus increased though lessened on paper He did not know that where the steward had shown him in the accounts that the serfs' payments had been diminished by a third their obligatory manorial work had been increased by a half And so Pierre was delighted with his visit to his estates and quite recovered the philanthropic mood in which he had left Petersburg and wrote enthusiastic letters to his brother-instructor as he called the Grand Master

How easy it is how little effort it needs to do so much good thought Pierre and how little attention we pay to it!

for these simple kindly people

The chief steward a very stupid but cunning

harder with proofs of the impossibility and above all the uselessness of freeing the serfs.

pier people said that God only knew what would happen to them when they were free

Pierre The estates he had not before visited were each more picturesque than the other the serfs everywhere seemed thriving and touchingly grateful for the benefits conferred on them Every where were receptions which though they embarrassed Pierre awakened a joyful feeling in the depth of his heart In one place the peasants presented him with bread and salt and an icon of Saint Peter and Saint Paul asking permission as a mark of their gratitude for the benefits he had conferred on them to build a new chantry to the church at their own expense in honor of Peter and Paul his patron saints In another place the women with infants in arms met him to thank him for releasing them from hard work On a third estate the priest bearing a cross came to meet him surrounded by children whom by the

b th ns ted, th ough relucta tly on what he
tho ght righ t. The steward prom ed t do ll
h power to carry ut the co t w hes
lea l that n t o ly would the u t

A str answered Antón
All mto t ntle sou d was heard
of a cl rbe n ju l ed b ck
P erre w nt il r p d st p to the dow a d
ldenly came fa e o f ce with Prince An
drew who cam utf w ga l look gold
Pierre embraced l man l l l t l specta les
ks ed h f e d on th cle k l looked at
h m closely

co c. ed to gr n mo ey a u v
ther peopl serfs ga e—that is to say all that
could be got out of them.

CHAPTER XI

RETURN IN RUSIA his journey through South
Russia dle h p p est st te l m d Perre
carried t t u n l e l d long had of
visu g h l end Bolkó ka wh m he h d n t
see l tw years.

Boru háro lay n a flat un interest ng p rt
f the co try m fields a d l ests f fir
and burch, which we p rly cut d wn The
house l y behu d ewly dug po d filled w th
a er to th bri k d w th b ks t ll bar of
grass. It as t th e d l l l e that t etched
lo g the h hro d th m d st of you g
cose wh ch few fi trees.

Th homestead co st ed of thresh g lloo
thouses tables b thh use lodge d
large bnck house w th sem circular f cad still
co ne f co truct R u d l h use
was garde ewly d l t. Th l nces d
gates ew d sol d tw f e pumps d
ater cart, p ted gree ood l ed the
paths were tra hi, th bridges were wro ng
d had ha dra l E syth g bo e n mp ess
f t d ess d good m gem t Som do-
mestic erl P r r me ply qu es as
t her th pri l ed po ed t mall
ew l l t lodg los t th po d A to
ma wh h d looked ft Pr A drew n
his boyhood h lped P r r ut f h carr ge
as d that the p ce wa t h m d h wed
him c lea l d t room.

Perr a ruck b th modesty of th sm ll
tho gh clea house f erth b ll urro d
g wh ch h had l t m t l f e d
Petersburg

H quickly en red th sm ll pt n room
w th ts till u plas ered wood n wall redol-
lent f p e d w uld ha go f rther but
A ra head t p oe d k ked t
doo

"W ll what is ? cam harp u pleasant
to e

Well l d d te pect you l a n cry gl d
s d Pr ce And cw

Perr es d oil g he loked f edly at h s
frie d w th s rpr c He wa tuck ly the
ch ge n h m. H word w re k nly a d
there was a sm le on h sl ps a d f c but h
eyes were dull and l f less l n p te of h
es dent w h to lo so he could n t g e them a
joyo s d gl d p kl Pr ce And w l d
— — ew n ler d more ma l look g

n someone l ght.

As usu lly th case w th people meet g
after prol ged p rat it wa l be
f e ther c n ersat n ould settle on ny
d g They put q est oms d ga e b e l r
ples bout th gs they k ewought t bet k d
er t l gth. At l tle co ersat o grad
lly etted some of the t p es at first l tly
d ed on the p t l f pl n s f r tle l
tue e Perr es jo ney a l occp t n the
ar d so o. The prencup t m d de-
po de cy wh ch P re h d not ed n h
friend look was w st l m e clea ly ex-
pressed n t l w d w l ch h l tened t
l err espec lly when h spoke w l joy f l
m t f sh p t th f ture l was as f
Pr Andrew w ld ha e l k ed t s mp tle
w th wh s Perr e w s say g but o ld n t
Th l tter began to f l that it wa had ta te
to peak f h s enthus ms dreams, d h pes
f h pp ess o good ess n Pri A drew
p es ce. He w harned t express his w
Mason c ew s wh ch h d been part cul ly e-
ed d stre thened by l s l t e t He
f eck d h m elf f e a ng t seem n yet he
f l t n irresist ble des re to h wh l d as
soon as poss bl th tle was w q t d f
f t, nd bett r e erre than he had been n
Petersburg

I ca t tell y u how much I ha e l ed
through s nce the l hardly know myself
ga n.

Yes w ha e lered much, cry much, #
then s d Pr ce A drew

Well and you? What are your plans?

Plans! repeated Prince Andrew ironically. My plans? he said as if astonished at the word. Well, you see, I'm building. I mean to settle here altogether next year.

Pierre looked silently and searchingly into Prince Andrew's face, which had grown much older.

No, I meant to ask, Pierre began, but Prince Andrew interrupted him.

But why talk of me? Talk to me, yes, tell me about your travels and all you have been doing on your estates.

Pierre began describing what he had done on his estates, trying as far as possible to conceal his own part in the improvements that had been made. Prince Andrew several times prompted Pierre's story of what he had been doing, as though it were all an old time story, and he listened not only without interest but even as if ashamed of what Pierre was telling him.

Pierre felt uncomfortable and even depressed in his friend's company and at last became silent.

I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, said Prince Andrew, who evidently also felt depressed and constrained with his visitor. I am only bivouacking here and have just come to look round. I'm going back to my estate. I will know.

entertained whom he now found nothing in common. We'll go after dinner. And would you now like to look round my place?

They went out and walked about till dinner time, talking of the political news and common acquaintances like people who do not know each other intimately. Prince Andrew spoke with some animation and interest only of the new homestead he was constructing and its buildings, but even here, while on the scaffolding in the midst of a talk explaining the future arrangements of the house, he interrupted himself.

However, this is not at all interesting. Let us have dinner, and then we'll set off.

At dinner, conversation turned on Pierre's marriage.

I was very much surprised when I heard of it, said Prince Andrew.

Pierre blushed as he always did when it was mentioned and said hurriedly: I will tell you some time how it all happened. But you know it all over and forever.

Forever? said Prince Andrew. Nothing forever.

But you know how it all ended, don't you? You heard of the duel?

And so you had to go through that too!

One thing I thank God for is that I did not kill that man, said Pierre.

Why so? asked Prince Andrew.

What does harm to another is wrong, said Pierre, feeling a little pleasure that for the first time since his arrival Prince Andrew was roused.

had begun to talk and wanted to express what had brought him to his present state.

And who has told you what is bad for an other man? he asked.

Bad! Bad! exclaimed Pierre.

Since Prince Andrew growing more and more animated and evidently wishing to express his new outlook to Pierre, he spoke in French, only knowing a very few words in life, remorse and illness.

The only good is the absence of those evils. To live for myself, avoiding those evils in my whole philosophy now.

And love of one's neighbor and self sacrifice? began Pierre. No, I can't agree with you! To live only so as not to do evil and not to have to repent is not enough. I lived like that.

only me. (Pierre)

to live with others only now have I understood all the happiness of life. No, I shall not agree with you and you do not really believe what you are saying.

Prince Andrew looked silently at Pierre with an ironic smile.

When you see my sister, I'll tell you. You'll get on with her, he said. Perhaps you are right for yourself, he added after a short pause, but everyone lives for himself.

lived for yourself and you nearly ruined your life and only found happiness when you began living for others. I expected you to do the reverse. I lived for glory.

After all, what is glory? The same love of others, desire to do something for them, a desire for their approval.

al-So I lived for others, and not almost, but quite, ruined myself. And I have become calmer since I began to live only for myself.

"But what do you mean by I only for myself," asked Pierre, growing excited. "What about your son, your sister, and your father?"

"But that's just the same as myself—they are not," explained Prince Andrew. "The others are a bother, I pocket as you and Princess Mary call it, are the chief source of all error and evil. Let's pocket our Kiev peasants to whom you want to do good."

And he looked at Pierre with mocking, challenge expression. He evidently wished to draw him in.

"I am joking," replied Pierre, growing more and more excited. "What error or evil can there be in my wishing to do good, and even doing it, though I did evil to it and did it very badly. What evil can there be in it if unfortunate people, our serfs, people like ourselves, were growing up and dying with no idea of God, and truth, and ceremonies, and meaningless prayers and are without trust in comfort, belief in future life, retribution, recompense, and consolation. What evil and error are there in it, if people were dying of disease who help while the medical assistance could so easily be rendered, and I supplied them with doctors, hospital, and asylums to live in. And is not palpable unquestionable good if peasant, woman with babies has no rest, and no right to dig, to them rest and leisure," said Pierre, hurrying and lapsing. And I have done that though badly and in small extent, but I have done something toward it and you cannot persuade me that was no good action, and more than that, you can make me believe that you do not think so yourself. And the main thing is, he continued, that I know and know for certain, that this enjoyment of doing this good is to me a sure happiness in life.

"Yes, if you put it like that, a quiet different matter," said Prince Andrew. "I build house and lay out garden and you build hospital. The one and the other may serve as a pause. But what now and what good may be judged by who knows all, but not by us. Well, you want an argument, he added, come, then.

They rose from the table and sat down in the entrance porch which served as a veranda.

Come, let's argue then, said Prince Andrew. "I talk of schools, he went on, took

up a finger and cut on and so forth that is, you want to raise him (pointing to a peasant who passed by them taking off his cap) from his material condition and awaken in him spiritual needs while it seems to me that material happiness is the only happiness possible and that it is just what you want to deprive him of. I envy him, but you want to make him what I am, without giving him means. Then you say that his intellect is low, I see it, physical labor is as essential to him as much as food to us of his existence, a mental activity to you. You can still think, I go to bed after two in the morning, though his comes at dawn. I cannot sleep but toss about till dawn because I think I cannot help the laborer just as he cannot help plowing and mowing if he didn't, he would go to the shop or fall ill, just as I could not stand the terrible physical labor."

At this point

He has hit, he said, and you come and bleed him and patch him up. He will drag about as a cripple, burden to everybody for another ten years. It would be far easier and simpler for him to die. Others are born and there is repentance of them at last. It would be different if you grudged leaving a laborer—that's how I regard him—but you want to cure him from love of him. And he does not want that. And besides, what not on that matter ever cured anyone killed them, yes said he from a gantry and turned away from Pierre. Prince Andrew expressed his ideas so clearly and distinctly that it was evident he had reflected on this subject more than once and he spoke readily and rapidly like a man who has not talked long. His glance became more animated as his conclusions became more hopeless.

Oh, that is dreadful, dreadful, said Pierre. "I do not understand how one can live with such ideas. I had such moments myself not long ago, in Moscow, and when traveling but at such times I collapsed so that I did not live at all—everything seems hateful to me myself most of all. Then I don't eat, don't wash and how is it with you."

"Why not wash. That is not clean," said Prince Andrew. "On the contrary, one must try to make one's life as pleasant as possible. I make all that is not my fault, so I must live out my life as best I can without hurting others."

Well and you? What are your plans?

Plans? repeated Prince Andrew ironically.

My plans? he said as if astonished at the word. Well you see I'm building I mean to settle here altogether next year.

Pierre looked silently and searchingly into Prince Andrew's face which had grown much older.

No I meant to ask, Pierre began, but Prince Andrew interrupted him.

But why talk of me? Talk to me yes tell me about your travels and all you have been doing on your estates.

Pierre began describing what he had done on his estates trying as far as possible to conceal his own part in the improvements that had been made. Prince Andrew several times prompted Pierre's story of what he had been doing as though it were all an old time story and he listened not only without interest but even as if ashamed of what Pierre was telling him.

Pierre felt uncomfortable and even depressed in his friend's company and at last became silent.

I'll tell you what my dear fellow said Prince Andrew who evidently also felt depressed and constrained with his visitor. I am only bivouacking here and have just come to look round. I am going back to my sister today. I'll introduce you to her. But of course you know her already he said evidently trying to entertain a visitor with whom he now found nothing in common. We will go after dinner. And would you now like to look round my place?

They went out and walked about till dinner time talking of the political news and common acquaintances like people who do not know each other intimately. Prince Andrew spoke with some animation and interest only of the new homestead he was constructing and its buildings but even here while on the scaffold in the midst of a talk explaining the

Forever? said Prince Andrew. Nothing forever.

But you know how it all ended don't you. You heard of the duel?

And so you had to go through that too.

One thing I thank God for is that I did not kill that man said Pierre.

Why so? asked Prince Andrew. To kill a vicious dog is a very good thing really.

No to kill a man is bad—wrong.

Why is it wrong? urged Prince Andrew. It is not given to man to know what is right and what is wrong. Men always did and always will err and in nothing more than in what they consider right and wrong.

What does harm to another is wrong said Pierre feeling with pleasure that for the first time since his arrival Prince Andrew was roused.

What harm? he asked.

Bad! Bad! exclaimed Pierre. We all know what is bad for ourselves.

Yes we know that but the harm I am conscious of in myself is something I cannot inflict on others said Prince Andrew growing more and more animated and evidently wishing to express his new outlook to Pierre. He spoke in French. I only know too very real evils in life remorse and illness. The only good is the absence of those evils. To live for myself avoiding those evils is my whole philosophy now.

And love of one's neighbor and self sacrifice? began Pierre. No I can't agree with you! To live only so as not to do evil and not to have to repent is not enough. I lived like that. I lived for myself and ruined myself. And only now when I am living or at least trying (I erre's modesty made him correct himself) to live for others only now have I understood all the happiness of life. No I shall not agree with you and you do not really believe what you are saying. Prince Andrew looked silently at Pierre with an ironic smile.

When you see my sister Princess Mary you'll get on with her he said. Perhaps you are right for yourself he added after a short pause but everyone lives in his own way you lived for yourself and I say you nearly ruined your life and only found happiness when you began living for others. I expected just the reverse. I lived for glory—and after all what is glory? The same love of others a desire to do something for them a desire to be the first for

And then I'll set off

At dinner conversation turned on Pierre's marriage.

I was very much surprised when I heard of it said Prince Andrew.

Pierre blushed as he always did when it was all told you know

like bull-bait have why do th k
so. Y 'ho ld not thi k so."

"Think Wha bou asked Prince A drew
with surprise.

Abo t his bout man dest It ca t be
so. I myself thought like that, a d do you know
hat saved m Freemasonry! N d t smile.
Freemasonry is ot rel no ceremonial sect

I thought t was Freemason ry is the best ex
presso f the best, the eternal pects of hu-
man ry

And he bewa t e pl n Freemasonry as he
understood t to Prince A drew H said that
Freemason ry is the teachi of Christa ty
freed from the bo ds f State d Church a
teachin f equal ty brotherhood, d l e.

Onl ur holy brotherhood has th real
meaning f l l all the rest is dream said
P erre Understa d, m dea f how that o t
ad t was union ll m filled w th dece t d
falsehood and I erce w th ro that th "is
left fo an t lligent d good man but to
live out his life, l k you, merel try not to
harm others. B t make our f damental con
nec tions w th the world as it is.

gunning, f which is hudden n hea n said
Pierre.

Prince Andrew look tra hit n fro t of
him, liste d n dence P erre words. M re
than ce wh th is f the wheels pre-
vented his ca ch what P erre sa d, h a ked
him t repeat t, d b th peculia gl w that
cam int Prince A drew eyes d by his
silence, Pierre saw that his word were t n
vain nd that Prin e Andrew would not in-
terrupt him laugh t what h sa d

They reached n er that had o erfl wed is
banks d which they had to cross b ferry
Whil th carnage and h res were be n placed
on t, they lso stepped the raft.

Prince A drew lea his rms n th raft
rail wazed sil dly t th flood waters
glutterin in the settin sun.

"Well what do think bo t l. P erre
asked. "Why are y ile t.

"What do I think bo t I m list n to
you. I all ery well. Y u say: jo n ur
brotherhood and w ll show you th m f
l f th desti f ma d th laws wh h go
ern th ld. B who ar w Men H was t
you kn w ery thing. Why do I alo t see
what you see Y u see re n f goodness d
truth earth, b t I d n see t

P erre: interrupted I m.

Do you bel eve a future ell he led.

"A future f Pr e Andrew repeated, but
P erre, g g l m ro t me to r pl took the
repeti on f m d nual the more readly t he
knew Pri ce A drews f inner athe t co
ct ns.

truth, all f l s d e l but in the u erse
in the whole u erse d ere is a k nod m f
truth, d we who are now the ch ld en of
earth re-et m lly—ch ldren f the whol u
erse. Don t I feel n my soul that I m part of
this va t harmo ous whole? Don t I feel that
I form o e l k o step between the l wer
d hu her be n, n thus va t harmo ous mul
ut de of be g s w lom the De ty—the U
preme P wer f you prefer the term— ma
fest? If I see clearly see that ladder lead
from pl t to ma why sho ld I s ppose t
breaks off at me nd does not go f rther nd
farther? I feel that I cannot vanuh s n e oth-
in va shes n th wo ld, but that I hall I
ways exist d l a ha e ex ted. I feel that
beyond me nd sho m there resp rits, and
that n thus wo ld there truth.

bled d b turned way) d odd ly that
bein s se red with pa suffers, d ceases to
exist. Wh It cannot be that there m no
nswer And I bel eve there is. That what
convinces that is what has convi ced me sa d
Pri ce Andrew

"Yes, yes, f course sa d P erre, isn t that
what I m sa

"No. All I say that it m not argument that
co nvinces m n a

III.

"Well that t th Y u know that there is
a ther d there is S m Ther is th
f ture life. Th S mea es—God.

Pr Andrew did not reply The carnage

But with such ideas what motive have you for living? One would sit without moving undertaking nothing

Life as it is serves one no peace I should be thankful to do nothing but here on the one hand the local nobility have done me the honor to choose me to be their marshal it was all I could do to get out of it They could not understand that I have not the necessary qualifications for it—the kind of good natured fussy shallowness necessary for the position Then there's this house which must be built in order to have a nook of one's own in which to be quiet And now there's this recruiting

Why aren't you serving in the army?

After Austerlitz said Prince Andrew gloomily No thank you very much I have promised myself not to serve again in the active Russian army And I won't—not even if Bonaparte were here at Smolensk threatening Bald Hills—even then I wouldn't serve in the Russian army! Well as I was saying he continued recovering his composure now there's this recruiting My father is chief in command of the Third District and my only way of avoiding active service is to serve under him

Then you are serving?

I am

He praised a little a while

And why do you serve?

Why for this reason! My father is one of the most remarkable men of his time But he is growing old and though not exactly cruel he has too energetic a character He is so accustomed to unlimited power that he is terrible and now he has this authority of a commander in chief of the recruiting granted by the Emperor If I had been ten hours late a fortnight ago he would have had a paymaster's clerk at Yuhkhnova hanged said Prince Andrew with a smile So I am serving because I alone have any influence with my father and now and then can save him from actions which would torment him afterwards

Well there you see!

Yes but it's not as you imagine Prince Andre continued I didn't do and do not in the least care about that scoundrel of a clerk who had stolen some boots from the recruits I should even have been very glad to see him hanged But I was sorry for my father—that again is for myself

Prince Andrew grew more and more animated His eyes glittered feverishly while he tried to prove to Pierre that in his actions there was no desire to do good to his neighbor

There now you wish to liberate your serfs he continued that is a very good thing but not for you—I don't suppose you ever had a one flogged or sent to Siberia—and still less for your serfs If they are beaten flogged or sent

ple I pity and for their sake I should like to liberate the serfs You may not have seen but I

harsh are conscious of it but cannot restrain themselves and grow more and more miserable

Prince Andrew spoke so earnestly that Pierre could not help thinking that these thoughts had been suggested to Prince Andrew by his father's case

He did not reply

So that is what I am sorry for—human depravity of mind purity and not the serfs' backs and foreheads which beat and shave as you may always remain the same backs and foreheads

No not a thousand times no! I shall never agree with you said Pierre

CHAPTER VII

IN THE EVENING Andrew and Pierre got into the open carriage and drove to Bald Hills Prince Andrew glancing at Pierre broke the silence now and then with remarks which showed that he was in a good temper

Pointing to the fields he spoke of the improvements he was making in his husbandry

Pierre remained gloomily silent answer in monosyllables and apparently immersed in his own thoughts

He was thinking that Prince Andrew was unhappy had gone astray did not see the true light and that he Pierre ought to enlighten and raise him But as soon as he thought of what he should say he felt that Prince Andrew with one single argument could upset all his teaching and he shrank from beginning afraid of exposing to possible ridicule what to him was precious and sacred

But why do you think so? Pierre suddenly began lowering his head and looking

BOOK FIVE

le a bull bout t h rg wlyd y u th nk
 o y u lo id n t th k so
 Th nk? What bout? ked Prince An l ew
 h surprise
 Abo t l fe but ma dest ny It can t be
 m l myself th h t l ke that nd do y u kn w
 h t sa ed me? F eem sorry? N d n s m l
 F maso ry t rel use emo l s ect
 l tho ght t wa Freemasonry is the best ex
 p ess f th best t l e t e r n l a p e c t s of hu
 m n y

A d h bea n t pl n F eemasonry as h
 d rstood t Pr n Andrew He sa d that
 Freemaso ry the teach f Chr tian ty
 feed fr m th bonds of State nd Cl u ch
 ch g frequ l ty br therhood d l
 Only ur h ly brotherhood h s t l e l
 m an l l e all th rest s d eam sa d
 Perr U d rsta d my d fell w that out
 d th all filled w th dece t nd
 f l se hood d l gree w th you d t n th s
 left f t l l g t nd good man but to
 l th l f l k y u merely try g n t to
 harm thers B t m ke ur fa d ment l con
 ct go w j n ur broth rhood g e
 y rself p e us let y rself be gu ded nd
 y w l t f l y urself l l e felt my
 self part f th t wa t n bl ch n the be
 g g f wh cl us hudd n h sa d
 P

ed hu ca h what P
 hunt pe t t d by th pecul r gl w that
 came to Pr A d w eyes nd by hus
 l Perr e saw that hu w ds w e r n t
 d th P Andrew w u l l n
 t r o p t h u m l gh t w a t h sa d
 They eache d th t had e r l w e d u s
 l l s d h ch they h d cr s s by ferry
 Wh l th carr ge d h r s e w e b e g p l c e d
 t h y l s o t p p d th raft
 Pr A d e w l g h u s r m s n h e raft
 r a l g a z d l e n l y t h flood g w a t e r s
 g l t t e r i n g the t g u n
 W l l hat d y u th u k bo t? Perr e
 asked Why y u l e ?
 "Wha d l th nk bout t? I m l s t e to
 you l l r y w l l Y u y j o ur
 broth hood d w w l l h w y u t h e m f
 l f th dest n v f m d h l w s w h ch gov
 e r n t h d l B t w h w Men H w s t
 f k o w r y h g? Why d l l o not see
 hat y se y use n f good e s s d
 trul rth, b l d n t e e t

Pierre interrupted l m
 Doy ub l e e a future l se? l e asked
 A futu e l l Pr nce Andrew repeated but
 Perr e g l m t t me to reply took t l e
 repet t n f r d l t l e m e r e a d l y a s l e
 knew Prince And ew f m e r t l s t c o n
 c t n

Y u say y u c a t see a r e - n of goodness
 and truth on e a r t h N r could I and it can
 n t b e s e e if one l o k s on ou l e l e r e a s t l e
 end of e v e r y t l g O n e r t l l e r e o n t h e a t h
 (P r r e p o t e d to the fields) there is n o
 truth all s f l e l e l b t i n the u i e r n e
 n the whole un e r s e t h e r e i s a k n g l
 truth and we w l o a c n o w the c l d e n of
 e a r t h a - e t e r n l y - c l d e n of t h e w l l e u
 e r s e D n t l e l i n my s o u l t h t l m p r t f
 th a t l m ou w h l? Don t l f e e l t h t
 l f r m n e l n k e s t e p b e t w e e n the l w e r
 d h h e b e n g t h s a s t h r m m o u s m u l
 ut d e l b e n g s w l m the D e t y - t h e S u
 p m e P w e t y u p r e f e r the t e r m - i m a n
 l e s t l l l e e c l e a r l y e e t h a t l d d e r l e a d g
 f - - t t m n w h y s h u l d l s i p o s e t
 d

l l a l
 that
 w y e x t n d a l a y t u
 b e y o d m e n d a b o e m t h e r e r s p r i s a d
 t h a t n t h s w o l d t h e r e t r u t h
 Yes that H e d e r s t h e o r y sa d P r n e
 Andrew but t n t t h a t w h c h c a n c o n c e
 m e d e a r f e n d - l e d d e a t h a r e w h a t c o n
 g o o b e

bled d h e t t e u // u f f e r s a d c e a s e s t
 b e n g i s e d w t h p u f f e r s a d c e a s e s t
 e x i s t W h y? I t c a n t b e t h a t t h e r e n o
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P r i n c e A n d r e w d d t r e p l y T h e c a r r a g e

and horses had long since been taken off onto the farther bank, and reharnessed. The sun had sunk half below the horizon and an evening frost was starting the puddles near the ferry but Pierre and Andrew to the astonishment of the footmen, coachmen, and ferrymen still stood on the raft and talked.

If there is a God and future life, there is truth and good, and man's highest happiness consists in striving to attain them. We must live, we must love, and we must believe that we live not only today on this scrap of earth.

W

Now leaning on the railing of the raft, listening to Pierre and hazy with his eyes fixed on the red reflection of the sun gleaming on the blue waters. There was perfect stillness. Pierre became silent. The raft had long since stopped, and only the waves of the current beat softly against it below. Prince Andrew felt as if the sound of the waves kept up a refrain to Pierre's words, whispering:

It is true, believe it!

He sighed and glanced with a radiant childlike tender look at Pierre's face, flushed and rapturous but yet shy before his superior friend.

Yes, if it only were so! said Prince Andrew.

However, it is time to get on, he added, and stepping off the raft, he looked up at the sky to which Pierre had pointed, and for the first time since A

sky he had seen something

ly awoke joy and youthful in his soul. It vanished as soon as he returned to the customary conditions of his life, but he knew that this feeling which he did not know how to develop existed within him. His meeting with Pierre formed an epoch in Prince Andrew's life. Though outwardly he continued to live in the same old way, inwardly he began a new life.

CHAPTER XIII

It was getting dusk when Prince Andrew and Pierre drove up to the front entrance of the house at Bald Hills.

A woman bent with age with a vallet on her back and a short long-haired young man in a black garment had rushed back to the gate on seeing the carriage driving up. Two women ran out after them, and all four look-

ing round at the carriage ran in dismay up the steps of the back porch.

Those are Mary's God's folk, said Prince Andrew. They have mistaken us for my father. This is the one matter in which she disobeys him. He orders these pilgrims to be driven away but she receives them.

But what are God's folk? asked Pierre. Prince Andrew had no time to answer. The servants came out to meet them, and he asked where the old prince was and whether he was expected back soon.

The old prince had gone to the town and was expected back any minute.

Prince Andrew led Pierre to his own apartments which were always kept in perfect order and readiness for him in his father's house. He himself went to the nursery.

Let us go and see my sister, he said to Pierre when he returned. I have not found her yet. She is hiding now sitting with her God's folk. It will serve her right. She will be confused but you will see her. God's folk! It is really very curious.

What are God's folk? asked Pierre. Come, and you will see for yourself.

Princess Mary really was disconcerted and red patches came on her face when they went in. In her snug room with lamps burning before the icon stand, a young lady with a long nose and long hair, wearing a monk's cassock, sat on the sofa beside her, behind a samovar. Near them were

1
1
ens

Chacune de vous voir. Je suis très contente de vous voir. she said to Pierre as he kissed her hand. She had known him as a child, and now his friendship with Andrew, his misfortune with his life, and above all his kindly simple face disposed her favorably toward him. She looked at him with her beautiful radiant eyes and seemed to say: I like you very much, but please don't laugh at my people. After exchanging the first greetings, they sat down.

Al'an! Iván! Shka is here too! said Prince Andrew, glancing with a smile at the young pilgrim.

Andrew! said Princess Mary imploringly. Il faut que vous sachiez que c'est une déglutted to see. I am very glad to see

some said Prince A. drew to Pierre.

Andrew ex. cried "Dieu!" Princess Mary repeated.

It was evident that Prince Andrew's ironical tone toward the pilgrims and Princess Mary's helpless attempts to protect them were their necessary long-established relations on the matter.

"Vas-tu bon? come" said Prince Andrew "vous de-vriez en contraindre moi à en faire de ce je ne sais que à Pierre votre ami avec qui bon."

"Really?" said Pierre, gazing over his spectacles with curiosity and seriousness (for which Princess Mary was specially grateful to him) into Irina's face, who, seeing that she was being spoken about, looked round at them all with calm eyes.

Princess Mary's embarrassment on her people's account was quite unnecessary. They were not in the least bashful. The old woman, lowering her eyes but casting sid. glances at the newcomers, had turned her cup upside down and quietly nibbled bit of sugar bread. And sat quietly in her armchair, though hoping to be offered another cup of tea. Irina's face, peeping out of her saucer, looked with shy womanish eyes from under her brows at the young men.

"Where have you been. To Kiev?" Prince Andrew asked the old woman.

"I have, good sir," she answered gaily. "Just at Christmas time I was deemed worthy to partake of the holy and heavenly sacrament of the Eucharist. And now I'm from Kiev, master, where great and wonderful blessing has been revealed."

"And was Irina's face with you?"

"To be myself, benefactor," said Irina's face, trying to speak in a bass voice. "I only came across Pelageya in Izhmova."

Pelageya interrupted her companion, evidently unable to tell what she had seen.

"In Kolvann, master, wonderful blessing has been revealed."

"What is it. Some new religion?" asked Prince Andrew.

"Andrew do leave off," said Princess Mary. "Don't tell him, Pelageya."

"Why not, my dear, why should I?" said Irina. "He is kind, he is one of God's cho-

"You must know that this is woman."

"Too heaven's sake."

"But my dear, you ought not to contradict me by contradicting to Pierre your man, but with this woman."

sen he is a ben. I can be once again ten rubles, I remember. When I was in Kiev. Cray Civil says to me (he is one of God's own) and goes barefoot summer and winter, he is a. "Why are you not going to the Holy Place? Go to Kolvann where a wonder-working icon of the Holy Mother of God has been revealed. On hearing those words I said good-by to the holy folk and went."

All were silent, only the pilgrim woman went on in measured tones drawing her breath.

"So I come master and the people's torment. A great blessing has been revealed, holy oil trickles from the cheeks of our blessed Mother the Holy Virgin Mother of God."

All right, all right, you can tell us all the words," said Princess Mary flush.

"Let me ask her," said Pierre. "Did you see yourselves?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, master, I was found worth. Such a brightness on the face like the light of heaven and from the blessed Mother's cheek drops and drops."

"But, dear me, that must be a fraud," said Pierre, naïf, who had his eyes fixed attentively on the pilgrim.

"Oh, master, what are you saying?" exclaimed the horrified Pelageya, turning to Princess Mary for support.

"They impose on the people," he repeated.

"Lord Jesus Christ," exclaimed the pilgrim woman, crossing herself. "Oh, don't speak so, master. There was a general who did not believe, and said, 'The monks cheat, and as soon as he'd said that he went blind. And he dreamed that the Holy Virgin Mother of the Kiev catacombs came to him and said, 'Believe in me and I will make you who see. So he begged. 'Take me to her, take me to her. It's the real truth. I'm ill—no, you, I saw it myself. So he was brought, quite blind, straight to her and he goes up to her and falls down and says, 'My lord, me who... says he, and I'll give thee what thou shalt bestow on me. I saw myself, master, the star is fixed into the icon. Well, and what do you think? He received his sight. It is a sign to speak so. God will punish you, she said and monasticism turning to Pierre."

He did the same thing into the icon. Pierre asked.

And was the Holy Mother promoted the rank of general?" said Prince Andrew with a smile.

Pelageya suddenly grew quite pale and clasped her hands.

and horses had long since been taken off onto the farther bank, and reharnessed. The sun had sunk half below the horizon and an evening frost was starring the puddles near the ferry but Pierre and Andrew to the astonishment of the footmen, coachmen, and ferrymen still stood on the raft and talked.

If there is a God and future life, there is truth and good, and man's highest happiness consists in striving to attain them. We must live, we must love, and we must believe that we live not only today on this scrap of earth, but have lived and shall live forever there in the Whole, said Pierre, and he pointed to the sky.

Prince Andrew stood leaning on the railing of the raft, listening to Pierre and gazing with his eyes fixed on the red reflection of the sun gleaming on the blue waters. There was perfect stillness. Pierre became silent. The raft had long since stopped, and only the waves of the current beat softly against it below. Prince Andrew felt as if the sound of the waves kept up a refrain to Pierre's words, whispering:

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CHAPTER XIII

IT WAS getting dusk when Prince Andrew and Pierre drove up to the front entrance of the house at Bald Hills. As they approached the house, Prince Andrew with a smile drew Pierre's attention to a commotion going on at the back porch. A woman bent with age with a wallet on her back and a short, long-haired young man in a black garment had rushed back to the gate on seeing the carriage driving up. Two women ran out after them, and all four look-

ing round at the carriage, ran in dismay up the steps of the back porch.

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What are God's folk? asked Pierre.

Come, and you will see for yourself.

Princess Mary really was disconcerted, and red patches came on her face when they went in. In her snug room, with lamps burning before the icon stand, a young lad with a long nose and long hair, wearing a monk's cassock, sat on the sofa beside her, behind a samovar. Near them in an armchair sat a thin shriveled old woman with a meek expression on her childlike face.

Andrew, why don't you warn me? said the princess with mild reproach, as she stood before her pilgrims like a hen before her chickens.

Charmée de vous voir. Je suis très contente de vous voir! she said to Pierre as he kissed her hand. She had known him as a child, and now his friendship with Andrew, his misfortune with his life, and above all his kindly simple face disposed her favorably toward him. She looked at him with her beautiful radiant eyes and seemed to say, I like you very much, but please don't laugh at my people. After exchanging the first greetings, they sat down.

Ah, and Ivanuska is here too! said Prince Andrew, glancing with a smile at the young pilgrim.

Andrew! said Princess Mary imploringly. *Il faut que vous sachiez que c'est une* *Il faut que vous sachiez que c'est une* *Il faut que vous sachiez que c'est une*

fully recall the strength and charm of
the old. The film

he experienced the same sense of peace. I support this message for all men here. I saw people here who had felt under the pretrial roof but there was no one of all that turn of the wheel at large where he didn't know his right place. I took me taken down the aisleway. Sixty with miles of light or heat to take place in the here was no possibility of going there. In the here were not twenty feet in the day which could be spent such a variety of ways there was not a number of people from the same way nearer to him or further from him than a other there were none of the uncertain and uneducated men or women with his father and then to recall the terrible loss of Dill. Here in the region of all a clear and simple. The world would lead to two unequal parts one

I know them. Perre told me he felt like an old friend. They were all friends from my days. Not only Perre, but Mary, who had been won by his good looks with the plowmen, gave him a warm greeting. She took him to the ten-year-old Perre. N. H. was (as his grandfather called him) smiling. Perre said to him, "I bet he has his arms." Michael said to him, "I bet he has his arms." Bouc looked at him with pleasure. "Smiles when he talked to the old people."

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CHAPTER \V

W E RETURNING from his lecture Rostov felt, for the first time, how close was the bond that united him to Denisov and the whole community.

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The Palatinate, on the other hand, belongs to that

Oh master master what a sin! And you who have a son! she began her pallor suddenly turning to a vivid red. Master what have you said? God forgive you! And she crossed herself. Lord forgive him! My dear what does it mean? she asked turning to Princess Mary. She got up and almost crying began to arrange her wallet. She evidently felt frightened and ashamed to have accepted charity in a house where such things could be said and was at the same time sorry to have now to forgo the charity of this house.

Now why need you do it? said Princess Mary. Why did you come to me?

Come Pelagya I was joking said Pierre. *Princesse ma parole je n'ai pas voulu l'offenser*. I did not mean anything I was only joking he said smiling shyly and trying to efface his offense. It was all my fault and Andrew was only joking.

Pelagya stopped doubtfully but in Pierre's face there was such a look of sincere penitence and Prince Andrew glanced so meekly now at her and now at Pierre that she was gradually reassured.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PILGRIM WOMAN was appeased and being encouraged to talk gave a long account of Father Amphilocheus who led so holy a life that his hands smelled of incense and how on her last visit to Kiev some monks she knew let her have the keys of the catacombs and how she taking some dried bread with her had spent

and kiss the relics and there was such peace all around such blessedness that one don't want to come out even into the light of heaven again.

room

You are very kind she said to him.

Oh I really did not mean to hurt her feelings I understand them so well and have the greatest respect for them.

Princess Mary looked at him silently and smiled affectionately.

I have known you a long time you see and am as fond of you as of a brother she said.

Princess on my behalf I thank you for her

How do you find Andrew? she added hurriedly not giving him time to reply to her affectionate words. I am very anxious about him. His health was better in the winter but last spring his wound reopened and the doctor said he ought to go away for a cure. And I am also very much afraid for him spiritually. He has not a character like us women who when we suffer can weep away our sorrows. He keeps it all within him. Today he is cheerful and in good spirits but that is the effect of your visit—he is not often like that. If you could persuade him to go abroad. He needs activity and this quiet regular life is very bad for him. Others don't notice it but I see it.

Toward ten o'clock the messengers rushed to the front door hearing the bells of the old prince's carriage approaching. Prince Andrew and Pierre also went out into the porch.

Who's that? asked the old prince noticing Pierre as he got out of the carriage. Ah! Very glad! Kiss me he said having learned who the young stranger was.

The old prince was in a good temper and very gracious to Pierre.

Before supper Prince Andrew came back to his father's study found him disputing hotly with his visitor. Pierre was maintaining that a time would come when there would be no more wars. The old prince disputed it chaffingly but without getting angry.

Drain the blood from men's veins and put in water instead then there will be no more war! Old women's nonsense—old women's nonsense! he repeated but still he patted Pierre affectionately on the shoulder and then went up to the table where Prince Andrew evidently not wishing to join in the conversation was looking over the papers his father had brought from town. The old prince went up to him and began to talk business.

The marshal a Count Rostov hasn't sent half his contingent. He came to town and wanted to invite me to dinner—I gave him a pretty dinner! And there look at this!

Well my boy the old prince went on addressing his son and patting Pierre on the shoulder.

A fine fellow—your friend—I like him! He stirs me up. Another says clever things and I don't care to listen but this one talks rubbish yet stirs an old fellow up. Well go! Get a glass! Let's say I'll come and sit with you at supper. We'll have another dispute. Make friends with my little fool Princess Mary he shouted after Pierre through the door.

Only now on his way to Bald Hills did

Pierre fully realised the strength and charm of his friendship with Prince Andrew. The charm was not expressed so much in relations with him as with his family and with the household. With the term of prince and the general, *Grand Prince* Mary the which had scarcely known them, Pierre felt like an old friend. They were all fond of him already. Not only Princess Mary who had been won by his gentleness with plumes gave him her most radiant looks, but even the seven-old Prince Nicholas (as his grandfather called him) smiled at Pierre and let himself be taken in his arms, and Michael Ivdinovich and Madame de Bourienne looked at him with pleasant smiles when he talked to the old prince.

The Id prince came in to supper this wa
evident in Perri's count. And during th
two days if the v n man v i he wa ex
tremel kinde him and told him to m i them
22.

When W. was had gone and the members of L. household met together they began to express their pain as if him as people always did after some acquaintance he left, but as seldom happens, no one said anything more but what was good of him.

CHAPTER XV

When returning from his leave Rostoff learned for the first time how close was the bond that united him; Denisov and the whole regiment.

On approaching the Rostovs he had for a moment approached his home. When he saw the first houses with their dust-covered red roofs and the red roofs and the pocket ropes of the roan horses which Lavruka gleefully shouted to his master "The count has come," Denisov, who had been asleep in his bed, ran quickly led on of the road to embrace him, and the officers collected round to greet them in a crowd. Rostov experienced the same feeling as when his mother and his father had embraced him, and tears of joy choked him so that he could not speak. The regiment was also home and so wonderfully dear and precious as his parents' home.

When he had reported himself to the commander of the regiment and had been reassigned to his former squad he had been ordered to go and had on 11 June when he had entered all the military units of the regiment and felt himself deprived of liberty and bound at Astrakhan from

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After his losses he had determined to pay his debt to his parents five years. He received ten thousand rubles earlier but now resolved to take only two thousand and let the rest to repay the debt to his parents.

Our arm or repeated retreats and advances and battles at Pultusk and Preussisch Eylau, was concentrated ex. Bartenstein. It was with the Emperor arm and with the beginning of the campaign.

The P would remain, be true to that

part of the army which had served in the 1809 campaign had been recruiting up to strength in Russia and arrived too late to take part in the first actions of the campaign. It had been neither at Pultusk nor at Preussisch Eylau and when it joined the army in the field in the second half of the campaign was attached to Plátov's division.

Plátov's division was acting independently of the main army. Several times parts of the Pávlograd regiment had exchanged shots with the enemy, had taken prisoners and once had even captured Marshal Oudinot's carriages. In April the Pávlograds were stationed immovably for some weeks near a totally ruined and deserted German village.

A thaw had set in; it was muddy and cold; the ice on the river broke and the roads became impassable. For days neither provisions for the men nor fodder for the horses had been issued. As no transports could arrive the men dispersed about the abandoned and deserted villages searching for potatoes but found few even of these.

Everything had been eaten up and the inhabitants had all fled—if any remained they were worse than beggars and nothing more could be taken from them; even the soldiers usually pitiless enough instead of taking anything from them often gave them the last of their rations.

The Pávlograd regiment had had only two men wounded in action but had lost nearly half its men from hunger.

But most preferred to remain on duty and hardly able to drag their legs went to the front rather than to the hospitals. When spring came on the soldiers found a plant just showing out of the ground that looked like asparagus which for some reason they called Máshka's sweet root. It was very bitter but they wandered about the fields seeking it and dug it out with their sabres and ate it though they were ordered not to do so as it was a noxious plant.

But the soldiers of Denisov's squadron fed chiefly on Máshka's sweet root because it was the second week that the last of the biscuits were being doled out at the rate of half a pound a man and the last potatoes received had sprouted and frozen.

The horses also had been fed for a fortnight

on straw from the thatched roofs and had become terribly thin though still covered with tufts of felty winter hair.

Despite this destitution the soldiers and officers went on living just as usual. Despite the

the soldiers polished their

joyfully about their nasty food and their hunger. As usual in their spare time they lit bonfires, steamed themselves before them naked, smoked, picked out and baked sprouting root

Mikólka
The off

that stood for the men. The younger ones occupied themselves as before some playing cards (there was plenty of money though there was no food) some with more innocent games such as quoits and skittles. The general trend of the campaign was rarely spoken of partly because nothing certain was known about it partly because there was a vague feeling that in the main it was going badly.

Rostóv lived as before with Denisov and since their furlough they had become more friendly than ever. Denisov never spoke of Rostóv's family but by the tender friendship his commander showed him Rostóv felt that the elder hussar's luckless love for Natásha played a part in strengthening their friendship. Denisov evidently tried to expose Rostóv to danger as seldom as possible and after an action greeted his safe return with evident joy. On one of his foraging expeditions in a deserted and ruined village to which he had come in search of provisions Rostóv found a family consisting of an old Pole and his daughter with an infant in arms. They were half clad, hungry, too weak to get away on foot and had no means of obtaining a conveyance. Rostóv brought them to his quarters, placed them in his own lodging and kept them for some weeks while the old man was recovering. One of his comrades talking of women began chaffing Rostóv saying that he was more silly than any of them and that it would not be a bad thing if he introduced to them the pretty Polish girl he had saved. Rostóv took the joke as an insult.

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DECAUX

Deniso patted him on the shoulder and began rapidly packing the room with a look on his face as was his way at moments of deep feeling.

"Ah, what mad business you Russians are!" he mused, and Rostov noticed tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVI

IN APRIL the troops were enlisted by news of the Emperor's arrival but Rostov had no chance of being present at the review he held at Bartenst in as the Pálováds were at the outpost far beyond that place.

They were bivouacked. Denisov and Rostov were living in an earth hut dug out for them by the soldiers and roofed with branches and turf. The hut was made in the following manner which had then come into use. A trench was dug three and half feet wide for feet in butches deep and eight feet long. At the end of the trench, steps were cut out and these formed the entrance and exit. The trench itself was the room, in which the heavy ones, such as the squadron commander had a board lying in piles at the end opposite the entrance, to serve as a table. In each side of the trench, the earth was cut out to a breadth of about two and half feet, and thus did duty for bedsteads and chests. The roof was so constructed that it could be dug up in them and if the trench could even be dug up on the beds for a few close to the table. Denisov was living luxuriously because the soldiers of his squadron liked him, had no board under the roof the farther and, with a piece of (broken but mended) glass in the window. When it was very cold, embers from the soldiers' campfire were placed on benches of iron. The steps in the receipt in room—as Denisov called that part of the hut—was so warm that the officers, of whom there were always some with Denisov and Rostov sat in their hut-leaves.

In April, Rostov was ordered by duty. On morning between seven and eight, returned

after a sleepless night, he sent for embers, changed his trousers soaked in dirt, and his prayers, drank tea got warm, then tucked up the things on the table and in his own corner and, his face glowing from exposure to the wind and with nothing on but his shirt and down on his back, put the things under his head. He was pleasantly considering the probability of being promoted in a few days for his last reconnoitering expedition, and was awaiting Denisov who had gone out somewhere and with whom he wanted a talk.

Suddenly he heard Denisov shout:

master Topchénko.

I ordered you not to let them eat that Mishka woot stuff! Denisov was shouting. And I saw with my own eyes how Lazarchuk brought some swam the fields.

I have given the order again and again your honor but they do not obey answered the quartermaster.

Rostov lay down again on his bed and thought complacently. Let him fuss and bustle now my job done and I may go down-cap tally. He could hear that Lavrushka—that lively bold orderly of Denisov—was talking as well the quartermaster Lavrushka was saying something about loaded wagons, biscuits and when he had seen when he had got to the point.

Then Denisov once again heard shouting farther and farther away "Saddle! Second platoon!

Where are they off to now?" thought Rostov.

For minutes later Denisov came to the tent limbed with muddy boots on the bed, lit his pipe furiously scattered his things about, took his leaded whip buckled on his saber and went out again in answer to Rostov's inquiry where he was going. He answered

leave the hut till toward evening. Denisov had not yet returned. The weather had cleared up and near the next day two officers had been playing cards. They threw their missiles which buried themselves in the

part of the army which had served in the 1805 campaign had been recruiting up to strength in Russia and arrived too late to take part in the first actions of the campaign. It had been neither at Pułtusk nor at Preussisch Eylau and when it joined the army in the field in the second half of the campaign was attached to Platov's division.

Platov's division was acting independently of the main army. Several times parts of the Pavlograd regiment had exchanged shots with the enemy had taken prisoners and once had even captured Marshal Oudinot's carriages. In April the Pavlograds were stationed immovably for some weeks near a totally ruined and deserted German village.

A thaw had set in: it was muddy and cold; the ice on the river broke and the roads became impassable. For days neither provisions for the men nor fodder for the horses had been issued. As no transports could arrive the men dispersed about the abandoned and deserted villages searching for potatoes but found few even of these.

Everything had been eaten up and the inhabitants had all fled—if any remained they were worse than beggars and nothing more could be taken from them: even the soldiers usually pitiless enough instead of taking anything from them often gave them the last of their rations.

The Pavlograd regiment had had only two men wounded in action but had lost nearly half its men from hunger and sickness. In the hospitals death was so certain that soldiers suffering from fever or the swelling that came from bad food preferred to remain on duty and hardly able to drag their legs went to the front rather than to the hospitals. When spring came on the soldiers found a plant just showing out of the ground that looked like a paragon which for some reason they called *Máshka's* sweet root. It was very bitter but they wandered about the fields seeking it and dug it out with their sabers and ate it though they were ordered not to do so as it was a noxious plant.

The biscuits were being doled out at the rate of half a pound a man and the last potatoes received had sprouted and frozen.

The horses also had been fed for a fortnight

on straw from the thatched roofs and had become terribly thin though still covered with tufts of felty winter hair.

Despite this destitution the soldiers and officers went on living just as usual. Despite their

arms brought in straw from the thatched roofs in place of fodder and sat down to dine round the caldron from it.

steamed themselves before them naked smoked picked out and baked sprouting rotten potatoes told and listened to stories of Potemkin's and Suvorov's campaigns or to legends of Alesha the Sly or the priest's laborer Mikólka.

The officers as usual lived in twos and threes in the roofless half ruined houses. The men tried to collect straw and potatoes and in general food for the men. The younger ones occupied themselves as before some playing cards (there was plenty of money though there was no food) some with more innocent games such as quoits and skittles. The general trend of the campaign was rarely spoken of partly because nothing certain was known about it, partly because there was a vague feeling that in the main it was going badly.

Rostov lived as before with Denisov and since their furlough they had become more friendly than ever. Denisov never spoke of Rostov's family but by the tender friendship his commander showed him Rostov felt that the elder hussar's luckless love for Natásha played a part in strengthening their friendship. Denisov evidently tried to expose Rostov to danger as seldom as possible and after an action greeted his safe return with evident joy. On one of his foraging expeditions in a deserted and ruined village to which he had come in search of provisions Rostov found a family consisting of an old Pole and his daughter with an infant in arms. They were half clad hungry too weak to get away on foot and had no means of obtaining a conveyance. Rostov brought

trades talking of women began chaffing Rostov saying that he was more wily than any of them and that it would not be a bad thing if he introduced to them the pretty Polish girl. Rostov had saved Rostov took the joke as an insult.

men, showing under his black mustache. "I'd have killed him if they hadn't taken him away."

"But what are you showing for? Calm your soul, and Rostov. You've set your arms to feed me after. Well, we must tie up arms."

Densov was handed up again and put to bed. Very calmly, he woke calmly and cheerfully.

But it soon the adjutant of the regiment came in. Rostov's and Densov's dugout with gates and windows fast and respectfully showed them paper addressed to Major Densov from the regimental commander in which inquiries were made about yesterday's occurrence. The adjutant told them that the affair was likely to take a very bad turn, that a court-martial had been formed, and that in view of the severity with which marauding and insubordinations were now rewarded, degradation to the ranks would be the best that could be hoped for.

Then, as represented by the offended parties, was that, after seizing the transports, Major Densov being drunk, went to the chief quartermaster and without any provocation ordered him to take a flogging to strike him, and on being led out had rushed into the office and even two officials thrashing, and dislocated the arm of one of them.

In answer to Rostov's renewed questions, Densov said, laughing, that he thought he remembered that some other fellow had got mixed up in it but that was all nonsense and rubbish, and he did not in the least fear any kind of trial, and that if those scoundrels dared attack him he would give them an answer that they would not easily forget.

Densov spoke with contempt of the who either but Rostov knew him too well not to detect this (while hiding from others) that he had feared court-martial and was worried over the affair which was evidently taking a bad turn. Five days of letters of inquiry and orders from the court arrived, and on the fifth day Densov was ordered to hand the prisoners over to the next in seniority and appear before the staff of his division to explain his conduct to the commissariat officer. On the previous day Platov reconquered with two Cossack regiments and two squadrons of hussars Densov as was his wont, rode on in front of the company, pursuing his course. A bullet fired by a French sharpshooter hit him in the left part of his leg. Perhaps at another time Densov would not have left the regiment for a slight wound, but now he took advantage

of it to excuse himself from appearing at the staff and went into hospital.

CHAPTER XVII

IN JUNE the battle of Friedland was fought, in which the Prussians did not take part, and after that armistice was proclaimed. Rostov who felt his friend's absence very much, had no news of him since he left and feeling very anxious about his wound and the progress of his cure, took advantage of the armistice to get leave to visit Densov in hospital.

The hospital was in a small Prussian town that had been twice devastated by Russian and French troops. Because it was summer when it is so best laid out in the field, the little town presented a particularly dismal appearance with its broken roofs and fences, its foul streets, tattered shacks, and the sick and drunken soldiers wandering about.

The hospital was in a brick building with some of the window frames and panes broken and the courtyard surrounded by the remains of a wooden fence that had been pulled to pieces. Several bandaged soldiers, with pale swollen faces, were sitting or walking about in the courtyard in the yard.

Directly Rostov entered the door he was enveloped by a smell of putrefaction and hospital air. On the stairs he met a Russian army doctor smoking cigars. The doctor was followed by a Russian assistant.

"I can testify to your eyes, the doctor was saying. "Come to Major Alexeievich in the evening. I shall be there."

The assistant asked some further questions.

"Oh, do the best you can. Let it be all the same!" The doctor noticed Rostov coming upstairs.

"What do you want, sir?" said the doctor. "What do you want? The bullets have scared you, do you want to try trypsin. This is a pet house, sir."

How so? asked Rostov.

"Trypzin, or I death to go in. Only we two, Makher and I" (he pointed to the assistant). "Keep on here. Some five of us doctors"

had been invited here, but our allies don't like it at all.

Rostov explained that he wanted to see Major Densov of the hussars, who was wounded.

I don't know. I can't tell you, sir. Only think. I am alone in charge of three hospitals

soft mud Rostov joined them. In the middle of the game the officers saw some wagons approaching with fifteen hussars on their skinny horses behind them. The wagons escorted by the hussars drew up to the picket ropes and a crowd of hussars surrounded them.

There now Denisov has been worrying said Rostov and here are the provisions.

So they are! said the officers. Won't the soldiers be glad!

A little behind the hussars came Denisov accompanied by two infantry officers with whom he was talking.

Rostov went to meet them.

I warn you, Captain, one of the officers, a short thin man, evidently very angry, was saying.

Have n't I told you I won't give them up? replied Denisov.

You will answer for it, Captain. It is mutiny—seizing the transport of one's own army. Our men have had nothing to eat for two days.

And mine have had nothing for two weeks said Denisov.

It is robbery! You'll answer for it, sir! said the infantry officer, raising his voice.

Now what are you pestering me for? cried Denisov suddenly losing his temper. I shall answer for it and not you, and you'd better not buzz about here till you get hurt. Be off! Go! he shouted at the officers.

Very well then! shouted the little officer, undrunk and not riding away. If you are determined to rob, I'll

Go to the devil, quick march, while you're safe and sound! and Denisov turned his horse on the officer.

Very well, very well! muttered the officer.

A fence! shouted Denisov after him (the most insulting expression a cavalryman can address to a mounted infantryman) and riding up to Rostov he burst out laughing.

I've taken transports from the infantry by force! he said. After all, can't let our men starve.

The wagons that had reached the hussars had been consigned to an infantry regiment, but learning from Lavrushka that the transport was unescorted, Denisov with his hussars had seized it by force. The soldiers had biscuits dealt out to them freely and they even shared them with the other squadrons.

The next day the regimental commander

sent for Denisov and holding his fingers spread out before his eyes said:

This is how I look at this affair. I know nothing about it and you begin proceedings, but I advise you to ride over to the staff and settle the business there in the commissariat department and if possible sign a receipt for such and such stores received. If not, as the demand was booked against an infantry regiment, there will be a row and the affair may end badly.

From the regimental commander's Denisov rode straight to the staff with a sincere desire to act on this advice. In the evening he came back to his dugout in a state such as Potemkin had never yet seen him in. Denisov couldn't speak and gasped for breath. When Rostov asked what was the matter, he only uttered some incoherent oaths and threats in a hoarse feeble voice.

Warned of Denisov's condition, Rostov suggested that he should undress, drink some water, and send for the doctor.

Two me for wobbles! oh! Some more water. Let them two me, but I'll always thrash scoundrels, and I'll tell the Emperor. Ice, he muttered.

The regimental doctor, when he came, it was as absolutely necessary to bleed Denisov. A deep saucer of black blood was taken from his hairy arm and only then was he able to relate

ed out. Please to wait. I've widden twenty miles and have duties to attend to and no time to wait. Announce me. Very well, so out comes their head chief—also took it into his head to lecture me. It's wobbles!—Wobbles! I say is not done by a man who seizes provisions to feed his soldiers, but by him who takes them to fill his own pockets! Will you please be silent. Very good! Then he says:

Go and give a receipt to the commissariat, but your affair will be pressed on to lead matters. I go to the commissioner. I enter and at the table. Who do you think? No, but what a list! Who is it that's stirring up a riot? Denisov, hitting the table with the fist of his newly bled arm so violently that the table nearly broke down and the tumbler on it jumped about. Telyin! What? So it's you who's

cried Denisov, gleeful and yet angry, his white

teeth sh w g unde his black mustache
 id h v k lled h m f they h dn s taken h m
 a y

But what are you h ut ng f ? Calu y u
 self said R tóv Y u e et your arm bleed
 g f ish W t we must e t up ga n
 D n was band ged up aga m and put to
 bed. Next day he w ke calm and chee ful

But at oon the adjut nt of the e ment
 came: Rostó sa d Denisó dugout w th
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 Cossack room m nd tw squadrons of hus-
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 f the outposts, p rad g his courage. A bullet
 fired by F ench sharpshooter hit him n the
 flesh part f his leg Perhaps t ther time
 Denisó would n t ha l f the egiment f r
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 staff and went nto hosp tal.

CHAPTER VIII

Iv Juvz the battle of Friedl d was f u hit n
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 f P also n hosp tal

F end troops. Because

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 p esented a p rt cul rly d smal appearan e
 n th s brok n roof nd fences, is f ul treets.
 t tte ed inhab tants, d the s ck and drunken
 sold ers wandering about.

The hosp tal was n a brick bu ld g w th
 some of th w nd w frames nd p nes broken
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H w so sked Rostó

"Typhus s Its death t gn n Only we
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Rostó expl ed that he wa ted to see M
 jor Denisó of th husary, who was wounded.
 I do t know I can t tell you, s r Only
 think I mal em charge f three ho p tals

with more than four hundred patients! It's well that the charitable Pri-
two pou
or we sh
dred sir

ones. There are four hundred? Eh? he asked turning to the assistant.

The assistant looked fagged out. He was evidently vexed and impatient for the talkative doctor to go.

Major Denisov. Rostov said again. He was wounded at Molliten.

Dead? I fancy. Eh, Makéev? queried the doctor in a tone of indifference.

The assistant, however, did not confirm the doctor's words.

Is he tall and with reddish hair? asked the doctor.

Rostov described Denisov's appearance.

There was one like that, said the doctor as if pleased. That one is dead. I fancy. How ever I'll look up our list. We had a list. Have you got it, Makéev?

Makár Alexéevich has the list, answered the assistant. But if you'll step into the officers' wards you'll see for yourself, he added turning to Rostov.

Oh, you'd better not go, sir, said the doctor, or you may have to stay here yourself.

But Rostov bowed himself away from the doctor and asked the assistant to show him the way.

Only don't blame me! the doctor shouted up after him.

Rostov and the assistant went into the dark corridor. The smell was so strong there that Rostov held his nose and had to pause and collect his strength before he could go on. A door opened to the right and an emaciated, sallow man on crutches, barefoot and in underclothing, limped out and leaning against the doorpost looked with glittering envious eyes at those who were passing. Glancing in at the door he

What is there to see? said the assistant.

But just because the assistant evidently did not want him to go in, Rostov entered the soldiers' ward. The foul air to which he had already begun to get used in the corridor was still stronger here. It was a little different, more pungent, and one felt that this was where it originated.

In the long room, brightly lit up by the sun through the large windows, the sick and wound

l... I... I... Those who were conscious raised themselves or lifted their thin yellow faces and all looked intently at Rostov with the same expression of hope of relief, reproach and envy of another's health. Rostov went to the middle of the room and looking through the open doors into the two adjoining rooms saw the same thing there. He stood still, looking silently around. He had not at all expected such a sight. Just before him, almost across the middle of the passage on the bare floor lay a sick man, probably a Cossack.

so that only the whites were seen, and on his bare legs and arms which were still red, the veins stood out like cords. He was knocking the back of his head against the floor, hoarsely uttering some word which he kept repeating. Rostov listened and made out the word. It was drink, drink a drink! Rostov glanced round, looking for someone who would put this man back in his place and bring him water.

Who looks after the sick here? he asked the assistant.

Just then a commissariat soldier, a hospital orderly, came in from the next room, marching stiffly and drew up in front of Rostov.

Good day, your honor! he shouted rolling his eyes at Rostov and evidently mistaking him for one of the hospital authorities.

Get him to his place and give him some water, said Rostov, pointing to the Cossack.

Yes, your honor, the soldier replied complacently and rolling his eyes more than ever he drew himself up still straighter, but did not move.

No, it's impossible to do anything here, thought Rostov, lowering his eyes, and he was going out but became aware of an intense look fixed on him on his right and he turned. Close to the corner on an overcoat sat an old, unshaven, gray-bearded soldier as thin as a skeleton with a stern, sallow face and eyes intently fixed on Rostov. The man's neighbor on one side whispered something to him, pointing at Rostov, who noticed that the old man wanted to speak to him. He drew nearer and saw that the old man had only one leg bent under him, the other had been amputated above the knee. His neighbor on the other side, who lay mo-

— — — h h heard

he called out still in the same voice as the regiment but Rostov not ceased sadly to understand his but to leave and in some new sinister hidden feeling showed itself in the expression of Denisov's face and the tones of his voice.

b b ck.

"Wh thus seems he began to ring the ass to L.

And h w we e been begging your honor said the old soldier his jaw quivered. He's been dead since morning. After all we're not doing.

It's done so e to ce He shall be taken away—taken way to ce said the assistant hurriedly. Let us go your h.

"Yes, yes, let us go said Rostov hastily and to en his eyes and shrank as he tried to pass unnoticed between the rows of reproachful envious eyes that were fixed upon him and went to the room.

CHAPTER XXIII

GO ALONG the corridor the assistant led Rostov to the officers' wards consisting of three rooms, the doors of which stood open. There were beds, these rooms of the sick and wounded officers were lying on them. Some were walking about the room in hospital dressing gowns. The first person Rostov met in the officers' ward was this little man with a beard, who was walking about the first room in a nightcap and hospital dress, crouching with his pipe between his teeth. Rostov looked at him, trying to remember where he had seen him before.

"See where we met again! said the little man. "Tushin, Tushin, do you remember the game you lost to Schen Graber? And

He saw and though a little to be had in yet healed even in weeks after he had been hit. His face had the same swollen pallor as the faces of the other hospital patients but it was not this that struck Rostov. What struck him was that Denisov did not seem glad to see him and smiled at him so naturally. He did not know about the regiment in regard to the general state affairs when Rostov spoke of these matters did not listen.

Rostov even noticed that Denisov did not like to be reminded of the regiment in general of the other free life which was going on outside the hospital. He seemed to try to forget that old life and was only interested in the affair with the commissariat officers. On Rostov's inquiry as to how the matter stood, he at once produced from under his pillow a paper he had received from the commissariat and the rough draft of his answer to it. He became animated when he began reading his paper and specially drew Rostov's attention to the interesting rejoinders he made to his enemies. His hospital companions who had gathered round Rostov—a fresh arrival in the world outside—gradually began to disperse as soon as Denisov began reading his answer. Rostov noticed by their faces that all those gentlemen had already heard that many more than once and were tired of it. Only the man who had the

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Denisov

"But what I say is this said, turn to Rostov it would be best simply to petition the Emperor for pardon. They say great rewards will now be distributed, and surely pardon would be granted.

"My petition to the Emperor excluded Denisov

he heard who Rostov wanted. Here, here and Tushin led him into the next room, from whence came sounds of several laughing voices.

"How can they laugh even like that all here?" thought Rostov till aware of that smell of decomposition, flesh that had been so strong in the soldiers' ward, and still seeming to see fixed on him those envious looks which had followed him out from both doors, and then fixed that young soldier with eyes rolled back.

Denisov lay asleep on his bed with his head under the blanket, though it was nearly noon.

Ah, Wostokov! How are you, how are you.

bers to book. Let them try me. I'm not afraid of anyone. I deserved the Tsar and my country honorably. I had not listened. A damnable

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floor lay a sick man probably a Cossack to

judge by the cut of his hair The man lay on

his back his huge arms and legs outstretched.

His face was purple his eyes were rolled back

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the other had been amputated above the knee

His neighbor on the other side who lay mo

surprised had been his.

Boris lodged with another day, the Polish Count Zhilinski. Zhilinski was a brilliant type in Paris, was rich, a passionate lover of the French, and almost everywhere the star. At Tilsit, French officers of the Guard and from French headquarters were dining and lunching with him and Boris.

On the evening of the twentieth of June Count Zhilinski arranged supper for his French friends. The guest of honor was Napoleon. In the presence of Napoleon, there were also several French officers of the Guard, and part of Napoleon's young lady and a old aristocratic French family. That same day Rostov protested by the darkness to avoid being recognized in uniform, came to Tilsit and went to the lodgings occupied by Boris and Zhilinski.

Rostov in common with the whole army from which he came was far from having experienced the change of feeling toward Napoleon and the French—who from bitter foes had now become friends—that had taken place at headquarters and in Boris.

In the army Bonaparte and the French were still regarded with mixed feelings of anger and contempt, and fear. Of recently talking with one of Platon Costachoff's officers, Rostov had agreed that if no one were taken prisoner he would be treated not as so enemy, but as criminal. Just that day, happening to meet a wounded French colonel on the road, Rostov had murmured with beating peace was impossible between Bonaparte and the criminal Bonaparte. Rostov was therefore surprised it struck by the presence of French officers in Boris's house, dressed in uniforms he had been accustomed to see from the distant point of view from the enemy's line. As soon as he noticed French officers who lately had been out of the line, Rostov felt a feeling of hostility which he was experienced in the midst of the enemy's army. But he opened his mouth and asked in Russian whether Dr. Zhilinski of the French army was there. Once in the evening, came out to meet him. An expression of surprise and interest for Rostov on his face on first recognizing Rostov.

"It was very glad, very glad to see you," he said, coming toward him with a smile. But Rostov had noticed his first expression.

"I am a bit of a fool," he said, "I should not have come to see you, but I thought I should."

"You are," he said, answering someone who called him.

"I see," he said, Rostov repeated.

The look of annoyance had already disappeared from Boris's face. Having evidently reflected and decided how to act, he very quietly took both Rostov's hands and led him to the next room. Here, looking serene and steadily, Rostov seemed to be filled by something as if screened by his spectacles of contentment. So it seemed to Rostov.

"Oh, come now," he said, "you could come at a wrong time," said Boris, and he led him to the room where the upper table was laid and introduced him to his guests, explaining that he was not a Russian but an Hussar officer and a good friend of his.

"Count Zhilinski—de Comte de Cyprien," said he, naming his guests. Rostov looked brown and the Frenchmen bowed respectfully and remained silent.

Zhilinski evidently did not receive this new Russian person very well, not into his circle and did not speak to Rostov. Boris did not appear to notice the constraint the newcomer produced and, with the same pleasant composure and the same veiled look in his eyes with which he had met Rostov, tried to enliven the conversation. One of the Frenchmen, with the politeness characteristic of his countrymen, addressed the obstinately taciturn Rostov as if that the latter had probably come to Tilsit to see the Emperor.

"No, I came on business," replied Rostov briefly.

Rostov had been out of humor from the moment he noticed the look of dissatisfaction on Boris's face and as always happens to those in bad humor, it seemed to him that everyone regarded him with irony and that he was everywhere wrong. He really was, for he was for being a part in the conversation which again became general. The looks the visitors cast on him seemed to say: "And what is he doing here for?" He rose and went up to Boris.

"An hour later in your way," he said in a low tone. "Come and talk over my business and I'll go now."

"Oh, no not all," said Boris. But, if you are tired, come and lie down in my room and be rest."

"Yes, really."

They went into the little room where Boris slept. Rostov without sitting down, began

"In a minute I shall be at your disposal."

be degraded? Listen I'm waiting to them straight. This is what I say. If I had robbed the Twasuwu

It's certainly well written, said Tushin, but that's not the point. Vassili Dmitrich and he also turned to Rostov. One has to submit, and Vassili Dmitrich doesn't want to. You know the auditor told you it was a bad business.

Well, let it be bad, said Denisov.

The auditor wrote out a petition for you, continued Tushin, and you ought to sign it and ask this gentleman to take it. No doubt he (indicating Rostov) has connections on the staff. You won't find a better opportunity.

Haven't I said I'm not going to grovel? Denisov interrupted him and went on reading his paper.

Rostov had not the courage to persuade Denisov, though he instinctively felt that the way advised by Tushin and the other officers was the wisest, and though he would have been glad to be of service to Denisov. He knew his stubborn will and straightforward hasty temper.

When the reading of Denisov's virulent reply, which took more than an hour, was over, Rostov said nothing and he spent the rest of the day in a most dejected state of mind amidst

silent all the evening.

Late in the evening, when Rostov was about to leave, he asked Denisov whether he had no commission for him.

Yes, wait a bit, said Denisov, glancing round at the officers and taking his papers from under his pillow, he went to the window where he had an inkpot and sat down to write.

It seems it's no use knocking one's head against a wall, he said, coming from the window and giving Rostov a large envelope. In it was the petition to the Emperor drawn up by the auditor, in which Denisov, without alluding to the offenses of the commissariat officials, simply asked for pardon.

Hand it in. It seems.

He did not finish, but gave a painfully unnatural smile.

CHAPTER XIX

HAVING RETURNED to the regiment and told the commander the state of Denisov's affairs, Rostov rode to Tilsit with the letter to the Emperor.

On the thirteenth of June the French and Russian Emperors arrived in Tilsit. Boris Drubetskoy had asked the important persons on whom he was in attendance to include him in

everyone else, but always called him out.

You're speaking of Buonaparte, said the general, smiling.

Boris looked at his general inquiringly and immediately saw that he was being tested.

I'm speaking of Prince of the Emperor Napoleon, he replied. The general patted him on the shoulder with a smile.

You will go far, he said, and took him to Tilsit with him.

Boris was among the few present at the Napoleon on the day the two Emperors met. He saw the raft decorated with monograms saw Napoleon pass before the French Guards on the farther bank of the river, saw the pens of the Emperor Alexander as he sat in silence in a tavern on the bank of the Niemen waiting Napoleon's arrival, saw both Emperors get into boats and saw how Napoleon—reaching the raft first—stepped quickly forward to meet Alexander and held out his hand to him and how they both retired into the pavilion. Since he had begun to move in the highest circles, Boris had made it his habit to watch attentively all that went on around him and to note it down. At the time of the meeting at Tilsit he asked the names of those who had come with Napoleon and about the uniforms they wore and listened attentively to words spoken by important personages. At the moment the Emperors went into the pavilion he looked at his watch and did not forget to look at it again when Alexander came out. The interview had lasted an hour and fifty-three minutes. He noted this day and that same evening among other facts he felt to be of historic importance. As the Emperor's suite was a very small one, it was a matter of great importance for a man who valued his success in the service to be at Tilsit on the occasion of this interview between the two Emperors, and having succeeded in this, Boris felt that henceforth his position was fully assured. He had not only become known, but people had grown accustomed to him and accepted him. Twice he had executed commissions to the Emperor himself, so that the latter knew his face and all those at court far from cold-shouldering him as at first when they considered him a new-comer, would now take him

BOOK FIVE

surp used had he been bsent.

Boris lod-ged w th th er adjutant the P l
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Fre ch headquarters were din nd lunch
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French friend Th ouet of l r was na d
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m d t French—who from be g loes had
h n l e

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called h m.

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ly took both Rost s hands nd led h m nto
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ent o l t So t seemed to Rost s

Oh come now As f you could come at
wron t m na d Boris, d h led h m to
the room wh e the upper table was l d nd
nd odured h m t h s guests expla n n that
h wa ota l an but an hussar o mcer a d
n old friend of h s.

Cou t Zh lin k -l Comte \ N -le C p
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looked frown n ly at the Frenchmen bowed
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to see the Empero
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was experienced t l ht f he emy
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d d asked Russian whether Drubetsk
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th eroom, cam ou t meet him. An ex
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men hus fa first ecom n Rost

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he said, bo ever coms g wa d him with
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wa from ou reum t. Du m m f j

everybod s wa ffe real n u e l w j
f he l e took no part t th e eriat n
wh ch a a n becam general. The looks the
vis t rs cast n h m seemed t sav A d what
ish tt her f ? H rose d went up t
Bo is.

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to Come d talk ermy bus essa d ill
go wa

Oh o not t all sa d Boris. But f you
retured, om d h e d w n t my room nd
ha e est.

Yes, really

They went t the l ttle room where Bori
lept. Rostó w thout s tt down began at

In m t I shall be you d smol.

once irritably (as if Boris were to blame in some way) telling him about Denisov's affair asking him whether through his general he could and would intercede with the Emperor.

But Boris with one leg crossed over the other and stroking his left hand with his right hand, showed a sense of awkwardness.

He felt uncomfortable and cast down his eyes.

I have heard of such cases and know that His Majesty is very severe in such affairs. I think it would be best not to bring it before the Emperor but to apply to the commander of the corps. But in general I think...

So you don't want to do anything? Well then say so! Rostov almost shouted, not looking Boris in the face.

Boris smiled.

On the contrary I will do what I can. Only I thought...

At that moment Zhulin's voice was heard calling Boris.

Well then go go go, said Rostov and refusing supper and remaining alone in the little room he walked up and down for a long time hearing the lighthearted French conversation from the next room.

CHAPTER XX

ROSTOV HAD COME TO TILSIT on the day least suitable for a petition on Denisov's behalf.

As to go so and Boris even had he wished to could not have done so on the following day. On that day June 27 the preliminaries of peace were signed. The Emperors exchanged decorations. Alexander received the Cross of the Legion of Honor and Napoleon the Order of St. Andrew of the First Degree and a dinner had been arranged for the evening given by a battalion of the French Guards to the Preobrazhensk battalion. The Emperors were absent.

Rostov felt with Boris that supper he had intended to be asleep and early next morning cut away avoiding Boris. In his civilian clothes and a round hat he wandered

about the town staring at the French and their uniforms and at the streets and houses where the Russian and French Emperors were staying. In a square he saw tables being set up and preparations made for the dinner he saw the Russian and French colors draped from the side of the streets with huge monograms A and V. In the windows of the houses flags.

He wanted to see us but I won't leave here without having done all I can for Denisov and certainly not without getting his letter to the Emperor. The Emperor! He is here thought Rostov who had...

He saw people were assembling evidently preparing for the Emperor to come out.

I may see him at any moment thought Rostov. If only I were to find the letter direct to him and tell him all could they really arrest me for my civilian clothes? Surely not! He could understand on whose side...

He thought when they did arrest me for being here what would it matter? thought he looking at an officer who was entering the house the Emperor occupied. After all people do go in. It's all nonsense! I'll go in and hand the letter to the Emperor myself so much the worse for Drubetskoy who deserves me to it! And suddenly with determination he himself did not expect Rostov felt for the letter in his pocket and went straight to the house.

No I won't miss my opportunity now said Rostov after Austerlitz he thought expecting every moment to meet the monarch.

He was happy when I can do good but to remedy injustice is the greatest happiness. Rostov fancied the sovereign saying. And passing people who looked after him with curiosity he entered the porch of the Emperor's house.

A broad staircase led straight up from the entry and to the right he saw a closed door. Below under the staircase was a door leading to the lower floor.

He

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he was shown the door d downsta rs)
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th fficial h had q est o ed h mopened the
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h had e de dyo ly just put wa tand g
that room, d h t al twas b tto nt
th b k f his beeches n w p of hand
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eason, attracted Rostó t t n Ths man
a peak t someo n n the dj groom.

A good figu d n he first bloom h
a g b to ee Rost he t pped
bort d fro ned

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"What is t? ked t e person n the othe
room.

A ther pet t o w ed the m n
th bra es.

"Tell him t c m l t He ll becom gout
direly we must go

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Rostó turned d was about to go but th
ma the bra es i pped him.

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I me fr m M jo Den so nswe ed
Rostó

Ar you ffcer?

Li ten t Co t Rost

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mma der A d go l with y u go
d h t ed t put n the un f rm the
let ha ded h m.

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g erals f ll p rad u f rm wh m he h d
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f ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

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nd fi hed expl g Deniso ca e when
ha ty tep and the j ngi ng of spur were he d
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to the por h The gentlemen f the Empero s
s te ran d wn the st rs nd went to the r
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and beck ned t him.

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Emper Stopp g bes d hus h rs w th his
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th law tro ger th n l d he ra ed his
foot to th t rrup

Th g neral bowed hu head respectf lly d
the mo archmou ted nd rod d wn the street

once irritably (as if Boris were to blame in some way) telling him about Denisov's affair asking him whether through his general he could and would interceded

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Boris in the presence Boris was crossing over the other and stroking his left hand with the slender fingers of his right. He listened to Rostov as a general listens to the report of a subordinate now looking aside and now gazing straight into Rostov's eyes with the same veiled look. Each time this happened Rostov felt uncomfortable and cast down his eyes.

was between us but I was here and the Emperor! He is here thought Rostov who had

I have heard of such cases and know that His Majesty is very severe in such affairs. I think it would be best not to bring it before the Emperor but to apply to the commander of the corps. But in general I think

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As they were assembling evidently preparing for the Emperor to come out I may see him at any moment thought Rostov. If only I were to hand the letter direct to him and tell him all could they really arrest me for my civilian clothes? Surely not! He would understand on whose side

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At that moment Zhilinski's voice was heard calling Boris.

Well then go go said Rostov and refusing supper and remaining alone in the little room he walked up and down for a long time hearing the lighthearted French conversation from the next room.

CHAPTER XX

ROSTOV HAD COME TO Tilsit on the day least suitable for a petition on Denisov's behalf. He could not himself go to the general in attendance as he was in uniform and had come to Tilsit without permission to do so and Boris even had he wished to could not have done so on the following day. On that day June 27 the preliminaries of peace were signed. The Emperors exchanged decorations. Alexander received the Cross of the Legion of Honor and Napoleon the Order of St. Andrew of the First Degree and a dinner had been

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No! I won't miss my opportunity now as I did after Austerlitz he thought expecting every moment to meet the monarch and conscious of the blood that rushed in his heart at the thought. I'll fall at his feet and beseech him. He will lift me up will listen and will even thank me. I am happy when I can do good but to remedy injustice is the greatest happiness. Rostov fancied the sovereign saying And passing people who looked after him with curiosity he entered the porch of the Emperor's house.

A broad staircase led straight up from the entry and to the right he saw a closed door. Below under the staircase was a door leading to the lower floor.

Next morning went away and Boris in his civilian clothes and a round hat he wandered

estly

as the sure that the cross would die a wretched feast from dance. In his mind
 And truly did

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 d y u r E m p e r g r e s t n d n e x t d y N p o l e o
 T m r r w E m p e r w i l l s d S t
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 k d

B o r n t o o w t h h f d Z h l i k c a m t
 s e e t h P e o b r a z h é k b q t O n h w a y
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R o s t ó f H w d y u d? W e m i s s e d o e n
 t h e r h e s a d d l d n t f r a f m k
 g h t w t h e m t t e r s o t r a g l y d i m l
 d t r b l e d w R o s t ó f

N t h g t l g e p l e d R o t ó

"I l l c a l l d?

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 h t h w t r g? W e c a n n o t c o m p e
 h e d t h t h e E m p e r s a m s h s c t n s!

B u t I n e e r d w d a b o t t h E m p e
 o l s d t h f i j u s t i f y g h u m s e l f n d u n
 b l t o u n d e r s t a n d R s t ó o u t b u r s t e x e p t
 o n t h e p p o t n t h a t h e w a s d r u k

B u t R o s t ó d d n t h a t n t h m

"W e n t d p l m t c o f f i c i s w e e s o l
 d i e r s n d n o t h g m r e h e w e t o n I f w e
 a r e o r d r e d t o d w e m u s t d i e I f w e p u n

at a gallop. Beside himself with enthusiasm Rostov ran after him with the crowd.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EMPEROR rode to the square where facing one another a battalion of the Preobrazhensk regiment stood on the right and a battalion of the French Guards in their bearskin caps on the left.

As the Tsar rode up to one flank of the battalions which presented arms another group

galloped wearing a small hat a blue uniform open over a white vest and the St Andrew ribbon over his shoulder. He was riding a very fine thoroughbred gray Arab horse with a crimson gold embroidered saddlecloth. On approaching Alexander he raised his hat and as he did so Rostov with his cavalryman's eye could not help noticing that Napoleon did not sit well or firmly in the saddle. The battalions shouted Hurrah! and *Vive l'Empereur!* Napoleon said something to Alexander and both Emperors dismounted and took each other's hands. Napoleon's face wore an unpleasant and artificial smile. Alexander was saying something affable to him.

In spite of the tramping of the Frenchgendarmes' horses which were pushing back the crowd Rostov kept his eyes on every movement of Alexander and Bonaparte. It struck him as a surprise that Alexander treated Bonaparte as an equal and that the latter was quite at ease with the Tsar as if such relations with an Emperor were an everyday matter to him.

Alexander and Napoleon with the long train

ors that Rostov standing in the front row was afraid he might be recognized.

Sire I ask your permission to present the Legion of Honor to the bravest of your soldiers said a sharp precise voice articulating every letter.

This was said by the undersized Napoleon looking up straight into Alexander's eyes. Alexander listened attentively to what was said to him and bending his head smiled pleasantly.

To him who has borne himself most bravely in this last war added Napoleon accentuating each syllable as with a composure and as

surance exasperating to Rostov he ran his eyes over the Russian ranks drawn up before him, who all presented arms with their eyes fixed on their Emperor.

Will Your Majesty allow me to consult the colonel? said Alexander and took a few steps toward Prince Kozlovski the commander of the battalion.

Bonaparte meanwhile began taking the glove off his small white hand tore it in doing so and threw it away. An aide-de-camp behind him rushed forward and picked it up.

To whom shall it be given? the Emperor Alexander asked Ioslovski in Russian in a low voice.

To whomever Your Majesty commands.

The Emperor knelt his brow to the ground in attention and glancing back remarked:

But we must give him an answer.

Kozlovski scanned the ranks resolutely and included Rostov in his scrutiny.

Can it be me? thought Rostov.

Lázarev the colonel called with a frown and Lázarev the first soldier in the rank stepped briskly forward.

Where are you off to? Stop here! he cried.

often happens to soldiers called before the ranks.

ing at once what he wanted moved about as if whispered as they passed something from one to another and a page—the same one Rostov had seen the previous evening at Boris—ran forward and bowing respectfully over the outstretched hand and not keeping it a moment hid in it an Order on a red ribbon. Napoleon without looking pressed together and the large was between them. Then he approached Lázarev (who rolled his eyes and persistently gazed at his own march) looked round at the Emperor Alexander to imply that what he was now doing was done for the sake of ally and the small white hand holding the Order touched one of Lázarev's buttons. It was as if Napoleon knew that it was only necessary for his hand to descend to touch that soldier's breast for the soldier to be forever happy rewarded and distinguished from every one else in the world. Napoleon merely laid the cross on Lázarev's breast and dropping his head turned toward Alexander.

although sure that the cross would adhere there. And it really did.

Obviously he said, Russian and French immediately cured the cross and fastened it to the uniform. Lazarev glanced at the little

and there, go away or do something. But receiving orders, he remained for some time in that rigid position.

The Emperor remounted and rode away. The Preobrazhenski break-neck rankman led with the French Guards and sat down at the table prepared for them.

Lazarev sat in the place of honor. Russian and French officers embraced him, congratulated him, and pressed his hands. Crowds of officers and civilians drew earnestly to see him. A rumble of Russia and French cannons

he least from a distance. In his mind,

while hospital with arms. He recalled that hospital stench of dead flesh that he looked round to see where the smell came from. Next he thought of that self-satisfied Bonaparte with his malleable hand who was now an Emperor, liked and respected by Alexander. Then why those severed arms and legs and those dead men? Then again he thought of Lazarev rewarded and Denisov punished and unpardoned. He caught himself harping on the strange thoughts that he was frightened.

had noticed that morning there in the many people among them officers who like himself, had come to find out that he had difficulty in getting a good officer.

Lazarev:

"Thee."

"Tomorrow I hear the Preobrazhenskis will give them dinner."

"Yes, but what luck for Lazarev! Twelve hundred francs pence for life."

"Here a captain shouted a Preobrazhenski soldier down his bag. French captain (fine thing) First rate."

"Have you heard the news?" asked the Guards officer. "The day before yesterday was a political festival. Our Emperor gives to the Emperor. Tomorrow our Emperor will send St. George's Cross to the best of the French Guards. It has been done. He must respond in kind."

Born with his friend Zhilinski, came to see the Preobrazhenski banquet. On his way back, he noticed Rostov standing by the corner of his house.

"What is it? How do you do?" he asked. "I missed you. I said, and now I cannot refrain from asking what was the matter with that dismal and troubled was Rostov's face."

"Nothing, nothing," said Rostov.

"You'll call me?"

"Yes, I will."

Rostov's face was a little better for long time.

done for his troops had neither provisions nor ammunition. A cholera ate and drank (chiefly the latter) in silence. He finished a couple of bottles of wine by himself. The process in his mind went on tormenting him with

that it was humiliating to look at the French. Rostov began shouting with uncalculated wrath and therefore much to the surprise of the officers.

"How can you judge what best?" he cried, the blood suddenly rushing to his face. "How can you judge the Emperor's actions? What right have we to accuse him? We cannot comprehend either the Emperor's or his actions."

But he never said a word about the Emperor said the officer justifying himself, and unable to understand Rostov's thirst, except on the supposition that he was drunk.

But Rostov did not listen to him.

"We are not diplomatic officials, we are soldiers and nothing more," he went on. "If we are ordered to die, we must die. If we're pun-

ished it means that we have deserved it it is not for us to judge If the Emperor pleases to recognize Bonaparte as Emperor and to conclude an alliance with him it means that that is the right thing to do If once we begin judging and arguing about everything nothing sacred will be left That way we shall be saying there is no God—nothing! shouted Nicholas banging the table—very little to the point as it seemed to his listeners but quite relevantly to the course of his own thoughts

Our business is to do our duty to fight and not to think! That's all said he

And to drink said one of the officers not wishing to quarrel

Yes and to drink assented Nicholas Hullo there! Another bottle! he shouted

In 1808 the Emperor Alexander went to Erfurt for a fresh interview with the Emperor Napoleon and in the upper circles of Petersburg there was much talk of the grandeur of this important meeting

CHAPTER XXII

In 1809 the intimacy between the world's two arbiters—as Napoleon and Alexander were called—was such that when Napoleon declared war on Austria a Russian corps crossed the frontier to co-operate with our old enemy Bonaparte against our old ally the Emperor of Austria and in court circles the possibility of marriage between Napoleon and one of Alexander's sisters was spoken of But besides considerations of foreign policy the attention of Russian society was at that time

Life meanwhile—real life with its essential interests of health and sickness toil and rest and its intellectual interests in thought science poetry music love friendship

1801 reconstruction

ungainly limbs sprawling unsym-

Only the dead looking evergreen firs dotted about in the forest and this oak refused to yield to the charm of spring or notice either the spring or the summer.

Spirits say Art ingless c same and here is no spring no sun no happiness! Look at those crimped dead firs ever the same and at me too sticking out my broken and barked fingers just where they have grown whether the summer or the winter.

Under the forest Prince Andrew turned several times to look at that oak as if expecting something from it. Under the oak too were flowers and grass but it stood among them scowling rigid misshapen and grim as ever.

Yes the oak is right a thousand times right thought Prince Andrew. Let others—the young—yield afresh to that fraud but we know life our life is finished!

A whole sequence of new thoughts hopeless but mournfully pleasant rose in his soul in connection with that tree. During this journey he as it were considered his life afresh and arrived at his old conclusion: restful in its hopelessness that it was not for him to begin any thing anew—but that he must live out his life content to do no harm and not disturbing himself or desiring anything.

CHAPTER II

PRINCE ANDREW had to see the Marshal of the Nobility for the district in connection with the affairs of the Ryazán estate of which he was trustee. This Marshal was Count Ilyá Rostov and in the middle of May Prince Andrew went to visit him.

It was now hot spring weather. The whole forest was already clothed in green. It was dusty and so hot that on passing near a water one longed to bathe.

Prince Andrew depressed and preoccupied with the business about which he had to speak to the Marshal was driving up the avenue in the grounds of the Rostovs' house at Otrádnoe. He heard merry girlish cries behind some trees on the right and saw a group of girls running to cross the path of his carriage. Ahead of the rest and nearer to him ran a dark haired remark-

ably slim pretty girl in a yellow chintz dress with a white handkerchief on her head from under which loose locks of hair escaped.

Suddenly he did not know why he felt a pang. The day was so beautiful the sun so bright everything around so gay but that slim pretty girl did not know or wish to know of his existence and was contented and cheerful in her own separate—probably foolish—but bright and happy life. What is she so glad about? What is she thinking of? Not of the military regulations or of the arrangement of the Ryazán serfs' quarters? Of what is she thinking? Why is she so happy? Prince Andrew asked himself with instinctive curiosity.

In 1809 Count Ilyá Rostov was living at Otrádnoe just as he had done in former years, that is entertaining almost the whole province with hunts theatricals dinners and music. He was glad to see Prince Andrew as he was to see any new visitor and insisted on his staying in the night.

During the dull day in the course of which he was entertained by his elderly hosts and by the more important of the visitors (the old count's house was crowded on account of an

ing about? Why is she so glad?

That night alone in new surroundings he was long unable to sleep. He read awhile and then put out his candle but relit it. It was hot in the room the inside shutters of which were closed. He was cross with the stupid old man (as he called Rostov) who had made him stay by assuring him that some necessary documents had not yet arrived from town and he excused himself for having stayed.

He got up and went to the window to open it. As soon as he opened the shutters the moon light as if it had long been watching for this burst into the room. He opened the casement. The night was fresh bright and very still. Just before the window was a row of pollard trees looking black on one side and with a silvery light on the other. Beneath the trees grew some kind of lush wet lily vegetation with silver lily leaves and stems here and there. Farther back beyond the dark trees a roof glittered with dew to the right was a leafy tree with brilliant white trunk and branches and above it shone

h. I fe.
self

the moon nearly at its full n a p l e l m o t
to less, sp g sky P r n e A d r e w l e a n e d h s
l b o r t h e w n d o w l e d e d l e y e s r e s t d
th a s k y
His room was n the first floor Those in the
rooms b o e e r a l s o w a k e . H e h e a r d f e m a l e
c r o e r h d

h. o. b o e
e
~d

th r o c e
"I t, I c a n t a s l e e p w h t t h u s e ? C o m e
w l t h e l a s t t i m e
T h g i r l h o c e s a g a m u c a l p a s a g e —
t h e d s o m e s o g

Oh, how! l y l h o w g : l e e p n d t h e r e
e d o f t .

"I g o t l e e p b t I c a n t s a d t h e f i r s t
e c o m i g e a s t h e w n d w S h e w a s
i d e n t i l y l e a g h t t i f r t h e r u t l e o f
h e r d r e s s d e e h e r b r e a t h g e u l d b e
h d E e r y t h w a s i n e t l l l k t h e m o o n
d t l h i d t h e h d w s P r n e A d r e w
t o o d a d n t u f f e a o f b t r a y g h u n
t t i p r e s e e .

S o y a l S y a l h w a n l e a d t h e f i r s t
p e a k O h h w c a n y u l e p ? O l y l o o k
h o w g l n u t t ! A h h w g l o u l d w a k e
p S o y a h e s a d l m o t w l t i n n e r
e "T h e r e v e r n w a c h a l o e l y
t b e f l

S o y a m a d s o m r l u t a t e p l y
D o j u s t c o m e d e e h t a m n l O h
h w l e l y l C o m h D l g s w e e t
h e a r t , c o m h ! T h e r y u e e ? I f e l l i k e
m r m s

I f h e a d t h s o d f c u f f l e d S o y a
d i s a p p I t p t n o l o c k
O h y u l y p l t h o s f m e . A l l g h t ,
n o g

A g a l i w a s l e n t b u t P r A d r e w
k w h w a t t l t g t h e F m t m t
m h h d s o f t r u s i l d o e s t i m e s h .
O G o d , O G o d W h a t d o e s t m n ? s h
d d l y c l u s e d . T o b e d t h e n f t m u s t
b e a n d h e l m u n e d t h c a e m t .

F l l m h t a s w e l l n t e x i s t t h h t
P r i A d r e w w h l l t n e e d t h o
f s o m e a s o n p e g y t f e a g t h a t h e
m l t y s o m t h g b o u t h m . T h e r h e i s
n A s f t w e r e p u r p o t h h t h e
l h s o u l t h e u d d n l y o s e u c h n u n
e x p e c t e d t u r n l f y o t h l t h o u h t s a n d

CHAPTER III

N E X T A M I C I A n g t a k e n l e a v e o f n o o n e
b u t t h e c o u n t a n d n t w t n g f o r t h e l d e s t
a p p e a r P r n e A d e w s e t o f f f m e

I t w a l r e d y t h e b e g n n n g o f J n e w i e n
o n h s e t u r n j o u r n e y h e d r o e n t o t h e b r e l
f o e s t w h e t h e g n r l e d o l d o a k l a d m a d e s
s t r a n g e n d m e m o r a b l e n i m p e s s o n o n l u m
I n t h e f o e s t t h e h a r n e s s b e l l s o u n d e d y e t m r e
m u f f l e d t h n t h e y h d d o n e s e e k s b e f o r e
f n w l l a s t l c k s h a d y a d d e n e a n d
t h e y u g f i r s d o t t e d a b o u t i n t h e f o r e s t d d n o t
J o n t h e g e r a l b e a u t y b u t l e n d g t h e m
s e l e s t o t h e m o o d s o u n d w e r e d e l c a t e l y
g r e e n w t h s l u f f y j u n g l e s

T h e w h o l e d y h a d b e e n h o t . S o m e w l e r e
t r m w a s g a t l r n g b u t o n l y s m l l l o d
h a d s c a t t e r e d s o m e r a n d r o p s l i g h t l y s p r n
k l n g t h e d a n d t h e s a p p y l e a e s . T l e l e f t
s d e f t h e f r e s t w a s d a k i n t h e s l a d e t l e
r i g h t d e g l t t e r e d i n t h e s u n l i g h t , w e t n l
s h y d e c a c l y s w a y e d b y t h e b r e e z E e r y
t h g w a s n b l o s s o m t h e n g h t n g a l e s t l l e d
a n d t h e r o c e s e e r b e r a t e d n w n e a r n
f w a y

Y e s h e r e n t h s f o r e s t w a t h a t o k i t l
w h c h I g r e e d t l u g h t P r c e A n d r e w B u t
w h e r t l e g a n w n d e e d g a z g a t t l e
l e f t s d e o f t h d n d t h o t r e c o g n n o
t h e l o o k e d w t h d m r a t n t t h e e r y o k
h e s o g l t . T l o l d o k q u t e t r a n f o u r e d ,
p d o u t c a p y o f s a p p y d a k g r e n
f l g e t o o d r a p t n d l i g h t l y t r e m b l i n t l
r a y s o f t h e n g s u n N e t h e r g n a l e d f n
g r s n o o l d c a r s n o l d d u b s a n d s o r r
w e r e n y o f t h e m i n e i d e n e n w T h r u l
t h e h a d n t u r y o l d b k , e n w h e t h e
w e n t w g l e a e s h d s p r o u t e d u c l a s n e
c o u l d h a r d l y b l e t h e o l d v e t e r a n c o u l d h e
p r o d u c e d .

"Y e s t t h e s a m o k , t h u g l t P e A n
d r e w n d l l t c e h e w a s s e i e d b y n u n
r e a s o n g s p g t m f e l g o f j o y n d e n
l A l l t h b e s t m m f l u l f e u d d e l y
r o s t h s m m r y A u s t l u w t h t h l f t y
h e a h u s w f d e d r e p o c h u l f
P e r t t l e f r y t h t g r l t h r l l e d b y t h e
E u t y f t h n g h t d t h a t n g l t i s l f d
t h e m o o n d l l t h i s r u s h e d s u d d e n l y t o
l l m d .

N l f n t o e t t h r t y o n e ! P r n e e
A d r e w u d d n l y d d e d f l l y n d d c a s e l y

ungainly limbs sprawling unsymmetrically and its gnarled hands and fingers it stood in aged stern and scornful monster among the smiling birch trees. Only the dead looking evergreen firs dotted about in the forest and this oak refused to yield to the charm of spring or notice either the sun or the

Spring lo say Are you ingless const same and always a fraud! There is no spring no sun no happiness! Look at those cramped dead firs ever the same and at me too sticking out my broken and barked fingers just where they have grown whether from my back or my sides as they have grown so I stand and I do not believe in your hopes and your lies

As he passed through the forest Prince Andrew turned several times to look at that oak as if expecting something from it Under the oak too were flowers and grass but it stood among them scowling rigid misshapen and grim as ever

Yes the oak is right a thousand times right thought Prince Andrew Let others—the young—yield afresh to that fraud but we know life our life is finished!

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Suddenly he did not know why he felt a pang The day was so beautiful the sun so bright everything around so gay but that slim pretty girl did not know or wish to know of his existence and was contented and cheerful in her own separate—probably foolish—but bright and happy life What is she so glad about? What is she thinking of? He asked himself

Prince Andrew asked himself with instinctive curiosity

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thought about Why is she so glad?

That night alone in new surroundings he was long unable to sleep He read awhile and then put out his candle but felt it was hot in the room the inside shutters of which were closed He was cross with the stupid old man (as he called Rostóv) who had made him stay by assuring him that some necessary documents had not yet arrived from town and he was vexed with himself for having stayed

He got up and went to the window to open it As soon as he opened the shutters the moon light as if it had long been watching for it burst into the room He opened the casement The night

Under the other Beneath the trees grew some kind of lush wet fleshy vegetation with lily leaves and stems here and there Farther back beyond the dark trees stood glittered with dew to the right was a leafy tree with brilliantly white trunk and branches and also a lone

th Emper perso lly but the pr ject will
speak fo ts lf

He me to d wh t h h d written to n
old fi ld marsh l frie d f h f thers The
field marshalm de n pp une t to see h m
ec ived him gracio ly a d p om d t n
f rm the Emper A few d ys later Prince An
drew ece ed n t m th t he was t go to see
the M ter of W r Co t Arakché v

El the ppo ted d y Pri ce Andrew en
tered Co t Arakché s w t groom at n ne
in the m rn g

He d d t kn w Arakchév pers lly h d
eversee h m d ll he h d h d f h m
p ed h m th b t ttle espect f the m n

H M te f W a mant used by the
Empero d l eed t cern myself bout
his perso al q altes he has be commu-
ed t co der my p j ct, so he l can
get tad pt d th ght P e And ew as he
ted am g n mber f mporta t d un
mport t people Co nt Arakchév wait
g oom.

D h serv ce ch efly an adjut nr
Pn e A drew had ee the terooms of m ny
mport t men d the d ff ent types f ch
rooms ew ll k own to h m Co t Arak
bév teroom h d qu ite a p c lcl racte
Th fa e f the mp ta t p pl wat g
th t m f d ce h wed emb rra
ment d r l th f ee

t me Th n suddenly the grating sou d of
harsh vo ce w he rd f m tle other s de f
the door nd the officer—w th pale face and
trembling lips—came o t d passed through
tle w t ng room clutching l he d.

After this Prince A d ew was conducted to
the door and the off cer on duty a d in a whis
per "To the r ght t the w d w

Pr ce And ew entered pl n tidy room
and saw at the table a m n of f rty w th a lo ll
wa st a lo ll ly cr pped l e d deep wrn
kles c wl w b ows above d ll green h hazel
eyes d no er hang g red nos Arakchév
t med h she dt wa d h m w d out looking at
h m.

What y r pett ? ked Arakchév
I m n t pett g y rex llency re-
tu ned P ce A d ew q efly
—l

M jesty the Emper has d gned to send yo
e lle cy p je ts b m tted by me

l u see my d sur l h s e read you proj
ect terrupted Arak hée utte go ly the
first ords m bly a d th n—ga w th ut
look gat P c l d ew—relap g grad l
ly to a to e of grumbl g to tempt "You
re p o po g ew m l tary laws? There are
m nyl w but no net carry t the old o es
Nowad j crybody des gns laws it is eas er

g t t us h fere to Cou t
Arak hé O gr ral m m
so
to
leg

ll Ule He el
nd he h ded t to Pri nce A d ew
Acro th p pe was crawled p n l
w th ut n t t m m

l
P d w t th d t m k d the
ll
tu
t
uter oom by th now d t f h m
wh struck P A dr w by h h m l t d
a d f ght ed w dm tted t that tern
ble doo Th ffer d e lasted l ng
Sila mean f ce

yu g
To wh t mm tte has the m mo dum
be n ef rr d? q ed Pri ce And ew
To th Comm tte n Army Regul t
d I h r mm nded that y ur h r
sh uld be pp t d m mber but with ut a
s lary
Pri ce A d ew m led.
l do tw t ll
A member w th ut l ry m peated Arak

It is not enough for me to know what I have in me—everyone must know it. Pierre and that young girl who wanted to fly away into the sky—everyone must know me so that my life may not be lived for myself alone while others live so apart from it—but so that it may be reflected in them all—and they and I may live in harmony!

On reaching home Prince Andrew decided to go to Petersburg that autumn and found all sorts of reasons for this decision. A whole series of sensible and logical considerations showing it to be essential for him to go to Petersburg and even to re-enter the service kept springing up in his mind. He could not now understand how he could ever even have doubted the necessity of taking an active share in life just as a month before he had not understood how the idea of leaving the quiet country could ever enter his head. It now seemed clear to him that all his experience of life must be senselessly wasted unless he applied it to some kind of work and again played an active part in life. He did not even remember how formerly on the strength of similar wretched logical arguments it had seemed obvious that he would be degrading himself if he now, after the lessons he had had in life, allowed himself to believe in the possibility of being useful and in

former pursuits no longer interested him and often when sitting alone in his study he got up, went to the mirror and gazed a long time at his own face. Then he could turn away to the portrait of his dead Lise, who with hair curled à la grecque looked tenderly and gaily at him out of the gilt frame. She did not now say those former terrible words to him but looked simply merrily and inquisitively at him. And Prince Andrew, crossing his arms behind him, long paced the room, now frowning, now smiling as he reflected on those irrational inexpressible thoughts secret as a crime which altered his whole life and were connected with Pierre, with fame, with the girl at the window, the oak and woman's beauty and love. And if anyone came into his room at such moments he was particularly cold, stern and above all unpleasantly logical.

My dear Princess Mary entering at such a moment would say, little Nicholas can't go out today, it's very cold.

If it were I, ot Prince Andrew would reply

at such times very dryly to his sister: "he could go out in his smock, but as it is cold he must wear warm clothes which were designed for that purpose. That is what follows from the fact that it is cold and not that a child who needs fresh air should remain at home—he would add with extreme logic as if punishing someone for those secret illogical emotions that stirred within him.

At such moments Princess Mary would think how intellectual work dries men up.

CHAPTER IV

PRINCE ANDREW arrived in Petersburg in August 1809. It was the time when the youthful Speránski was at the zenith of his fame and his reforms were being pushed forward with the greatest energy. That same August the Emperor was thrown from his *calèche*, injured his leg and remained three weeks at Peterhof receiving Speránski every day and no one else. At that time the two famous decrees were being prepared that so agitated society—abolishing court ranks and introducing examinations to qualify for the grades of Collegiate Assessor and State Councilor—and not merely these but a whole state constitution intended to change the existing order of government in Russia, legal administrative and financial from the Council of State down to the district tribunals. Now those vague liberal dreams with which the Emperor Alexander had ascended the throne and which he had tried to put into effect with the aid of his associates Czartoryski, Novosilsev, Kochubéy and Stróganov—whom he him-

self on the civil side and Arakchéev on the military. Soon after his arrival Prince Andrew as a gentleman of the chamber presented himself at court and at a levee. The Emperor though he met him twice did not favor him with a single word. It had always seemed to Prince Andrew before that he was antipathetic to the Emperor and that the latter disliked his face and personality generally and in the cold repellent glance the Emperor gave him he now found further confirmation of this surmise. The courtiers explained the Emperor's neglect of him by His Majesty's displeasure at Bolkonski's not having served since 1805.

I know myself that one cannot help one's sympathies and antipathies, thought Prince Andrew, so it will not do to present my proposal for the reform of the army regulations to

BOOK SIX

the Emper p rso lly but the pr j ct will
peak f us lf
H m nts d wh t h had wr tten m an
ld f l d m rshal fr e d f h s f the s The
ld m arsh l m dean appo tme t to see h m
ec ed h m grac u ly d p m s d to n
form the Emper r A few d ys lat r Pr nc An
drew m d tce th the w s t g to see
the M n ste f War Count Arakchéev

On the pp ted d y P nce Andrew en
tered Co t Arakché v s w tng room t n ne
in the m m ng

Hed d ot kn w Arakchéev pers lly had
ever see h m d ll he h d hea d f h m n
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sal ry

Pri ce A d ew sm led.

Id t wa to e.

A member w thout salary repeated Arak

chéev. I have the honor. Eh! Call the next one! Who else is there? he shouted bowing to Prince Andrew.

CHAPTER V

WHILE WAITING for the announcement of his appointment to the committee Prince Andrew looked up his former acquaintances particularly those he knew to be in power and whose aid he might need. In Petersburg he now experienced the same feeling he had had on the eve of a battle when troubled by anxious curiosity and irresistibly attracted to the ruling circles where the future on which the fate of millions depended was being shaped. From the irritation of the older men the curiosity of the uninitiated the reserve of the initiated the hurry and preoccupation of everyone and the innumerable committees and commissions of whose existence he learned every day he felt that now in 1809 here in Petersburg a vast civil conflict was in preparation the command

of reconstruction of which Prince Andrew had a vague idea and Speránski its chief promoter began to interest him so keenly that the question of the army regulations quickly receded to a secondary place in his consciousness.

Prince Andrew was most favorably placed to secure a good reception in the highest and most diverse Petersburg circles of the day. The reforming party cordially welcomed and courted him in the first place because he was reputed to be clever and very well read and secondly because by liberating his serfs he had obtained the reputation of being a liberal. The party of the old and dissatisfied who censured the in-

mine society world welcomed him gladly because he was rich distinguished a good match and almost a newcomer with a aloof romance

that he had greatly improved during these last five years having softened and grown more manly lost his former affectation pride and contemptuous irony and acquired the serenity that comes with years. People talked about him as ever interested in him and wanted to meet him.

The day after his interview with Count Ar-

akchéev Prince Andrew spent the evening at Count Kochubéy's. He told the count of his interview with Sila Andréievich (Kochubéy spoke of Arakchéev by that nickname with the same vague irony Prince Andrew had noticed in the Minister of War's anteroom).

Mon cher even in this case you can do without Michael Mikháýlovich Speránski. He manages everything. I'll speak to him. He has promised to come this evening.

What has Speránski to do with the army regulations? asked Prince Andrew.

Kochubéy shook his head smilingly as if surprised at Bolkónski's simplicity.

We were talking to him about you a few days ago Kochubéy continued and about your freed plowmen.

Oh is it you Prince who have freed your serfs? said an old man of Catherine's day turning contemptuously toward Bolkónski.

It was a small estate that brought it in no profit replied Prince Andrew trying to extenuate his action so as not to irritate the old man uselessly.

Afraid of being late said the old man looking at Kochubéy.

There's one thing I don't understand he continued. Who will plow the land if they are set free? It is easy to write laws but difficult to rule. Just the same as now—I ask you Count—who will be heads of the departments when everybody has to pass examinations?

Those who pass the examinations I suppose replied Kochubéy crossing his legs and glancing round.

Well I have Prytchinikov serving under me a splendid man a priceless man but he is sixty. Is he to go up for examination?

Yes that's a difficulty as education is not at all general but

Count Kochubéy did not finish. Herose took Prince Andrew by the arm and went to meet a tall bald fair man of about forty with a large open forehead and a long face of unusual and peculiar whiteness who was just entering. The newcomer wore a blue swallow-tail coat with a cross suspended from his neck and a star on his left breast. It was Speránski. Prince Andrew recognized him at once and felt a throb within him as it happens at critical moments of life. Whether it was from respect envy or anticipation he did not know. Speránski's whole figure was of a peculiar type that made him easily recognizable. In the society in which Prince Andrew lived he had never seen anyone who together with awkward and clumsy

gestures possessed such calmness and self-assurance: he had never seen so resolute yet gentle an expression that those half-closed, rather humid eyes, or so firm a smile that expressed nothing. Nor had he heard such a refined, smooth, soft voice. He had never seen such delicate whiteness of face or hands—hands which were broad, but very plump, soft, and fat. Such whiteness and softness. Prince Andrew had only seen on the faces of soldiers who had been in no hospital. This was Speranski, Secretary of State, reported to the Emperor and his companions at Erfurt, where he had more than once met and talked with the emperor.

Speranski did not lift his eyes from the floor to another as people usually do when entering large companies. He was in a hurry to speak. He spoke slowly with the assurance that he would be listened to. He looked only at the person with whom he was conversing.

Prince Andrew followed Speranski every word and movement with particular attention. As happens, some people expect to meet in so judge those near to them severely. He was met by a person—especially by one whom he followed—Speranski, who was expected to discover in him the perfection of human qualities.

Speranski told Kochubey he was sorry he had been obliged to miss her as he had been detained at the palace. He did not say that the Emperor had kept him, and Prince Andrew noted this affectation of modesty. When Kochubey introduced Prince Andrew, Speranski turned his eyes to Bolikó with his customary smile and looked at him in silence.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance. I had heard of you, as everyone has," he said after a pause.

Kochubey said a few words about the reception Arakchéev had given Bolikó. Speranski smiled more markedly.

"The chairman of the Committee on Army Regulation is my good friend. I am curious to know, he said, full of regulation every word and syllable, if you like, I can put you together with him. He paused, then, full of hope. "I hope you will find him very sympathetic and ready to co-operate in your mission."

A circle soon formed round Speranski, and the old man who had talked to the board of the Prýanichniko addressed questions to him.

Prince Andrew withdrew from the conversation.

He went on what he had every moment of Speranski's time. He did not lose sight of the significance of

with which Speranski answered the old man. He appeared to address condescending words to him from an immeasurable height. When the old man began to speak too loud, Speranski made a dash at him, as if he could not judge of the disadvantage of what pleased the emperor.

He talked for a little while in the general circle. Speranski rose and came up to Prince Andrew, took him aside to the other end of the room. It was clear that he thought it necessary to interest himself in Bolikó.

He did not choose to talk with you. Prince Andrew was a man of conversation, in which that venerable gentleman was obliged to me, he said with mildly contemptuous misanthropy by that smile that he did. Prince Andrew understood the significance of this people with whom he had just been talking. The flattered Prince Andrew had a great deal of interest in me first from your criticism with regard to your first example of which it is very desirable that there should be more that is not secondly because you are one of those gentlemen of the chamber who have not considered themselves offended by the new decree concerning the ranks. It is a courtier, which is causing so much gossip and little-tattle.

He said Prince Andrew, my father did not wish me to take advantage of the privilege. I began the career from the lower grade.

"Your father's man of the last century, even if they stand before our contemporaries who so condemn this measure which merely establishes a natural justice."

I think, however, that they condemn it on his some ground. He returned Prince Andrew trying to see Speranski. Hence, of which he began to be conscious. He did not like to

Group of persons I am sure may be Speranski put in quietly.

And if that interest to some extent, said Prince Andrew.

WAR AND PEACE

What do you mean? asked Speranski quietly lowering his eyes

I am an admirer of Montesquieu replied Prince Andrew and his idea that *le principe des monarchies est l'honneur me paraît incontestable. Certains droits et privilèges de la noblesse me paraissent être des moyens de soutenir ce sentiment*

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Wednesday he added I will after talking with Magnitski let you know what may interest you and shall also have the pleasure of a more detailed chat with you Closing his eyes he bowed *à la française* without taking leave and trying to attract as little attention as possible he left the room

CHAPTER VI

DURING the first weeks of his stay in Paris

he was incontestable Certain things seem to me a means of maintaining that sentiment

If you regard the question from that point of view

overshadowed by the trifling cares that engrossed him in that city

On returning home in the

so is to be in time everywhere absorbed the greater part of his vital energy He did nothing did not even think or find time to think but only talked and talked successfully of what he had thought while in the country

He sometimes noticed with dissatisfaction that he repeated the same remark on the same day in different circles But he was so busy for whole days together that he had no time to notice that he was thinking of nothing

As he had done on their first meeting at Kuchubéy's Speranski produced a strong impression on Prince Andrew on the Wednesday when he received him tête à tête at his own house and talked to him long and confidently

To Bolkonski so many people appeared contemptible and insignificant creatures and he so longed to find in someone the living ideal of

Like Speranski sprung from the same class as himself and possessed the same breeding and traditions Bolkonski would soon have discovered his weak human unheroic side but as it was Speranski's strange and logical turn of mind inspired him with respect all the more because he did not quite understand him Moreover Speranski either because he appreciated the other's capacity or because he considered it necessary to win him to his side showed off his dispassionate calm reasonableness before Prince Andrew and flattered him with that subtle flattery which goes hand in hand with self assurance and consists in a tacit assumption that one's companion is the only man besides oneself capable of understanding the folly of the rest of mankind and the reasonableness and profundity of one's own ideas

During their long conversation on Wednesday evening Speranski more than once remarked We regard everything that is above the common level of rooted custom or with a smile But we want the wolves to be fed and the sheep to be safe or They cannot understand this and all in a way that seemed to say He you and I understand what they are and who we are

This first long conversation with Speranski

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CHAPTER VII

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that p rcul ly ttra ted Pr A dr w

What do you mean? asked Speritski quietly lowering his eyes.

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The smile vanished from Speritski's white face which was much improved by the change. Prince Andrew thought interested him.

than in Russia but quite calmly.

Speritski went on to say that honor (*l'honneur*) cannot be upheld by privileges harmful to the service that honor (*l'honneur*) is either a negative concept of not doing what is blame worthy or it is a source of emulation in pursuit of commendation and rewards which recognize it. His arguments were concise simple and clear.

An institution upholding honor the source of emulation is one similar to the Legion of Honor of the great Emperor Napoleon not harmful but helpful to the success of the service but not a class or court privilege.

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Closing his eyes he bowed *à la française* without taking leave and trying to attract as little attention as possible he left the room.

CHAPTER VI

DURING the first weeks of his stay in Petersburg Prince Andrew felt the whole trend of thought he had formed during his life of secluded inquiry

overshadowed by the trifling cares that engulfed him in that city.

On returning home in the evening he would jot down in his notebook four or five necessary calls or appointments for certain hours. The mechanism of life the arrangement of the day so as to be in time everywhere absorbed the greater part of his vital energy. He did nothing did not even think or find time to think but only talked and talked successfully of what he had thought while in the country.

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To Bolkonski so many people appeared contemptible and insignificant creatures and he so longed to find in someone the living ideal of that perfection toward which he strove that he readily believed that in Speritski he had found this ideal of a perfectly rational and virtuous man. Had Speritski sprung from the same class as himself and possessed the same feeling and traditions Bolkonski would soon have discovered his weak human underneath but as it was Speritski's strange intellectual turn of mind inspired him with respect all the more because he did not quite understand him. Moreover Speritski either because he perceived the other's capacity or because he considered it necessary to win him to his side showed off his dispassionate calm reasonableness before Prince Andrew and flattered him with that subtle flattery which goes hand in hand with self-assurance and confidence assuming to him that one's companion is the only man less let oneself capable of understanding the folly of the rest of mankind and therefore an able man in proportion to the amount of his ideas.

During their long conversation on Wednesday evening Speritski more than once remarked: We require everything that is useful to the human level of a state I said in a voice with a smile. But he was not the slightest to be fed and the sheep to be safe or that cannot understand this and all in a way that caused to say: "He you and I understand but they are not like us."

This first long conversation with Speritski

only strengthened in Prince A. drew the feeling he had experienced toward him at their first meeting. He saw in him remarkable, clear-thinking man, a vast intellect who by his energy and persistence had attained power which he was using solely for the welfare of Russia.

Prince Andrew's eyes Speranski was the man he would himself have wished to be—on who explained all the facts of life, reason, but considered important in life what was rational, and was capable of applying the standard of reason to everything. Everything seemed so simple and clear in Speranski's exposition that Prince A. drew spontaneously agreed with him about everything. If he replied and agreed, it was only because he wished to maintain his independence and not submit to Speranski's pinions entirely. Everything was right and everything was as it should be, only one element disturbed Prince A. drew. This was Speranski's old, mirror-like look, which did not allow a person to get near to his soul, and his delicate white hands, which Prince Andrew intuitively watched. One does watch the hands of those who possess power. This mirror-like gaze and those delicate hands irritated Prince Andrew. He knew no white hands were unpleasant, truck, too bright, excessive contemplation for others that he observed Speranski, and by this diversity of lines of argument he used to support his points. He made use of every kind of mental device, except malice, and passed too boldly. It seemed to Prince Andrew from another world would take up the position of a practical man and condemn dreamers now that of a satirist. He laughed ironically at his opponents now grow severely logical, or sudden rise to the realm of metaphysics. (This last resource was one he very frequently employed.) He would transfer

question to metaphysical heights, pass into definitions of space, time, and thought, and having deduced the refutation he needed, would gradually descend to the level of the original discussion.

In general the crisis of Speranski's mentality which struck Prince Andrew most was his absolute and unshakable belief in the power and authority of reason. It was evident that although he could never occur to him which Prince Andrew seemed so natural, namely that it is for all impossible to express all on this, and that he had never felt the doubt, not all that he believed nonsense. And was just this peculiarity of Speranski's mind that particularly attracted Prince Andrew.

During the first period of the acquaintance Bolkonski felt a passionate admiration for him similar to that which he had once felt for Bonaparte. The fact that Speranski was it

Prince Andrew to cherish his sentimentality in the more, and unconsciously to strengthen it.

That first evening Bolkonski spent with him, having met the Commissioner of the Revision of the Code of Laws, Speranski told him sarcastically that the Commission had expended five hundred fifty years, had cost millions, and had done nothing except that Rosenkampf had stuck himself on the corresponding paragraphs of the different codes.

And that is the tax he has for the million that he pays, said he. "We want to give the Senate new judicial powers, but we have laws. That is why this is so men like our Prince, not to serve these times."

Prince A. drew said that if that work in education in jurisprudence was needed which he did not possess.

But in his possession, so what would you have it as a circle from which we must break way out.

A week later Prince Andrew was a member of the Commission on Army Regulations—what he had in tall expected—was chairman of a section of the commission for the revision of the laws. At Speranski's request he took the first part of the Civil Code that would be drawn up, with the Code of the People and the statutes of justice in which he worked for many years on the section on Person and Rights.

CHAPTER VII

Nearly two years before this, in 1808 Peter on return to Petersburg for his estates had voluntarily and himself in a leading position among the Petersburg Freemasons. He arranged diminished funeral lodge meetings, enrolled new members, and bought himself up in various lodges and acquired authentic charters. He gave money for the erection of temples, and supplemented as far as he could the collection of alms, toward which the majority of members were unopposed and ardent. He supported almost exclusively the poorhouse, the order had founded in Petersburg.

His life meanwhile continued as before with the same infatuation and dissipation. He

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This first long conversation with Speránski

secure the triumph of virtue he read we
m t d e m f r m p j u d c e d f f s e p n
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"T u t t h d w e m u t s e c u a p e
p o d r a e f t e o v e r e a d m u t e
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g r a e l y h m p e r e d b y t h e p l t c a l i n s t t i n s
f t o d a y W h t i s t o b e d n t h e s e c u m
u c ? T f r e l t e r t h r o w e r y
t h r e p l f e b y f ? N l W e m r y
f r o m t h t e E r y l e t f r m d e r v e s
r e s e f t q t e l l t e m d y e v l w l e
m r e n v h t t h e y e d l s o b e c a u s e
s d m d s !

The h l e p l n f u r r d e r s h o u l d b e
b d t h e d e a f p r p r g m e n f i r m
n e s s d r t b d t g e t t e r b y u t y o f
t m g t t h e p u h m t o f e
a d f o l l y a d p t g t l t d t e
r a g t h y m f o m t h d t d t t a h
g t l e m t B r o t l h o o d O l y t h e n w l l
d h t l p w e u b t r u e l y t o
b d t h h d s f t l e p t i r s o f d d e r
d t t o l t m w t h t t h e r b e w e
o f t l w d w m t f u d f r m f g
m t l l d l s w y w l h h u l d
d f f u s e d t h w h l d w t h u t d e
t y g t h e b d o f t e s h p d b e d
w h e l l t t e r g o m t c a c t e a n
d r e u t m r y e d d r y t h g x
e p t h t m p e d t h g r e t m f o d e
w h h t b t a f t t l t r y e r
e T h w t h t f C l t n t y t e l f
l t t g h t m t b e e d g n o d f
t h e r n b f t e l l w l m p l e n d
r u t f d l b t d w e s t m

At t h a t t m w l e r y t l g w p l g e d
d a k e a p e h g l w f s f
f i c e t T h l t y f T t h d w e d h e r
h

of virtue Our order should provide means to
that end

As soon as we have a certain number of

which has already secretly accomplished much
for the welfare of mankind

It is speedily not only made a strong impres-
sion but created excitement in the lodge The
majesty of the Brethren engaged in dangerous
designs of ill manner met with a cold ess
It is repeated Pierre The Grand Master be-

meeting he was struck for the first time by the
endless variety of men in minds which prevents
a truth from ever peering itself directly
to two persons Even those members who
somed time ago had understood him in
the ordinary way with him that said and iterations
had been greeted with the lowly wanted
in two or three days sight to others just
as he himself understood it

At the next meeting the Grand Master
with rony said will reproach Berkhv for
his scheme as a d i w a n o t l e o f v
t e a l e b t a l s o l o v e f s t r f e t h a t l d
m e d h m n t h e d p t e P e r r d d n t a n
e r h m d k e d b e l l y w i e t e r l s p r o p
p l l d b e a c c e p t e d H e w s t o l d t h a t t
t o u l d t a n d w t h t w a t g f t h e u s u a l
f r m l t e s l e f t t h e l d g e n d w e n t l m e

CHAPTER VIII

AN IN PIERRE WAS OBTAINED by the dep on
l d e d e d F t l r e e d a y s a f t e r t h e d l e r y
o f h p e e c h a t t l o d g e h e l a y o n a s f a t
h m e r e e g n o m d g o g w l e r
I

r

Th ill t g i t t o l t t t p b l
f h c a l i t t t n s

liked to dine and drink well and though he considered it immoral and humiliating could not resist the temptations of the bachelor circles in which he moved

Amid the turmoil of his activities and distractions however Pierre at the end of a year began to feel that the more firmly he tried to rest upon it the more Masonic ground on which he stood gave way under him At the same time he felt that the deeper the ground sank under him the closer bound he involuntarily became to the order When he had joined the Freemasons he had experienced the feeling of one who confidently steps onto the smooth surface of a bog When he put his foot down it sank in To make quite sure of the firmness of the ground he put his other foot down and sank deeper still became stuck in it and involuntarily waded knee deep in the bog

Joseph Alexéevich was not in Petersburg—he had of late stood aside from the affairs of the Petersburg lodges and lived almost entirely in Moscow All the members of the lodges were men Pierre knew in ordinary life and it was difficult for him to regard them merely as Brothers in Freemasonry and not as Prince B or Iván Vasilévich D whom he knew in society mostly as weak and insignificant men Under the Masonic aprons and insignia he saw the uniforms and decorations at which they aimed in ordinary life Often after collecting alms and reckoning up twenty to thirty rubles received for the most part in promises from a dozen members of whom half were as well able to give as himself Pierre remembered the Masonic vow in which each Brother promised to devote all his belongings to his neighbor and doubts on which he tried not to dwell arose in his soul

He divided the Brothers he knew into four categories In the first he put those who did not take an active part in the affairs of the lodges or in human affairs but were exclusively occupied with the mystical science of the order with questions of the threefold designation of God the three primordial elements—sulphur mercury and salt—or the meaning of the square and all the various figures of the temple of Solomon Pierre respected this class of Brothers to which the elder ones chiefly belonged including Pierre thought Joseph Alexéevich himself but he did not share their interests His heart was not in the mystical aspect of Freemasonry

In the second category Pierre reckoned him

self and others like him seeking and vacillating who had not yet found in Freemasonry a straight and comprehensible path but hoped to do so

In the third category he included those Brothers (the majority) who saw nothing in Freemasonry but the external forms and ceremonies and prized the strict performance of these forms without troubling about their purpose or significance Such were Willarski and even the Grand Master of the principal lodge

Finally to the fourth category also a great many Brothers belonged particularly those who had lately joined These according to Pierre's observations were men who had no belief in anything nor desire for anything but joined the Freemasons merely to associate with the wealthy young Brothers who were influential through their connections or rank and of whom there were very many in the lodge

Pierre began to feel dissatisfied with what he was doing Freemasonry at any rate as he saw it here sometimes seemed to him based merely on externals He did not think of doubting Freemasonry itself but suspected that Russian Masonry had taken a wrong path and deviated from its original principles And so toward the end of the year he went abroad to be initiated into the higher secrets of the order

In the summer of 1809 Pierre returned to Petersburg Our Freemasons knew from correspondence with those abroad that Bezúkhov had obtained the confidence of many highly placed persons had been initiated into many mysteries had been raised to a higher grade, and was bringing back with him much that might conduce to the advantage of the Masonic cause in Russia The Petersburg Freemasons all came to see him tried to ingratiate themselves with him and it seemed to them all that he was preparing something for them and concealing it

A solemn meeting of the lodge of the second degree was convened at which Pierre promised to communicate to the Petersburg Brothers what he had to deliver to them from the highest leaders of their order The meeting was a full one After the usual ceremonies Pierre rose and began his address

Dear Brothers he began blushing and stammering with a written speech in his hand it is not sufficient to observe our mysteries in the seclusion of our lodge—we must act—we are drowning but we must yet Pierre raised his notebook and began to read

For the dissemination of pure truth and to

BOOK SIX

secure the triumph of true heroism
must cleanse men from prejudice and
principles in harmony with the spirit of the times
undertake the education of the young unite
ourselves in indissoluble bonds with the best
men, boldly yet prudently overcome superstitions,
fidelity and form of those
devoted to us bodily linked together by unity
of purpose and possessed of authority and
power

To attain this we must escape
ponderance of true or false and maintain
endeavor to secure the highest in man
A delicate language is required

are
tensions
rumors
every
every
serves
while
because

could be
based on the deep principle of firm
established true bond together by unity
conviction—a moral punishment of
and fidelity depends on the true
reason worthy men from the dust and teach
us to our Brotherhood. Only then will
our order have the power unbrokenly to
bind the hands of the protectors of disorder
and to control them with their be-ware
I will, we must find firm
crimen holds universal sway which should
be diffused over the whole world without
striving to be citizens of a particular
which all things go on in accordance with
their customary course do everything except
what impedes the great aim of our order
which is to bring forth the Christ of
vice. This aim was that of Christianity itself.
I trust it will be wise and good and if
their own bent is to follow the example of
instruction of the best of wise men.

At that time, when everything was planned
in darkness, preaching alone was of course
insufficient. The novelty of Truth and need her
special strength, but now we need much
more powerful methods. It is now necessary
that man, governed by his senses, should find
in true charm palpable to those senses. It
impossible to eradicate the passions but we
must strive to direct them to noble aims, and
is therefore necessary that everyone should
be able to satisfy his passions within the limits

of true Our order should provide means to
that end.

As soon as we have a certain number of
worthy men in every state each of them again
training two others and like closely united
every thing will be possible for our order
which has already in secret accomplished much
for the welfare of mankind.

His speech not only made a strong impres-
sion but created excitement in the lodge. The
majority of the Brothers seeing it dangerous
designs of Illuminism met with a coldness
that surprised Pierre. The Grand Master be-
gan swinging him and Pierre began develop-
ing his new warmth and more warmth. It
was long since there had been so stormy a meet-
ing. Parties were formed some accusing Pierre
of Illuminism others supporting him. At that
moment he was struck for the first time by the
endless anxiety of men in minds which perceive
a truth from ever presenting itself identically
to two persons. Even those members who
seemed to be on his side understood him in
their own way with limitations and litera-
ture could not agree as to what he always wanted
most was to convey his truth to others just
as he himself understood it.

At the end of the meeting the Grand Master
announced that he would return to his
home and leave the lodge in the hands of his
Brethren.

CHAPTER VIII

AGAIN PIERRE was overtaken by the depression
so dreaded. For three days after the delivery
of his speech at the lodge he lay on his
back eating no food and growing ill.

It was just then that he received a letter from
his wife, who implied him to see her tell
him how grieved she was about him and how
she wished to devote her whole life to him.

At the end of the letter she informed him
that in a few days she would return from Peters-
burg from abroad.

Following this letter one of the Masonic
Brethren whom Pierre respected less than the
others forced his way in to see him and, turn-
ing to the conversation upon Pierre's matrimo-
nial affairs, by way of fraternal advice expressed

The Illuminati sought to make the republican
for research and institutions.

— me — d th t I must bear my cross —

juro who always expects h s t ck to be fou d
out at ny m ment But whetl because stu
p d ty wa just wh t was needed run such
sal n or because th e i ho were dece ved
f und pleasure n the de cpt on at any rate it
rema ned unc p ed nd Hélène Be kho a
reputat n s a l ly a d cle er woman be
t came so firmly est bl shed th t she could say
t the empt est n l stup dest th gs and yet ery
se body w uld go nto raptures m r ery o d
of hers nd look f a p found me t ng t
of wh ch he herself h d no concept n

ton.

CHAPTER IX

AT THAT TIME s l says h ppe s the h ghest

It was just th t u band needed fo a
brll nt ciety woman He as t l absent
m ded crank gr d se e u husba d lo
was n n on sway and f r from pol g the
h ght ne a d gen ral mp es on of the draw

th circle f Co t R myd usev nd Ca i
court. I thus gr p Hélène as soon a h h d
settled P tersb rg w th her husb nd, took

th last two years a esult of u l
bsorpt n n abstract interests d h s n re
h w f

I lect and po eu m u

Hélène had bee t Erfurt duri g th f
mous m eu fth Emperors d had brou ht
from there thes co ect w th the pol
oni tabl t es. At Erfurt her uccess h d been
brilliant. N poleo hum lf h d ot ced h r n
the thea er d sa d f her C t u superb
m L Her uccess as beautiful and le-
ga t man did n urpri Perre fo h
had becom ev n ha dsomer than bel e Wh t
did urprise h m wa hat dur gthes las two
years h wife had uceeded ga n g th
ep tat d f m m h m t uss
p t l l q b l l Th distnou hed
Pn ce d Lign wro e her e ght pa l tters.
Bil b sa ed p h s ep trams to produce them
in Co ess Ber kh a p es n e. To b re-
ed th Co tess Berukh sal n was
rega ded dipl ma of t llect. Youn m n
read book bef ttendi Hélène etc os
to ha som th to say in her sal d
sec ta es of th embassy d even ambassa-
dors, co fided d plomat secrets to her so that
ay Hélène was power Perr who knew
h was ery t p d, som times tte d d, w th
tra feel f perplexaty d fear her
e g d d e r part es wher pol tics
poetry d philosophy wer discuss ed. At these
parties his feelings were lik those f con

equall plea ed t s ee ery ne and equ lly i
diff nt to d m ll Somet mes he j ned
con rsat n wh ch interested h m nd regard-
less f wheth ny gentlem n of th embassy
wer p esent n t l p n ly exp esed l
ews wh h wer somet mes t at l l n a
rd w l th epted t ne of the m m nt.
B t the gen ral op n concern g th q eer
husb d of th m t d t gu hed w ma n
P tersburg was so w ll establ shed th t no
one took his f e ks er usly

Am n them yy m gmen wh frequented

"This superb animal.
Of charming woman, as w rty as h is
lovely

tu bed Perr H had uffered so p fully
three years b f r f m th m ruficati n t
which his wife had ujected him that he n w
protected h mself from th da f t s ept
n n first by n t being a husb nd to his w f

the opinion that his severity to his wife was wrong and that he was neglecting one of the first rules of Freemasonry by not forgiving the penitent

At the same time his mother in law Prince Vasil's wife sent to him imploring him to

to reunite him and that they wanted to reunite him with his wife and in the mood he then was this was not even unpleasant to him Nothing mattered to him Nothing in life seemed to him of much importance and under the influence of the depression that possessed him he valued neither his liberty nor his resolution to punish his wife

No one is right and no one is to blame so she too is not to blame he thought

If he did not at once give his consent to a reunion with his wife it was only because in his state of depression he did not feel able to take any step Had his wife come to him he would not have turned her away Compared to what preoccupied him it was not a matter of indifference whether he lived with his wife or not?

Without replying either to his wife or his mother in law Pierre late one night prepared for a journey and started for Moscow to see Joseph Alexévich. This is what he noted in his diary

Moscow 1th November

I have just returned from my benefactor and hasten to write down what I have experienced Joseph Alexévich is living poorly and his forty-two years are suffering from a painful disease of the bladder No one has ever heard him utter a groan or a word of complaint From morning till late at night except when he eats his very plain food he is working at once He receives me graciously and makes me sit down on the table on which he lay I made the sign of the knights of the East and of Jerusalem and he replied in the same manner talking with a mild smile what I had learned and I gazed in the presence of

for such purification Which is the principal of these three? Certainly self reformation and self purification Only in this aim can we all attain independently of circumstances But at the same time just this aim demands the greatest efforts of us and so led astray by pride losing sight of this aim we occupy ourselves either with the mystery

attracted by social activity and puffed up by pride On this ground Joseph Alexévich condemned my speech and my whole activity and in the depth of my soul I agreed with him Talking of my family affairs he said to me the chief duty of a true Mason as I have told you lies in perfecting himself We often thank God by removing all the difficulties of our life we shall more quickly reach our aim but on the contrary my dear sir it is only in the most worldly cares that we can attain our chief aims (1) Self knowledge—for man can only know himself by comparison (2) Self perfecting which can only be attained by conflict and (3) The attainment of the chief virtue—the love of death Only the necessities of life can show us its vanity and deelop on innate love of death or of rebirth to a new life These roads are all the more remarkable because in spite of his great physical sufferings Joseph Alexévich is never weary of life though he loses daily which—in spite of the purity and loftiness of his inner man—he does not yet feel himself sufficiently prepared My benefactor then explained to me fully the meaning of the Great Square of creation and pointed out to me that the numbers three and seven represent the elements of everything He advised me not to avoid intercourse with the Petersburg Brothers but to take up only second grade positions in the lodge to try while I exert myself to turn from pride to turn them towards the true path of

Peterburg 23d November

I am again living with my wife My mother in law came to me in the morning and said that Hélène was here and that she implored me to hear her that he was annoyed and I was not happy at my return and much more I knew that at if I once let myself see her I should not be able to go on doing what she wanted In my perplexity I did not know who to land advice to seek If my benefactor be I shall write him what I do I went to my room and I reread Joseph Alexévich's letters and recalled my conversation with him

whether I embarked in the study of the mystery (1) The preservation and study of the mystery (2) The purification and reformation of oneself for the reception of (3) The improvement of the human race by the

holds t, d comb t prod m ther bod
 es Mercury is fl d, l til sp ritual essence,
 Christ, th H ly Sp rit H ml

3 d December

Awok I read th Script res b t was p
 ther Al ra rds en d p ed p d down
 th large h ll l hed t met ta b t cad
 y imaginat p ct red oc rrence f f r
 years m ben Dol li meet m Mosco
 afer d l sad h l ped I was j j g per
 lect peace f m d in p f my w f bsence
 At b tum l ga h m ns \ w l ecalled
 every det l f h t meet d m d ga
 h m th most m leylent d b t repl es. I ec

ly w th other people d d lenly remem
 bered th t thus co l t please h m d l w hed
 t com los to h m l emt race l m B t
 or l l w car l saw t l f ce h l l a god

rud to h m. H becam l t d l eclected
 myself ly hen t was too l t My God l ca
 not get on with hum t ll. Th ca use f ihus is my
 egotism. I set myself bo l m d so becom
 much worse than h lo ll is len t t my rude-
 es h l l th trary sh t mpt f
 hum. O God, gra t th t in l s p esence l m y
 rather see my leness d beh so th h
 too may ben fl. After da er l f ll leep d as
 I was dro g fl l ea ly hea d say g m
 m lef ea "Thy day
 l dreamed t l l as lk g th dark d
 was uddenly rro ded by dogs l I went o
 d m ed. S ddenly m ll h dog seured my
 lef th gh h s teeth d ld t l go I
 bega t throtl t th my l ds Sea ly h d l
 torn fl bel h l gge bega b t
 g m l l f ed p t th h gh l l f d h
 b gger d bea er t grow A d l d enly Broth
 A cam d f t

I ppened W w t g l o the floo
 H w t ll m so t l g l l w led t
 h w h m my en il lity a d t l t g t
 w l t l sa g l bega p ct g t self th
 co d t f y d t l gra c f God
 sa t l y g me. A d tears cam m eyes l
 l l gl d h t ced ths B t h looked t m
 w l t ex t d j mped p b eak fl h re-
 ks l f l t b hed d asked w l t l wh t h
 h d been say g d d t ern l t l d d
 t ply ga m k d look d then w l
 d l y f d r l es my led oom w l ere t l er
 as d bl hed H l y d wn th edge fl t d
 l l rned w th l g g t care h m l l e dow
 oo A d he sa d "T l l m fra lly w l t yo
 l ef tempt u ? Do y k t l l k y
 k ow t l eady Al hed ly th q est l
 pl ed t l t l w my ch f tempt t H
 hook his head cred l usly d even
 l l e l l d th h gl l was l g w t l y
 w l ash d used l was t l g w h l l er
 h l d. T l l l epl ed t l l l l n
 lep w l f on em l ra es d ga m t
 ders l th t that w my l ty B t l pl ed
 t l l h ld be asl t l l l t d d l l y
 es ry th g va shed. A d l wok d f d
 my m d th ext from th G pel Th l f wa
 th l g t f m A d th l g t h th dark
 es d th d k ess comp h del t l
 Joseph Alexée fl f ce h d looked y g d
 h ght T l t d y l ec ed l t t from m be
 f ct wh ch h t bo t co j gal l tes

9th Dec mber

l l d d m f wh h l k with t l l
 b g beart l saw th t l w Mosco my l se
 th l g t t room d Joseph Alexée l

A w g m t bro d en l g m den d
 th ga den as l rge d be f l l l d g l
 A p O l o d, grea A h ect f h h lp
 m t ca f m mys l f t e d ga-my pa
 especially th las wh h es an us l f l
 length f l l th f rmer es d d m t
 en er th t empl f m m f wh ch l
 ta ed l my dream

4 D mber

I dreamed h t Joseph Alexée ch was t l g
 my h se l th t l rygl d d w hed t
 en crta h m l seemed as l f l h tered es

and secondly by not allowing himself to suspect

No now that she has become a bluestocking she has finally renounced her former institutions he told himself. There has never been an instance of a bluestocking being carried away by affairs of the heart—a statement which though gathered from an unknown source he believed implicitly. Yet strange to say Boris' presence in his wife's drawing room (and he was almost always there) had a physical effect upon Pierre—it constricted his limbs and destroyed the unconsciousness and freedom of his movements.

What a strange antipathy! thought Pierre yet I used to like him very much.

In the eyes of the world Pierre was a great gentleman—the rather blind and absurd husband of a distinguished wife—a clever crank who did nothing but harmed nobody and was a first rate good natured fellow. But a complex and difficult process of internal development was taking place all this time in Pierre's soul—reverling much to him and causing him many spiritual doubts and joys.

CHAPTER X

PIERRE WENT ON with his diary and this is what he wrote in it during that time

24th November

Got up at eight read the Scriptures then went to my duties (By Joseph Alcott's device Pierre entered the service of the state and served on one of the committees.) I turned home for dinner and dined alone—the countess had many visitors. I do not like to eat and drank no longer. I finished my copy of notes on passages for the Brothers. In the evening I went down to the committee in the

I am going to bed with a happy and tranquil heart. God help me to walk in Thy paths (1) to conquer a generally calmness and liberality (2) to vanquish lustily self restaint and respect (3) to visit from my illness but not avoid (4) the service of the state (5) my duties (6) to associate with my friends and (7) the management of my affairs.

25th November

I got up late. On waking I lay long in bed yielding to the thought—O God help an infirm gentleman

the Emperor's new projects. He remembered my rules and my benefactors' words—that a true Freemason should be a

zealous worker for the state when his aid is required and a quiet onlooker when not called on to assist. My tongue is my enemy. Brothers G and O visited me and we had a preliminary talk about the reception of a new Brother. They left on me the duty of Rhetor. I feel myself weak and unworthy. Then our talk turned to the interpretation of the seven pillars and steps of the Temple.

admiration took place. The new decoration of the premises contrasted much to the magnificence of

alone with him in the dark chamber. I caught myself harping on a feeling of hatred towards him which I vainly tried to overcome. That is why I should really like to save him from evil and lead him into the path of truth. But evil thoughts of him I do not leave me. It seems to me that his object in entering the Brotherhood was merely to be intimate and in favor with members of our lodge. Apart from the fact that he had asked me several times whether N and S were members of our lodge (a question to which I could not reply) and that according to my observation he is incapable of feeling respect for our holy order as I am too preoccupied and satisfied with the outer man to desire spiritual improvement. I had no cause to doubt him but I seem to me in incense and all the time I stood alone with him in the dark temple it seemed to me that he was smiling contemptuously at my words and I wished really to state his true breast with the sword I held to it. I could not be eloquent nor could I frankly mention my losses to the Brothers and to the Grand Master. Created Architect of Nature I help me to find the true path out of the labyrinth of ideas.

After this three pages were left blank in the diary and then the following was written

I have had a long and instructive talk alone with Brother R. He divided me to his life at the Brothers. A thought I must orderly have revealed to me. A lot of the nature of the creator of the world. El is the name of the ether. All the things in the universe are material which means the

poor teachings of material science and of the created elements teaching is clear to man. Human sciences let everything be comprehended and kill everything to be seen. In the physical science of our world all is known in scientific and the Tenth—the elements of matter—except for me. My salt Sulphur is of an oily and fiery nature in combination with salt by its fiery nature arouses a desire in the latter by means of which it attracts mercury as it

I co live: P tersb rg on my p y and w th
 he fortu e a d my good m gement we can
 get l g c ly I m n t m rry g fo mo ey
 -I co d r th t d h o able-but a w fe
 should b her sha e a d husb d h I
 ha e my pos t th serv ce she h s con
 ect ns d some mea s In ou times th t s
 worth someth g is t t? But abo e all h s
 handson est mable gr l d she lo es
 m

■ rg blushed d m led.

A d l l her becau e her charact r s
sen bl d ery good N w th othe s ter
m f m l qu te d f

tea th us, d q ckly d bl g up h
 ou he blew sm ll d gol t b co
 sm l perfectly embody g his dre m f h p
 p es

[illegible]

been bl to tate th cause of h emb rass-
m t, b t t es lted f m the state f hus f
fau. lled d tk ow at l how much he h d,
thatus d bis m ted to what d wry he
could p e véra. Wbe h dau hters we e
bora he had ass gned t each of them f her
dowry estate w th three h dred erf but
e f these estates h d l e dy b n sold, nd
the ther as m t gaged nd th nterest so
m ch n seems that t w uld h to b sold
so that t a mpossi bl tog t véra. N
had h y m y

Per h d l eady be n gaged mo th
 a d ly e k ema ed bef th w dd g
 but th t had t yet d cid d n his wn
 m d the q est f th d wry poken to
 h w f to t t At et me th count th ight
 lgi g her th Ryazd esta e of ll
 forest t ther m f brr w gm yon
 a t t ha d A few days b f the wedd g
 Berge ered th co t t dya lyo m n
 ing d w th pleasa t smal esp if lly
 asled hus t lath l w to let h m kn w

...should be The count was 50

nes I ke about it. I like it.
sat fi d.

And putting Berg on the shoulder he got up with him to end the conversation. But Berg smiled pleasantly explaining that he didn't know for certain how much Véra would have

s li to m y o
 me s to ma ta n my w fe I shoud be ct
 b dly

The counters ended by the count which he began and it is of further importance to say that the would give a note of finding eighty thousand rubles Bergsmid

O r leastwe tyth usa d Cou t h added
nd th n a n te of h nd f r only xty th n
s d

Yes yes all right! said the unchained
Olycuse in my dear fellow I'll ge
y u t e t y t h o s a d n d n t e o f h a d f o
g h t y t h u s d a s w e l l Y e s y e s ! h a s s m e

CHAPTER VII

N TA A KTEENA d twa the year 809
th crye r to wh ch he h d co ted on her
B gers w th B i ster they had k ed f ur
y rs go S = then he had n t seen hum Be
fo S n ya dh mother i Borl happ ed
to b m t n d he poke qu te f e ly of that
p sod of some ch ld h l g fo gott nm t
te that was not w th m t = g B t n the
ecret d pth i he soul the quest on wheth
her gagement to B i s w a jst r an m

Otrád b t h d ne er b n to ee them.

Sometimes the current is a little higher than the
 water level and this conjunction is confirmed by the fact that
 the water level is higher than the water level.

N w day ldf d t remembered
the countess w ld y when Boni was m
i ned.

Ann M. Khaylo Iso had of late vs t d

I knew that these drawings represent
 advice
 peace
 in it
 I only flying up to the clouds. And I seem to
 know that this maiden is as nothing else than a
 representation of the Song of Songs. And looking
 at those drawings I dreamed I felt that I was doing
 wrong but could not tear myself away from
 them. Lord help me! My God! if Thy forsaking
 me is Thy doing Thy will be done but if I am
 myself the cause teach me what I should do! I
 shall perish of my lechery if Thou utterly de-
 sertest me!

CHAPTER VI

THE ROSTOV MONETARY AFFAIRS had not im-
 proved during the two years they had spent in
 the country.

Though Nicholas Rostov had kept firmly to
 his resolution and was still serving modestly in
 an obscure regiment spending comparatively
 little the way of life at Otrádnoe.

But he obviously presenting itself
 to the old count was to apply for an official
 post so he had come to Petersburg to look for
 one and also as he said to let the ladies enjoy
 themselves for the last time.

Soon after their arrival in Petersburg.

And themselves giving it a
 thought yet in Petersburg their circle of ac-
 quaintances was a mixed and indefinite one.
 In Petersburg they were provincials and the
 very people they had entertained in Moscow
 without inquiring to what set they belonged
 here looked down on them.

The Rostovs lived in the same hospitable
 way in Petersburg as in Moscow and the most
 diverse people met at their suppers. Country
 neighbors from Otrádnoe.

And obtained a post in
 Petersburg. Among the men who very soon be-
 came frequent visitors at the Rostovs' house in
 Petersburg were Boris Pierre and Iom the count
 had met in the street and dragged home with
 him and Berg who spent whole days at the
 Rostovs and paid the eldest daughter Count-
 ess Véra the attentions a young man prying in
 he intends to propose.

Not in vain had Berg shown everybody his
 right hand wounded at Austerlitz and held a

merit and usefulness of his deed and he had
 obtained two decorations for Austerlitz.
 In the Finnish war he also managed to dis-
 tinguish himself. He had picked up a

and he received two decorations for the Fin-
 nish war also. In 1809 he was a captain in the
 Guards wore medals and held some special
 lucrative posts in Petersburg.

Though some skeptics smiled when told of
 Berg's merits it could not be denied that he
 was a painstaking and brave officer on excel-
 lent terms with his superiors and a moral
 young man with a brilliant career before him
 and an assured position in society.

Four years before meeting a German com-
 rade in the stalls of a Moscow theater Berg
 had pointed out Véra Rostova to him and had
 said in German *das soll mein Weib werden*
 and from that moment had made up his mind
 to marry her. Now in Petersburg having con-
 sidered the Rostovs' position and his own he
 decided that the time had come to propose.

Berg's proposal was at first received with a
 perplexity that was not flattering to him. At
 first it seemed strange that the son of an ob-
 scure Livonian gentleman should propose mar-
 riage to a Countess Rostova but Berg's chief
 characteristic was such a naive and good-
 natured egotism that the Rostovs instantly
 came to think it would be a good thing since
 he himself was so firmly convinced that it was
 good indeed excellent. Moreover the Rostovs
 affairs were seriously embarrassed as the suit-
 could not but know and above all Véra was
 twenty-four had been taken out everywhere
 and though she was certainly good looking and
 sensible no one would not have proposed to
 her. So they gave their consent.

You see said Berg to his comrade whom
 he called friend only because he knew that
 everyone has friends. You see I have consid-
 ered it all and should not marry if I had not
 thought it all out or if it were in any way un-
 suitable. But on the contrary my papa and
 mamma are now prepared for it—I have arranged
 that rent for them in the Baltic provinces—and
 That girl will be my wife.

her! t prayer Ca t be that th s c ch w ll
be my gra c? N tásh flushed and e ger

aga t the th p nea t ner supp a
j mped = the bed the c u tess h d f red
mght b come h rgr ve Th c ul w sl gh
w th feathe bed d five p ll w sea h sm ll
er than d = e bel w Natá h j mp d it
s k to the f th b d rolled o to the

ow peep g t her m ther The tess
f h d h r p yers a d came to the bed
w th ter f e but s e th t N tásh s
h d w c ed she s l d h k d
e k w y

N w the w the l s d h
M m m = w l v t lk? Y ? d Na
tá ha. N w j t e o y u th t a d n
ther th t l d l A d s g he m ther
r d th e k sh k ed h n the th oat
l h b h t herm the N tásh seemed
ro gh b t sh w as s e t e a d t f l th t
h w e he d sp d h r m tler sh lw ys
m g d to d t w th t h u t g her o mak
h

n d s t l d d w n be de h u der th q lt
sp ead th rms d med erous ex
p es

Tl

Wh t t t ght?—B t l h to tell

N tásh p the h d h mother m th
Abo t B r f I kn w l d er ly
th ts h t l h v com bo t D ts y t—
l k w N

c h n i k so B t w h t the ?
What y th k g bout? Y ha e q te
t m d h h d I can = th t

A she s a d th the c tess looked d
t her da ghter N tásh was ly g look g

stead ly stra gl t bef re her at one of the m
ll ga y spl m es carved on the corners of the
l d tead s th t the e untess only s v her
d ughters f e n p fle Th t face struck he
ly it peculiarly ser us d c centrated ex
p s on

M tála vas iste g and co de ng

Well what the ? s d she

You la e qu te t m e l l she a l w y

Wh t do y u to f l ? You k w y o c n t
m rry l m

Why t s a d N tá h w thout el n
her p t n

B ca h you g because l e spoor be
ca e l e t n nd because you yo
self d t l e h n

ll w do y u know?

l k w l t not ght darl gl

But f l w t to d N tásha.

Le e f f talk gn s e s d the cou t
ess

B t f l w n t to

W táh I m a n e a est

Natá l d d t l ther f l S l e d e r the
te l g e l d to he k s e d t n tle
b ck d then o the p l m then ag n t u r e d
t ve d b e g a k s g first e knuckle

da ght d t l a t = templat n s c e d to
h e f g t e l l s l l d w h e d to s y

l t w t d m y l e l n t e cry n w l l u
derst d th s f e d h p dat f r m y r
ch l d l d y s d t see h m s i t m t e w th
y m y j r you th eyes of o t l e r y
men wh s t u = bo l l t to ments
h m f n th g H e m y l e d y h e f d
s u t b l d w l th y m tch and now he l a l f
crazy

Crazy? ep ted N tá ha

l l l t l l y om th = l u t my elf l h d
cous n

t k c —

c

them less frequently seemed to hold herself with particular dignity and always

1 In the Rostovs came to Petersburg
Boris called on them

He drove to their house in some agitation. The memory of Natásha was his mo-

has
been

service that is

richest heiresses in Petersburg plans which might very easily be realized When he entered the Rostovs' own room

When Natasha in a short dress with dark eyes shining from under her curls and boisterous childish laughter as he had known her four years before and so he sat back when quite a different Natasha entered and his face expressed rapturous astonishment. This expression on his face pleased Natasha.

Will do you recognize your little mindcap phymate? asked the countess.

Boris kissed Natasha's hand and said that he was astonished at the change in her.

How handsome you have grown!
I should thank so! replied Natisha's laughing eyes.

And is Papa older? she asked

Narisha sat down and without joining in Boris' conversation with the countess silently and minutely studied her childhood's suitor. He felt the weight of that resolute and affectionate scrutiny and glanced at her occasionally.

Boris unform spurs tie and the way his hair was brushed were all comme il faut and in the latest fash on. This Natasha noticed at once. He sat rather sideways in the armchair next to her.

la
la
lar

am that is the highest Petersburg society
recalling with mild irony old times in Mos

cow and Moscow acquaintances. It was not accidentally Natásha felt that he alluded, when speaking of the highest aristocracy to an ambassador's ball he had attended and

under her brows. This gaze disturbed and confused Boris more and more. He looked round more frequently to and fro and broke off in what he was saying. He did not stay more than ten minutes, then rose and took his leave. The same inquisitive, challenging and rather mocking eyes still looked at him.

After his first visit Boris said to himself that Natasha attracted him just as much as ever but that he must not yield to that feeling because to marry her a girl almost without fortune would mean ruin to his career & hile to renew their former relations without intending to marry.¹

He then began calling often and spending whole days at the Rostovs. It seemed to him that he ought to have an explanation with Natasha and tell her that the old times must be forgotten—that in spite of everything she could not be his wife that he had no means, and they could never let her marry him. But he failed to do so and felt awkward about entering on such an explanation. From day to day he became more and more entangled. It seemed to her mother and Sonya that Natasha was in love with Boris as of old. She sang him his favorite songs, showed him her album, making him write in it; did not allow him to allude to the past, letting it be understood how delightful was the present, and everywhere he went away in a fog without having said what he meant to, and not knowing what he was doing or why he came or how it would all end. He left off visiting Hélène and received reproachful notes from her every day, and yet he continued to spend whole days with the Rostovs.

CHAPTER VIII

ONE NIGHT when the cold countess in a nightcap and dressing jacket without her false curls and with her poor little knob of hair showing under her white cotton cap knelt sighing and groining on a rug and bowing to the ground in prayer her door creaked and Natisha also in a dressing jacket with slippers on her bare feet and her hair in curlpapers ran in. The countess—her prayerful mood dispelled—looked round and frowned. She was finishing

in Petersburg high society was to accompany jacket, ran up to Sónya—scrutinized her and
them at the ball.

no yet dressed.

Natasha went to her first grand ball. She had got pretty hot that morning—a dizziness in her fever of excitement. Daintily, she had her pointers—her minims—had been concentrated, ensuring that they all—she, her mother, Mamma, and Sónya—should be well dressed as possible. Sónya and her mother put themselves surely, her hands. The countess was to wear a red-colored dress, and the two girls white gauze or pink silk with roses in the bodices and their hair

was already on the head-dress given to most of them. So Sónya was finished, and so was the countess, but Natasha who had bustled to help them all was behindhand. She was still sitting before the looking-glass with the dress on, but it thrown over her shoulder. Sónya stood ready dressed in the middle of the room, dipping the head of the pillow under her dainty was fixed in the back of the head. That was the way that not the way

Sónya and the Natasha pinned the ribbon differently. Allow me, Miss Ica said, that the said maid who was behind Natasha. Oh, dear! Well then wait. That right, So ya. Aren't you ready? Is nearly there came to the countess. Directly. Directly. Adieu, Mamma. The lady's cap. Do it do with me called Natasha. You would do right.

They had decided to be at the ball by half past ten. Natasha had till then get dressed and they had to call the Tatars. When her hair was all, she had her short petticoat from under which the dan shoes showed, and her mother dressed.

the maids who were turning up the sleeves of the skirt.

The cause of the delay was Natasha's skirt.

"Mavra, quick, darling!"

Peró, kya must be told of what!

It ready. Miss said the maid holding up the skirted gown, dress with two fingers, and the gown had some thing off it as if by thus to express consciousness of the purity of what she held.

Natasha began putting on the dress.

In a minute! In a minute! Don't come. Popping her head to her feet, as he opened the door—peak from under the filmy skirt, which she had covered her with.

Sónya slammed the door to. A minute later, the girl counted. He was wearing a blue swallowtail coat, shoes, and stock-ings, and was perfect and his hair pomaded.

Oh, Popping her head, you look! Charming! cried Natasha as he stood in the middle of the room, smoothing out the folds of the gauze.

If you please, Miss, all we said the maid, who on her knees was pulling the skirt, brought down the point from one side of her mouth to the other with her tongue.

Sy what, you like exclaimed Sónya, in despair, as he looked at Natasha, say what you like, it will do.

Natasha popped back to look at herself in the porthole. The dress was too long.

Really, madam, it is too long, said Mavra, crawling on her knees before her young lady.

"Will it be too long?" will take it up, well tucked up in one minute, said the resolute Dunyáshka, stepped through the doorway, and the front of her little shawl and still kneeling, she floor the work.

At that moment, with soft step, the countess came shyly in her cap and her gown. Oo-oo my beauty! exclaimed the countess, looks better than any of you.

and looked at her mother Not to marry but just so she added

How so my pet?

Just so There's no need for me to marry him But just so

Just so just so repeated the countess and shaking all over she went off into a good humored unexpected elderly laugh

Don't laugh stop! cried Natasha You're shaking the whole bed! You're awfully like me just such another giggler Wait and she seized the countess hands and kissed a knuckle of the little finger saying June and continued kissing July August on the other hand But Mamma is he very much in love? What do you think? Was anybody ever so much in love with you? And he's very nice very very nice Only not quite my taste—he is so narrow like the dining room clock Don't you understand? Narrow you know—gray light gray

What rubbish you're talking! said the countess

Natasha continued Don't you really understand? Nicholas would understand Bezhukhov now is blue dark blue and red and he is square

You flirt with him too said the countess laughing

No he is a Freemason I have found out He is fine dark blue and red How can I explain it to you?

Little countess! the countess voice called from behind the door You're not asleep? Natasha jumped up snatched up her slippers and ran barefoot to her own room

It was a long time before she could sleep She kept thinking that no one could understand all that she understood and all there was in her

Sing? she thought glancing at that curled up sleeping little kitten with her enormous plait of hair No how could she? She's virtuous She fell in love with Nicholas and does not wish to know anything more Even Mamma does not understand It is wonderful how clever I am and how charming she is she went on speaking of herself in the third person and imagining it was some very wise man—th it o her

She hummed a scrap from her favorite opera

to put out the candle and before Dunyasha had left the room had already passed into yet another happier world of dreams where everything was as light and beautiful as in reality and even more so because it was different.

Next day the countess called Boris aside and had a talk with him after which he ceased coming to the Rostovs

CHAPTER XIV

ON THE THIRTY FIRST OF DECEMBER New Year's Eve 1809 to an old grandee of Catherine's day was giving a ball and midnight supper The diplomatic corps and the Emperor himself were to be present

trance which was carpeted with red baize and not only gendarmes but dozens of police if stood

and footmen in plumed hats From the carriages emerged men wearing uniforms stars and ribbons while ladies in satin and ermine cautiously descended the carriage steps which were let down for them with a clatter and then walked hurriedly and noiselessly over the baize at the entrance

Almost every time a new carriage drove up a whisper ran through the crowd and caps were doffed

The Emperor? No a minister prince ambassador Don't you see the plumes? as whispered among the crowd

One person better dressed than the rest seemed to know everyone and mentioned by name the greatest dignitaries of the day

A third of the visitors had already arrived but the Rostovs who were to be present were still hurrying to get dressed

There had been many discussions and preparations for this ball in the Rostov family many fears that the invitation would not arrive that the dresses would not be ready or that some

ty
nd
an

really say it's a wonderful voice!

the countess and piloted the provincial Ro

in Petersburg high society was to accompany them to the ball.

They were to call for her at her house in the Tunda Gardens at ten o'clock, but it was all read five minutes to ten and the girls were not yet dressed.

Natasha was going to her first grand ball. She had got up at that morning and had been in a fever of excitement and activity all day. All her powers since morning had been concentrated on ensuring that they all—she herself, Mamma, and Sonya—should be as well dressed as possible. Sonya and her mother put themselves entirely in her hands. The countess was in a dark-red velvet dress, and the two girls, with gauze over pink silk lips, with roses on their bodices and their hair dressed in grey.

Everything essential had already been done: hands, necks, and ears washed, perfumed, and powdered, as befits a ball; the openwork silk stockings and white satin shoes with ribbons were already on; the hairdresser was almost done. Sonya was

in a jacket thrown over her slender shoulders. Sonya stood ready dressed in the middle of the room and, pressing the head of pin till it was her hair, was fixing a last ribbon that squeaked as it went through it.

"That's not the way that of the way," Sonya cried, "Natasha turn round her head and duck— with both hands to her hair which the maid who was dressing her had to turn to release. That bow is not right. Come here."

Sonya said "yes" and Natasha pinned the ribbon on correctly.

"Allow me, Miss. I can't do it like that," said the maid who was holding Natasha's hair.

"Oh dear! Well then wait. That's right, Sonya."

Just as you read it is early ten, came the countess to see.

"Directly! Directly! And you, Mamma."

"I have my cap to pin on."

"Don't do without me," called Natasha.

"You won't do it right."

"But I already can."

They had decided to be at the ball by half past ten, and Natasha had till then got dressed and they had to call at the Tunda Gardens.

When her hair was done, Natasha, in her lavender frock from under which her damask dress showed, and in her mother's dress—

the maids who were turning up the hem of her skirt.

The cause of the delay was Natasha's skirt, which was too long. Two maids were turning up the hem and hurriedly cutting off the end of thread. A third was pinning in her mouth was running about between the countess and Sonya, and fourth held the whole of the gossamer garment up high so none uplifted his head.

"Mama, quick! dear!"

"Give me something to do, Miss, from there."

"Whenever will you be ready?" asked the countess, coming to the door. Here, some scent. Peronskaya must be tired of waiting.

"It reads well," said the maid, holding up the short new gauze dress with two flowers, a double and a single, something off to the side, thus to express consciousness of the strictness and purity of what she held.

Natasha began putting on the dress.

"In a minute, in a minute! Don't come in. Papa's ordered to her father as he opened the door—speak from under the film skirt which will cover her whole face."

Sonya slammed the door. A minute later they let the countess in. She was wearing a blue swallow-tail coat, shoes and stockings, and was perfumed and her hair pomaded.

Oh, Papa, how nice you look! Charmin cried Natasha, as she stood in the middle of the room, smooth as the folds of the gauze.

If you please, Miss, allow me, said the maid, who on her knees was pulling the skirt straight and shifting the pins from one side of her mouth to the other with her tongue.

"So what would I like exclaimed Sonya, in despair—no, as she looked at Natasha, said what you like till too late."

Natasha stepped back to look at herself in the pier-glass. The dress was too long.

Really, madam, it is not at all too long," said Mamma, crawling on her knees after her young lady.

"Well, if it's too long we'll take it up. We'll take it up in one minute," said the resolute Dunyasha, taking a needle that was stuck on the frock. Her last shawl, and, till kneeling on the floor, set to work once more.

At that moment, with soft steps, the countess came in, shawl in her cap and velvet gown.

"O-o-o, my beauty," exclaimed the countess, "looks better than an of you."

and looked at her mother Not to marry but just so she added

How so my pet?

Just so There's no need for me to marry him But just so

Just so just so repeated the countess and shaking all over she went off into a good humored unexpected elderly laugh

Don't laugh stop! cried Natasha You're shirking the whole bed! You're awfully like me just such another giggler Wait and she seized the countess hands and kissed a knuckle of the little finger saying June and continued kissing July August on the other hand But Mamma is he very much in love? What do you think? Was anybody ever so much in love with you? And he's very nice very very nice Only not quite my taste—he is so narrow like the dining room clock Don't you understand? Narrow you know—gray light gray

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It was as a long time before she could sleep She kept thinking that no one could understand all that she understood and all there was in her

So now she thought glancing at that curled up sleeping little kitten with her enormous plait of hair No how could she? She's virtuous She fell in love with Nicholas and does not wish to know anything more Even Mamma makes not understand It is wonderful how clever I am and how charming she is she went on speaking of herself in the third person and imagining it was some very wise man—the wisest and best of men—who was saying it of her There is everything everything in her continued this man She is unusually intelligent charming and then she is pretty uncommonly pretty and agile—she swims and rides splendidly and her voice! One can really say it's a wonderful voice!

She hummed a scrap from her favorite opera by Cherubini threw herself on her bed lay down at the pleasant thought that she would immediately fall asleep called Dunyasha the maid to put out the candle and before Dunyasha had left the room had already passed into yet another happier world of dreams where everything was as light and beautiful as in reality and even more so because it was different.

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CHAPTER XIV

ON THE THIRTY FIRST OF DECEMBER New Year's Eve 1809 in an old grandee of Catherine's day was giving a ball and midnight supper The diplomatic corps and the Emperor himself were to be present

The grandees of the well known mansion on the

not only gentlemen but dozens of police officers and even the police master himself stood at the porch Carriages kept driving away and fresh ones arriving with red liveried footmen and footmen in plumed hats From the carriages emerged men wearing uniforms stars and ribbons while ladies in satin and ermine cautiously descended the carriage steps which were let down for them with a clatter and then walked hurriedly and noiselessly over the bare at the entrance

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One person better dressed than the rest seemed to know everyone and mentioned by name the greatest dignitaries of the day

A third of the visitors had already arrived but the Rostovs who were to be present were

the invitation would not arrive that the dresses would not be ready or that some

press who was a friend and relation of the countess and piloted the provincial Rostovs

in Petersburg high society was to a company
them the bill

They were to call for her the use of the
Turkish Gardens ten o'clock but the sal
ready in minutes to ten and the girl we
yet dressed.

to her first grand bill She

he ran up to Sonya scrutinized her and

her skirt

The cause of the delay was Natasha's skirt

run about between the
yesterday fourth held the whole of the gossa
mergament phono euphonic hand.

Marta quaked

Gemmy the mable Miss from there

Whenever will you be ready? asked the
countess to the door He is some scent
Perokaya must be red of waist

It's ready Miss said the maid held up
the hote edged gau dress with two fingers and
blow gaid kgsomthing off it, as if by
this to press consciousness of the dress
and putty of what she held

Natasha began putting on the dress.

In minutes in minutes! Don't come in
Pishchik to her if she she opened the
door - pink of munder the lmy kurtwhu h
ill ored h w l e f c e

Sonya mimed the door to Anna to let
they let the countess He was g blu
wallow in coats hoes and stockings, and as
perfumed and hush pomaded.

with her

her was null the skirt

despising he looked at Natasha, say

Really madam this is all too so
said Marta crawling her knees after her
young lady

Will it be too? we'll take up
with tack to panonm ute, said the respo
l to Danyasha taking a table that was stuck
on the front of her little sawl and, still knee
in on the floor set to work once more.

At that moment, when soft steps were
coming in she saw her cousin's white
Go-on in beauty exclaimed the countess
she looks better than any of us.

the roses in the bodices u u u u

dressed à la gr q e

My eryth gessent I had already been d ne

feet, hands and ears washed perfume and po
dered, as befits a billie op n o k

The stockings white sat h us with r b
bons er ready in the dress was al

most d Sô yawa f is dress and so

was the countess, but Natasha who had bustled

to help them all was h d h nd She

was all the before look glass with a

dress jacket with white belt d h ul

der. So yawa ready dress d n th middle

th room d p e s s g the head f p n t l l

hurt her eyes er was f m l t b

bo that squeaked the p n n t h r u g h t

That's the way this is the way

So yawa cried Natasha to her head and

d t o b h both h d the hat which

them d h was dress t h d n t t me to

leave. The bow n t h t Com h e l

So yawa d N tashap d t h r b

bo o d i f f e n t l y

Allow me Miss I can't do it she said

the maid was h d g n tash s h

Oh, dear! Will the wait That's h t

So yawa

Are you ready? It nearly ten came

th countess

Directly! Oh my A d y u M m m

I have my cap t p n o

Do t d t w t h t m l called N tash

You wait right

Be ready t n

They had decided to be t h b l l by half

past ten d N tasha h d t u l l t get dressed

and they had t call t h T u d G d n s

When her h wa d N tash h e r

short petu t f r m u d e w l h h d a c

showed d h e m o h e r s dress

and looked at her mother Not to marry but
just so she added

How so my pet?

Just so There's no need for me to marry
him But just so

Just so just so repeated the countess and
shaking all over she went off into a good
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Don't laugh stop! cried Natásha You're
shaking the whole bed! You're awfully like me
just such another giggler Wait and
she seized the countess hands and kissed a
knuckle of the little finger saying June and
continued kissing July August on the oth-
er hand But Mamma is he very much in
love? What do you think? Was anybody ever
so much in love with you? And he's very nice
very very nice Only not quite my

What rubbish you're talking! said the
countess

You flirt with him too said the countess
laughing

No he is a Freemason I have found out
He's fine dark blue and red How can I
explain it to you?

Little countess! the countess voice called
from behind the door You're not asleep?
Natásha jumped up snatched up her slippers
and ran barefoot to her own room

It was a long time before she could sleep
She kept thinking that no one could under-
stand all that she understood and all there was
in her

Smyr? she thought glancing at that curled
up sleeping little kitten with her enormous
plait of hair No how could she? She's virtu-
ous She fell in love with Nicholas and does
not wish to know anything more Even Mam-
ma does not understand It is a wonderful how
clever I am and how charming she is she
went on speaking of herself in the third per-
son and imagining it was some very wise man
—the wisest and best of men—who was saying
it of her There is everything everything in
her continued this man She is unusually in-
telligent charming and then she is pretty
uncommonly pretty and agile—she swims and
rides splendidly and her voice! One can
really say it is a wonderful voice!

She hummed a scrap from her favorite opera
by Cherubini threw herself on her bed lau-
hed at the pleasant thought that she would im-
mediately fall asleep called Dunyásha the maid
to put out the candle and before Dunyásha
had left the room had already passed into yet
another happier world of dreams where every-
thing was as light and beautiful as in reality
and even more so because it was different.

Next day the countess called Boris aside and
had a talk with him after which he ceased com-
ing to the Rostóvs

CHAPTER XIV

ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER New Year
Eve 1809 to an old grandee of Catherine:
day was giving a ball and midnight supper
The diplomatic corps and the Emperor himself
were to be present

The grandee's well known mansion on the

not only gendarmes but dozens of police of-
ficers and even the police master himself stood
at the porch Carriages kept driving as yet and
fresh ones arriving with red liveried footmen
and footmen in plumed hats From the car-
riages emerged men wearing uniforms stars
and ribbons while ladies in satin and ermine
cautiously descended the carriage steps which
were let down for them with a clatter and then
walked hurriedly and noiselessly over the bare
at the entrance

Almost every time a new carriage drove up a
whisper ran through the crowd and caps were
doiled

The Emperor? No a minister prince
ambassador Don't you see the plumes?

was whispered among the crowd
One person better dressed than the rest
seemed to know everyone and mentioned by
name the greatest dignitaries of the day

A third of the visitors had already arrived
but the Rostóvs who were to be present were

at the invitation would not arrive that
the dresses would not be ready or that some

press who is a friend and relation of
the countess and plotted the provincial Rostóvs

in Petersburg high society was to accompany them to the ball.

They were to call for her at her house in the T. D. G. dens at the o'clock but it was all ready for them to ten and the girls were not yet dressed.

Natasha went to her first grand ball. She had got the hint that morning and had been feverish excitement and activity all day. All her preparations were made and she had been entrusted with the duty of ensuring that they all—she herself—had as good a dress as possible. So she had made up her mind to herself to go in the hands. The contents

of the chest ran up to Sonya scrutinized her and the ran to her mother. Turn her mother's head this way and that she fastened on the cap and hurriedly kissing her gracefully ran back to the maid's wardrobe to run up the elements of her skirt.

The cause of the delay was Natasha's skirt which was too long. Two maids were turning up the hem and hurriedly binding off the end of the skirt. And the girl pin in her mouth was running about between the curtains and Sonya and a friend held the whole of the garment in place upon the uplifted and

Marta quivered and longed

Gently my humble Miss from there

"Wherever it goes be ready?" asked the

and

Natasha began putting on the dress

In my utility, my utility! Don't come in. Papa! she cried to her father who opened the door—speak to me under the skylight!

Sonya slipped the door to Anna later they left the court in the wicker carriage. The wallowing in the hooves of the wicker and wicker performed the harpomad.

Oh, Papa! how cozy! Look! Charmingly! cried Natasha, as she looked into the room smoothly going to the stairs.

If you please, Miss! said the maid who on her knees was putting on the dress. She had the dress on her back and was looking at her mother's face.

"What? Like the dress?" said Sonya. "Despise it once!" said the maid. "What? Like the dress?" said Sonya.

Natasha stepped back to look at herself in the perigla. The dress was really madam! said the maid. "I said, 'Marta, crawling on the floor after the lady!"

Will it suit you? Will it take it? Will it take it? said the maid.

o m

and

as a girl

Everything essential had been ready. The dress had been made and the girls had been entrusted with the duty of ensuring that they all—she herself—had as good a dress as possible. So she had made up her mind to herself to go in the hands. The contents

of the chest ran up to Sonya scrutinized her and the ran to her mother. Turn her mother's head this way and that she fastened on the cap and hurriedly kissing her gracefully ran back to the maid's wardrobe to run up the elements of her skirt.

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and looked at her mother Not to marry but
just so she added

How so my pet?

Just so There's no need for me to marry
him But just so

Just so just so repeated the countess and
shaking all over she went off into a good
humored unexpected elderly laugh

Don't laugh stop! cried Natásha You're
shaking the whole bed! You're awfully like me
just such another giggler Wait and
she seized the countess hands and kissed a
knuckle of the little finger saying June and
continued kissing July August on the oth-
er hand But Mamma is he very much in
love? What do you think? Was anybody ever
so much in love with you? And he's very nice
very very nice Only not quite my taste—he is
so narrow like the dining room clock Don't
you understand? Narrow you know—gray light
gray

What rubbish you're talking! said the
countess
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You flirt with him too said the countess
laughing

No he is a Freemason I have found out
He is fine dark blue and red How can I
explain it to you?

Little countess! the countess voice called
from behind the door You're not asleep?
Natásha jumped up snatched up her slippers
and ran barefoot to her own room

It was a long time before she could sleep
She kept thinking that no one could under-
stand all that she understood and all there was
in her

Stánya? she thought glancing at that curled
up sleeping little kitten with her enormous
plait of hair No how could she? She's virtu-
ous She fell in love with Nicholas and does
not wish to know anything more Even Mam-
ma does not understand It is wonderful how
clever I am and how charming she is she
went on speaking of herself in the third per-
son and imagining it was some very wise man
—the wisest and best of men—who was saying
it of her There is everything everything in
her continued this man She is unusually in-
telligent charming and then she is pretty
uncommonly pretty and agile—she swims and
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Next day the countess called Boris aside &
had a talk with him after which he ceased to
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CHAPTER XIV

ON THE THIRTY FIRST OF DECEMBER NEW
Eve 1809 in an old grandee of Cather-
day was giving a ball and midnight sup-
The diplomatic corps and the Emperor him-
were to be present

The grandee's well known mansion on
English Quay glittered with innumerable g-
Police were stationed at the brightly lit
trance which was carpeted with red brize &
not only gendarmes but dozens of police
ficers and even the police master himself sto-
at the porch Carriages kept driving as gay as
fresh ones arriving with red liveried footmen
and footmen in plumed hats From the ma-
riages emerged men wearing uniforms star-
and ribbons while ladies in satin and ermine
cautiously descended the carriage steps & h-
were let down for them with a clatter and they
walked hurriedly and noiselessly over the baize
at the entrance

Almost every time a new carriage drove up &
a whisper ran through the crowd and caps were
doiled

The Emperor? No a minister prince
ambassador Don't you see the plumes?
was whispered among the crowd

One person better dressed than the rest
seemed to know everyone and mentioned by
name the greatest dignitaries of the day

A third of the visitors had already arrived
but the Rostóvs who were to be present were

1
2. It was would not be ready or that some-
thing would not be arranged as it should be
Márya Ignátievna Iermskaya a thin and
shallow maid of honor at the court of the Dow-
ager Empress who was a friend and relation of
the countess and piloted the provincial Rostóvs

Members high society was to accompany me to the ball. They were to call at her father's house in the early afternoon at ten o'clock but it was all for naught as to the girls we were dressed.

[illegible]

I am essential had eady be nd e
 k hands necks a dears wa h d perfumed
 and powdered, as befits a b ll the ope k
 all workings and h t sat n h es w th rib
 bows were alread n the ha dress g a l
 erodon So va was fi b g d ess g d so
 was countess, b t N tish wh h d bu iled
 bout help g them ll, wa beh d d Sh
 was g u be f e a look -t ss w th
 dress pck t thr n r he al der h ul
 der Sonya stood eady dressed n the m dle
 of the room a d p ess the h dol p n t ll
 chun herda ty fi e was fi g l t b
 bre that sq e ked as the p n tish ch

"That's not the way it isn't the way
 damn both heads there ha l ch
 the maid h was d ess th d n t e m s
 release. That bow ot ght Com he
 Suma said n d N tish p n d th b
 bo differently

Oh, dear! Well the wa That night

Are n't yo ready? It is ly t came

*Directly in the field. A d. M. mma

Do it do it with him! called Natisha.

They had decided to

nd they had t... call... get dressed

Wh n her h wa d e N th h n her

shoes he had his mother's dress

jacket ran up to Sónya scrutin ed her nd

to the men who were turning up the hem of
the skirt.

The cause of the delay was Nath's skirt which was too long. Two maids were turned up the hem and it readily lying at the end of the d. skirt it pin in her mouth was not about between the countess and Sôya and fourth held the whole of the gossamer garment in place on the uplifted hand.

Má ta qu cke d l n

Give me my humble Mass from the e

“When will you be ready?” asked the

ort d ga e dress w th tw fi gers a d
 w d sh k g someth ff t, as if b

a t h o o b e t e s p u l l t h e s t r
 t r a g h t a d h u f u n t h e p n s f r o m o e n
 h e m t h t o t h e t h e r w i t h b e r t n g u e
 S e n t h e n

Sy what y u lik exclaimed Sun
desp n g o c a s s h e l o o k e d t h t h t a
w h t y o l i k t s t i l l t o o l o n g

Relly madam, it is not at all long.

Well I'll see how well I like it.

well tack t p mo em i said the res-
te Duryishu tak g needle th twas st ck
nth fro tof her hu, shanj a d still kno?

At this moment, the soft steps the c u t
in the cap d alone

looks better than any if you

and looked at her mother Not to marry but just so she added

How so my pet?

Just so There's no need for me to marry him But just so

Just so just so repeated the countess and shaking all over she went off into a good humored unexpected elderly laugh

Don't laugh stop! cried Natasha You're shaking the whole bed! You're as fully like me just such another giggler Wait and she seized the countess' hands and kissed a knuckle of the little finger saying June and continued kissing July August on the other hand But Mamma is he very much in love? What do you think? Was anybody ever so much in love with you? And he's very nice very very nice Only not quite my taste—he is so narrow like the dining room clock Don't you understand? Narrow you know—gray light gray

What rubbish you're talking! said the countess

N 1

You flirt with him too said the countess laughing

No he is a Freemason I have found out He is fine dark blue and red How can I explain it to you?

Little countess! the count's voice called from behind the door You're not asleep? Natasha jumped up snatched up her slippers and ran barefoot to her own room

It was a long time before she could sleep She kept thinking that no one could understand all that she understood and all there was in her

She thought glancing at that curled up sleeping little kitten with her enormous plump of hair No how could she? She's virtuous She fell in love with Nicholas and does not wish to know anything more Even Mamma does not understand It is wonderful how clever I am and how charming she is she went on speaking of herself in the third person and imagining it was some very wise man—the wisest and best of men—who was saying it of her There is everything everything in her continued this man She is unsuitably intelligent charming and then she is pretty uncommonly pretty and agile—she swims and rides splendidly and her voice! One can really say it is a wonderful voice!

She hummed a scrap! by Cherubini threw herself at the pleasant thought dately fall asleep call to put out the candle had left the room had another happier world thing was as light and and even more so be

Next day the count had a talk with himing to the Rostovs

CHAPT

ON THE THIRTY
Eve 1809 so a day was giving The diplomatic were to be present

The grantees English Quynette Police were strictance which was not only gendaficers and even that at the porch Carr fresh ones arriving and footmen in priages emerged met and ribbons while cautiously descended were let down for the walked hurriedly and at the entrance

Almost every time a whisper ran through the doffed

The Emperor? No an ambassador Don't you sawas whispered among the crowd

One person better dressed seemed to know

but still hurrying to get dressed

There had been many discussions for the ball in the Rostovs

Let us press who was a friend and rel the countess and piloted the provincial

Ah, here she is, the Queen of Petersburg Countess Berukhova, said Perónskaya, indicating Hélène who had just entered. How lovely! She is quite equal to Mária Antónia. See how the men, young and old, pay court to her Beautiful and clever they say Prince — is quite mad about her But see, those two though not good looking — are even more ruinful.

She pointed to a lady who was crossing the room followed by a very plain daughter.

She is a splendid match a millionairess, said Perónskaya. And look, here come her suitors.

"That is Berukhova's brother Anatole Kuragin, she said, directing his attention to the Horse Guards who passed by them with head erect, looking somewhat over the heads of the ladies. "He has no doubt he will marry her to that rich girl. But your cousin, Drubetskoy is so attentive to her. They say he has millions. Oh yes, that the French ambassador himself she replied to the countess enquiring about Caulaincourt. "Look if he were killed. All the same, the French are charming, very charming. No one more charming in society. Ah, here she is yes, she is still the most beautiful of them all our Mária Antonovna. And how simply she is dressed. Lovely! And that is the spectacle is the universal Freemason she went on, indicating Pierre. Pierre beside his wife and he looks regular buffoon.

There, away goes his tout bodied and, making way through the crowd and nodding right and left as casually as good natured he is as if he were passing through a crowd of a larrikin pushed through, evidently looking for someone.

Natasha looked joyfully at the familiar face of Pierre, the buffoon, as Perónskaya had called him, and knew he was looking for them, and for her particular. He had promised to be at the ball and trod the partners to her.

But before he reached them Pierre stopped beside a very handsome dark man of middle height, and in white uniform, who stood by a window talking to tall men wearing tights and ribbons. Natasha recognized the shorter and younger man the white uniform. It was Bolkónski who seemed to her to have grown much younger happier and better looking.

There someone I have known — Bolkónski, do you see, Mamma? said Natasha, pointing to another mistress. — The

out Prince Andrew. You remember he stayed a night with us at Otrádnoc.

Oh, you know him said Perónskaya. I can't bear him. If I did I should be a temptress. He is too proud for anything. Takes after his father. And he has indulged with Sperdyukov in some project or other. Just look how he treats the ladies. There he talks to him and he has turned away she said, pointing to him. I give it to him if he treated me as he does those ladies.

CHAPTER XVI

Suddenly everybody stopped began talking and pressed forward and then back, and between the two rows, which separated, the Emperors entered to the sound of music that had immediately struck up. Behind him walked his host and hostess. He walked rapidly bowing to right and left as if anxious to get the first moments of the reception over. The ladies placed the polonaise in vogue at that time on account of the words that had been set to it, began singing Alexander Elise etc. all our hearts you ravish quite. The Emperor passed on to the drawing room the crowd made rush for the doors, and several persons with excited faces hurried there and back again. Then the crowd hastily retired from the drawing room door to which the Emperor reappeared talking to the hostess. A young man looking disturbed, poured down on the ladies, kept them to move as he. Some ladies, with faces betraying a complaint of restlessness of all the rules of decorum, pushed forward to the detriment of the others. The music began to choose partners and take their places for the polonaise.

Everyone moved back, and the Emperor came smiling out of the drawing room leading his hostess by the hand but not keeping time to the music. The hostess followed with Mária Antonovna Narikina then came the ambassador's mistresses, and various generals, whom Perónskaya distinguished named. More than half the ladies already had partners and were taking up or preparing to take up, their positions for the polonaise. Natasha felt that she would be left with her mother. So she among the minority of women who crowded near the wall not having been invited to dance. She stood with her lender running hither and down her scarcely distinguishable bosom rising and falling restlessly and with bated breath and glimmering, fixed eyes gazed at her before her evidently prepared for the height of joy or misery.

His is the rage just now

Ah, here she is, the Queen of Petersburg Countess Berukhova, said Perón kaya indignantly. He it is who had just entered. How lovely. She is quite equal to María Antónovna. See how the men young and old, pay court to her Beautiful & clever they say Prince — is quite mad about her. But see those two though not good-looking are even more run after.

She pointed to lady who was crossing the room followed by very plain daughter.

"She is splendid match, a millionnaire, said Perónskaya. And look, here comes her sister."

"That is Berukhova's brother. An old Kuza, she said, indicated some officer of the Horse Guards who passed by them with head erect, looking something over the heads of the ladies. "He has some suit. I hear they will marry him to that rich girl. But your cousin, Drubetskoy, is so attentive to her. They say she has millions. Oh yes, that is the French ambassador himself," she replied to the countess's inquiry about Caulaincourt. "Looks as if he were king. All the same, the French are charming, very charming. No one more charming in society. Ah, here she is, yes, still the most beautiful of them all, our María Antonovna. And how simply she is dressed. Lovely. And that is our one spectacle in the universal Freemason. He went on, indicating Pierre. Put him beside his wife and he looks regular buffoon."

Pierre, away his stout body advanced, making way through the crowd and nodding to right and left casually and good-naturedly as if he were passing through crowd to a friend. He pushed through, evidently looking for someone.

Natasha looked curiously at the familiar face of Pierre, the buffoon. Perónskaya had told him, and knew he was looking for them, and for her in particular. He had promised to be at the ball and introduce partners to her.

But before he reached them Pierre topped a very handsome, dark man of middle height, and in what one form, who stood by window talking to tall man wearing stars and ribbon. Natasha at once recognized the shorter and younger man in the white uniform. It was Bolikónski, who seemed to her to have grown much younger happier and better looking.

"There someone else we know—Bolikónski, do you see, Mamma?" said Natasha, pointing to another of the men. — "Yes."

out Prince Andrew. "You remember he saved me with us at Otádnoc."

Oh, you know him, said Perónskaya. I can't bear him. He is too proud of anything. He is temper. He is too proud of anything. Takes after his father. And he is handsome with Speránkin. Some project or other. Just look how he treats the ladies. There is no talk to him. He has turned away from her. He said, pointing to him. "I don't go to him. He treated me as he does those I despise."

CHAPTER XVI

— very soon began talk

beginning. Alexander Eliza etc. He hears you rather quite. The Emperor passed in to the drawing room, the crowd made rush for the doors, and several persons with excited faces hurried there and back again. Then the crowd hastily retired from the drawing room door at which the Emperor reappeared talking to the hostess. A young man, looking distraught, pounced down on the ladies, asking them to move aside. Some ladies, with faces betraying complete forgetfulness of all the rules of decorum, pushed forward to the detriment of their toilets. The men began to choose partners and take their places for the polonaise.

Everett moved back, and the Emperor came smiling out of the drawing room leading his hostess by the hand but not keeping time to the music. The host followed with María Antonovna. Varshkina then came ambassadors, ministers, and various generals, whom Perónskaya diligently named. More than half the ladies already had partners and were talking up, or preparing to take up their positions for the polonaise. Natasha felt that she would be left with her mother and Sonya among a minority of women who crowded against the wall not having been invited to dance. She stood with her slender arms hanging down her scarcely defined bosom rising and falling regularly and with bated breath delighted in frightened eyes gazed straight before her evidently prepared for the height of joy or misery.

"He is all the rage just now."

She was not concerned about the Emperor or any of those great people whom Perónskaya was pointing out—she had but one thought

Is it possible no one will ask me that I shall not be among the first to dance? Is it possible that not one of all these men will notice me? They do not even seem to see me or if they do they look as if they were saying Ah she's not the one I'm after so it's not worth looking at her! No it's impossible she thought

The strains of the polonaise which had continued for a considerable time had begun to sound like a sad reminiscence in Natásha's ears. She wanted to cry Perónskaya had left them. The count was at the other end of the room. She and the countess and Sónya were standing by themselves in the depths of a forest amid that crowd of strangers with no one interested in them and not wanted by anyone. Prince Andrew with a lady pressed by evidently not recognizing them. The handsome Anatole was smilingly talking to a partner on his arm and looked at Natásha as one looks at a wall. Boris pressed them twice and each time turned away. Berg and his wife who were not dancing came up to them.

This family gathering seemed humiliating to Natásha—as if there were nowhere else for the family to talk, but here at the ball. She did not listen to or look at Véra who was telling her something about her own green dress.

At last the Emperor stopped beside his last partner (he had danced with three) and the music ceased. A hurried aide de camp ran up to the Rostóvs requesting them to stand farther back though as it was they were already close to the wall and from the gallery resounded the distinct precise enticingly rhythmic strains of a waltz. The Emperor looked smilingly down the room. A minute passed but no one had yet begun dancing. An aide de camp the Master of Ceremonies went up to Countess Berukhova and asked her to dance. She smilingly raised her hand and hid it on his shoulder without looking at him. The aide

Then the men at the corner of the room he caught Hélène's left hand and turned her the only sound audible apart from the ever-quickening music being the rhythmic click of the spurs on his rapid agile feet while at

every out as Natásha was and was ready to cry because it was not she who was dancing that first turn of the waltz.

Prince Andrew in the white uniform of a cavalry colonel wearing stockings and dancing shoes stood looking unmoved and bright in the front row of the circle not far from the Rostóvs. Baron Firshoff was talking to him about the first sitting of the Council of State to be held next day. Prince Andrew was

the dancing which various rumors were running. He was attending to dance who had not yet gathered courage to enter the circle.

Prince Andrew was watching these men abashed by the Emperor's presence and the women who were breathlessly longing to be asked to dance.

Pierre came up to him and caught him by the arm.

You always dance. I have a protégée the young Rostóva here. Ask her, he said.

Where? she asked. Bolikónski. Excuse me! he added turning to the baron. We will finish this conversation else here—at a ball one must dance. He stepped forward in the direction Pierre indicated. The despairing dejected expression of Natásha's face caught his eye. He recognized her, guessed her feelings, saw that it was her, but remembered her conversation at the window and with an expression of pleasure on his face approached Countess Rostóva.

Allow me to introduce you to my daughter said the countess with heightened color.

I have the pleasure of being already acquainted if the countess remembers me said Prince Andrew with a low and courteous bow quite belying Perónskaya's remarks about his rudeness and approaching Natásha he held out his arm to grasp her waist before he had completed his introduction. He asked her to waltz. That tremulous expression on Natásha's face prepared either for despair or rapture suddenly brightened into a happy grateful childlike smile.

I have long been waiting for you that brightened happy little girl seemed to say by the smile that replaced the threatened tears as she raised her hand to Prince Andrew's shoulder.

der They were the s d cuple to nter the
circle. Pri ce A drew n e of the best da c
ers fhus day d N tash d need equ t ly
Her litle feet the wh t sat d n n sio s
did their wo k sw fty l ghty and d pe d
cantly of herself wh l l er f e beam d w th
crauc happ esa. H l de bare rms d
ck ere ot be t ful— mpar d t Hellen s
her sho lders looked th n d her bosom un
de el ped. But Helt e seem d t vere l d
ed b varnish left by the th us ds l looks
thath d canned her p rs wh le N tash was
lk g l expo df th first t me whow uld
h l l t cry m h h med h d hen t b m
assured that this wa bsol t ly necessary

Pri A drew l kked d ci dwish ot
escape as q ckly poss ble f om the polit cal
d cle er talk wh ch everyone d dresed to
h m lu g l sot b e k up the ci cle of e
tra t he d l kked ca ed by the Empe r's
prese e he da ed d had cl sen N tasha
because P erre po nted l o t t h m nd be
cause she as the first p tty g l wh ca ght
h ey b t scarc ly had heembra ed that slen
der pple flour d felt her urn so close
to h m d smil so near h m th n t w e
f her charm ro et h h d a d h felt hum
self er ed d rej n ted wh ster lea
h r h tood b th deeply and watch
ungth ther da ers.

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER PRI CE A KEY Boris came up to ask
N tashaf da e d then the d de camp
h had pe ed the b l l a d everal other
l men so th t, flushed d happy and
p u g n her superfl us p r t ers to Sô y
h d d t ase da ci g l th even g Sh
nou ed d saw n th g of what occup ed ev
ery else. N ly d d b f l t n e that
twe Empero talked l gumew th th French
mb sad d how particularly grac us h
was a erta l dy that Pri ce So nd so
d So d so d d d sa d th d that, and
that Helt e had great u es nd wash red
by the peci l tents n f So d so b t she
d d t even see th Emper nd o ly t ced
that he had go because the ball became l m
l er f er his departure. F o of th merry
till ns bef pper Pri ce A drew was
a her partner He em ded her f th
first e co ter th Otrád oc e ue d
how he had bee u ble to keep that moon
lght ght, d t l d her h wh had l
taly erheard her N tasha blushed t that
recollectio and tried to excuse herself, as f

there h d been someth ng to be ashamed of n
wh t Pri nce A d ew h d o erhe d

Like l l men who h e grown up n society
Pri ce Andre v l kked meet s meone there
not f the con e t on lso c etystamp And uch
as Natd l l w th her urpr se he del ght, her
shyness and e en her m t kes n speak
French. W th h he beha ed w th sp ci l ca e
d t nderness s t g be de her and t lk
of th mplest d m tu mpo t t m tters

was t red d p nt g nd e dently tho ght
of decl n g b t mmed tely p t her h d
galy th m nssh ulder smil g t Pri ce
A d w

I d be glad t t bes d you and rest I m
tured but j m ee how they keep k m me
nd l mgl d of t, l m h ppy nd l lo e every
body d you a d I derst d t l l nd
much, much mo was sa d n her sm le. Wh n
her p r t er left her N tasha ran across the
— —

sh w n t bed m g here m nth bef m he
w l l be m rried. S ch as h are rar her
he th ght s N tasha re djusting rose that
was l pp on h r bodic settled herself be
de h m

Whe the till o was verth old cou t r
l l bl e co t cam up to th d n ers He n t
ed Pri ce Andrew to com a d see them nd
ked h d ughter whether he was joy g
l l self N tasha d d n t ns w l once but
o ly looked p with m le that sa d rep o ch
f lly: H w can you ask, cha. quest n?

I h e ne joyed my elf o much be
for l he sa d, d Pri e A drew n t u ed
h wher thum rms rose qu ckly as f to mbra e
he f the d ta tly dropped gau N tá
ha wash pp er th h had e er been in her
l fe. She was at th t he ght of bliss whe one
becomes compl tely k d nd good d d es
t bel th poss b l ty f e v l unhapp
ness o sorrow

At th t b l l P erre f the first time f l t
humil ted by the pos t n h w fe occup ed
an urt circles. He as gloomy nd abs nt

She was not concerned about the Emperor or any of those great people whom Perónskaya was pointing out—she had but one thought.

Is it possible no one will ask me that I shall not be among the first to dance? Is it possible that not one of all these men will notice me? They do not even seem to see me or if they do they look as if they were saying: Ah, she's not the one I'm after, so it's not worth looking at her! No, it's impossible, she thought. They must know how I long to dance, how splendidly I dance, and how they would enjoy dancing with me.

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This family gathering seemed humiliating to Natásha—as if there were nowhere else for the family to talk but here at the ball. She did not listen to or look at Véra, who was telling her something about her own green dress.

At last the Emperor stopped beside his last partner (he had danced with three) and the music ceased. A worried aide de camp ran up to the Rostóvs requesting them to stand farther back, though as it was they were already close to the wall and from the gallery resounded the distinct, precise, enticingly rhythmic strains of a waltz. The Emperor looked smilingly down the room. A minute passed but no one had yet begun dancing. An aide de camp, the Master of Ceremonies, went up to Countess Bezúkhova and asked her to dance. She smilingly raised her hand and laid it on his shoulder without looking at him. The aide de camp, an adept in his art, grasping his partner firmly round her waist with confident deliberation started smoothly, gliding first round the edge of the circle, then at the corner of the room he caught Hélène's left hand and turned her the only sound audible apart from the ever quickening music being the rhythmic click of the spurs on his rapid, agile feet while at

every third beat his partner's velvet dress spread out and seemed to flash as she whirled round. Natásha gazed at them and was ready to cry because it was not she who was dancing that first turn of the waltz.

Prince Andrew, in the white uniform of a cavalry colonel, wearing stockings and dancing shoes, stood looking animated and bright in the front row of the circle not far from the Rostóvs. Baron Firhoff was talking to him about the first sitting of the Council of State to be held next day. Prince Andrew, as one closely connected with Speránski and participation in the work of the legislative commission could give reliable information about that situation concerning which various rumors were current. But not listening to what Firhoff was saying, he was gazing now at the sovereign and now at the men intending to dance who had not yet gathered courage to enter the circle.

Prince Andrew was watching these men abashed by the Emperor's presence and the women who were breathlessly longing to be asked to dance.

Pierre came up to him and caught him by the arm.

You always dance. I have a protégée, the young Rostóva here. Ask her, he said.

Where is she? asked Bolkónski. Excuse me! he added, turning to the biron. We will finish this conversation elsewhere—at a ball one must dance. He stepped forward in the direction Pierre indicated. The despairing dejected expression of Natásha's face caught his eye. He recognized her, guessed her feelings, saw that it was her début, remembered her conversation at the window and with an expression of pleasure on his face approached Countess Rostóva.

Allow me to introduce you to my daughter, said the countess with heightened color.

I have the pleasure of being already acquainted if the countess remembers me, said Prince Andrew with a low and courteous bow. Quite believing Perónskaya's remarks about his rudeness and approaching Natásha, he held out his arm to grasp her waist before he had completed his invitation. He asked her to waltz. That tremulous expression on Natásha's face prepared either for despair or rapture suddenly brightened into a happy, grateful childlike smile.

I have long been waiting for you, that frightened happy little girl seemed to say by the smile that replaced the threatened tears as she raised her hand to Prince Andrew's shoulder.

der They were the eco d couple to enter the
 arde. Prince Andrew was f the best da c
 as fhus day and N tá had ed exqu tely
 Her little feet in ther wh tesat ndanci hoos
 did their work sw fuly l hty d depe d
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Prince Andrew l ked da d wish gt
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 f her charm rose to h head d he felt h m
 self ev red and rej enated when after lea
 n h r he tood b eathum deeply nd watch
 m th ther da ers.

CHAPTER XVII

After Pau ce A drew Boris came up to ask
 N tásha f r da ce, d then th de-d camp
 h had ope ed the ball and several other
 you men so that, flushed d happy d
 pa ung her superfl u m riners to Sónya,
 sh did ot ease da cing l th even Sh
 nouced and sa th of what occup ed ev
 ery m lse. N t nly did h f l ouce that
 th Emper talked l gt mewith th F ench
 ambassado and how particularly grac us h
 was to ertain lad ot that Prince So-and so
 nd So d so did d sa d th d that, d
 that Hélè e had great success nd was ho ored
 by the pecal tentio f So-and-so l t he
 d d t even see th Emperor d only noticed
 t t he had go e because th ball became l e
 l er f er his departure. F o of th merry
 e till ns bef re supper Prince Andrew was
 n n her partner He emanded her of their
 first encou ter n the Otrádnoc enue, nd
 how had been u ble to leep that morn
 l-ht ht, and t d her how h had n olun-
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 Prince And ew l ked meet m someone the
 n tof the con ent n l society stamp A d uch
 was N tá h w th her surpr e her del ght, her
 shyness, and even her mistakes m spe k
 French W th her h beha ed w th p c l ca e
 nd t nderness s m g bes de her and talk n
 of the mplest d most u portant m tters

her seat when an ther dancer chose her She

Andrew

I d be gl d to s t bes de you d rest I m
 tured b t you see h w they k ep aski me
 a d l mgl d of t, I m happy d l e every
 body d you d l u derstand t all a d
 m ch, m ch m e was said in her smile. When
 her p rner l ft her N tásha ran cross the
 room to choos tw l d es f the figure.

she w nt be danci g here m th bef e she
 will be married. S ch as he are rare here
 h th ght, as N tásh r djust ng rose that
 wa l pp n on her bodice, etiled hers lf be
 s de hum

When th coull on was o er the old rount n
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 fully H w can y u a k ch question

I ha never m joyed myself so much b
 f el h sa d, d Pri e A drew n ti ed
 h w her thm arms ose qu kly as if to embrace
 her father d m tantly dropped gain N tá
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III

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She wanted to cry Perónskaya had left them The count was at the other end of the room She and the countess and Sónya were standing by themselves as in the depths of a forest amid that crowd of strangers with no one interested in them and not wanted by anyone Prince Andrew with a lady passed by evidently not recognizing them The handsome Anatole was smilingly talking to a partner on his arm and looked at Natásha as one looks at a wall Boris

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ever quickening music being the rhythm cclick of the spurs on his rapid agile feet, a hush at

der They were the second couple to enter the circle. Prince Andrew was one of the best dancers this day and he danced exquisitely. Her little feet in the white satin and new shoes did the work so well, lightly and dependably of herself while her face beamed with extraordinary happiness. Her slender bare arms and neck were then useful—compared to Hélène's—her shoulders looked the same, her bosom undeveloped. But Hélène seemed so there hardened by a year's life by the thousands of looks that had scanned her person while Natasha was like a girl exposed for the first time who would have felt every change needed had she not been assured that this was absolutely necessary.

Prince Andrew looked at the dancing escape as quickly as possible for the political calculation of clever talk which every one did as if he mustn't break up the circle of restraint but disliking it by the Emperor's presence he danced and had chosen Natasha because Pierre pointed her out to him and because he was the first pretty girl who caught his eye but scarcely had he embraced her tender little figure and felt her trim so close to him and so near him than that when her charming face to his head and he felt himself revived and rejuvenated when her lean her head and bathed deeply and watched her there dance.

CHAPTER XVII

After Prince Andrew's first came up to ask Natasha to dance and then the de-de-camp had opened the ball and several other young men so that flushed and happy and proud of her perfect partners. So far he had case and a girl with an ear she had seen in the forest what occupied everyone else. But he did not fail in that the Emperor talked to him with French nobles and he was proud and graceful and a certain lady that Prince So-and-so and So-and-so and so on that, and that Hélène had grown up as a daughter by the people. So-and-so but he did not even see the Emperor's lynx-eyed that he had because the ball became colder for his departure. For the merry little belle proper Prince Andrew was not her partner. He excused her for the first time in the Ottréd and did not want to see her in his life to keep that moonlight and the light how he had not in the heart of her. Natasha blushed that recollect and tried to excuse herself, as if

there had been something to be ashamed of in what Prince Andrew had observed.

Like all men who have grown up in society and new liked meeting someone there and his

shyness, French. With her he had with peculiar and tenderness in his behavior and talk of the simplest and most important matters he diminished her by grace. In the middle of the cotillion he completed one of the figures. He told her all out of breath, was returned to her seat when another dancer chose her. She waited and patient and deeply thought of deciding but immediately put her hand gladly in the man's shoulder smiling to Prince Andrew.

I will be glad to sit beside you and rest. I must rest but you see how they keep asking me and I am glad of it, I am happy and I feel every body and you and I understand it all and much, much more was said in her smile. When he partner left her Natasha ran across the room to choose two ladies for the figure.

He goes to her cousin first and then to her. He will be my wife said Prince

was a little girl on her back and she was a little girl.

When the count was over the old count's blue coat came up to the dancers. He noticed Prince Andrew and came and see them and asked her daughter whether he was enjoying herself. Natasha did not answer to the only looked up with a smile that said reproachfully. He was asking such a question.

I have never enjoyed myself so much before. She said, and Prince Andrew used his arms and rose quickly to embrace her father and then dropped again. Natasha was happy that she had been here. She was that her little blue becomes completely good and does not believe that possibility for happiness, sorrow.

At that time for the first time she had realized the position she occupied in court circles. It was gloomy and blue.

She was not concerned about the Emperor or any of those great people whom Perónskaya was pointing out—she had but one thought. Is it possible no one will ask me that I shall not be among the first to dance? Is it possible that not one of all these men will notice me? They do not even seem to see me or if they do they look as if they were saying Ah she's not the one I'm after so it's not worth looking at her! No it's impossible she thought.

every third beat his partner's velvet dress out and seemed to flash as she whirled round. Natásha gazed at them and was ready because it was not she who was dancing the first turn of the waltz.

Prince Andrew in the white uniform of a cavalry colonel wearing stockings and dancing shoes stood looking animated and bright in the front row of the circle not far from Rostóv. Baron Firhoff was talking to him about his son.

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He was gazing now at the sovereign and now at the men intending to dance who had not yet gathered courage to enter the circle.

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This family gathering seemed humiliating to Natásha—as if there were nowhere else for the family to talk but here at the ball. She did not listen to or look at Véra who was telling her something about her own...

At last the partner (he) music ceased. The married aide de camp ran up to the Rostóvs requesting them to stand farther back though it was they were already close to the wall and from the gallery resounded the distinct precise enticingly rhythmic strains of a waltz. The Emperor looked smilingly down the room. A minute passed but no one had yet begun dancing. An aide de camp the Master of Ceremonies went up to Countess Bezukhova and asked her to dance. She smilingly raised her hand and hid it on his shoulder without looking at him. The aide de camp...

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there had been something to be ashamed of in what Prince Andrew had overheard.

Like all men who have grown up in society Prince Andrei liked meeting someone there in the content of society stamp Andrei

ent 1) h. even. ad.

h m w h u g l s o t b e a k u p t h e c i d e f r e
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p r e s e c e , h d a e d , d h d c l o s e n d i s h a
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s h e w a s t h e f i r s t p e t t y g i l w h o c a u g h t
h e y e b u t s a c e l y h a d h e e m b r a c e d t h e s i m
d e r s p p l e f i r e c d f i l t h e r t u r s o c l o s e
t h m d s m l s o n e a r l m a t h t h e w e
t h e r h a r m r o e t h h e a d a d h f i t h u m
s e l f r e v e d , t e d w i t h e r l e a
h h t o o d b t h u d e p l y d w a t c h
u n g t h e r d a r s

And ex

I'd be glad to stay with you and rest. I'm
tired but I'm happy.

room to choose old ¹⁴ cross the
desire the figure.

2. She goes to her room a first and then to

CHAPTER XVIII

bed n t c l d c g p i e r s t S o e v e

ter ter has d p ture. F ne s the m
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ga h p r r H ounded her a first
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[illegible]

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 H t s m t m t first to her cou n
 co ked a bottl of w d remá k ll headl
 d ys good w e ridea n crrn ge and ph s
 p ssed t t d rva t d got p All rose d
 c nt u g tot lkl dly went toth d aw g
 oom Twol t r b o ght by cour r wer

cl that m rn ceal d tary wh n
 ed his p repl d t l tho l t so
 n Gervais ga l g f n ficial
 so rem kable f t t p d ty fevery
 xly co erned. St lyp tutter brok n
 th co rsat n d bega edly t lk
 f th buses that ex ted d r the f rmer
 nter f th n th eat t g sers u
 w r th co rsat M gn tska sta n
 i n St l p bo t t h m n e G r
 rve ed w th j k d th t lk e r t
 v d n s f rmer l elys ne
 f dently Spe d k l l ked to est fte h
 labors d f d musem t n m le of
 fr ds d his guests u d rta d gh w h
 tried to e l h m d mus th msel s. But
 d u g e ty seemed to Pri ce Andr m thless
 nd tiresome Sperá k s h gh p t hed
 struck hum pleasta tly d th essant
 l t tegrated h m l k f l sen te Prince

other

N f the rec t t n l s d Sperá k n on

compo ed bout n well k own s
 burg peopl He wa t rrupted several t mes
 by ppl us When th erves w e f l ed
 P Andre w nt up to Sperá k d took
 l l lea e

Wh c e you off to so e ly? asked Spe
 á n k

I p omised to go to rec pt n
 Th sa d o m c. Pr A d en looked
 clos ly t th m rro l k mpe etrable
 eyes nd felt th t had be n r d culo s f h m
 to h pe ted yth gl m Speránsk d

worldly welfare in order without clinging to anything to wander in hempen rags from place to place under an assumed name doing no one any harm but praying for all—for those who drive one away as well as for those who protect one—higher than that life and truth there is no life or truth!

There was one pilgrim a quiet pockmarked little woman of fifty called Theodosia who for over thirty years had gone about barefoot and worn heavy chains. Princess Mary was particularly fond of her. Once when in a room with a lamp dimly lit before the icon Theodosia was talking of her life the thought that Theodosia alone had found the true path of life suddenly came to Princess Mary with such force that she resolved to become a pilgrim herself. When Theodosia had gone to sleep Princess Mary thought about this for a long time and at last made up her mind that strange as it might seem she must go on a pilgrimage. She disclosed this thought to no one but to her confessor Father Akimfi the monk and he approved of her intention. Under guise of a present for the pilgrims Princess Mary prepared a pilgrim's complete costume for herself a coarse smock bast shoes a rough coat and a black kerchief. Often approaching the chest of drawers containing this secret treasure Prin-

cess Mary paused uncertain whether the time had not already come to put her project into execution.

Often listening to the pilgrims' tales, she was so stimulated by their simple speech, mechanical to them but to her so full of deep meaning that several times she was on the point of abandoning everything and running away from home. In imagination she already pictured herself by Theodosia's side dressed in coarse rags walking with a staff a wallet on her back along the dusty road directing her wanderings from one saint's shrine to another free from envy earthly love or desire and reaching at last the place where there is no more sorrow or sighing but eternal joy and bliss.

I shall come to a place and pray there and

and shall at last reach that eternal quiet haven where there is neither sorrow nor sighing thought Princess Mary

But afterwards when she saw her father and especially little Koko (Nicholas) her resolve weakened. She wept quietly and felt that she was a sinner who loved her father and little nephew more than God.

Book Seven 1810-II

*

CHAPTER I

T H E E G L D tells a l t t h b e c f
l b o - d l - v c o n d t n o f t h f i r s t
m b l e s d e s s b f e t h e F l F l e n m n
h i s e d l o e f d i e n s s b u t t h e n r s e
e h s t h t l y b e c a u e h e t
h b d t h s e t f u r b w b u t
b e c a m r a i n t e s s u c h t h a t w e c a n
t b b o t h d l e d t e A n n e r c
t e l l u s w n t h e w r g f w e a r e d l e I f
m l d f i d t e w h h h f e l t t h t
t h g h d i h s f l i l l h d u t y h e w u l d
h a e f d f t h c d t f m n s

d f i c u l t d m p l c a t e d d h e r e p l e d t o h
~ F h b e e n

n g a g e m e n t t o s
d g w u l d b e n y e s t i m e b e a u s e t h o l d
P e m d d f i c u l t T h l e t t e g r e y e d
n d m t f i d N h l I n t h e f i r s t p l c e h e
w s o r r y t h a t N t a l f r w h m l e c a d
m t h a f a y n e e l e m t h e f m l y s i u l d
b l a t t t h e l m e d e c d i l y f r m h

t f m l t r y e r v e h s t d a w l
c o t t h c o m p u l o r y d r r e p c l b l e
d l e e s
N h l R o s t e x p d t h b l s f u l
d t t t h f l l w h f t 8 l e n
t d t s r v t h P a l g r d e g m e t n
h h h l d y m m d d t h e s q u d n h
h a d k e f m D l s o
R o s o h d b m b l f f g o o d n t u d
~ i d

t h e F r m m n t h e h e t t e d n u
h l d n t p p l y f l e e n o d e t o e N
t a h b e f r e s h e w m a r r d b u t t h e n c a m e
t h e m u e r s n d n d e r a t n b o t s

h h l f O f i t 8 o g h e f d l e t
t e r v f m h m m e f q t m p l t s i m
h m h h t t h f f r s w e r f l l g t o
g r d g r t d s o d d t h t t w s
t m f l m m b k t g l d d d m
l r t h l d p a r e n t

s o m u l d w s o g o o d n t u e d t h t e v r y
b o d y t k d t g e o f h m n d t h g s e r
g g f m b d t w r s F G d s l e l
m p l y c m e t n c e f y d o n t h
t m a k m e d t h l m l e f m l y v r t e d
r t t h u t

t t e t r t h w h l p o o l f i l e w t h t s
e m l r r m t d H r s t o b e t r a g h t e d
t t w t h t w d s q r r e l d
r g u e s t s e s s o c t y d w t h S o y l
n d h y m s e t h e r l t w l l d e d f l l y

T h l e t t t u h e d N c h l H h a d t l t
m n e n s e f m t i e r - o f f i c t m n w h c h
h w e d h m w l t l e o g h t t d o
T l g h t t h g w w f n t t t e

worldly welfare in order without clinging to anything to wander in hempen rags from place to place under an assumed name doing no one any harm but praying for all—for those who drive one away as well as for those who protect one—higher than that life and truth there is no life or truth!

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at last reach that eternal quiet heaven where there is neither sorrow nor sighing thought Princess Mary.

But afterwards when she saw her father and especially little Hoko (Nicholas) her resolve weakened. She wept quietly and felt that she was a sinner who loved her father and little nephew more than God.

o ld certa ly escape hould she reach it. B t,
com g toward h m hesaw h unds d hu t-
man gall p n almost tra ht t th w lf
There as t ll h pe Al o yell wish voun
borro e N ch la d d n t k w fr m n
th r lea h, ru hed impet usly at th wolf
from fro t d lmost kn ked h o er But
the wolf j mped p m quickly th na yo e
co ld ha e expected d gnash g her teeth
flew t the y llow h borro wh ch w th
p erou lp fell w th t he d n the grou d
bleed g f m ga h n t de

hard Old fell w l w led N h las.
Thank t the delay caused by this cross g
f the wolf's p th th old dow h t f lited
ha r ha o fr m t s th h wa w thun f e
-- -- -- -- -- th w lf

denly th w ll d they ro eu u

her by th th out) w h h pp est mo-
m f h lf W th h h nd n h saddle-
bo h wa ready o d m t d t b the
oll whe h dd n l thrus h r head up
from m g th t m s s f doos, nd th n h
f ep w re n th ed f h gully She

l d p babl brused w u ded
l mbed w h d ficult f th gully
Oh m God Why? N ch l cred n des-
pa

U l ll tsm wa gall p from th
other d cross l w lf path d h borros
mo pped h mal d an Sh
wa o hemmed

N h las d h d t w th U l
d h h ma wer ll d grou d the
wolf cre l f h u d p cp
d me ea h m m n h t th w lf
crou hed ba k d rt f r w d ga ev
ery m h hook hers ll d mo ed ward
th wood her l w ld be safe

Al eady t th bega g of th hase,
E l h ngth lyul u g had rushed t

from the wood. He saw k ray se e the wolf
nd checked h s h rse s ppos n the aff r to
be o er But wh n h saw that the h rsemen
d d n t d m unt nd that the lf shook her
self a d ran f s f ty D n e l s t h chestnut
gall p not at th wolf but tra ght toward
the wood ju t k ray h d run to cut the n
mal off As a result of th s he gall ped up to
the wolf ju t wh n sh h d been st pped ec
o d t me by U cle s borro s.

l t w
N ch l s ne ther saw no hea d D el un
t l the chestnut b eath ngh lv p t d past
h m a d l e he rd the f ll of a body nd sa
E n e lly on the wolf's ba k mo the doos
trun to se el b the ears. l wa d e t
t th doos th hu t rs and to the wolf h
self th t ll was n w o Th t ruffed lf
pressed ba k he ears d tr ed to r e but the
l n m l l took

neck A t k wa thru ue e j
he wa f t ned w th le h as f b dled he
n m ad

old w f l m n y ll w
nd comp n ed by the doos y lp t he
took l to t pl whe e they w ll to
meet Th h u d l d k lled two f the cubs
nd the borros t h ee Th li tsm n ssem
bled w th the booty and the t es nd ll
cam to look t the w lf which w th her
bro d b owed head h g g d wn nd the b t
ten t k betw n h r j w ga ed w th great
gl ssy es t th s crowd of doos nd m u
rou d ler Wh h wa tou hed he jerked
ll bo d l e s nd looked w ldly t s mply at
rybod Old Count Rost lo rod p nd
t u hed th w lf

Oh what f rm d ble one sa d h A
f rm d bl n e h he ked D l ho a
d g ea

Yes ur ex ell cy n red D n l
q klyd ff h cap

The cou remembe ed the w lf he h d l t
lp d his enco t w th D l

Ah b t u crusty f ll fr n di
sa d th cou t.

way the voices of the huntsmen approached
receded and rose he realized what was hap-
pening at the copse. He knew that young and
old wolves were there that the hounds had
separated into two packs that some of the
wolves were gone
why

He made thousands of dif-
ferent conjectures as to where and from what
side the beast would come and how he would
set upon it. Hope alternated with despair. Sev-
eral times he addressed a prayer to God that
the wolf should come his way. He prayed with
that passionate and shame-faced feeling with
which men pray at moments of great excite-
ment arising from trivial causes. What would
it be to Thee to do this for me? he said to
God. I know Thou art great and that it is a
sin to ask this of Thee but for God's sake do
let the old wolf come my way and let Kariy
spring at it—in sight of Uncle who is watch-
ing from over there—and seize it by the throat.

He stood with the two scrag-
gy oaks rising above the aspen undergrowth
and the gully with its water on one side and
Uncle's cap just visible above the bushes on his
right.

No! I shall not have such luck, thought Ros-
ta. Yet what wouldn't it be worth! It is not to
be! Everywhere at cards and in war I am al-
ways unlucky. Memories of Austerlitz and of
Dolokhov flashed rapidly and clearly through
his mind. Only once in my life to get in of the
wolf I
eyes are
to the r

ation of the cries of the dogs
Again he looked to the right and saw some-
thing running toward him across the deserted
field. No! it can't be! thought Rostov tak-
ing a deep breath as a man does at the coming
of something long hoped for. The height of
happiness is reached—and so simply with-
out warning or noise or display that Rostov
could not believe his eyes and remained in
doubt for over a second. The wolf ran for-
ward and jumped heavily over a gully that
lay in her path. She was an old animal with a
gray back and big reddish belly. She ran with
but hurry evidently feeling sure that no one
saw her. Rostov holding his breath looked
round at the borzois. They stood or lay not see-
ing the wolf or understanding the situation.
Old Kariy had turned his head and was angry

ly searching for the
and

his paws the borzois jumped up jerking the
rings of the leashes and pricking their ears.
Kariy finished scratching his hindquarters
and cocking his ears got up with quivering
tail from which tufts of matted hair hung
down.

Shall I loose them or not? he asked
himself
from the

doghouse she shuddered seeing that
she had probably never seen before—human
eyes fixed upon her—and turning her head a
little toward Postoi she pruned.

Back or forward? Eh, no matter forward
the wolf seemed to say to herself and she
moved forward without again looking round.

Downhill leaping over gullies to
head off the wolf and the borzois passed it,
running faster still. Nicholas did not hear his
own cry nor feel that he was galloping nor see
the borzois nor the ground over which he went.
He saw only the wolf who increasing her speed
bounded on in the same direction along the
hollow. The first to come into view was Milka
with her black markings and powerful quarters
grazing upon the wolf. Nearer and nearer
now she was ahead of it but the wolf turned
its head to face her and instead of putting on
speed as she usually did Milka suddenly raised
her tail and stiffened her forelegs.

Ulyulyulyu shouted Nicholas.

The reddish Lyubim rushed forward from
behind Milka springing impetuously at the wolf
and seized it by its hindquarters but unmedi-
ately jumped aside in terror. The wolf crouched
gnashed her teeth and again rose and bound-
ed forward followed at the distance of a couple
of feet by all the borzois who did not get any
closer to her.

She'll get away! No! impossible! thou art
Nicholas still shouting with a hoarse voice.

Kariy uflyuyu he barked.

Make it plain that Kariy
had misinterpreted Nicholas could already see
not far in front of him the woods where they all

wo ldeerta ly escape hould herca h t. But
com t and h m hesawh unds d h t-
ma gallop g al m t stra ht t th wolf
The ew s tll h pe Al yell w hy ung
borz e h la d d n t kn w fr man
-- h ruled imp t u ly t th w lf
-- R t

Heu u y
percm yelp fllw th tsh d nth grou u
l'el f m ga h n t s d

h ha g fr m u th

w lf

de ly th w lf a y h m

head, th her ears l d b k (A f u p
g her by th th) w the b p p est mo-
me t f h lf W l h sh d h saddle
bo h wa re dy to d m u t d tab th
nll whe h dd nl thru th head up
from m g th t m f d s d the her
f ep we th dge f th gull Sh
l ked her teeth (A ra n l g h d h by
-- h

P U l i um wa gall p from th
other d cros f w lf p th nd h borz
mo pped th mal d Sh
w s hemmed
N h l d t t d t w th U d
d h h m w ll d g u d the
w lf cry l f h d p p r
d mo t e a f m m n u l d w lf
cry h d b k d t r g f r w d ga ev
erv m h bo k l e r s l f d m ed t ward
h ood h h w l d b sal
Al tad th begg g of h h
l f l e a g th u ly u ly u g had rushed out

fr m the wood. He s w K ray se m the wolf
and che ked h s h rse suppo the affa r to
be o er But wlen h s w that the horsen en
d d n t d smount and th t the w lf hook l e r
elf nd ran for saf ty D n l set h s chestnut
gall p n m t at the lf but stra ght t ward
th wood ju t K ray had run to cut the n
m l f A result f d s l e galloped up to
th lf ju t when h h d be stopp d a s c
-- h U cle borzo

a f t w e r h a f
N h l e ther s e nor h a d Dan el un

try t e her by th e
t th dogs t e hunters d to th lf her
r m l k d lf

D n e l w h pereu u
ch n g r g h po t n th foot nth l f s
ck. A s t k wa thru t b t w e n l e j s nd

ld w lf l e n a h y g u t
nd comp ed by the d s y lp at l
took l e r to the pl e wh e th y we ll t
m e t T l e h d l d k l l e d two f the cub
and the borz t l e The l u t s m e n s s m
bled w th th booty d th r t r i e s nd l l
cam t look t th w lf wh h th l e
bro d browed head t a n g d w n nd th b e
t n t c k b t w e e n h j w g a d th g e a t
gl s s y y e s t h i s c r o w d f d s d m n m
nd g h e r W h h w a t u h d h j e r k e d
l i b o d l e g s nd look d w l d l y y e t m p l y t
e r y b o d y O l d C o u t R t o a l s o o d e u p a l
t o u c h e d t h e w l f

Oh w h t a f r m d a b l m d h e d
f r m d b l e h d k e d D l h a
t d g n e a
y e s u e x l l e y e d D l
qu k l y d u h c a p
The u t e m b e r e d t h w l f h h d l t
l p d l e n c o u t e r t h D l
A h b t y e c r u t y f l l w f n d t
s a d t h c o l

way the voices of the huntsmen approached receded and rose he realized what was happening at the copse. He knew that young and old wolves were there that the hounds had separated into two packs that

ly searching for flets baring his yellow teeth and snapping at his hind legs

"Ulyulyu!" whispered Rostov pouting his lips. The borzois jumped up jerking the rings of the leashes and pricking their ears. Kariy finished scratching his hindquarters and cocking his ears got up with quivering tail from which tufts of matted hair hung down.

"Shall I loose them or not?" Nicholas asked himself as the wolf approached.

from the
ignomy
she had

eyes fixed upon her—and turning her head a little toward Rostov she pruned

Back or forward? Eh, no matter forward the wolf seemed to say to herself and she moved forward without again looking round and with a quiet long easy yet resolute lope

"Ulyulyu" cried Nicholas in a voice not his own and of its own accord his good horse darted headlong downhill leaping over gullies to head off the wolf and the borzois passed it running faster still. Nicholas did not hear his

black markings and powerful quarters gruning upon the wolf. Nearer and nearer now she was ahead of it but the wolf turned

sp
he

shouted Nicholas

The reddish Lyubim rushed forward from behind Mfika spring impetuously at the wolf and seized it by its hindquarters but immediately jumped aside in terror. The wolf crouched gnashed her teeth and again rose and bounded forward followed at the distance of a couple of feet by all the borzois who did not get any closer to her.

She fled away. No it is impossible that Nicholas still shouting with a hoarse voice

Kariy uilyu! he shouted looking round for the old borzois who was now his only hope. Kariy with all the strength age had left him stretched himself to the utmost and watching the wolf's lope he heavily as he to intercept it. But the quickness of the wolf's lope and the borzois's slow pace made it plain that Kariy had miscalculated. Nicholas could already see not far in front of him in the wood where the wolf

made thousands of different conjectures as to where

uttered a prayer to God that the wolf should come his way. He prived with that passionate and shame-faced feeling with which men pray at moments of great excitement rising from trivial causes. What would it be to Thee to do this for me? he said to God. I know Thou art great and that it is a sin to ask this of Thee but for God's sake do let the old wolf come my way and let Kariy spring at it—in sight of Uncle who is watching from over there—and seize it by the throat in a death grip! A thousand times during that half hour Rostov cast eager and restless glances over the edge of the wood with the two scraggy oaks rising above the aspen undergrowth and the gully with its water worn side and Uncle's cap just visible above the bush on his right.

No I shall not have such luck thought Rostov yet what wouldn't it be worth! It is not to be! Every here at cards and in war I am always unlucky. Memories of Austerlitz and of Dvorkhov flashed rapidly and clearly through his mind. Only once in my life to get an old wolf I want only that!

in the cries of the dogs

Again he looked to the right and saw something running toward him across the deserted field. No it can't be! thought Rostov taking a deep breath as a man does at the coming of something long hoped for. The height of happiness was reached—and so simply with out warning or noise or display that Rostov could not believe his eyes and remained in doubt for over a second. The wolf ran forward and jumped heavily over a gully that lay in her path. She was an old animal with a gray back and big reddish belly. She ran with out hurry evidently feeling sure that no one saw her. Rostov holding his breath looked round at the borzois. They stood or lay not seeing the wolf or understanding the situation. Old Kariy had turned his head and was angry

Book Eight 1811-12

*

CHAPTER I

AFTER PRINCE ANDREW'S engagement to N
tish Perr with ut ny pparent caus ud
s be.

the n cest, k ndest most ntellectual merrie t,
— a m k h edless

e ry e

Be efist perf rman m poor p ctur s statues
b n olent societ es gyp y cho rs chools ub-
script nd ners p es F emas ns chu ch
es d books—no ne d n thung m t w th
— h h f two

mport t p rso g qu tan with all
with is dull

n e a d n e o s e e t the Cl b w th ut

great d l d cam m e n t ch w u
the b h l e s le d g uch l l th t the
Co es H élè th ght in essary t peak
sever lyt h m bo t P rref l th t shewas
right, d to d comp mis g h w nt
wy to M w

I Mos w oo as h t d h h ge
h use h ch th f d d d f d g p n esses
t l l ed th is rm t soon
h

d e ry when he w not there

Whe fier b chel upp he ro w th
ll m ble d k ndly mule y ld g t the
entr ues of the fest mp y to dr off
som wh w th them, h uts of d l ight and
trump h m g th y u g men At b lls
hed ed f p r r er was n eded You g l
des m rried d u marr ed l ked h m be
ca e w th ut m k g l i ny f th m he
w equ lly m bl to all esp c lly fiers p
per l l st h m t l n pas de e they
sa d of h m.

Perr was o e of those s d g nilemen
n w t g of wh mther wer hu d ds good
hum dly d s th d ys Mo cow

H w h r r f d h w uld h e been se en
years b f when he first r r d f m b o d
had he been t ld that th was n n ed f
h m t k o pl anyth g th t h us rut h d
l g been sh ped t m lly p determ ed
d th tw n g l as he m ght h w uld b wh t
H n h po t we e. He could not h e be
l eyed t l l ad he n t t n t m l ged w th
all his h n to establ h e publ c n Russ

H m charming h ha sex.

h g l r r d wher d w e d g
th day l ur ly when he saw those old
Mos i des th Moscow b l l d th E g
l h Cl b h f l h m l f th me qu t
ha l Mos w he f l t p e th m
arm d d r y as old d es g gow
Mos w soc y f m t l l d w m end wn
to th ch l dr n ed Perr l ke a lo g
expec ed gu t whose pl ce was l w ys ready
wa t g h m. F Moscow society l l erre was

of age that Prince Andrew was marrying with out his father's consent and he could do the same but that she would never receive that intriguer as her daughter

Exploding at the word *intriguer* Nicholas raising his voice told his mother he had never expected her to try to force him to sell his feelings but if that were so he would say for the first time But he had no time to utter the decisive word which the expression of his face caused his mother to await with —

entered the room from the door at which he had been —

screamed so as to drown his voice
Mamma darling it's not at all so
poor sweet darling she said to him

could not and would not give way
Nicholas I'll explain to you Go away! Lis-
ten Mamma darling said Natasha
Her words were incoherent but they attained

Firmly resolved after putting his affairs in order in the regiment to retire from the army and return and marry Sonya Nicholas serious sorrowful and at variance with his parents but as it seemed to him passionately in love left at the beginning of January to rejoin his regiment

After Nicholas had gone things in the Ros-

town —
and
So

happy at the separation from Nicholas and still more so on account of the hostile tone the countess could not help adopting toward her The count was more perturbed than ever by the condition of his affairs which called for some decisive action Their town house and estate near Moscow had inevitably to be sold and for this they had to go to Moscow But the countess health obliged them to delay their departure from day to day

Natasha who had borne the first period of separation from her betrothed lightly and even cheerfully now grew more agitated and impatient every day The thought that her best days which she would have employed in loving him were being vainly wasted with no advantage to anyone tormented her incessantly His letters for the most part irritated her It hurt her to think that while she lived only in the thought of him he was living a real life seeing new places and new people that interested him The more interesting his letters were the more vexed she felt Her letters to him far from giving her any comfort seemed to her a wearisome and artificial obligation She could not write because she could not conceive the possibility of expressing sincerely in a letter even a thousandth part of what she expressed by voice smile and glance She wrote to him from —

es
Jol. Moscow any longer Natasha's trou-
seau had to be ordered and the house sold Moreover Prince Andrew was expected in Moscow here old Prince Bolkonski was spending the winter and Natasha felt sure he had already arrived

So the countess remained in the country and the count taking Sonya and Natasha with him went to Moscow at the end of January

Book Eight 1811-12

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CHAPTER I

AFTER PRINCE ANDREW'S engagement to Natasha, Pierre was the only apparent cause of delay. It was impossible to go on living as before. Firmly convinced he was of the truths revealed to him by his beneficent and happy as he had been in perfecting his character in such he had devoted himself with cheerful resignation to all the evil which he had inherited from the past and the

the nearest, kindest, most intellectual, merriest, endless of his pen to every one

Benefit performances, poor pictures, statues, benevolent societies, gypsy choirs, schools, subscription dinners, preachers, Freemason churches, and books—no one did anything more than refusal from him, and had it not been for two friends who had borrowed large sums from him and taken him under their protection he would have given everything away. There was no other direct or so-called the Club without

great deal of came in money in the bachelors, lead such life that the Countess felt the necessity of peak severity to him both. Pierre felt that she was right, and compromised her went

was Moscow. I Moscow was so as he entered his house which he found and found pleasures. He found with us in the same as soon as he got to his house when he saw the library with his magnificent Persian rug, the gold coins with the Kremlin Square with the window bedchambers, the high doors of the St. Petersburg houses of Moscow who desired with a married where they were of the days of the war when he saw those little Moscow of the Moscow balls, and the English club which he had found quiet house. In Moscow he felt peace at home, and did not as in the dressing gown.

Moscow society from the old women of the house, his daughter, even of Pierre himself. He expected guest whose plan was always ready waiting for him. For Moscow society Pierre was

began. When there were quarrels his smile dissolved the antagonists. The Moscow doors were dull and dreary when he was not there.

When after each dinner supper he rose with

he had found a partner was needed. Young ladies, married and unmarried, liked him because with them he could do anything. He was equally mild to all especially to the upper class. He had a habit of saying "they said of him."

Pierre was one of those tired gentlemen

who had been shaped, eternally predetermined, and he twiggled as he might, he would be that all his possibilities were. He could not have believed it. Had he not in the time known with all his heart to establish republic in Russia

His charming has no sex.

of age that Prince Andrew was marrying without his father's consent and he could do the same but that she would never receive that *intriguer* as her daughter

Exploding at the word *intriguer* Nicholas raising his voice told his mother he had never expected her to try to force him to sell his feelings but if that were so he would say for the last time But he had no time to utter the decisive word which the expression of his face caused his mother to await with terror and which would perhaps have forever remained a cruel memory to them both He had not time to say it for Natásha with a pale and set face entered the room from the door at which she had been listening

Nicholas you are talking nonsense! Be quiet be quiet be quiet I tell you! she almost screamed so as to drown his voice

Mamma darling it's not at all so my poor sweet darling she said to her mother who conscious that they had been on the brink of a rupture gazed at her son with terror but in the obstinacy and excitement of the conflict could not and would not give way

Nicholas I'll explain to you Go away! Listen Mamma darling said Natásha

Her words were incoherent but they attained their end

Nicholas said and left the room

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at the beginning of January to rejoin his regiment

After Nicholas had gone things in the Ros-

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So happy at the separation from Nicholas and still more so on account of the hostile tone the countess could not help adopting toward her The count was more perturbed than ever by the condition of his affairs which called for some decisive action Their town house and estate near Moscow had inevitably to be sold and for this they had no go to Moscow But the countess health obliged them to delay their departure from day to day

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because she could not conceive the possibility of expressing sincerely in a letter even a thousandth part of what she expressed by voice smile and glance She wrote to him formal monotonous and dry letters to which she attached no importance herself and in the rough copies of which the countess corrected her mistakes in spelling

There was still no improvement in the countess health but it was impossible to defer the journey to Moscow any longer Natásha's trousseau had to be ordered and the house sold Moreover Prince Andrew was expected in Moscow where old Prince Bolkónski was spending the winter and Natásha felt sure he had already arrived

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we

Book Nine. 1812

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CHAPTER I

FROM THE CLOSE of the year 1811 an intensified arming and concentrating of the forces of Western Europe began and in 1812 these forces—millions of men reckoning those transporting and feeding the army—moved from the west eastwards to the Russian frontier to

the cause of the war was the Continental System which was ruining Europe to the generals and old soldiers that the chief reason for the war was the necessity of giving them employment to the legitimists of that day that it was the need of re-establishing *les bons principes* and to the diplomatists of that time that it all resulted from the fact that the alliance be

the Russian frontier and war began that is an event took place opposed to human reason and to human nature Millions of men perpetrated against one another such innumerable crimes frauds treacheries thefts forgeries issues of false money burglaries incendiarisms and murders as in whole centuries are not recorded in the annals of all the law courts of the world but which those who committed them did not at the time regard as being crimes

What produced this extraordinary occurrence? What were its causes? The historians tell us with naive assurance that its causes were the wrongs inflicted on the Duke of Oldenburg the nonobservance of the Continental System the ambition of Napoleon the firmness of Alexander the mistakes of the diplomatists and so on

Consequently it would only have been necessary for Metternich Romyánshev or Talleyrand between a levee and an evening party to have taken proper pains and written a more adroit note or for Napoleon to have written to Alexander My respected Brother I consent to restore the duchy to the Duke of Oldenburg—and there would have been no war

We can understand that the matter seemed like that to contemporaries It naturally seemed to Napoleon that the war was caused by England

as in fact he said on the island

as Napoleon said to the Duke of Oldenburg that the cause of the war was the violence done to him by businessmen that

No 18 It is natural that these and a countless and infinite quantity of other reasons the number depending on the endless diversity of points of view presented themselves to the men of that day but to us to posterity who view the thing that happened in all its magnitude and perceive its plain and terrible meaning these causes seem insufficient To us it is incomprehensible that millions of Christian

or the Duke of Oldenburg wronged we do not grasp what connection such circumstances have with the actual fact of slaughter and violence why because the Duke was wronged thousands of men from the other side of Europe killed and ruined the people of Smolensk and Moscow and were killed by them

To us the descendants who are not historians and are not carried away by the process of research and can therefore regard the event with unclouded common sense an incalculable number of causes present themselves The deeper we delve in search of these causes the more of them we find and each separate cause or whole series of causes appears to us equally valid in itself and equally false by its insignificance compared to the magnitude of the events and by its impotent part from the cooperation of all the other coincident causes—to occasion the event To us the wish or objection of this or that French corporal to serve a second term appears as much a cause as Na

poles refusal to withdraw his troop bey d
 Le\ su d to rest the duch of Olden
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Book Nine. 1812

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CHAPTER I

FROM THE CLOSE of the year 1811 an intensified arming and concentrating of the forces of Western Europe began and in 1812 these forces—millions of men reckoning those transporting and feeding the army—moved from the west eastwards to the Russian frontier to which since 1811 Russian forces had been similarly drawn. On the twelfth of June 1812 the forces of Western Europe crossed the Russian frontier and war began that is an event took place opposed to human reason and to human nature. Millions of men perpetrated against one another such innumerable crimes—frauds treacheries thefts forgeries issues of false money burglaries incendiarisms and murders as in whole centuries are not recorded in the annals of all the law courts of the world but which those who committed them did not at the time regard as being crimes.

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Oldenburg that the cause of the war was the violence done to him to businessmen that

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If d \ poleo t t ke f f m t the de-
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to m.

Each m l n s f a m e n t a n d t h e f r o
d e n a n d p r o v i d e a n d f e e d w i t h

I wh le be ng th t he c n now do or l stam
f m d o n g th or that act = but as soo
he has d ne t, that t on perform d t a ce
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d w n f o r h m.

M n l c n usly f h m e l f b u t i s n

h h m n s t a d s o n t h s o c l l d d e t h e
m p e o p l h e o n e c t e d w t h d t h e
m p o w h e h a s o e r o t h e r s t h e m e s
d e n t t p e d e s t n t o n a n d m t a b l y o f
h s e r y c t

"The k g heart is the h ds of the
Lord.

A k g h u t o r y l e

H t o r y t h a t t h m c o n s c i o u s g e n e r a l
m e l f e f m k d, u e s e r y m o m e n t o f
t h l l f k m s t o o l f t o w p r o p o s e s

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mo co n e e d t h a t m t a t t d e p e d o n
h u m, e r e r (e p e r) l e d e e
p e u p l —as Alexa der e x p r e s e d t t e l t
l e t t e r h e w r o t e h m—h e h d n e e r b e e s o
m u c h i n t h g r i p f m t a b l e l a t w h c h r o m
p e l l e d h m, w h e t l n k g t h a t h e w t g
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t o b e p e r f m e d.

The peopl of the west m ed e t w a r d t
l a t h e r f l l w m e n d b y t h l a w o f c o
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n d c o o r d i n a t e d t o p r o d e t h a t m o e m t
a n d w a r e p o a h s f t h e l b e r v a e o f
t h e C o n t n e n t a l S t e m, t h e D k e o f O l d e
b u r g w r o g t h m o e m e n t f t r o o p t o
P r u s i a—u n d e r t a k e (a s t s e e m e d t \ p o
l e m) o f f o t h e p r o p o s e o f e c u
a r m e d p e a c e, t h e F e n c h E m p e r l e d
h a v f w a r c o d g w t h h u s p e o p l
d i s a n t i o n s, a l l e m e n t b y t h e g r a d e u r o f t h
p r e p a r a t i o n s, d t h e e x p e d i t u t h o s e
p r e p a r a t i o n d t h e e e d f o b t a g a d
v a n t a g e s t o c o m p e n s a t f t h a t e x p d t u r e
t a r t o u c a n g b o m h e r e c e d D e s

T s h e d (o r n o t t o s h e d) t h b l o o d f h u s p e o

Balahev Arakhéev looked at the Emperor from under his brow and smiled with his eyes. He rose stepped forward from the crowd, expecting the Emperor to address him. (Boris understood that Arakhéev intended Balahev to plead that the Emperor's death was important and had reached the Emperor's throne than through himself.)

But the Emperor said Balahev stepped out to the all-mighty guard with him, using his children.

As he went through the figures of the mazurka, he was surrounded by the guests. He then said to Balahev, "Do not brook and he will find it better for others."

He then said to the Emperor, "I do not have to go to Hélène, but she must choose for me."

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at 11 o'clock On first receiving the news under the influence of indignation and resentment the Emperor had found phrase that pleased him fully expressed feelings and had once become famous. On the morning of the 20th of October that night he sent for his secretary Shakhovskoy and told him to write a word to the troops and a rescript to Field Marshal Prince Shtykovskiy in which he mentioned the words he had inserted that he would not make peace with the armed Frenchmen in the name of Russia.

Next day the following letter was sent to Napoleon:

My dear friend,
Yesterday I learned that despite my illness, which I have kept my engagements with, I have seen you. I have crossed the frontier and I have thus met you received from Paris.

My dear friend,
I have seen you. I have crossed the frontier and I have thus met you received from Paris.

My dear friend,
I have seen you. I have crossed the frontier and I have thus met you received from Paris.

(signed) ALEXANDER

CHAPTER IV

At 11 o'clock the morning of the 21st of June the Emperor had signed the following letter:

My dear friend,
I have seen you. I have crossed the frontier and I have thus met you received from Paris.

ly as possible and another that a Saxon should be shot on whom a letter containing information about the orders to the French army had been found. Napoleon also gave instructions that the Polish colonel who had needlessly plunged into the river should be enrolled in the *Legion d'honneur* of which Napoleon was himself the head.

Quos vult perdere dementat

CHAPTER III

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA had meanwhile been in Vilna for more than a month reviewing troops and holding maneuvers. Nothing was ready for the war that everyone expected and to prepare for which the Emperor had come from Petersburg. There was no general plan of action. The vacillation between the various plans that were proposed had even increased after the Emperor had been at headquarters for a month. Each of the three armies had its own commander in chief but there was no supreme commander of all the forces and the Emperor did not assume that responsibility himself.

The longer the Emperor remained in Vilna the less did everybody—tired of waiting—prepare for the war. All the efforts of those who surrounded the sovereign seemed directed merely to making him spend his time pleasantly and forget that war was impending.

received. The Emperor gave his consent. The aides de camp collected money by subscription. The lady who was thought to be most pleasing to the Emperor was invited to act as hostess. Count Bennisgen, being a landowner in the Vilna province, offered his country house for the fete and the thirteenth of June was fixed for a ball, dinner, regatta and fireworks at Zakret Count Bennisgen's country seat.

The very day that Napoleon issued the order to cross the Niemen and his vanguard driving off the Cossacks, crossed the Russian frontier. Alexander spent the evening at the

Those whom (Go!) it is to destroy led es
m l

entertainment given by his aides de camp at Bennisgen's country house.

It was a gay and brilliant fete. Connoisseurs of such matters declared that rarely had so many beautiful women been assembled in one place. Countess Bezukhovna was present among other Russian ladies who had followed the sovereign from Petersburg to Vilna and eclipsed the refined Polish ladies by her massive so-called Russian type of beauty. The Emperor noticed her and honored her with a dance.

Boris Drubetskoy having left his wife in Moscow and being for the present *en garçon* (as he phrased it) was also there and though not an aide de camp had subscribed a large sum toward the expenses. Boris was now a rich man who had risen to high honors and no

having seen her for a long time and did not recall the past but as Hélène was enjoying the favors of a very important personage and Boris had only recently married they met as good friends of long standing.

At midnight dancing was still going on. Hélène not having a suitable partner herself

merged from a dark gown into a light gown talked to her of old acquaintances and at the same time unaware of it himself and unnoticed by others never for an instant ceased to observe the Emperor who was in the same room. The Emperor was not dancing he stood in the doorway stopping now one pair and now another with gracious words which he alone knew how to utter.

As the mazurka began Boris saw that Adjutant General Balashov one of those in closest attendance on the Emperor went up to him and contrary to court etiquette stood near him while he was talking to a Polish lady. Having finished speaking to her the Emperor looked inquiringly at Balashov and evidently understanding that he only acted thus because there were important reasons for so doing nodded slightly to the lady and turned to him. Hardly had Balashov begun to speak before a look of amazement appeared on the Emperor's face. He took Balashov by the arm and crossed the room with him unconsciously clearing a path seven yards wide as the people on both sides made way for him. Boris noticed Arakchey's excited face when the sovereign went out with

B l a s h A r a k h é e v l o o k e d a t t h e E m p e r o r

u n d e r s t o o d t h a t A r a k h é e v e n e d B a l a s h é
d w a s d p l e a s e d t h a t t h e d a i l y i m p o r t a n t
e w s h a d r e h a d t h e E m p e r o r o t h e r w i s e t h a n
t h r o u g h h i m i f)

B u t t h e E m p e r o r a d B l a s h p a s s e d o u t
t o t h e l l a m i n e d g a r d e n w i t h t h e t i c i n g
A r a k h é e v h a d h i d g h a s s w o o d a d g l a c i e
u n g r a t h e r l i k e a r d f l o w e r s m e t w e e t y
p e a s e d t h e m

A l l t h a t t i m e B l a s h w a s g o i n g t h r o u g h t h e
f i g u r e s o f t h e m a t t e r h e w a s w r r e d b y t h e
q u e s t i o n f o r w h a t e w B l a s h h a d b r o u g h t
a n d h a w h e l d f i d e l i t y t o o t h e r s

I n t h e f i g u r e i n w h i c h h e h a d t o c h o o s e t w o
l d h e l p e d t H é l è n e t h a t i m m e n t

G e n e r a l e e g B a l h a d t h e E m p e r o r
r e t u r n g o t o t h e e r d h e s t o o d t i l l T h e y
e m g r a t e d t h e d o o r B l a s h r i g
a s f e h e d t h a t d e t m e t w i t h d r a w e p e t
i f l y p e s d c l o s e t o t h e d o o r p o s t w i t h b o w e d
h a d

T h e E m p e r o r w i t h t h e g i t t e n o f e w l
h a s b e e n p e r s o n l y f i r e d w i t h f i g
t h a t t h e d

"T h a t R a s s w i l l t o d e l g w i l l

p e a s e t t h e t h e s e w a d H a s s t i f i e d
w i t h t h e f i r m w h i c h h a d e x p e s e d h
t h o g h t s b u t d p l e a s e d t h a t B l a s h h a d o e r
h a d t o

L e t k w i t h t h e E m p e r o r d e d e d
t h a t w
R a s s

B o i e d t h e r e b o i n o t h h i f h a m
t h a t t h e f i r s t t i l t h e e w
t h a t t h e F i l m y h a d e r e d t h e N e m

T h e p e c t e d w a s f o r t h e F i l m
c r o w d t h a t m e w a s p r o c u r a l l y t a r t l
l i t e r a m e n t i f f i l l e d e x p e c t a t i o n s

a b a l l O n f i r s t r e c e i v e g t h e n e w s u n d e r t h e
i n f l u e n c e o f n a t u r a l n e c e s s i t y t h e
E m p e r o r a d f u d a p h r a e t h a t p l e a s e d i m
f u l l y e x p e c t e d h a s f e l i n g s a n d h a n c e b e
c o m e f a m o u s O r e t u r n i n g h o m e a t t w o

l o c k t h a t n i g h t h e e n t e r e d f o r h i s s e c r e t a r y
S h a k o a n d t o l d h i m t o w r i t e n o d e r t o
t h e t r o o p a r e c r i p t t o F e l d M a r s h a l
P e t e r S t y k o i n w h i c h l e t t e r s t e d o n t h e
w o r d s b e i n g i n s e r t e d t h a t h e w o u l d n o t m a k e
p e r s o n a l u s a s a n g e l a r m e d F e n c h m a n r e
m a i n d o n R u s s i a s

N e x t d a y t h e f o l l o w i n g l e t t e r w a s s e n t t o
N a p o l e o n

M a s s e s m e t
w e s d a y i l l m e d t h a t d e s p i t e t h e l y a l t y t h
w h i c h l h a s k e p t m y e n g a g e m e n t s w i t h l
M a j e s t y y e t p h a s o s e d t h e R a s s a n
f r o m d e l i h t h i s m a t t e r e c c e d f m
P e t e r g a t w h i c h C o t t a L a t i n
f m m t h e g g e t t l t
M a j e s t y h a s c o n d e r e d t h a t l e t b e t t i f
w i t h m a t t e r t h e m P h a s k a d
f h p a s s e d t h e s o n a h h i t D
d B a s s a n b a s e d h a s f u s a l t o d e l i t h m
h a m w l d e v h a d l e d m t p p o s t i t t l t
d t l l e r v p t t f g g r e s s u I
f t t h m b s s l h h m l f h a s d e c l e d
t h d t m k t h t l m d d

t r o o p f r o m R u s s i a r e t u r n i n g I w i l l e g a d w h a t
h a s p a s s e d t h a t g o c r e d l a d
d e l i t u w a s

(g n d) A L E X A

CHAPTER IV

A T T h e m n f t h f t e e t h f
J e t h e E m p h g t f E l h

w a u d t m k e p e s o l g s g l
r m d e m y e m e d o R u a l d
t o l d h m t t n m t h e w d t o N p o l e n
A l e x a d d e n t t h e m n h l t t o
N p o l e o b a c a w t h a s c h r a c t e t t c t
b e f l t a w l d b j d m u s t u s e t h e m t
m o m t w h l t t e m p t t c l

moment considered themselves happy
That evening between issuing one order
that the forged Russian paper money prepared
for use in Russia should be delivered as quick-
ly as possible and another that a Saxon should
be shot on whom a letter containing informa-
tion about the orders to the French army had
been found Napoleon also gave instructions
that the Polish colonel who had needlessly
plunged into the river should be enrolled in
the *Légion d'honneur* of which Napoleon was
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Quos vult perdere demanat

CHAPTER III

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in Vilna for more than a month reviewing
troops and holding maneuvers. Nothing was
ready for the war that everyone expected and
to prepare for which the Emperor had come
from Petersburg. There was no general plan
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after the Emperor had been at headquarters
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own commander in chief but there was no
supreme commander of all the forces and the
Emperor did not assume that responsibility
himself.

The longer the Emperor remained in Vilna
the less did everybody—tired of waiting—pre-
pare for the war. All the efforts of those who
surrounded the sovereign seemed directed
merely to making him spend his time pleasantly
and forget that war was impending.

In June after many balls and fetes given by
the Polish magnates by the courtiers and by
the Emperor himself it occurred to one of the
Polish aides de camp in attendance that a din-
ner and ball should be given for the Emperor
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ceived. The Emperor gave his consent. The
aides de camp collected money by subscription.
The lady who was thought to be most pleas-
ing to the Emperor was invited to act as hostess.
Count Bennigsen being a landowner in the
Vilna province offered his country house for
the fete and the thirteenth of June was fixed
for a ball dinner regatta and fireworks at
Zakret Count Bennigsen's country seat.

The very day that Napoleon succeeded in
order to cross the Niemen and his vanguard
driving off the Cossacks crossed the Russian
frontier Alexander spent the evening at the
Théâtre-Français (Goliathes) to destroy the
mad

entertainment given by his aides de camp at
Bennigsen's country house.

It was a gay and brilliant fête. Connoisseurs
of such matters declared that rarely had so
many beautiful women been assembled in one
place. Countess Bezukhovna was present and
other Russian ladies who had followed the so-
vereign from Petersburg to Vilna and eclipsed
the refined Polish ladies by her massive so-
called Russian type of beauty. The Emperor
noticed her and honored her with a dance.

Boris Drubetskoy having left his wife in
Moscow and being for the present en garçon
(as he phrased it) was also there and though
not in aide de camp had subscribed a large
sum toward the expenses. Boris was now a rich
man who had risen to high honors and no
longer sought patronage but stood on an equal
footing with the highest of those of his own
age. He was meeting Hélène in Vilna after not
having seen her for a long time and did not
recall the past but as Hélène was enjoying the
favors of a very important personage and Boris
had only recently married they met as good
friends of long standing.

At midnight dancing was still going on
Hélène not having a suitable partner herself
offered to dance the mazurka with Boris. They
were the third couple Boris coolly looking at
Hélène's dazzling bare shoulders which e-
merged from a dark gold embroidered gauze
gown talked to her of old acquaintances and
at the same time unaware of it himself and
unnoticed by others never for an instant
ceased to observe the Emperor who was in the
same room. The Emperor was not dancing he
stood in the doorway stopping now one pair
and now another with gracious words which
he alone knew how to utter.

As the mazurka began Boris saw that Adju-
tant General Blazhukov one of those in closest
attendance on the Emperor went up to him
and contrary to court etiquette stood near him
while he was talking to the Polish lady. Having
finished speaking to her the Emperor looked
inquiringly at Blazhukov and evidently under-
standing that he only waited to use there
were important reasons for so doing nodded
slightly to the lady and turned to him. Hardly
had Blazhukov begun to speak before a look of
amazement appeared on the Emperor's face.
He took Blazhukov by the arm and entered the
room with him unconsciously clearing a path
seven yards wide as the people on both sides
made way for him. Boris noticed Arakcheev's
excited face when the sovereign went out with

Butler Arakch'ev looked at the Emperor from under his brow and, smiling with his red nose, stepped forward from the crowd as if expecting the Emperor to address him. (Boris understood that Arakch'ev envied Balash'ev and was also aware that evidently important news had reached the Emperor otherwise than through himself.)

But the Emperor and Balash'ev passed out into the illuminated garden without noticing Arakch'ev who, holding his sword and glancing around, followed some twenty paces behind them.

All the time Boris was going through the forest of the mazurka, he was worried by the question of what news Balash'ev had brought and how he could find it out before others.

In the future in which he had to choose two halves, he whispered to himself that he meant to choose Countess Potocka who, he thought, had gone out onto the veranda, and glided over the pavement to the door, peeping into the garden where, seeing Balash'ev and the Emperor, he stood still. They were moving toward the door. Boris, standing as he had not had time to withdraw respectably, pressed close to the doorpost with bowed head.

The Emperor with the situation of on whom his personal attention was finishing, these words

"I enter Russia without declaring war. I will not make peace longer than I am armed, even remains in country."

It seemed to Boris that he gave the Emperor pleasure to hear these words. He was satisfied with the form in which he had expressed his thought, but expressed that Boris had overheard it.

"Let us know if it is the Emperor's added wish."

Boris understood that this was meant for him and, as he had never bowed to the Emperor, he bowed to the Emperor. The Emperor returned the bow and remained there about another half hour.

Boris was the first to learn the news that the French army had crossed the Vistula and, thanks to this, was able to show certain persons that much that was considered from others was usually known to him, and he was means to rise higher in their estimation.

The unexpected news of the French having crossed the Vistula was particularly startling at a moment of increased expectations and

at hand. On first receiving the news, under the influence of indignation and resentment the Emperor had found a phrase that pleased him, fully expressed his feelings, and had since become famous. On returning home at two o'clock that night he sent for his secretary Shishkó and told him to write an order to the troops and a rescript to Field Marshal Prince Salmir in which he insisted on the words being inserted that he would not make peace so long as a single armed Frenchman remained on Russian soil.

Next day the following letter was sent to Napoleon

Monseigneur l'Empereur

Yesterday I learned that, despite the loyalty with which I have kept to engagements with your Majesty, your troops have crossed the Russian frontier and that the Russian women received from Petersburg notice in which Count Lauriston informs me, as reason for this aggression that your Majesty has considered yourself to be in a state of war with me from the time Prince Kurakin asked for his passports. The reasons on which the Duc de Bassano based his refusal to deliver them to him would never have led me to suppose that this incident could serve as pretext or aggression. In fact, the ambassador as he himself has declared, was never authorized to make this demand, and, as soon as I was informed of it, I let him know how much I disapproved of it and ordered him to remain in his post. If your Majesty does not intend to shed the blood of our peoples for such misunderstanding, and consents to withdraw your troops from Russian territory I will reward what has passed as not having occurred and an understanding between us will be possible. In the contrary case, your Majesty shall see myself forced to repel an attack that coming on my part has provoked. I still depend on your Majesty to preserve humanity from the calamity of another war. I am, etc.,

(Signed) ALEX. VICTOR

CHAPTER X

AT TWO O'CLOCK MORNING OF THE fourteenth of June the Emperor had sent for Balash'ev and read him his letter to Napoleon, ordered him to take it and hand it personally to the French Emperor. When dispatching Balash'ev the Emperor repeated to him the word that he would not make peace so long as a single armed enemy remained on Russian soil and told him to transmit those words to Napoleon. Alexander did not insert them in his letter to Napoleon because with his characteristic tact he felt it would be injudicious to use them at a moment when his last attempt at reconcilia-

moment considered themselves happy

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Quos vult perdere dementat

CHAPTER III

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The longer the Emperor remained in Vilna the less did everybody—tired of waiting—prepare for the war. All the efforts of those who surrounded the sovereign seemed directed merely to making him spend his time pleasantly and forget that war was impending.

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merged from a dark gold embroidered gauze gown talked to her of old acquaintances and at the same time unaware of it himself and unnoticed by others never for an instant ceased to observe the Emperor who was in the same room. The Emperor was not dancing; he stood in the doorway stopping now one pair and now another with gracious words which he alone knew how to utter.

As the mazurka began Boris saw that Adjutant General Balashov, one of those in closest attendance on the Emperor, went up to him and contrary to court etiquette stood near him while he was talking to a Polish lady. Having finished speaking to her the Emperor looked inquiringly at Balashov and evidently understood that he only acted thus because there were important reasons for it.

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Balash Arak hiev looked at the Empero from der h s brow nd f i g w th h s red nose, tepped f rward from the cro d as fex pect u g the Emp ror to d d r s s h m. (B r i s t e r s t o o d t h a t A r a k h e i e v e n e d B l a s h a n d a s d i s t i n g u i s h e d t h a t i m p o r t a n t n e w s h a d r e a c h e d t h e E m p e r o r o t h e r w i s e t h a n t h r o u g h h i m s e l f.)

B t t h E m p e r o r d B l h p e d o u t t o t h e l l u m t e d g a r d e n w t h u t n t u c i n g A r a k h e i e v w h h l d g h u s w d a n d g l a n c e m o w r a t h f u l l y d, f l l o w e d s o m e t w t y p e s b e h u d t h e m

A l l t h t t m e B o r i s w a s g o n t h r o g h t h e f i g u r e s f t h e m a z u k h e w a w r r e d b y t h e

t a b a l l O n f i r s t r e c e n g t h e n e w s u n d e r t h e i n f l u e n c e o f n d g n a t o n n d r e s e n t m e n t t h e E m p e r h d f o u d p h r a e t h t p l e a s e d h i m f u l l y e x p e s s e d h i s f e e l i n g s a d h s c e b e c o m f m o u s O n r t u r n i n g h o m a t t w o o c l o c k t h t n g h t h e e n t f r h u s s e c r e t a r y S h s h k o n d t o l d h i m t o t i t e a n o d e r t o t h t r o o p s n d a r e s c r i p t t o F e l d M r s h l P r i c S l t y k n w h i c h h e i n s t e d o n t h e w r d s b e i n i n s e r t e d t h a t h w u l d n o t m a k e p e a c e s l n o s s n l e r m o d F r e n c h m n e m a n e d n R u s s n s o i l

N e x t d a y t h e f o l l o w i n g l e t t e r w a s s e n t t M p o l e o n

l t y w i t h
h y
R w
e d f r o m
u t n n

m c h o o s e C o t e s s P o t o c k a w h h t h u t h a d g o e t o t t h e r a d a d g l d e d o e t h e p a r q t t t h e d o o o p e n g i t o t h g a r d e n w h e e g B l s h n d t h E m p r o r r e t u r n t t h e e r a d a h s t o o d t l l T h e y w e r e m o g t w r d t h e d o o r B o r i s f l u t t e r i n g a s f h h a d t h a d t m t w t h d r a w e s p e c t f u l l y p e s s e d c l o s e t o t h e d o o r p o s t w t h b o w d b e a d.

T h e E m p e r o w i t h t h a g t t n o f o w h o h a s b e e n p e r s o l l y f l t d w a s f i n s h i n g w t h t h e s e w d

"T e n e r R u s s w t h t d l i n g w a l l I w i l l n o t m a k e p e a a s l g a g l r m e d e n e m y e m m y c o u t r y l

I t s e e m e d t B o i s t h t g a t h e E m p e r o r p l e a s u r t t e r t h e s e w d s. H e w a s a t i s f i e d w t h t h e f r m w h c h h h d e x p e s s e d h s t h o u g h t b d p l e a s e d t h a t B o i h a d o e r r l d t.

"L e t o e k w f t t h E m p e r o d d e d t h f r o

B o r i d e r s t o o d t h a t t h w a m e a t f t m d l o s g h e v e s l g h t l y b o w e d h s b e a d. T l E m p e r e n e r d t h e b l l r o o m d e m a e d h e r b o u t t h e r h a l f h

B o i w a t h u s t h f i r s t t l e a r n t h e n e w s t h t h F h r m y h a d c r o s s e d t h e c m d, t h a k h w a b l e t h o w r t a n i m p o r t a p e r s o g e s h t m u h t h t w a s n c a l e d f m t h e r s w a u s u a l l k n w a n t h m, d b y t h i s m e a h r o s e h g h e r t h i r e s t m a t n.

T h e e x p e c t e d e w f t h e F r e n h h a r o u s e d t h e c m w a s p a r t c u l a l t a r t l f i c t m o t h f l f i l l e d e x p e c t a t i o n s d

f r m s m a s r e a s o f t h i s a g g r e s s i o n t l l M j e s t y h a s c o n d e r e d y e l f b e i n t a t f w w t h m f r o m t h e m P r i n k r a k n a s k e d f h i s p a s s p o r t s T h r e a s o n s w h c h t h D d B a s s a n b a s e d h i s e f u s a l t o d e l e r t h e m t o h u m w l d e r h a l e d m t o p p o s e h t t h t c o l d c o l d s e r v a s p t e x t f a g g r e s s i o n l

t o h e d t h b l o o d f p e o p l e s f h m u s d e r s t d d c o e n t s t w t h d r a w t r o o p s f r o m R u s s i a e r r y I w i l l e g a r d w h a t

I a m t e.

(s i g n e d) A L E X. D E R

CHAPTER IV

A T T R O N T h m r n g o f t h f u r t n t h o f J u e t h E m p e r o h g s e t f B l a s h a d e a d h i m h i s l e t t e r t o N p o l e o n o d e r e d h i m t t a k t n d h a d i p e r s o n a l l y t o t h e F e n h E m p e r o W h n d i s p t c h n g B l h t h E m p e r p e a t e d t o h i m t h e w d s t h a t h e w l d t m k p e c e s o l g a s g l e a r m e d e m y e m e d n R u s a n s o l a n d t l d h m t t r a n s m t t h o s e w r d s t o N a p o l e o n A l e x a d e r d d n t n e r t h e m n h l t t e r t N p o l e o b e c a u s w t h h i s c h a r a c t e r i t t c t M f l t w u l d b e j d o u s o u s e t h e m t m m e t w h e n l a s t a t t e m p t t c o c i l

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Boris Drubetskoy having left his wife in Moscow and being for the present *en garçon* (as he phrased it) was also there and though not an aide de camp had subscribed a large sum toward the expenses. Boris was now a rich man who had risen to high honors and no longer sought patronage but stood on an equal footing with the highest of those of his own age. He was meeting Hélène in Vilna after not having seen her for a long time and did not recall the past but as Hélène was enjoying the favors of a very important personage and Boris had only recently married they met as good friends of long standing.

At midnight dancing was still going on. Hélène not having a suitable partner herself offered to dance the mazurka with Boris. They were the third couple. Boris coolly looking at Hélène's dazzling bare shoulders which emerged from a dark gold embroidered gauze gown talked to her of old acquaintances and at the same time unaware of it himself and unnoticed by others never for an instant ceased to observe the Emperor who was in the same room. The Emperor was not dancing. He stood in the doorway stopping now one pair and now another with gracious words which he alone knew how to utter.

As the mazurka began Boris saw that Adjutant General Balashov, one of those in closest attendance on the Emperor, went up to him and contrary to court etiquette stood near him while he was talking to a Polish lady. Having finished speaking to her the Emperor looked inquiringly at Balashov and evidently understanding that he only acted thus to excuse there were important reasons for so doing, nodded slightly to the lady and turned to him. Hardly had Balashov begun to speak before a look of a name appeared on the Emperor's face. He took Balashov by the arm and crossed the room with him unconsciously clearing a path seven yards wide as the people on both sides made way for him. Boris noticed Arakeliev's excited face when the sovereign came out with

Balash Arakhéev looked at the Empe

understood that Arakhéev en ed B lshév
d as d ple ed th e idently mpo t nt
new h d reached the Empero " therwise th n
t rough himself)

B t the Emperor d B l e p sed out
into the ll m ted garden w hout n t c a g
Arak héev ho h ld gh word d glanc
w rathf lly aro d f ll w d some twe ty
p res beh d them.

All th t me B ri was go g thro gh the
f m es f the m zurk he was w rried by the
quest of l t new Bal h v l d br ght
and ho he ould f d t t b f e thers.

I th f m e wh ch he had t choose two
lad et, h h pe ed to Hélén that he me t
to chosé Co ntess Poto ka who he th u ht
had go e t t th era da and gl ded o er
ll p r q et to th door pen g to the gar
den wh e se g B l she d the Empero
return t the era d h tood t ll They
cremo gt ard the doo Bori fl tten g
as f he had ot had time t w thdraw espe t
f lly p essed clo et the doorpost w th bowed
head.

Th Empero with the gitation fo e who
has bee perso lly ll ted w s fin sh g
th these ds

"T enter Russia w th t d cl g war! I
w ll m make pea l g as s gl armed
enemy rema s my co try!

It seemed t Boris that t ga e the Empero
pleasur t tter these w ds. He was sat fied
th the f rm wh h h had expressed his
tho hts, b t displeased that Boris had o er
beard t.

"Let k f t th Emperor dded
th a f wn.

Bori understood that this wa meant f
h m nd, los g his eyes. I hly bowed his
head. Th Empero re-entered th ll lroom
nd rema ed there bout an ther half h ur

Bo wa thus the first to learn th cws
that th F en h rmv had crossed th \ em n

d, th h s t was b t show certa
nporta t persones that much that was
ca ed from others wa usual known t h m,
d by this means he rose higher in th ar esta
mation.

The unexpected news f the French ha in
cr ved the \ even was particularl startl
alter month \ \ \ \ \ expectations d

t B ll On first rece ving the news under the
influe ce f nd gn t on and resentment the
Emp l d found phra e th t pleased h m
fully e pres ed h s feel ngs nd h s s n be
come f mous On r turning h me at two
o clock th t night he m t f h secretary
Sh h kó and told h m to t t e an o der to
the tr p nd a re cr pt to F ld M rshal
Pr S ltykó n wl h l e in ted on the
wo ds be g nserted th t he would n t make
pea e o lon le armed F enchm n re
m ed on Russ an so l

Ne t d y th following letter was sent to
Napoleon

fro m d I h this m m t ec ed from
P rsh ro

I his passports Th easo wh ch th D
d Bassa basé his fusal to d l them t
m

La d g and nse ts t w thdraw y
troops from Russia t rnt ry I w ll rega d wh t
h passed th g oc rred d der
ta d g bet een us w ll be poss bl I l co
trary case \

(gned) ALEXA ER

CHAPTER IV

AT TWO O N TH MORN of the f rt enth of
June th Empero ha g s nt fo B lash

... smp... peated t h m th word th t
ll w uld n t mak pe so l g s le
rmed enem cm ed on Russ an so l nd
told him to transm t those wo ds to N poleo
Alexa der d d n t nert th m n h llette to
N poleo because w th his character t t ct
h f it w ll be judies us to use them at
a moment wh last strempt t econcil

moment considered themselves happy

That evening between issuing one order that the forged Russian paper money prepared for use in Russia should be delivered as quickly as possible and another that a Saxon should be shot on whom a letter containing information about the orders to the French army had been found Napoleon also gave instructions that the Polish colonel who had needlessly plunged into the river should be enrolled in the *Legion d'honneur* of which Napoleon was himself the head

Quos vult perdere demanat

CHAPTER III

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA had meanwhile been in Vilna for more than a month reviewing troops and holding maneuvers. Nothing was ready for the war that everyone expected and to prepare for which the Emperor had come from Petersburg. There was no general plan of action. The vacillation between the various plans that were proposed had even increased after the Emperor had been at headquarters for a month. Each of the three armies had its own commander in chief but there was no supreme commander of all the forces and the Emperor did not assume that responsibility himself.

The longer the Emperor remained in Vilna the less did everybody—tired of waiting—prepare for the war. All the efforts of those who surrounded the sovereign seemed directed merely to making him spend his time pleasantly and forget that war was impending.

In June after many balls and fetes given by the Polish magnates by the courtiers and by the Emperor himself it occurred to one of the Polish aides-de camp in attendance that a dinner and ball should be given for the Emperor by his aides-de camp. This idea was eagerly received. The Emperor gave his consent. The aides-de camp collected money by subscription. The lady who was thought to be most pleasing to the Emperor was invited to act as hostess. Count Bennigsen being a landowner in the Vilna province offered his country house for the fete and the thirteenth of June was fixed for a ball dinner regatta and fireworks at Zakret Count Bennigsen's country seat.

The very day that Napoleon issued the order to cross the Niemen and his vanguard driving off the Cossacks crossed the Russian frontier Alexander spent the evening at the

Those whom (Go!) wishes to destroy I will

entertainment given by his aides de camp at Bennigsen's country house

It was a gay and brilliant fete. Connoisseurs of such matters declared that rarely had so many beautiful women been assembled in one place. Countess Bezukhova was present among other Russian ladies who had followed the sovereign from Petersburg to Vilna and eclipsed the refined Polish ladies by her massive so-called Russian type of beauty. The Emperor noticed her and honored her with a dance. Boris Drubetský having left his wife in Moscow and being for the present *en garçon* (as he phrased it) was also there and though not an aide de camp had subscribed a large sum toward the expenses. Boris was now a rich man who had risen to high honors and no longer sought patronage but stood on an equal footing with the highest of those of his own age. He was meeting Hélène in Vilna after not having seen her for a long time and did not recall the past but as Hélène was enjoying the favors of a very important personage and Boris had only recently married they met as good friends of long standing.

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Balashév looked at the Emperor from under his brow, d, sniffling with his red nose stepped forward from the crowd as expecting the Emperor to address him. (Boris Arakchéev ended Balashév

through himself)

h. Emperor and Balashév passed out

pa et behu d them.

All the time Boris was going through the figures of the marinka, he was worried by the question of what new Balashév had brought and how he would find it to be others.

In the future which he had to choose two ladies, he hesitated. Hélène that he meant to choose Countess Potocka who he thought had gone into the era da, and glided over the park to the door open into the garden where he saw Balashév and the Emperor returning to the eranda he took with them. They were moving toward the door Boris, fluttering as if he had a bad time withdrawing respect fully pressed close to the doorpost with bowed head.

The Emperor with the gitati n (one who has been personally fitted) was finishing these words:

"Then Russia without declaring war I will not make peace as I am a glorified enemy remains in my country."

It seemed to Boris that the Emperor pleasure to utter these words. He was satisfied with the form which he had expressed his thoughts, but displeased that Boris had overheard.

"Let us know if the Emperor added this from."

Boris understood that this was meant for him and, closing his eyes, he bowed his head. The Emperor entered the ballroom and remained there about an hour. Boris was thus the first to learn the news that the French army had crossed the German border. This was the first time that was known to the Emperor personally that much that was known from others was usually known to him. And by this means he rose higher in their estimation.

The unexpected news of the French had crossed the border was particularly startling to the French and their expectations.

at ball. On first receiving the news, under the influence of indignation and resentment the Emperor had found a phrase that pleased him fully expressed his feelings and has since become famous. On returning home at two o'clock that night he sent for his secretary Shashko and told him to write an order to the troops and a rescript to Field Marshal Prince Soltik in which he mentioned the words being inserted that he would not make peace so long as an armed Frenchman remained on Russian soil.

Next day the following letter was sent to Napoleon:

Monsieur mon frère

Yesterday I learned that, despite the loyalty with which I have kept my engagements with you, your troops have crossed the Russian frontier and I have thus momentarily received from Petersburg news, in which Count Laustovitch informs as a cause of this aggression that Majesty has considered myself bound in war with me from the time Prince Kiskinev led his passports. The reasons on which the Emperor based his refusal to deliver them would never have led me to suppose that this incident could serve as pretext for aggression. In your embassy as he himself has declared

troops from Russian territory I will not allow that has passed no has occurred and

I am, etc.

(signed) ALEXANDER

CHAPTER IV

AT TWO the morning of the fifteenth of June the Emperor had gone to see Balashév and read him his letter to Napoleon ordered him to take the command personally to the French Emperor. When dispatching Balashév the Emperor repeated to him the words that he would make peace so long as no armed enemy remained in Russia so long as he would transmit those words to Napoleon. Alexander did not insert them in his letter to Napoleon because of his character that he felt would be unjust to use them at a moment when a last attempt to reconcile

-he had cheerfully taken up his family but

25 12 created d expen l 50
gally and co tedly gall ped l the roads
of P a d, w h t l mself k w - why or

On seeing the Russian general he threw back
his head with a long heroic sigh and
demeaned himself with a majestic royal manner
inquired of the French colonel the colonel
respectfully informed him of the mission
whom he could not pursue

De Balma hē said the K. g. (ercom-
ing his assurance th d difficulty that h d p e-
sented itself the col nel) Charmed to make
our acquaintance General he added with
gesture of kindly co descen n
A son as th K. bewa t pe k l ud
nd I thus roval d g n ty n tantly f rook m
nd without notice g the passed into is n t
writ (good natured familiarity) He l
h had the w thers of B la h s h n
nd said

"Well, General, it all looks like was as I regret the circumstance in which he was in to judge.

Your Majesty replied Bala h m mas-
 ter th Enpero does not des e wa d
 Your Mjes sees said Bala h us not
 words I Mj ty t every pportu r w th
 th ecia nava dabl freq ently
 dices t whom she tll was t ll a
 e liv

My face beamed with proud satisfaction
 I stood in the midst of the battle
 But my first blood was the first
 on the field. I did not all I could confer on
 was with Alexander the Great
 I was with him when he was
 few steps from his tent which was
 respectful because of the
 him, try to speak to him
 the fact that Emperor Napoleon had re-
 sented the demand that he should withdraw
 his troops from Prussia, especially when that
 demand became generally known
 I felt that was a great deal.

Balawer reported his father was killed
 from the demand, because his father Murat
 corrupted him.

Then no doubt worth Emperor Alex
at the answer he asked us expectedly
a kind and foolish smile.

Rosa y sus obligaciones.

NINE
Balash v t ld him why he con de ed N po-
lecon to be the rig n t r of the wa
Murat again nter

Oh my de general! Murat again inter-
rupted him with all my heart I wish the Em-
perors my rra e th affair between them
ad that the war begun by no w h of m e
m y fin h a qu ckly a poss ble said he n
tl t ne of ervant who wants to rema n
good frie ds w th a ther desp te quarrel
between th e r m a t e r s.

And he went on to inquire about the Grand
Duke and the state of his health and to rem-
ind him of his amusing times he had

gh r ht rm, sad
I w nt deta oul ver General. I w l
u cess to ur mss m nd wtl hu em
bro dered red m d h sfl w gfeathers d
h gl ttern orn m nts h rejo d h s ut
who were especially awat h m.
Balash rd on uppos from M rat
w rds that h would ery soon be brou ht be
f re N poleon h mself h t n tead of that, t
th ne t ilage th nun ls of D out s
f ntry rps d ta ned l mas the pckets f th
a gu d had do e nd m djutant of the
corps commander who was fet bed condu ted
h m into the vill g to M rshal D o t.

CHAPTER V

DA OT WAS N FOLLO what Irakheer
wa to Alex d —though not a coward l k
Arak heer h was as precise as cruel d
bl t exp ess h s devot n to his mo d
ex p bve cru lty

In the organization of states such men are necessary. It is necessary in the organization of the future and they always exist, always appear. It is their own however, contrary to the present and their proximity to the head of the government may be. This is established. I can explain how the crucial Arab is who is to be out-grown and must be with his own hands, whose weak nerves rendered him unable to face danger and who was in the educated man of courtier was blest. Maintaining his powerful position with Alexander whose own character was his glorious noble and gentle.

Rabalcafe d D seated on barr I
n th shed of peas t hut, wnt g-h wa
and n o a let er quarters could ha
been f und him b t Marshal D out was

WAR AND PEACE

of those men who purposely put themselves in most depressing conditions to have a justification for being gloomy. For the same reason they are always hard at work and in a hurry. How can I think of the bright side of life when as you see I am sitting on a barrel and working in a dirty shed? The chief pleasure and necessity of such men when they encounter anyone who shows animation is to flaunt their own dreary persistent activity. Davout allowed himself that pleasure when Balashov was brought in. He became still more absorbed in his task when the Russian general entered and after glancing over his spectacles at Balashov's face which was animated by the beauty of the morning and by his talk with Murat, he did not rise or even stir but scowled still more and sneered malevolently.

When he noticed in Balashov's agreeable manner Davout's ante

Thinking he could have been received in such a manner only because Davout did not know that he was adjutant general to the Emperor Alexander and even his envoy to Napoleon Balashov hastened to inform him of his rank and mission. Contrary to his expectation Davout after hearing him became still surlier and ruder.

Where is your dispatch? he inquired. Give it to me. I will send it to the Emperor. Balashov replied that he had been ordered to hand it personally to the Emperor.

Your Emperor's orders are obeyed in your army but here, said Davout, you must do as you are told.

And as if to make the Russian general still more conscious of his dependence on brute force Davout sent an adjutant to call the officer on duty.

Em of laid across two barrels) Davout took the packet and read the inscription.

You are perfectly at liberty to treat me with respect or not, protested Balashov, but permit me to observe that I have the honor to be adjutant general to His Majesty.

Davout glanced at him silently and plainly derived pleasure from the signs of agitation and confusion which appeared on Balashov's face.

You will be treated as is fitting, said he

and putting the packet in his pocket left the shed.

A minute later the marshal's adjutant de Castres came in and conducted Balashov to the quarters assigned him.

That day he dined with the marshal at the same board on the barrels.

Next day Davout rode out early and after asking Balashov to come to him peremptorily requested him to remain there to move on with the baggage train should orders come for it to move and to talk to no one except Monsieur de Castres.

After fo

sciousness

—particular

of power in which he had so lately moved—and after several marches with his baggage train

the

very

very gate by which he had left it four days previously.

Next day the imperial gentleman in waiting the Comte de Turenne came to Balashov and informed him of the Emperor Napoleon's wish to honor him with an audience.

Four days before sentinels of the Preobrazhenskiy regiment had stood in front of the house to which Balashov was conducted and now two French grenadiers stood there in blue uniforms unfastened in front and with shaggy caps on their heads and an escort of Hussars and Uhlans and a brilliant suite of aides de camp pages and generals who were waiting for Napoleon to come out were standing at the porch round his saddle horse and his Mameluke Rustan. Napoleon received Balashov in the very house in Vilna from which Alexander had dispatched him on his mission.

CHAPTER VI

THOUGH BALASHOV was used to imperial pomp he was amazed at the luxury and magnificence of Napoleon's court.

The Comte de Turenne showed him into a big receipt on room where many generals gentlemen in uniform and Polish mignettes—several of whom Balashov had seen at the court of the Emperor of Russia—were waiting.

He was on duty came into the great receipt on room and bowing politely asked Balashov to follow him.

an energetic gesture of inquiry with his small white plump hand

The withdrawal of your army beyond the Niemen sire replied Balashev

The Niemen? repeated Napoleon So now you want me to retire beyond the Niemen—only the Niemen? repeated Napoleon looking straight at Balashev

The latter bowed his head respectfully

Instead of the demand of four months earlier to withdraw from Pomerania only a withdrawal beyond the Niemen was now demanded Napoleon turned quickly and began to pace the room

You say the demand now is that I am to withdraw beyond the Niemen before commencing negotiations but in just the same way two months ago the demand was that I should withdraw beyond the Vistula and the Oder and yet you are willing to negotiate

He went in silence from one corner of the room to the other and again stopped in front of Balashev Balashev noticed that his left leg was firmer than before and his face

is a great sign with me he remarked at a late date

Such demands as to retreat beyond the Vistula and Oder may be made to a Prince of Baden but not to me! Napoleon almost screamed quite to his own surprise If you give me Petersburg and Moscow I could not accept such conditions You say I have begun this war! But who first joined his army? The Emperor Alexander not I! And you offer me negotiations when I have expended millions when you are in alliance with England and when your position is a bad one You offer me negotiations! But what is the aim of your alliance with England? What has she given you? he continued hurriedly evidently no longer trying to show the advantages of peace and discuss its possibility but only to prove his own rectitude and power and Alexander's errors and duplicity

The commencement of his speech had obviously been made with the intention of demonstrating the advantages of his position and showing that he was nevertheless willing to negotiate But he had begun talking and the more he talked the less could he control his

commencement of the interview

I hear you have made peace with Turkey,

Balashev bowed his head almost shyly

Peace has been concluded he began

But Napoleon did not let him speak He evidently wanted to do all the talking himself and continued to talk with the sort of eloquence and unrestrained irritability to which spoiled people are so prone

Yes I know you have made peace with the Turks without obtaining Moldavia and Wallachia I could have given you these provinces as I gave him Finland Yet he went on I promised and could have given the Emperor Alexander Moldavia and Wallachia and now he won't have those splendid provinces Yet he might have united them to his empire and in a single reign could have extended Russia from the Gulf of Bothnia to the mouth of the Danube Catherine the Great could not have done more said Napoleon growing more and more excited as he paced up and down the room repeating to Balashev almost the very words he had used to Alexander himself at Tilsit All that he could have owed to my friendship Oh what a splendid

understanding might have been!

He looked compassionately at Balashev and as soon as the latter tried to make some rejoinder hastily interrupted him

What could I wish or look for that he could not have obtained through my friendship? demanded Napoleon shrugging his shoulders in perplexity But no he has preferred to surround himself with my enemies and with whom? With Steins Arnfeldts Bennigsens and Wintzingerodes! Stein a traitor expelled from his own country Arnfeldt a rake and an intriguer Wintzingerode a fugitive French subject Bennigsen rather more of a soldier than the others but all the same an incompetent who was unable to do anything in 1807 and who should awaken terrible memories in the Emperor Alexander's mind Granted that were they competent they might be made use of continued Napoleon—hardly able to keep pace in words with the rush of

BOOK NINE

-- B I hev began to feel un

of them all, but I ca not say so judging by his
first movements. And what are they doing all
these courtiers? Pl el proposes Arnfeldt dis-
putes. Benn gien con ders and B r lay called
on to t, does t kn w what to decide on d
time passes bri g g o result. B gratu n alone
military man. H s stup d but he has ex-
perience, qu ck eye nd resol t n And
hat role is y r yo mon rch pl y ng n
that monstr us crowd? They comp m e h m
and throw h m th respo s b l ty for all
-- A er gn h ld n t be w th

as a m n he i
gro dless wrath th t had ev dently se ct N
poleon He knew that n ne of the words now
uttered by N poleon h d ny n fiance nd
that N poleon hum elf w uld be ashamed of
them when he came to his nes Balashe
stood w th d w cast eyes look ng t the mo e
ments f N poleo tout legs nd try ng to
o d meet r his eyes

B t wh t do I ca e bout your lles: said
t N poleon I have all es--the Poles. There are
ghy th usand of them and they fight like
lions And there will be two hund ed thousand
of them.

And p b bly st ll mo e perturbed by the
f ct that he had uttered this ob ous falsehood,
t h till wood s lently before

"The rampa gn began nly w d
you ha ent even been abl t d f d V'na.
You are cut n tw d ha e been dri en ut
f the P lish provi ces. \ ur rmy grum-
bling

O the co trary \ ur M jesty sa d Bal
er hardly ble to remember what had been
sd to h m d f ll win these erbal f r w ks
with d ficulty the troops e burn ng with
eagerness

I know e eryth g N poleon interrupted
him. I know everyth I know the number
of your ba tal exactly as I know m own
You ha not tw hu dred th usand m n nd
I ha h ee mes tha n mbe l g ou my
word f honor sa d \ poleon, f r t hat

they worth noth nd ha
mal g pea w h you. A f th Swedes--t is
her f to be go erved b mad k nos. The

less he wer mad.

\ poleo gr ed mal ously d ga n
rained h u"box his nose.

Balashev k cw how t reply t each f \

wedes. Balashev w hed to reply tha when
Russia is on her sid Sweden is practical n
is d bu \ poleo ga n ngy exclama-
tion crown his voice. \ poleon was n that
sta f r r tab l ty in wh ch man has to talk
ta k, nd talk mer ly to com hunc. f that

bouted

kn w th t f youst up Prussia gainst me
I ll w pe t f them ap of Eu ope hedecla ed
hi face pal and distorted by n er nd h
truck on of hu small hands energet cally w th
the other Yes I will throw you b ck bey nd
th D m nd beyond the Dn eper and w ll
-- wh h t was

m A d h walked le tly se u p
a d down th room, his fat b ulders tw tch
ing

H put his snuffbox nto his waistcoat pock-
et, took t out ga n l fied t several t mes to
his ose. d stopp d n front f Balashev H
paused, looked cally tra hi nto Bala
hev eyes, d sa d quiet uer

A d et what splend d re gn y ur master
m h t h e h d"

|| lsh feel u cumbent on him to re-
pl said that f om the Russia d th s did
not ppea n so gloomy lght. \ poleon was
lent, till look n deus ly t him d evi-
dently not listen ng to him. Balashev said that

Prussia the best results wer expected from
the war \ poleon nodded condescend ngly a
if to sa I know t your duty to say that, bu
you d n t bel ev t yourself. I ha convince
you.

Namely large Polish state.--T.L.

WAR AND PEACE

an energetic gesture of inquiry with his small white plump hand

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The Niemen? repeated Napoleon So now you want me to retire beyond the Niemen —only the Niemen? repeated Napoleon looking straight at Balashov

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He went in silence from the room

He seemed petrified in his stern expression This quivering of his left leg was a thing Napoleon was conscious of The vibration of my left calf is a great sign with me he remarked at a later date

Such demands as to retreat beyond the Vistula and Oder may be made to a Prince of Brant but not to me! Napoleon almost screamed quite to his own surprise If you give me Petersburg and Moscow I could not accept such conditions You say I have begun this war! But who first joined his army? The Emperor Alexander not I! And you offer me negotiations when I have expended millions when you are in alliance with England and us

he continued hurriedly evidently no longer trying to show the advantages of peace and discussing possibilities but only to prove his own rectitude and power and Alexander's errors

his of his position I showed more I words

The whole purport of his remarks now was evidently to exalt himself and insult Alexander —just what he had least desired at the com

ment of the interview

I hear you have made peace with Turkey Balashov bowed his head affirmatively

Peace!

But not definitely and consequently and unrestrained irritability to which spoiled people are so prone

Yes I know you have made peace with the Turks without obtaining Moldavia and Wallachia I would have given you sovereignty in those provinces as I gave him Finland Yet he went on I promised and would have given the Emperor Alexander Moldavia and Wallachia and now he won't have those splendid provinces Yet he might have united them to his empire and in a single reign would have extended Russia from the Gulf of

then a cou grog up and down the room repeating to Balashov almost the very words he had used to Alexander himself at Tilsit All that he would have owed to my friendship Oh what a splendid reign! he repeated several times then he drew from his pocket a gold snuffbox lifted it to his nose and greedily sniffed at it

What a splendid reign the Emperor Alexander might have been! He looked compassionately at Balashov and as soon as the latter tried to make some rejoinder hastily interrupted him

What could he wish or look for that he could not have obtained through my friendship? demanded Napoleon looking at his shoulders in perplexity But not a word

ar ni ex (in country) Arnfeldt a rake and an intriguer Wintzingerode a famous French subject Bennigsen rather more of a soldier than the others but all the same an incompetent who is unable to do anything in 1812 and who should have taken terrible memories in the Emperor Alexander

l a thoughts that words with the rush of low right and wrong he was as (in his perception the two were one and the same) — but they are not even that! They are neither for or against peace! Barclay is said to be the most capable

of them all, but I cannot say so just now by his movements. And what are they doing, all these courtiers? If I propose, Amfeldt disputes. Even open courtiers, and Barclay called on to act, does not know what to decide on and the passes begin giving no result. Bar-rat-ion alone military man. H. stupid, but he has experience. quick eye, and resolution. And

at a mile is your young monarch playing in that monstrous crowd. They compromise him and throw on him the responsibility for all the European. A so foreign he did not be with the army less than general said Napoleon, evidently uttering these words as direct challenge to the Emperor. He knew how Alexander declared to be military commander.

"The campaign began five weeks ago and we have not even been able to defend Vilna. You are cut in two and have been driven out of the Polish provinces. Your army is grumbling."

"On the contrary, your Majesty," said Balashov hard, "able to remember what had been said to him in following these verbal fireworks which the troops are burning with scorn."

"I know everything," Napoleon interrupted. "I know everything. I know the number of your battalions exactly as I know my own."

And not thirty thousand men this day. I tell you. The Turks will be of no use to you. Let us be worth nothing and have down by our peace will you. As if the Swedes—this fate to be governed by mad kings. Their king was mad and they chose him. Bernadotte—who promptly went mad because he would ally himself with Russia and be a madman.

Napoleon got on maliciously and gained his snuffbox to his nose.

Balashov remarks and would have said so he or he made the gesture of man wishing to be met, but Napoleon always interrupted him. To the allied man of the world, Balashov wished reply that when Russia is her ally Sweden is practically not an ally. But Napoleon gave no reply exclaiming to drown his voice. Napoleon was in that case formidable in which man has to talk, and talk merely to console himself that

he is in the right. Balashov began to feel uncomfortable as an envoy he feared to demean his dignity and felt the necessity of reply now but, as a man he shrank before the transport of groundless wrath that had entered only Napoleon. He knew that none of the words now uttered by Napoleon had any significance and that Napoleon himself would be ashamed of them when he came to his senses. Balashov stood with downcast eyes looking at the movements of Napoleon's feet and trying to avoid meeting his eyes.

But what do I care about your lies, said Napoleon. I have allies—the Poles. There are a half a million of them and they fight like lions. And there will be two hundred thousand of them.

And probably still more perturbed by the fact that he had uttered this obvious falsehood,

Napoleon still stood sullenly before

him

shouted

that if you turn up Prussia on a map, I'll wipe it off the map of Europe he declared, his face pale and distorted by anger and he struck one of his small hands energetically on the other. "Yes, I will throw you back beyond the Dnieper and beyond the Dnieper and will

ing

He put his snuffbox to his waistcoat pocket, took it out again, fixed several times to his nose, and topped in front of Balashov. He paused, looked intently into Balashov's eyes, and said in quiet voice

And what splendid return you master of the art of war."

Thereupon Napoleon nodded condescendingly as if to say I know your duty to say that, but you do not believe yourself. I have convinced you.

Napoleon large Polish statesman.

When Balashov had ended Napoleon again took out his snuffbox sniffed at it and stamped his foot twice on the floor as a signal. The door opened, a gentleman in waiting bending respectfully handed the Emperor his hat and gloves, another brought him a pocket handkerchief. Napoleon without giving them a glance turned to Balashov.

Assure the Emperor Alexander from me said he, taking his hat, that I am as devoted to him as before. I know him thoroughly and very highly esteem his lofty qualities. I will detain you no longer, General. You shall receive my letter to the Emperor.

And Napoleon went quickly to the door. Everyone in the reception room rushed forward and descended the staircase.

CHAPTER VII

AFTER ALL THAT Napoleon had said to him—those bursts of anger and the last dryly spoken words—I will detain you no longer, General, you shall receive my letter—Balashov felt convinced that Napoleon would not wish to see him and would even avoid another meeting with him—an insulted envoy—especially as he had witnessed his unseemly anger. But to his surprise Balashov received through Duroc an invitation to dine with the Emperor that day.

Bessieres, Caulaincourt and Berthier were present at that dinner.

Napoleon met Balashov cheerfully and amiably. He not only showed no sign of constraint or self-reproach on account of his outburst that morning but on the contrary tried to reassure Balashov. It was evident that he had long been convinced that it was impossible for him to make a mistake and that in his perception whatever he did was right, not because it harmonized with any idea of right and wrong but because he did it.

The Emperor was in very good spirits after his ride through Vilna, where crowds of people had rapturously greeted and followed him. From all the windows of the streets through which he rode rugs, flags and his monogram were displayed, and the Polish ladies welcoming him waved their handkerchiefs to him.

At dinner having placed Balashov beside him, Napoleon not only treated him amiably but behaved as if Balashov were one of his own courtiers, one of those who sympathized with his plans and ought to rejoice at his success. In the course of conversation he mentioned Moscow and questioned Balashov about the Russian capital, not merely as an interested tra-

der asks about a new city he intends to visit.

How many houses? Is it true that Moscow is called Holy Moscow? How many churches are there in Moscow? he asked.

And receiving the reply that there were more

ashov

Bal

But a large number of monasteries and churches is always a sign of the backwardness of a people, said Napoleon, turning to Caulaincourt for appreciation of this remark.

Balashov respectfully ventured to disagree with the French Emperor.

Every country has its own character, said he.

But not here in Europe is there anything like that, said Napoleon.

I beg your Majesty pardon, returned Balashov, besides Russia there is Spain, where there are also many churches and monasteries.

This reply of Balashov, which hinted at the recent defeats of the French in Spain, was much appreciated when he related it at Alexander's court, but it was not much appreciated at Napoleon's dinner, where it passed unnoticed.

The uninterested and perplexed faces of the marshals showed that they were puzzled as to what Balashov's tone suggested. If there is a point we don't see it, or it is not at all, say their expressions seemed to say. So little was his rejoinder appreciated that Napoleon did not notice it at all and naively asked Balashov through what town the direct road from there to Moscow passed. Balashov, who was on the alert all through the dinner, replied that just as all roads lead to Rome, so all roads lead to Moscow, there are many roads and among them the road through Poland, which Charles XII chose. Balashov involuntarily flushed with pleasure at the aptitude of this reply, but hardly had he uttered the word Poland, before Caulaincourt began speaking of the badness of the road from Petersburg to Moscow and of his Petersburg reminiscences.

After dinner they went to drink coffee in Napoleon's study, which four days previously had been that of the Emperor Alexander. Napoleon sat down, toying with his Syren coffee cup and motioned Balashov to a chair beside him.

Napoleon was in that well-known after-din-

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r m a k l d l e g r e e b l e t o l s l e r e r e
t e t t a p e h N a p l e n p e t y t o
A l d e r

B lache ldm ke replya d bowed l s
head l len c

To have one's ear pulled by the Emperor was considered the greatest honor and mark of favor at the French court.

Well adored and courtier of the Emperor
Alexander why I try as you can I shall
be as it was in the old times present to the
theadrer to the fancy of the self
Napol. Are the things ready for the general
? he said I with a slight line of
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I am in the line of new yet

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CHAPTER VIII

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[illegible]

d z m t l m ly m w

It is not possible to say that the system is not working, but it is not working as well as it should be.

ng h m l y d

only

By letter of 11/1/54

When Balashov had ended Napoleon again took out his snuffbox sniffed at it and stamped his foot twice on the floor as a signal. The door opened a gentleman in waiting bending respectfully handed the Emperor his hat and gloves another brought him a pocket handkerchief. Napoleon without giving them a glance turned to Balashov.

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eller asks about a new city he intends to visit but as if convinced that Balashov as a Russian must be flattered by his curiosity.

How many inhabitants are there in Moscow? How many houses? Is it true that Moscow is called Holy Moscow? How many churches are there in Moscow? he asked.

And receiving the reply that there were more than two hundred churches he remarked:

Why such a quantity of churches?

The Russians are very devout replied Balashov.

But a large number of monasteries and churches is always a sign of the backwardness of a people said Napoleon turning to Caulincourt for appreciation of this remark.

Balashov respectfully ventured to disagree with the French Emperor.

Every country has its own character said he.

But nowhere in Europe is there anything like that said Napoleon.

I beg your Majesty pardon returned Balashov besides Russia there is Spain where there are also many churches and monasteries.

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posed to cons d e ry ■ f d. Itse med
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t ntt pro e hus, \ poleon s. sup n ntyt
Alexa der

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head in lence

"Yes. Furd y go n ths room W tr g
erod and St wer d l berau g co t ed
Napoleo w th th sam der and s lf-co
fid t m le. What l ca t dersta d he
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urro ded hims lf w th m p rso l em es.
That l d n t u dersta d. H he t
tho ht that l may do th am nd he turned
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g him by the ear pulled ge tly m l n
th his lips onl

To h e ones e r pulled by the Emperor
was con de ed t e greatest l onor d mark of
f or t t le Fre d court.

Well ad e a d ourt er of the Emp ro
Alexa d why d t y u ya yth g? sa d
he a f t d culo in h presence to b

h he d n eply to B l sh bow Let l m
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The l est taken by B l l s t e l t
N poleon e t t Al nd r E cry dea l of
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n monarcl l t e war bega

CHAPTER VIII

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When Balashov had ended N — took — his foot open — waiting bending respectfully handed the Emperor — gloves — chief — turned

Assure the Emperor Alexander from me said he taking his hat that I am as devoted to him as before I know him thoroughly and very highly esteem his lofty qualities I will detain you no longer General you shall receive my letter to the Emperor

And Napoleon went quickly to the door Everyone in the reception room rushed forward and descended the staircase

CHAPTER VII

AFTER ALL THAT Napoleon had said to him—those bursts of anger and the last drive — words — you shall be

vinced that I could not wish to see him and would even avoid another meeting with him—in insulted envoy—especially as he had witnessed his unseemly anger But to his surprise Balashov received through Duroc an invitation to dine with the Emperor that day

Bessières Caulaincourt and Berthier were present at that dinner

Napoleon met Balashov cheerfully — ably He — or self — morning

— b — and that in his perception whatever he did was right not because it harmonized with any idea of right and wrong but because he did it

The Emperor was in very good spirits after his ride through Vienna where crowds of people had rapturously greeted and followed him From all the windows of the streets through which he rode rugs flags and his monogram were displayed and the Polish ladies welcomed him waved their handkerchiefs to him

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is still

are the

And receiving the reply — more

as Bal

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This reply of Balashov which hinted at the recent defeats of the French in Spain was much appreciated when he related it at Alexander's court but it was not much appreciated at Napoleon's dinner where it passed unnoticed

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Napoleon met Balashov cheerfully. He was not self-reliant in the morning.

Cauchy tried to reassure Balashov. It was evident that he had long been convinced that it was impossible for him to make a mistake and that in his perception whatever he did was right not because it harmonized with any idea of right and wrong but because he did it.

The Emperor was in very good spirits after his ride through Vilna where crowds of people had rapturously greeted and followed him from all the windows of the streets through which he rode. Flags and his monogram were displayed and the Polish ladies welcoming him waved their handkerchiefs to him.

At dinner having placed Balashov beside him Napoleon not only treated him amiably but behaved as if Balashov were one of his own.

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aptitude of this reply but hardly had he uttered the word *Polta* before Caulincourt began speaking of the badness of the road from Petersburg to Moscow.

Cauchy lay reproachfully before that of the Emperor Alexander Napoleon on that day was with

mood which more than a reasoned cause
 makes man contented with himself and dis-
 posed to consider every other end. It seemed
 to him that he was surrounded by men who
 admired him, and he felt contented that after
 his dinner Balash too was free and now
 the two poets turned to him with a ple-
 asure though he would not smile.
 "They tell me this is the room the Emperor
 Alexander occupied. Strange not that Gner
 all he said, even not the best of his
 remarks would be incredible to his hearers
 content to prove his Napoleon's superior
 Alexander."

Balash could make no reply and bowed his
 head in silence.

"Yes, four days ago in this room Witz-
 gerode and Steinwerder deliberated and
 Napoleon with the same result. I do not
 find it strange. What I can't understand is
 that the Emperor Alexander surrounded himself
 with men personally enemies.
 That I do not understand. He himself
 thought that I was the same and returned
 my answer to Balash. I did not say this
 thought turned him back to the traitor's
 morning answer which was still fresh in his
 mind."

And let him know that I will do so said
 Napoleon, rising and pushing his cup away
 with his hand. I'll drink all his Wittenberg
 Baden and Weimar relations of Germany.

Yes, I'll drink them out. Let him prepare
 as usual for them, Russia.

Balash bowed his head with an air and cat-
 in-laws would like to make his bow and
 leave, and only stayed because he could not
 help hearing what was said to him. Napoleon
 did not notice this expression. He treated Bal-
 ash as an enemy from his enemies but as
 man now full devoted to him and who must
 please his former master's satisfaction.

And why has the Emperor Alexander taken
 command of the army. Why is this good if
 that War is in progress. Why has business is
 to reign and not command armies. Why has
 he taken on himself such responsibilities.

Again Napoleon took out of his snuffbox,
 pressed several times to and down the room in
 silence, and then saw that and unexpectedly
 to Balash and his male,

and the candles and implacable were
 in the room. It was more important but
 pleasant. Balash he raised his head and
 lost the old French emperor. I did take
 him by the ear and gently pulled him
 up to his feet.

They have once pulled by the Emperor
 was considered the greatest honor and mark of
 favor at the French court.

Well, and the Emperor of the Emperor
 Alexander why do you say anything. I
 heard it was I could be present to be
 the head of the dinner for you but now I
 Napoleon. Aristotle is ready for the general
 all he added with a slight inclination of
 his head to reply. Balash low "Let him
 I am I shall always go."

The Turkish by the
 Napoleon not Alexander
 the night was common and so
 the same as the other began.

CHAPTER VIII

After his interview with Peter the
 Prince Alexander went to Petersburg on business
 a letter to his family to really to meet Anna
 the husband. He felt it necessary to visit

So Prince Alexander agreed to
 into the city of the Russian
 Prince Alexander did not let
 write did not let the girl
 the child get him with some of the
 might come in the year. The
 to be so low tell me that the

the letter to the Russian I saw in the
 and the condition of the law of the
 life of the Prince Alexander the

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After dinner they went to dine

Bourcenne who he said was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

If was very hard, but he knew that
could not help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

If ask me said Prince Andrew who he was. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

When he had passed down the path, he saw a man who was very old and very poor. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

Prince Andrew wished to leave the place but Princess Mary persuaded him to stay another day. That day he did see his father who did not leave his room and admitted to one

with these words: "I did not know that I was so old and so weak. I did not know that I was so old and so weak. I did not know that I was so old and so weak."

When he had said this, Prince Andrew thought that he was very old and very poor. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

With a former tendency, he had tried to escape from these troubles, but he found some work so possible.

So he decided to go and draw the ladder.

Then God thought that he had tried to escape from these troubles, but he found some work so possible.

Why do you say that when you are going to the river, you are so old and so weak? He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

As soon as he began to speak of that, his lips trembled and his tears began to fall. Prince Andrew turned away and began packing his room.

Ah, my God, my God! When I think of what—what trash—what cause people may have said with malignity to the famous Prince Mary.

She understood that when she spoke of that, he trembled and his tears began to fall. Prince Andrew turned away and began packing his room.

As he was about to leave, he saw a man who was very old and very poor. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him. He said that he was the only person who could help him.

WAR AND PEACE

and then in Switzerland and Rome but he even dreaded to recall them and the bright and boundless horizons they had revealed. He was now concerned only with the nearest practical matters unrelated to his past interests and he seized on these the more eagerly the more those past interests were closed to him. It was as if that lofty infinite canopy of heaven that had once towered above him had suddenly fallen into a low

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in duty on Kutuzov's staff he applied himself to business with zeal and perseverance and surprised Kutuzov by his willingness and accuracy in work. Not having found Kuragin in Turkey Prince Andrew did not think it necessary to rush back to Russia after him but all the same he knew that how ever long it might be before he met Kuragin despite his contempt for him and despite all the proofs he deduced—

it was not
—he knew it

not be able

more than a ruse (as man can help snatching at food) and the consciousness that the insult was not yet avenged that his rancor was still unspent weighed on his heart and poisoned the artificial tranquillity which he managed to obtain in Turkey by means of relentless soldiering and rather vain glorious and ambitious activity.

In the year 1812 when news of the war with Napoleon reached Bucharest—where Kutuzov had been living for six months passing his days and nights with a Wallachian woman—Prince Andrew asked Kutuzov to transfer him to the Western Army Kutuzov who was already weary of Bolkhovo

Before joining the Western Army which was then in May encamped at Drissa Prince Andrew visited Bald Hills which was directly on his way being only two miles off the Smolensk highway. During the last three years there had been so many changes in his life he had thought felt and seen so much (having traveled both in the east and the west) that on reaching Bald Hills it struck him as strange and

putters and drove up

the avenue leading to the house as if he were entering an enchanted sleeping castle. The same old stulteness the same cleanliness the same stillness reigned there and inside there was the same furniture the same walls sound and smell and the same timid faces only some whittolder Princess Mary as still the old plums and joyless fear and coquettish self-interest

girl enjoying every moment of her existence and full of joyous hopes for the future. She had merely become more self-confident. Prince Andrew thought Desvilles the tutor he had brought from Switzerland was

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able to slip on one side of his mouth in character he was the same as ever only showing still more irritability and skepticism as to what was happening in the world. Little Nicholas alone had changed. He had grown become more robust curly dark hair and when merry and laughing quite unconsciously lifted the upper lip of his pretty little mouth just

all remained as of old the inner relations of all these people had changed since Prince Andrew had seen them last. The household was divided into two camps and hostile camps which changed their habits for his sake and only met because he was there. To the one camp belonged the old prince and the other Princess Mary Desvilles little Nicholas and all the old nurses and maids.

During his stay at Bald Hills all the family dined together but they were ill at ease and Prince Andrew felt that he was a visitor for whose sake an exception was being made and that his presence made them all feel as if they were involuntarily feeling that it did matter on the first day he was at Bald Hills the old prince noticing this also became morosely dull and retired to his apartments directly after dinner. In the evening when Prince Andrew went to him and tried to use the old prince's old-fashioned young Georgian to tell him of the old prince's unreasonably to talk about Prince's Mary thinking her for her superstitious and her dislike of Maletskaya

inch L I the d r s u e d t was stated not that the Empero w ld take comma d but onl that h uld be w th th rmy The Empero mo eo er had with him not a comma d er chu f ta l b t the imperial he dquarters staff t e d a s h u m w a th head f th imperial staff, Quartermaster General Pr nce V k nsk as well as generals, mperi la des-de-camp dipl mauc ficials, d l rge mber f f r e n e r s, b t n t the army staff. H s des these there were uenda e on th Empero th t y defi te appo nt m is Arakchév the ex M te f W r Co t Ben men the se ge al un ra k th Gra d Dum Tsaré ch Con ta t e Pá lo ch Cou t Rumintse th Ch cell r Ste a f rmer

u r s r W l r o g e - a d m a y o t h e r s .
Though these men had n military ppo t ment in th arm the p o s t o g a t h e m f e v e d f t corp mma der r e e n the comma der un chu f, did not kn w n what op nty h a s q e s t e d by B e r s n the Gra d Duke Arakché o P r n V k nsk a s e t h u s t h a t d e d d n t k w w h t e r t e r t a r d e r e e d n t h f o r m f d e m a n a t e d f r o m t h e m a w h o g a e t o f r o m t h E m p m a n d w h e t h t h a d t o b e e x e c u t e d . B t t h i s w a s o l y t h e x t m l c o d u o t h e s e t l o n f i c a c e o f t h p r e s e n c e o f t h E m p d o f l l t h e s e p e o p l f r o m u r t u r p o t o f e w (d n n E m p e r o c i t v l l b e c a m c o u r t e r s) w a d e a r t e v e r y . I t w a s t h u s t h e E m p r o d d n o t a s s u m t h e t l f c o m m a d e n c h u f b u t d i s p o s e d o f l l t h e a r m i e s t h m n u n d h m e r h u s a s t a t a . A r a k c h é v w a s f t h u l e u s o d i a n t o e f d e r a n d c i e d a s t h s o e r e n b o d g u a r d . B e n n i o s e w a l d l o r d i n t h V l n a p r o c e w h o p p e a r e d t o b e d o t h b o r s f t h d t r i c t , b t w a s n e a l t v g o o d g e r a l u s e f l d u s e r d e a d y t h a n d t o e p l B a r d y T h G r a d D k a s t h e r b e c a u s e t e d h u m t b e T h e x M e r S t e w a t h e r b e c a u s e h s d c e a s e f u l d t h E m p e r o A l e x a n d e r h l d h u m h i g h e s t e e m p e r s o n a l l y A r m f l d t r u l e n t l y h a d n P o l e o n d w a g e r a l f u l l f e l f c f i d q u a l t h a t a l w a y s f l u e d A l e x a d e r P u l w a t h e r b e c a u s e h w a s b o l d d d e c i d e d p e e c h . T h d j u t s g e n e r a l w e r t h e r b e c a u s e t h e y l w a y s c o m p a n i e d t h E m p r o d l a s t l y a n d c h u f l y P f l a s t h e r b e c a u s e h h a d d r a w n p

the pl n of camp gn aga st \ poleon a d h a o i d u c e d A l e x a d e r t o b e l e e i n t h e e f f i c a c y o f t h a t p l n w a d r e c t n g t h e w h o l e b u s e s s o f t h e w a W t h P f e l w a s W o l o n w h o e p r e s s e d P f u e l t h h i s n m o r e c m p r e h n s i b l e w a t h a n P f e l h i m s e l f (w h o w a s a h a r s h b o o k h t h e o r i s t s e l f - c o n f i d e n t t o t h e p o t o f d e s p i s e v e r y o n e e l s e) w a s a b l e t o d

Bes des these Russ n n d f r e g n e r s w h o p r o p o u n d e d w a d u n e x p e c t e d i d e a s e v e r y d a y - e s p e a l l y t h e f e g n r s , w h o d d s o w t l a b o l d e s s c h a r a c t e r i s t f p e o p l e e m p l o y e d a t r y n t t h e r o w n - t h e r e w e r e m a n y s e c o d a r y p r s o g e s c o m p y g t h e r m y b e c a u s e t h r p n i p a l s w e r e t h e r e .

A m e t h o p n a n d o c e s n t h i s m m s e r e s t l e s s b l l t n d p r o d p h e r e P r c A d r e w n t e d t h e f l l o w n g h a r p l y d f i e d b d m n s f t e d n e r i e s n d p a r t e s

The first p rty co isted of P f u l d h s a d h e r e n t s - m l t a r y t h e o r i s t w h o b e l e e d n a s c e o f w a r w t h m m t a b l l a w s - l w s o f o b l i q u e m o e m t s o u t f l a k e s , a d s o f e r t h . P f l d h d h e r e n t s d e m n d e d r e c t i o n t n t o t h e d e p t h s f t h e c o u t r y a c c o r d a n e w t h p r e c i s e l a w s d f i n e d b y p s e u d o - t h e o r y o f w a r d t h e y s a w o n l y b r b a u m , g n r a c e o r d l t e u n e r y d e r i a t i o f r m t h a t t h e o r y . T o t h i s p a r t y b e l e d t h e f r e g n n o b l e s W o l o n e n W t r g e r o d n d o t h e r s h f l y G r m a n s .

The eco d p a r t y w a s d i r e c t l y p p o s e d t o t h e f i r s t e x t r e m e a s l w a y s h a p p e n w a s m e t b y e p e s t t e s o f t h e t h e T h m e m b e r s f t h i s p r t y w e r e t h o w h o h a d d e m a d e d n d a n f r o m V l t o P l n d d f e e d m f r o m a l l p r e a r r a g e d p l t . B e s d e s b e g d

a g e m l (w h o w a s b e g i g t o m e t t h e f t) n d o t h e r s . A t t h a t t i m e f m o u s j o k f E r m o l w a s b e g c i r c u l a t e d t h a t a g r e a t f o h h d p e t u o e d t h E m p e t o m k h u m G e r m a T h m e n f t h a t p r t y r e m m b e r - S r o s a d t h a t w h a t o h a d t d o w a s o t r e a s o r s u c k p t o m p s , b u t t f i g h t , b e a t t h e m y k e e p l i m u t f R u s s d n o t l e t t h a r m y g e t d i s c o u r a g e d .

To the third p rty - n w h i c h t h e E m p e r o h d m e r - w h o t r i t h e r t c a l i a r

look with which one looks at the place where a familiar portrait hangs. Sorrow is sent by Him not by men. Men are His instruments; they are not to blame. If you think someone has wronged you, forget it and forgive! We have no right to punish. And then you will know the happiness of forgiving.

If I were a woman I would do so. Mary. That is a woman's virtue. R. —

suddenly his unexpended anger suddenly swelled up in his heart.

If Mary is already persuading me to forgive it means that I ought long ago to have punished him. He thought. And giving her no reply. — mon knes. — my

Princess Mary begged him to stay one day more, saying that she knew how unhappy her father would be if Andrew left without being reconciled to him. But Prince Andrew replied that he would probably soon be back again from the army and would certainly write to his father, but that the longer he stayed now the more embittered their differences would become.

Good by, Andrew! Remember that misfortunes come from God and men are never to blame. — were the last words he heard from his sister when he took leave of her.

Then it must be so! thought Prince Andrew as he drove out of the avenue from the house at Bald Hills. She, poor innocent creature, is left to be victimized by an old man who has outlived his wits. The old man feels he is guilty but cannot change himself. My boy is growing up and rejoices in life in which like everybody else he will deceive or be deceived. And I am off to the army. Why? I myself don't know. I want to meet that man whom I despise so as to give him a chance to kill and laugh at me.

These conditions of life had been the same before, but then they were all connected while now they had all tumbled to pieces. Only senseless things lacking coherence presented themselves one after another to Prince Andrew's mind.

CHAPTER IX

PRINCE ANDREW reached the general headquarters of the army at the end of June. The first army in which he as the Emperor occupied the fortified camp at Drissa. The second army

everyone was dissatisfied with the general course of affairs in the Russian army, but no one anticipated

ger of no one than the Prince

whom I have mentioned on the bank of the Drissa. As there was not a single large village in the vicinity of the camp, the immense number of generals and courtiers accompanying the army were living in the best houses of the villages on both sides of

told him in his foreign accent that

Prince Andrew had hoped to find with the army was not there. He had gone to the front but Prince Andrew was glad to hear this. His

mind was occupied by the interests of the center that was conducting a gigantic war and he was glad to be free for a while from the distraction caused by the thought of Kurdioum.

During the first four days while no duties were required of him, Prince Andrew rode round the whole fortified camp and by the aid of his own knowledge and by talks with experts tried to form a definite opinion about it. But the question whether the camp was advantageous or disadvantageous remained for him undecided. Already from his military experience and what he had seen in the Austrian campaign he had come to the conclusion that in the most deeply considered plans there was no satisfaction and that all depends on the unexpected movements of the enemy—that cannot be foreseen—are met and overcome by whom the whole matter is handled. To clear up this point for himself Prince Andrew, although his position and acquisitions tried him, failed in the character of the control of the army and of the men and practices engaged in it. He concluded for himself the following details of affairs.

While the Emperor had still been at Vienna the forces had been divided into three

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him not by men. Men are his instruments
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has wronged you, forget it and forgive! We
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If I were a woman I would do so. Mary
That is a woman's virtue. But a man should
not and cannot forgive and forget, he replied
and thought till that moment he had not been
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suddenly swelled up in his heart.

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Then it must be so! thought Prince An-
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guilty but cannot change himself. My boy is
growing up and rejoices in life in which like
everybody else he will deceive or be deceived.
And I am off to the army. Why? I must.

These conditions of life had been the same
before but then they were all connected with life
now they had all tumbled to pieces. Only
senseless things lacking coherence pressed
themselves one after another to Prince An-
drew's mind.

CHAPTER IX

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ters of the army at the end of June. The first
army with which was the Emperor occupied
the fortified camp at Drissa, the second army

was assigned on the bank of
the Drissa. As there was not a single town or
large village in the vicinity of the camp the
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party remember o Suv ro said that what
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to maps, but t fight, beat the e emy keep
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couraged.

To the th d party—i which the Empero
had most c fid nce—bel ged the courtiers
who tried t rran e comp mses between th
other two Th members of this party ch fly
ci lians d t whom Arakchév bel oed,

look with which one looks at the place where a familiar portrait hangs. Sorrow is sent by Him not by men. Men are His instruments; they are not to blame. If you think someone has wronged you, forget it and forgive! We have no right to punish. And then you will know the happiness of forgiving.

If I were a woman I would do so. Mary. That is a woman's virtue. But...

His unexpected anger suddenly swelled up in his heart.

If Mary is already persuading me to forgive it means that I ought long ago to have punished him, he thought.

reply he moiment

knew was

Princess Mary begged him to stay one day more, saying that she knew how unhappy her father would be if Andrew left without being reconciled to him. But Prince Andrew replied that he would probably soon be back again from the army and would certainly write to his father, but that the longer he stayed now the more embittered their differences would become.

Good by, Andrew! Remember that misfortunes come from God and men are never to blame. These were the last words he heard from his sister when he took leave of her.

Then it must be so! thought Prince Andrew as he drove out of the avenue from the house at Bald Hills. She poor innocent creature is left to be victimized by an old man who has outlived his wits. The old man feels he is guilty but cannot change himself.

Why? I myself don't know. I want to meet that man whom I despise so as to give him a chance to kill and laugh at me.

These conditions of life had been...

be ne sei themselves one after another to Prince Andrew's mind.

CHAPTER IX

PRINCE ANDREW reached the general headquarters of the army at the end of June. The first army with which was the Emperor occupied the fortified camp at Drissa; the second army

Everyone was disappointed with the general course of affairs in the Russian army but no one anticipated a

ger of

no one

than th

Prince

whom he had been assigned on the bank of the Drissa. As there was not a single other large village in the vicinity of it.

villages on both sides of the river over a radius of six miles. Barclay de Tolly was

quartered nearly three miles from the Emperor.

He received Bolikowski stiffly and coldly and

told him in his foreign accent that he would

mention him to the Emperor for a decision as

to his employment but asked him merely to

remain on his staff. Anatole Kuragin whom

Prince Andrew had hoped to find with the ar

my was not there. He had gone to Petersburg

but Prince Andrew was glad to hear this. His

mind was occupied by the interests of the cen

ter that was conducting a gigantic war and he

was glad to be free for a while from the instruc

tion caused by the thought of Kuragin. Dur

ing the first four days while no duties were

required of him, Prince Andrew rode round the

whole fortified camp and by the aid of his own

knowledge and by talks with experts tried to

form a definite opinion about it. But if a ques

tion whether the camp was advantageous or

disadvantageous remained for him undecided

already from his military experience and what

he had seen in the Austrian camp again he had

come to the conclusion that in war the most

deeply considered plans have no significance

and that all depends on the unexpected

movements of the enemy—that cannot be fore

seen—are met and how and by whom the whole matter is handled. To clear up this point for himself, Prince Andrew unwillingly submitted on and acquiesced in the character of the control of the army and of the men and parties engaged in it and he deduced for himself the following idea of the state of affairs.

While the Emperor had still been at Vilna the forces had been divided into three armies. First the army under Barclay de Tolly, secondly the army under Bagraev, and thirdly the one commanded by Tormasov. The Emperor was with the first army but not as commander.

who wanted to go some day to take would at
 that the Emperor intended by his duly divo-
 cation to try the Emperor had held
 at the bedside would dispute and about
 the council, beat his breast and shall
 those who did agree with him and the
 the Emperor that he was prepared to sac-
 rifice himself for the common good. At the
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the work would be done in a diligent manner
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CHAPTER X
 THE LETTER had not yet been presented to the
 Emperor when Ballo day had
 formed Bolkonski that the the the the the the the the the the the
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 Turk, and that Prince Andrew was to pre-
 sent himself in Benniksen quarters at that

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Pr A drew arrived in Benniksen qua-
 ters—country gentleman's house of modern
 use, situated on the very banks of the river

thought and said what men who have no convictions but wish to seem to have some generally say. They said that undoubtedly war particularly against such a genius as Bonaparte (they called him Bonaparte now) needs most deeply devised plans and profound scientific knowledge and in that respect Pfuels was a genius but at the same time it had to be acknowledged that the theorists are often one-sided and therefore one should not trust them absolutely but should also listen to what Pfuels's opponents and practical men of experience in warfare had to say and then choose a middle course. They insisted on the retention of the camp at Drissa according to Pfuels's plan but on changing the movements of the other armies. Though by this course neither one aim nor the other could be attained yet it seemed best to the adherents of this third party.

Of a fourth opinion the most conspicuous representative was the Tsarévich who could not forget his disillusionment at Austerlitz where he had ridden out at the head of the

eral confusion. The men of this party had seen the quality and the defect of frankness in their opinions. They feared Napoleon recognized his strength and their own weakness and frankly said so. They said: Nothing but sorrow, shame and ruin will come of all this! We have abandoned Vilna and Vitebsk and shall abandon Drissa. The only reasonable thing left to do is to conclude peace as soon as possible before we are turned out of Petersburg.

This view was very general in the upper and my circles and found support also in Petersburg and from the chancellor Rumjantsev who for other reasons of state was in favor of peace.

The fifth party consisted of those who were adherents of Barclay de Tolly not so much as a man but as minister of war and commander in chief. Be he what he may (they always began like that) he is an honest practical man and we have nobody better. Give him real power for war cannot be conducted successfully without unity of command and he will show what he can do as he did in Finland. If our army is well organized and strong and has withdrawn to Drissa without suffering any defeats as most of the court rely to Barclay. If Barclay is now to be superseded by Bennigsen all will be lost for Bennigsen

showed his incapacity already in 1807.

The sixth party the Bennigsenites said on the contrary that at any rate there was no one more active and experienced than Bennigsen and twist about as you may you will have to come to Bennigsen eventually. Let the others make mistakes now! said they arguing that our retirement to Drissa was a most shameful reverse and an unbroken series of blunders. The more mistakes that are made the better. It will at any rate be understood all the sooner that things cannot go on like this. What is wanted is not some Barclay or other but a man like Bennigsen who made his mark in 1807 and to whom Napoleon himself did justice—a man whose authority could be willingly recognized and Bennigsen is the only such man.

The seventh party consisted of the sort of people who are always to be found especially around young sovereigns and of whom there were particularly many round Alexander—generals and imperial aides de camp passionately devoted to the Emperor not merely as a monarch but as a man adoring him sincerely and disinterestedly as Rostov had done in 1807 and who saw in him not only all the virtues but all human capabilities as well. These men though enchanted with the sovereign for refusing the command of the army yet blamed him for such excessive modesty and only desired

staff and consulting experienced men and practical men where necessary and I himself lead the troops and lose spirits could thereby be raised to the highest pitch.

The eighth and largest group which in its enormous numbers was to the others as ninety-nine to one consisted of men who desired neither peace nor war neither in advance nor a defense or camp at the Drissa or any place else neither Barclay nor the Emperor neither Pfuels nor Bennigsen but only the one most excellent thing—as much advantage and pleasure for themselves as possible. In the troubled waters of conflicting and intersecting intrigues that eddied about the Emperor's headquarters it was possible to succeed in many ways without

the day after merely to avoid responsibility and to please the Emperor would declare that he had no opinion at all on the matter. Another

does not know anyth- s ce he does not believe that a yth g can be k wn The German self assurance is w rst of all stro ger and m re repuls e tha yothe becau e he imagines that h k ows the truth-sc ence—such he himself ha n ented but wh ch s for him th bool t truth.

Pf el was de tly of th t so t He had a vion—the theory f bl que mo cements deduced by him from the hi t ry of Fede ck th Greats ars a d ll he cam cross the history f mo e rece t warf re ceemed to h m absurd d ba b rous—m n trous coll sions n such so ma y bl ders wer comm tted by both des that thes w rs co ld not be called

ble f th pl f camp gn th t ded n J d A enstadt, b th d d n t see the le t proof of th f ll b l ty f h st l eory n the disasters of that war O th o trary th de vat m d from h theory were n h p the sole cau e of th whol d saster d th h m r r m

ppi cau Hus l e f theory m d h m h te everyth pract cal a d h w ld n t l t n to H

He sa d few w d t P A drew d Chern hev bo t th prese wa w th the u f m n wh kn b f h d that ll ll go w d wh t d plea ed that t should be so Tl bru h d t s f h u k p beh d d the h t ly brushed hair h temples p ssed th most lo q ently H pa ed t th ne t oom d the d p q erul m ds f h wer at once hea d f m th e.

CHAPTER XI

Pr ce A drew) w t ll f ll w g P fuel t f the room whe Co t Be gien tered hurr edly and nodd s ll kónsk b t p g w t to th st dy g v g t ruct s h d j t t h w t The Empero was f ll w h m d B osen had has tned s m k som prep rat d t be ready t rec e the so gn Ch

nyshe and Prince Andrew we t out to the p rch whe e the Emperor vl looked f t gued, was d m u t ng Marqus Paulucc wa t lk g to h m w t p t cul r warmth and the Emperor w th l s head be t to the left, w s l t n g w t d ssat f cl ar The Empero mo ed f rward e d tly w l g to e d the conversat o b t the flu hed d e c t ed Ital obl u of decorum f llowed l m d co t nued to speak

And f the man wh d sed f r m ng th camp—the Drissa camp sa d P ul t s th Emperor m u ted the ll p and not c ng Prince A d e c ca ed l s u f m l r f ce as to th t person s re co t nued P ul c c desperately pp ently u able to resura h mself th m who d sed the Dr sa camp—I een l h m t v b t the l n t asylum of the gall w

W l t sheed the d of th Ital a stre m rks d as th l not hear ll them the Empero econ g B lkónsk addressed h m gr ly

I m v ry gl d t see va Go n there wh they cmeet a d w t f me

The Emperor w t t th t dy He wa f ll ed by P c Pete M kháyl ch V l kó k a d B n St m d th doo cl ed beh d th m. Pr u v d e w t k g ad an tag f th Empe perm ss o ccomp n d Pa l cc wh m he l d k own n Turkey n to th draw g oom wh th cl as assembled

Pr e P te M khá l h v l k s k occu p ed the pos t w e of l f of the Empero staff He cam o t of the st dy to the draw g oom w th me m ps w l ch l e ll don table d p t q estu so wh ch he w l ed to l th op n of the gentleme p ese t Wh a had ll pp ed w that n w s (w l ch st r w rd po ed t be f l e) h d b e ed d the ht of m m t by th Fe ch t outfl k the D ss camp

Th first t p k wa G neral Armf ldt who to m et th d ff ult tl t p es ted it elf u p ct edly p posed a p r f ctly new po t w y f m t le P tersburg d Mosow ro ds Th eason f th s wa e pl cable (less h w l ed to h w t l the too c uld h op) b th urved th t t th po t th rmy h l d u e d l e wa s th e y l t wa pl th t Armf ldt h d th l t o t th t pl u l no nd n w po ded t t so m ch t w th q es to p t—wh ch n f ct h us pl n d d n t n

WAR AND PEACE

Neither Bennigsen nor the Emperor was there but Chernyshev the Emperor's aide de camp received Bolikonski and informed him that the Emperor accompanied by General Bennigsen and Marquis Paulucci had gone a second time that day to inspect the fortifications of the Drissa camp of the suitability of which serious doubts were beginning to be felt.

Chernyshev was sitting at a window in the first room with a French novel in his hand. This room had probably been a music room there was still an organ in it on which some rugs were piled and in one corner stood the folding bedstead of Bennigsen's adjutant. This adjutant was also there and sitting dozing on the rolled up bedding evidently exhausted by work or by feasting. Two doors led from the room one straight on into what had been the drawing room and another on the right to the study. Through the first door came the sound of voices conversing in German and occasionally in French. In that drawing room were gathered by the Emperor's wish not a military council (the Emperor preferred indefinite ones) but certain persons whose opinions he wished to know in view of the impending difficulties. It was not a council of war but as it were a council to elucidate certain questions for the Emperor personally. To this semicouncil had been invited the Swedish General Armfeldt Adjutant General Wolzogen Wintzingerode (whom Napoleon had referred to as a renegade French subject) Michaud Toll and Pfuell himself who as Prince Andrew had heard was the mainspring of the whole affair. Prince Andrew had an opportunity of getting a good look at him for Pfuell arrived soon after himself and in passing through to the drawing room stopped a minute to speak to Chernyshev.

At first sight Pfuell in his ill made uniform of a Russian general which fitted him badly like a fancy costume seemed familiar to Prince Andrew though he saw him now for the first time. There was about him something of Weyrother Mack and Schmidt and many other German theorists generals whom Prince Andrew had seen in 1805 but he was more typical than any of them. Prince Andrew had never yet seen a German theorist in whom all the characteristics of those others were united to such an extent.

Pfuell was short and very thin but broad boned of coarse robust build broad hips and with prominent shoulder blades. His

face was much wrinkled and his eyes deep set. His hair had evidently been hastily brushed smooth in front of the temples but stuck up behind in quaint little tufts. He entered the room looking restlessly and angrily around as if afraid of everything in that large apartment. Aewardly holding up his sword he addressed Chernyshev and asked in German where the Emperor was. One could see that he wished to pass through the rooms as quickly as possible finish with the bows and greetings and sit down to business in front of a map where he would feel at home. He nodded ironically in reply to Chernyshev and smiled ironically on hearing that the sovereign was inspecting the fortifications that he Pfuell had planned in accordance with his theory. He muttered something to himself abruptly and in a brusque voice was self assured Germans do—it must have been stupid fellow or the whole affair will be ruined or something absurd will come of it. Prince Andrew did not catch that he said and would have passed on but Chernyshev introduced him to Pfuell remarking that Prince Andrew was just back from Turkey where the war had terminated so fortunately. Pfuell barely glanced—not so much at Prince Andrew as past him—and said with a laugh. That must have been a fine tactical war and laughingly contemptuously went on into the room from which the sound of voices was heard.

Pfuell always inclined to be irritably sarcastic was particularly disturbed that day evidently by the fact that they had dared to inspect and criticize his camp in his absence. From this short interview with Pfuell Prince Andrew thanks to his Waterloo experiences was able to form a clear conception of the man. Pfuell was one of those hopelessly and immutably self confident men self confident to the point of martyrdom as only Germans are because only Germans are self confident on the basis of an abstract notion—science truth the supposed knowledge of absolute truth. A Frenchman is self assured because he regards himself personally both in mind and body as more strongly attracted to men and women than an Englishman is. All war is a lie, a fiction of the best organized state the world is therefore as an Englishman he knows what he should do and that all he does as an Englishman is undoubtedly true. In Italy he forgets himself and other people. A Russian is self assured just because he knows nothing at all.

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CHAPTER XI

Pr ce A d w eyerwer t ill w Pf u l
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theoreticians bsol th theory th t they
lose th f th theory by ci— is practical
pp iact n. Hual f theory made h m hat
every practical d he w uld t l ten
to H was ev pleased b l l es f f d
was result from dev t pract e from
the theory nly p ed t him th curacy of
his theory.

He s d few words t Prin e A drew nd
Chern shev bo # the prese t war w th th
ar l ma who k ws bel hand that all
will go to g d wh is t d pleased that
would be so. The unbrashed tufts f h
such p beh d d th hs tuly brushed
his temples exp ressed this most elo-
quently.

H passed th ex room d th deep
q enous so ds f his ce were to
beard from there.

CHAPTER XI

Pfuef ANDREW'S eyes were ll f ll w Pfuef
ou f th room wh Co t Be osen n
tered hurriedly and nodd to Bolikónski,
but no p us went t th study g v
struction to his d j sta t as he w n. The
Emperor was f llw him, d B n n gen
had hastened t mak some prep rat n s
and to be ready to cee the so er gn. Cher

ny h nd Prince Andrew went out nto the
po ch, where the Emperor who looked f-
tigue, was dismount # Marqu s P ulucc
was talkr gt h m w d p r ticular warmth nd
the Emperor w th h head bent to the left,
n t d ssatisfied The Em

Ital n out ous o u
nd co t ued to pe k.

And f r the man who d sed f rm g
th camp—the Drissa camp s d P ulucc s
the Empero m u ted the steps nd not ci g
Pr ce And ew sca ned h u f m l r f ce
ast th t person s re co t ed P uluc
ci desperat ly apparent u ll to restr n
h ms ll th m n who d sed the Dr ssa camp
—I see no ltern t e but the lun t casylum or
the gall ws

W th ut heed the end of the Ital n s re-
ma ks d tho gh n t hear g them the
Empero recon n # Bolikónski addressed h m
gra uly

I am ry gl d t see ou Go there
where they re meet nd wa t f me

The Empero went to the study He wa
foll wed by Prince P r M kháyl ch Vol-
kó k and B ron Ste n nd the doo closed
beh d them. Pri ce A d ew tak g d an-
tage f the Empero perm ss n ccomp ed
P ulu wh m h had known n Tu key n
th draw room where the o cl as as-
sembled.

Pr nce Peter M khá l ch V lk n k occu-
ped th pos as t w # of ch el f the
Empero taff He cam out of th study nto
th draw g room w th som m p wh ch he
p ead on tabl d put quest on on wh ch
h w hed t lear th op on of the gentle-
men pres nt. What had happe ed was that
news (wh ch sterwards pro ed to be f le)
ll d been ec ed d r g the n th f mo e-
t b th F e ch to outfl nk th ll ssa
camp

The first t peak wa General Arnfeldt
who t meet th d fficult th t p es nted t
ll u pectedly # posed a p fe tly ew
pos n way from the Pet rsburg d Mos-
ow ds The eason f th w e pl cable
(nless he w l ed to how hat he too could
ha n op) but h urged l # t th
po t th rmy l ld u d here awa t
th nemy f was pl n d Arnfeldt had
th u lt o t that pl n l co nd w ex-
pou ded n t so much n w the q es-
t n pu —wh ch in fact his pl n did n t n-

swer—as to avail himself of the opportunity to air it. It was one of the millions of proposals one as good as another that could be made as long as it was quite unknown what character the war would take. Some disputed his arguments others defended them. Young Count Toll objected to the Swedish general's views more warmly than anyone else and in the course of the dispute drew from his side-pocket a well filled notebook which he asked permission to read to them. In these voluminous notes Toll suggested another scheme totally different from Armfeldt's or Pfuels plan of campaign. In answer to Toll Paulucci suggested an advance and an attack which he urged could alone extricate us from the present uncertainty and from the trap (as he called the Drissa camp) in which we were situated.

During all these discussions Pfuels and his interpreter Wolzogen (his bridge in court relations) were silent. Pfuels only snorted contemptuously and turned away to show that he would never demean himself by replying to such nonsense as he was now hearing. So when Prince Volkonski who was in the chair called on him to give his opinion he merely said:

Why ask me? General Armfeldt has proposed a splendid position with an exposed rear or why not this Italian gentleman's retreat—very fine or a retreat also good! Why ask me? said he. Why you yourselves know everything better than I do.

But when Volkonski said with a frown that it was in the Emperor's name that he asked his opinion Pfuels rose and suddenly growing animated began to speak.

Everything has been spoiled everything muddled everybody thought they knew better than I did and now you come to me! How mend matters? There is nothing to mend! The principles laid down by me must be strictly adhered to said he drumming on the table with his bony fingers. What's the difficulty? Non sense childishness!

He went up to the map and speaking rapidly began proving that no eventuality

thing he
were re

could inevitably be destroyed

Paulucci who did not know German began questioning him in French. Wolzogen came to the assistance of his chief who spoke French badly and began translating for him hardly able to keep pace with Pfuels who was rapidly demonstrating that not only all that had hap-

pened but all that could happen had been foreseen in his scheme and that if there were now any difficulties the whole fault lay in the fact that his plan had not been precisely executed. He kept laughing sarcastically he demonstrated and at last contemptuously ceased to demonstrate like a mathematician who ceases to prove in various ways the accuracy of a problem that has already been proved. Wolzogen took his place and continued to explain his views in French every now and then turning to Pfuels and saying: Is it not so your excellency? But Pfuels like a man heated in a fight who strikes those on his own side shouted angrily at his own supporter Wolzogen: Well of course what more is there to explain?

Paulucci and Michaud both attacked Wolzogen simultaneously in French. Armfeldt addressed Pfuels in German. Toll explained to Volkonski in Russian. Prince Andrew listened and observed in silence.

Of all these men Prince Andrews sympathized most with Pfuels angry determined and absurdly self confident as he was. Of all those present evidently he alone was not seeking anything for himself nursed no hatred against anyone and only desired that the plan formed on a theory arrived at by years of toil should be carried out. How as ridiculous as it

ly sarca
sight by
sides thi

as of all except Pfuels had one common trait that had not been noticeable at the council of war in 1805, there was now a panic fear of Napoleon's genius which though concealed was noticeable in every rejoinder. Everything was assumed to be possible for Napoleon they expected him from every side and invoked his terrible name to shatter each other's proposals. Pfuels alone seemed to consider Napoleon a barbarian like

in which the courtiers addressed him and the way Paulucci had allowed himself to speak flatter the Emperor but above all from a certain desperation in Pfuels own expression it was clear that the others knew and Pfuels felt that his fall was at hand and despite his self confidence and grumpy character he was pained with his sharply brushed in the temples and striking up his tufts behind. Though he concealed this under a show of irritation and contempt he was evidently in

desp arth t the le rem g chan e lve i
 fny g h s theory by luge e pe ment and
 pro h t so d e to tle v l o l e w rld was
 sl pp g ay from him

bates—l e l etrv t n l r ess nd i h lo pi
 ac q r g l bt He l l l be l m ted

polyl t talk and t the e s rm es plan rel
 t t d ho t felt notl but amaze-

ta d tb ny e ce f r nd
 th t leref eth e can be os ch th ga a
 m l tary g — w ppea ed to h ma b
 truth Wh t theory dscie e spo
 bl ho t m tter the c d t s d e cum
 w m f l h a e u k w a d n n t be
 d f i d. pec lly whe th t e gth of the
 a g l e s ca t b er d? N ne
 blet f ee w l t d t n u
 the e y rmes l l b d y tme
 d e ga get l e f th th t
 d l m t S m t m —whe the e n t
 and tth f t t t t We ut fl
 d t r ru g but a bra d j lly l d
 th sh m H rrah — d t l m nt of f i e
 th d w th th tyth sa d m t S h
 Grbarn whe t t m s fity tho sa d run
 f m l t h d t A ter l t Wh t
 so e ca the e b m m tte n wh ch as m
 all p r a t cal matters t l g b defi d
 de r yth g d p d umerabl m
 d t the gn f i f w l l determ d
 t p r t l m m t w l h r r es o
 k

ta y act n l pen l s n t on them but on the
 ma n t l e r a k s w l o s l us We re l o s t l or

laulu Hett t a t y c w h
 At the rev ne d y t l Empe or ked
 P e A dew wh e he wo l d l i k e to serv
 nd l i c e A dew l t l t d g c urt
 d f e b t k g t r e n a n t t a c h d
 to t l s o e g n p r s n b t f o r p r m s s o n to
 serve n th rmy

CHAPTER XII

Brro THE N G o f t l e camp gn Ros-
 to h d r e e d letter f o m h p e n t s n
 wh h t e y t l d l n b e f l y o f N t a s l l l e s s
 d the b k l g o f f o f h e m g a m t to
 P r n e A n d e w (l h t e y p l d b y N a
 t a l l g j t l l n) d g a n k e d
 N d o l to t r f m t h r m y d r e t r n
 h o m e O e g t h s l i t e N c h l d d
 t m l e n y m p t o g l e e o f b e
 c e to t f m t h r m y b e t to
 h s p t s t l e w s r r y N t a l w a s l l
 d l r e g m t b k n o f f n d t l t l
 w o u l d d o l l h l d t m e e t t h e r l e s
 T S y l w r t e p t l y
 A d d f d f m y s u l l e w r o t N t l
 g b t l o k k p m f m e t u r m
 t t l t r y B t w t l n m e m
 m t f t e c a m p m l s h l d f e l d h n
 o e d t l y m m l e y b u t n m y
 o w f l p e f e d m y w n l p p e s to m y
 l d d t y t t l t l l d B u t t l s l l l
 b e o l t e p r a t B l e e m d t l y
 t h w f l m t l l i d t l l l d
 b y y u I w l l t h w p e r y t h o d f l y t

P Arn f l d t the d t l e y r l l g o o d
 d l l b d d t h e d t a e s f y u g g e s
 t e b s l y t h m m t f t l
 A d l y d t h y l l p e k f m l t a r y g e n
 t l m g w h c a d b d t
 b e b l t p t t h r i g h t t m d y w h
 t g o t h t r i g t d w l t d e l e f t? I t
 l y b m l y m t d w t h

WAR AND PEACE

swer—as to avail himself of the opportunity to air it. It was one of the millions of proposals one as good as another that could be made as long as it was quite unknown what character the war would take. Some disputed his arguments others defended them. Young Count Toll objected to the Swedish general's views more warmly than anyone else and in the course of the dispute drew from his pocket a well filled notebook which he asked permission to read to them. In these voluminous notes Toll suggested another scheme totally different from Armfeldt's or Pfuels plan of campaign. In answer to Toll Paulucci suggested an advance and an attack which he urged could alone extricate us from the present uncertainty and from the trap (as he called the Drissa camp) in which we were situated.

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that

at the time that he asked his opinion Pfuels rose and suddenly growling and mumbled began to speak.

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He went up to the map and speaking rapidly began proving that no eventualty would alter the efficiency of the Drissa camp that everything had been foreseen and that if the enemy were really going to outflank it the enemy would inevitably be destroyed.

Paulucci who did not know German began questioning him in French. Wolzogen came to the assistance of his chief who spoke French badly and began translating for him hardly able to keep pace with Pfuels who was rapidly demonstrating that not only all that had hap-

pened but all that could happen had been foreseen in his scheme and that if there were now any difficulties the whole fault lay in the fact that his plan had not been precisely executed. He kept laughing sarcastically he demonstrated and at last contemptuously ceased to demonstrate like a mathematician who ceases to prove in various ways the accuracy of a problem that has already been proved. Wolzogen took his place and continued to explain his views in French every now and then turning to Pfuels and saying: Is it not so your excellency? But Pfuels like a man heated in a fight who strikes those on his own side shouted angrily at his own supporter Wolzogen: Well of course what more is there to explain?

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sides by one con at the cc

panic feeling concealed as it was in us which though everything was assumed to be possible for Napoleon they expected him from every side and invoked his terrible name to shatter each others proposals. Pfuels alone seemed to consider Napoleon a barbarian.

addressed him and the very Paulucci had addressed himself to speak of him to the Emperor but above all from a certain desperation on Pfuels own expressions it was clear that the others knew and Pfuels himself felt that his fall was at hand. And despite his effrontery and grumpy German sarcasm he was pitiable with his hair smothered in the temples and sticking up in tufts behind. Though he concealed the fact under a show of irritation and contempt he was evidently in

the, spoke grandiloquently of the Saltánov
 dan be a Russian Thermopyl = d of
 bow deed orthy f tq tyh d been per
 formed by General R é k Herecounted h w
 Raf k had led h s o s onto the d m u
 der terrific fire d had ch rged w th them be-
 d h m Rostó heard the t ry a d not o ly
 and n thu g t m co rage Zdrzhn k enthu-
 asm b t m the contrary looked l i k e a man
 ashamed f h t he was hear g th u h w th
 moute u n fcontradcting t s ce th cam-
 pign of Aust l t a d of S y R tó knew
 by t p r that men alw ys l e when de-
 scrib m l t ry expl t s he h mself h d
 d hen eco t them bes des th t he
 had experi ce u h t k ow th t noth g
 happes n r tall w can m g ne o re
 A d

p e, there must ha e been ch r o f on
 d cro dung n th dam th t wa be g at

I uid n t ha seen h w w th
 hom Ra rsk came th d m Ande n
 those wh d d see t w ld ot h be n
 m ch mul ted by t f wh t d they t do
 th Raénk tend r p ter l feel g s when
 the own k were d

t k my brothe Péty t l e e
 en llyl hos tra gert m b t a c
 lad b t would ha e tried to put th m som
 here u d co er h ch l co t ed t
 th k he l t e d t Zdrzhn k h t l e d d
 w t express h th h s f l m t t e r s
 too h had ga e d e pers e H k w that
 th t al red ded th gl ry f u r m s
 d so had t p d t t d ubt t A d
 h cted e cord ly

I can t a d th y m r d llyl no-
 u g that Rostó d d t r l h Zdrzh k
 co eriat n. My stock g s d hurt nd
 th ter s ru g my ear! I l l go d
 look for sh l er The ra eem less h y
 llyl e t t and Zdrzh k ode way
 F e m m t e s later llyl splash g thro h

the m d came runn g back to the s nty
 Hurrah! Rostóv come q ck! I ve found it
 About two hundred yards aw y the e s a tavern
 where ou s have alre dy gathered We can at
 l t get dry there and Mary Hendrikhov s
 there

M ry Hendrikhovn was the w f e of the reg-
 mental d c r p t t y young G rman wom n
 he had m r r ed m Pol nd T l e doctor wheth-
 e from l ck of me n or becau e h d d n t
 l k e to p r t from h s you m wife n t l e early
 days of the r marr ge took he about with
 h m whe e er the l ussar reg ment went and
 h j eal usy h d become t nd ng j eam g
 the huss officers

Rostó threw h cloak m er h shoulders
 sh uted to L r l k a to f l low w th the sh ngs
 a d— ow sl pp g n the mud now splash g
 r g t thro h t—set off w th llyl n the les-
 g ra d the d rkness th t was occa-
 nally re t by d ta t l g t t ng

Rostó where re you?

Here What l ghtn gl they called to one
 other

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE TAVERN befor w l ch stood the doctor s
 co ered cart th e w e alre dy some f e of
 f r s M ry He d l k l pl mp l ttle
 bl de G r m n dress ng j ck t and n ght
 cap wa t t gon bro d b ch n the f o t
 co t Her husb d the doct r l y sle p be
 h nd l e Rostó a d llyl n enter g the
 room w re w l comed w th merry h ut a d
 l g l t r

H m h w j llyl we are! m d Rostó
 l h

A d why d y st nd th e gap g?

W t w ll tley c l W y d w t
 stre m from them! Don t make ou draw g
 oom wet

D n t mess M ry He drlkh n d es
 cried the es

R tó d llyl h w e e d w f e d a t t n r
 w l e r th y co l l h g s to dry cl tles
 w th ut fle d g M ry He drlkh o s
 modesty They we e go g m t y recess
 beh d p t t n to h ge b t f d
 t compl tely filled by three off c m ho s t
 play g c a d by th l h t of a l tary candl
 n n empty bo d these officers w ld
 on crou t y l d the posu n M ry
 He drlkh vna blged them w th the lo n
 f p t tico t t be used a cu t a d be-
 h d th t creen R t d llyl h lped
 by La ru hka who had brought the r kus

you to press you forever to my ardent breast

It was in fact only the commencement of the campaign that prevented Rostov from returning home as he had promised and marrying Sonya. The autumn in Otrádnoe with the hunting and the winter with the Christmas holidays and Sonya's love had opened out to him a vista of tranquil rural life such as he had

now all

good pa

the wishes of smart bourgeois agriculture neighbors service by election thought he. But now the campaign was beginning and he had to remain with his regiment. And since it had to be so, Nicholas Rostov as was natural to him felt contented with the life he led in the regiment and was able to find pleasure in that life.

On his return from his furlough Nicholas having been joyfully welcomed by his comrades was sent to obtain remounts and brought back from the Ukraine excellent horses which pleased him and earned him commendation from his commanders. During his absence he had been promoted captain and when the regiment was put on war footing with an increase in numbers he was again allotted his old squadron.

The campaign began the regiment was moved into Poland on double pay new officers arrived new men and horses and above all everybody was infected

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ment devoted him self entirely to the pleasures and interests of military service though he knew that sooner or later he would have to relinquish them.

The troops retired from Vilna for various complicated reasons of state political and strategic. Each step of the retreat was accompanied by a complicated interplay of interests arguments and passions at headquarters. For the Pávlograd hussars however the whole of this retreat during the finest period of summer and with sufficient supplies was a very simple and agreeable business.

It was only at headquarters that there was depression uneasiness and

only because they had to leave billets they had grown accustomed to or some pretty young Polish girls

besides a good soldier and not to think of the general trend of affairs but only of the task nearest to hand. First they camped gaily before Vilna making ac-

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an order to retreat to Sventsyáni and destroy any provisions they could not carry away with them. Sventsyáni was remembered by the hussars only as the drunken camp a name the whole army gave to their encampment there and because many complaints were made against the troops who taking advantage of the order to collect provisions took also horses carriages and carpen from the Polish proprietors. Rostov remembered Sventsyáni because on the first day of their arrival at that small town he changed his sergeant major and was unable to manage all the drunken men of his squadron who unknown to him had appropriated five barrels of old beer. From Sventsyáni they retired farther and farther to Drissa and thence again beyond Drissa drawing near to the frontier of Russia proper.

On the thirteenth of July the Pávlograds took part in a serious action for the first time.

On the twelfth of July on the eve of that action there was a heavy storm of rain and hail. In general the summer of 1812 was remarkable for its storms.

The two Pávlograd squadrons were bivouacking on a field of rye which was already in ear but had been completely trodden down by cattle and horses. The rain was descending in torrents and Rostov with a young officer named Ilyín his protégé was sitting in a hastily constructed shelter. An officer of their regiment with long mustaches extending onto his cheeks who after riding to the staff had been overtaken by the rain entered Rostov's shelter.

I have come from the staff. Count. Have you heard of Rátski's exit?

And the officer gave them details of the Salátanov battle which he had heard at the staff.

Rostov smoking his pipe and turning his head about as the water trickled down his neck listened inattentively with an occasional glance at Ilyín who was pressing close to him. This officer had sixteen who had recently joined the regiment was in the same relation to Nicholas that Nicholas had been to Densoy seven years before. Ilyín tried to imitate Rostov in everything and adored him as a girl might have done.

Zdzisłowski the officer with the long must

but, spok gra dilog ently of the Saltán v
be being Russian Thermopyl e, and of
be deed worthy fantasy had been per
formed by General Raévski. Herecounted how
Raévski had led his two sons into the dam un
der the fire and had charged with them be
side him. Rostó heard the story and not only
did not want to encourage Zdrzhinski's enthu
siasm but, the contrary looked like a man
shamed of what he was hearing though with
no mention of the tradition. So once the cam
p was at Austerlitz and in 1807 Rostó knew
by experience that men all say lie when de
scribing military exploits, as he himself had
done when recounting them. Besides that, he
had experience enough to know that nothing
happens in war at all as we can imagine or re
late in Andrey.

Rostó looked at him in silence. In the first
place, there must have been such confusion
and crowding the dam that was being at
tacked that if Raévski did lead his sons there
it could have had no effect except perhaps on
some dozen men nearest to him, thought he.
The rest could not have seen how with
whom Raévski came to the dam. And even
those who did see it would not have been
much stimulated by it, if what had they to do
with Raévski's tender paternal feelings when
his own skins were in danger. And besides,
the fate of the French did not depend on
whether they took the Saltán dam or not, as
we are told was the case at Thermopylae. So
why should he have made such sacrifice. And
to expose his own children in the battle. I
would not have taken my brother Pétya there,
even Ilvin, who tried to go in but in case
had he, would have tried to put them some
where under cover. A cholera continued to
look, as he listened to Zdrzhinski. But he did
not express his thoughts in such matters,
too, he had gained experience. He knew that
it was too late to do anything for our arms
and so he had to pretend not to doubt it. And
he acted accordingly.

It was said thus any more, said Ilvin o
tting that Rostó did not like Zdrzhinski's
conclusion. My stockings and shirt and
le was in ruin in sea. I'll go and
look for shelter. The rain seems less heavy
He went out and Zdrzhinski rode away
like a man as he Ilvin splashed through

the mud, came running back to the shanty

"Hurrah Rostó come quick! I have found it
About two hundred yards away there is a tavern
where ours have already gathered. We can at
least get dry there and Mary Hendrikhovna is
there."

Mary Hendrikhovna was the wife of the regi
mental doctor, pretty young German woman
he had married in Poland. The doctor, whether
from lack of means or because he did not
like to part from his young wife in the early
days of their marriage took her about with
him wherever the hussar regiment went and
his jealousy had become a daily joke among
the hussar officers.

Rostó threw his cloak over his shoulders,
shouted to Lavrushka to follow with the things,
and now slipped in the mud now splashing
right through it—set off with Ilvin in the les
sening rain in the darkness that was occa
sionally rent by distant lightning.

Rostó where are you

Here. What! Ilvin they called to on
another

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE TAVERN before which stood the doctor's
covered cart, there were already some fifteen of
ficers. Mary Hendrikhovna, plump little
Blonde German in dress, as a ketadn hit
cap was sitting on a broad bench in the front
corner. Her husband, the doctor, lay asleep be
hind her. Rostó and Ilvin, on entering the
room, were welcomed with merry shouts and
laughter.

Dear me how jolly we are said Rostó
laughing.

And why do you stand there gaping?

"What shall they be? Why the water
streams from them. Don't make our drawing
room so wet."

Do it mess Mary Hendrikhovna's dress
cried other officers.

Rostó and Ilvin hastened to find a corner
where they could change to dry clothes
while the finding. Mary Hendrikhovna
modestly. They were going into the recess
behind the partition in the change but found
completely filled by three officers who sat
playing cards by the light of a solitary candle
on an empty box, and these officers would
on no account yield their positions.

Ilvin who had brought the rain boots,

you to press you forever to my ardent breast

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The campaign began the regiment was moved into Poland on double pay new officers arrived new men and horses and above all everybody was infected with the merrily excited mood that goes with the commencement of a war and Rostov conceived the idea of

or later he would have to relinquish them.

The troops retired from Vilna for various complicated reasons of state political and strategic. Each step of the retreat was accompanied by a complicated interplay of interests arguments and passions at headquarters. For the Pávlograd hussars however the whole of this retreat during the finest period of summer and with sufficient supplies was a very simple and agreeable business.

It was only at headquarters that there was depression uneasiness and intrigue in the body of the army they did not ask themselves where they were going or why. If they regretted having to retreat it was only because they had to leave billets they had grown accustomed to or some pretty young Polish lady. If the thought that things looked bad chanced to enter anyone's head he tried to be as cheerful as

possible a good soldier and not to think of the general trend of affairs but only of the task nearest to hand. First they camped gaily before Vilna making acquaintance with the Polish landowners preparing for the winter.

Sten destroyed any provisions they could not carry away with them. Sventsyáni was remembered by the hussars only as the drunken camp a name the whole army gave to their encampment there and because many complaints were made against the troops who taking advantage of the order to collect provisions took also horses carriages and carpets from the Polish proprietors. Rostov remembered Sventsyáni because on the first day the

sergeant of his squadron who was known to him had appropriated five barrels of old beer. From Sventsyáni they retired farther and farther to Drissa and thence again beyond Drissa drawing near to the frontier of Russia proper.

On the thirteenth of July the Pávlograd took part in a serious action for the first time.

On the twelfth of July on the eve of that action there was a heavy storm of rain and hail. In general the summer of

but had been completely trodden down by cattle and horses. The rain was descending in torrents and Rostov

extended his arms onto his cheeks who after retreating to the staff had been overtaken by the rain entered Rostov's shelter.

I have come from the staff Count. Have you heard of Raevsky's exploit?

And the officer gave them details of the Saltykov battle which he had heard at the staff.

Rostov smoking his pipe and turning his head about as the writer tripped down his neck listened inattentively to an occasional glance at Iljin who was pressing close to him. The officer a lad of sixteen who had recently joined the regiment was now in the same relation to Nicholas that Nicholas had been to Denisov seven years before. Iljin tried to imitate Rostov in everything and adored him as a girl might have done.

Zdrzhinski the officer with the long mus-

he spoke grandly of the Saltanov
d m f

— A came running back to the shanty

at k h die
terrific a d had ch rg d with them be
de h m R tó he rd the tory nd not only
d noth gt u ruge Zdrzh k s enthu
amb t o the c t r y l ked like a m n

th =

emb g m i t r y e p l u s h e m s l i h =
d hen re u t g them bes des that h

er f m l ck of me ns o beca e i u u
l ke t p rt from h s y ng w f e in t e e rly
d y of the r m r r age took her about w th
h m wherev r the hu ar reg ment went and
his jeal u y had become a sta d ng j ke among
the huss = f f i e r s

h m l d r e

r ght th o g l t s t o l t w t t i y
e ng rain and the da kn s th t w s occa
on lly ent by d stant l ghtn =

Ro tó where a y o ?

H e W h t l ghtn ng l they called to one
n ther

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE TAVERN before which stood the d c t r s
co ered cart there were l eady some f i e of
ficers. M r y He dr ikho na, plump l ttle
lil nde German n adres j ket nd n ht
cap was s t t g on a br d be ch in the fr nt

lau hter

Dear m how jolly we sa d Rost/
laugh

A d why do y u stand ther gap ng?

"What wells they are! Why the w ter
treams from them Don t make our draw g
oom so wet.

"Don mes Mary Hendrikho na s dress
cred other ces.

Rostov d lly hastened to f i d a rner
where Lev could cha to dry cl thes
without offend g Mary He dr ikhovna
mades They wer going to t y r cess
beh rd part w on = change b t fou d
u complet filled by three officers who sat
playing cards by the l i ht of sol tary candl
on a empty box, and these officers w uld
on so com y and their pos uon Mary
Hendrikhovna ob rd them with h loan
f a petticoat to be used as a curta n and be
hind the screen Rostó nd Ilyin helped
by Lavrushka who had brought their kuz

d cro ded Rostó n th n rrow h ty
Ro tó looked t h m n s i n In th first
pl e ther must h e been such a confus n
d cro d g n th dam th t was b g t
taked th t f Raé k d d lead h son ther
t could ha had n eff ct except perhaps on
som do en m earest t h m, th u b t h
th rest co ld n t ha seen h w w th
hom Raé k came to the dam. A d e n
thos h did see t w uld not ha e been
m ch tsmula ed by t, f what had they to do
with Raé k s tender p ternal feel = when
the n k n s w e r danger And besides,
th f t of th F therland did not depend n
hether they ook th Saltanov dam o not, as
are told as th case at Thermopylae. So
hy th l d h ha e made uch sacrifice And
by expose his own children n l. baul I
ld t ha taken my brother Pétya there,
o e r lly n who stranger me but a nice
lad, b w uld ha e tried to put them som
here under cover. As he continued to
th k as h listened = Zdrzhnki But h. d d
not express his th r s h l o x in such matters,
too h had gained experience. He knew t a
th t al redonder = o l e p o r of o n a m s
d s o had = o r e t o d o n e e h d
h ct ed as o r t e

I a t u d l s a n o r e s a d P e t r o
t u g the Ro n d e r e s t Z d r z h k i
con struction. M s a d s e s t h e r a n d
th w e r a c t u a l l y o n m y w a l I l l p o s t
look for a d e l e r. The r o o m s a r e s a v e
I l l w e n t o u t o f Z d r z h k i s d e a r t
F r m m e n t a n d E n g l i s h w e n t t h r o u g h

you to press you forever to my ardent breast

It was in fact only the commencement of the campaign that prevented Rostov from returning home as he had promised and marrying Sonya. The autumn in Otridnoe with the hunting and the winter with the Christmas holidays and Sonya's love had opened out to him a vista of tranquil rural joys and peace such as he had never known before and which now allured him. A splendid wife, children, a good pack of hounds, a dozen lishes of smart bourgeois agriculture, neighbors service by election, thought he. But now the campaign was beginning and he had to remain with his regiment. And since it had to be so, Nicholas Rostov as was natural to him, felt contented with the life he led in the regiment and was able to find pleasure in that life.

On his return from his furlough Nicholas, having been joyfully welcomed by his comrades, was sent to obtain remounts and brought back from the Ukraine excellent horses which pleased him and earned him commendation from his commanders. During his absence he had been promoted captain and when the regiment was put on war footing with an increase in numbers, he was again allotted his old squadron.

The campaign began, the regiment was moved into Poland on double pay, new officers arrived, new men and horses and above all everybody was infected with the merrily excited mood that goes with the commencement of a war. And Rostov, conscious of his advantageous position in the regiment, devoted himself entirely to the pleasures and interests of military service, though he knew that sooner or later he would have to relinquish them.

The troops retired from Vilna for various complicated reasons of state, political and strategic. Each step of the retreat was accompanied by a complicated interplay of interests, arguments and passions at headquarters. For the Pávlograd hussars, however, the whole of this retreat during the finest period of summer and with sufficient supplies was a very simple and agreeable business.

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befits a good soldier and not to think of the general trend of affairs, but only of the task nearest to hand. First they camped gaily before Vilna, making acquaintance with the Polish landowners, preparing for reviews and being reviewed by the Emperor and other high commanders. Then came an order to retreat to Sventsyáni and destroy any provisions they could not carry away with them. Sventsyáni was remembered by the hussars only as the drunken camp, a name the whole army gave to their encampment there and because many complaints were made against the troops who taking advantage of the order to collect provisions, took also horses, carriages and carpets from the Polish proprietors. Rostov remembered Sventsyáni because on the first day of their arrival at that small town he changed his sergeant-major and was unable to manage all the drunken men of his squadron who unknown to him had appropriated five barrels of old beer. From Sventsyáni they retired farther and farther to Drissa and thence again beyond Drissa, drawing near to the frontier of Russia proper.

On the thirteenth of July the Pávlograd took part in a serious action for the first time.

On the twelfth of July, on the eve of that action, there was a heavy storm of rain and hail. In general, the summer of 1812 was remarkable for its storms.

The two Pávlograd squadrons were bivouacking on a field of rye which was already in ear but had been completely trodden down by cattle and horses. The rain was descending in torrents and Rostov, with a young officer named Ilyin, his protégé, was sitting in a hastily constructed shelter. An officer of their regiment with long mustaches extending onto his cheeks, who after riding on the staff had been overtaken by the rain, entered Rostov's shelter.

I have come from the staff, Count. Have you heard of Račski's exploit?

And the officer gave them details of the Salátanov battle which he had heard at the staff.

Rostov, smoking his pipe and turning his head about as the water trickled down his neck, listened inattentively with an occasional glance at Ilyin, who was pressing close to him. This officer, a lad of sixteen who had recently joined the regiment, was at now in the same relation to Nicholas that Nicholas had been to Denisov seven years before. Ilyin tried to intimate Rostov in every thing and addressed him as a girl might have done.

Zdrizhaski, the officer with the long mus-

BOOK NINE

he spoke graciously of the S. It is a
being Russian Thermopylae and of
deed to thy of ant qu ty h d been per
rased by General Raevski. Here counted h w
Raevski had led his two sons onto the d m un
fire d h d charged w th t em be

the mud came running back to the sl anty
Hurrah! Rostov came quickly. I found it
About two hundred years is away there is a tavern
where ours have already gathered. We can at
least get dry there and M. ry Hendrikhovna is
there

M. ry Hendrikhovna was the wife of the re-
ment doctor a pretty young German woman
he had married in Poland. The doctor wheth-
er for lack of means or because he did not
like to part from his young wife in the early
days of their marriage took her about with
him wherever the Hussar regiment went and
his jealousy had become a kind of joke among
the Hussar officers.

by experience the men always when de
he himself had

in the rain and the sun
on the night by the lightning
Rostov: where are you?
Her: What lightning! they called it one
another

PETER XIII

and then
Rostov looked at them. He was in the first
place there. He was in such confusion
and could go to the point that was being
told that if Raevski did not do so then
too late he would be except perhaps
some of the men resting him. He was
the rest could not have been with
him. Raevski came to the door. And
those who did not want to be there

the first of the first did not tap

in the room
room were welcomed with merry shouts and
laughter
D. m. how joyfully we are! I. Rostov
laughed

And why do you not take the eggs?
What swell they are! Why the water
treasure in the mill? Not to make our wings
soom so wet

D. m. met M. ry Hendrikhovna
cried the

Rostov: I have to go to the
where they will go to the
with the young Mary
and they were going to
blind partition
to be completely filled with
play cards by the door of the
on an empty box, and then

Id. th. tk. my brother. Pe. y. u.
m. Ilyi. h. stranger. m. but n.
Id. b. tw. Id. h. tired. put th. in som.
her. der. N. ch. las. n. n. u. ed. t.
th. k. ash. l. t. dt. Zdrzhn. k. Bu. h. dd.
t. exp. ess. h. th. h. s. f. u. h. m. ers.
too. h. h. d. ga. ed. exp. er. n. H. kn. w. th.
th. tal. d. u. ded. h. gl. ry. f. u. rm.
d. so. h. d. p. nd. t. t. d. ub. And
I. t. ed. d. gly. d. Ilyi. no.
I. d. h. y. m. l. h. Zdrzh. k.
c. g. th. Ros. d. d. l. h. Zdrzh. k.
ra. My. ock. ngs. d. hurt. nd.
th. wa. er. run. ng. n. my. se. t. l. l. go. d.
look. for. h. i. er. Th. ra. seem. less. heavy.
I. u. d. Zdrzh. k. od. w. y.
F. m. es. l. Ilyi. n. pl. h. g. thr. gh.

Henrik
a pett coat to be worn as
h. d. th. s. w. e. r. F. or
by. Lam. el. i. s. to. l. ad.

changed their wet things for dry ones

A fire was made up in the dilapidated brick stove. A board was found fixed on two saddles and covered with a horsecloth. A small samovar was produced and a cellar and half a bottle of rum and having asked Mary Hendrikhovna to preside they all crowded round her. One offered her a clean handkerchief to wipe her charming hands, another spread a jacket under her little feet to keep them from the damp, another hung his coat over the window to keep out the draft, and yet another waved the flies off her husband's face lest he should wake up.

Leave him alone, said Mary Hendrikhovna, smiling timidly and happily. He is sleeping well as he is after a sleepless night.

Oh no, Mary Hendrikhovna replied the officer, one must look after the doctor. Perhaps he'll take pity on me someday when it comes to cutting off a leg or an arm for me.

There were only three tumblers, the water was so muddy that one could not make out whether the tea was strong or weak, and the samovar held only six tumblers of water, but this made it all the pleasanter to take turns in

cards behind the partition soon left their game and came over to the samovar, yielding to the general mood of courting Mary Hendrikhovna. She seeing herself surrounded by such brilliant and polite young men, beamed with satisfaction, try as she might to hide it, and perturbed as she evidently was each time her husband moved in his sleep behind her.

There was only one spoon, sugar was more plentiful than anything else, but it took too long to dissolve, so it was decided that Mary Hendrikhovna should stir the sugar for every one in turn. Rostov received his tumbler and adding some rum to it, asked Mary Hendrikhovna to stir it.

But you take it without sugar? she said, smiling all the time, as if everything she said and everything the others said was very amusing and had a double meaning.

It is not the sugar I want, but only that your little hand should stir my tea.

Mary Hendrikhovna assented and began looking for the spoon which someone meant to hide had pounced on.

Use your finger, Mary Hendrikhovna, it will be still nicer, said Rostov.

Too hot! she replied, blushing with pleasure.

Ilyin put a few drops of rum into the bucket

finger in it and I'll drink it all up.

When they had emptied the samovar Rostov took a pack of cards and proposed that they should play kings with Mary Hendrikhovna. They drew lots to settle who should make up her set. At Rostov's suggestion it was agreed that whoever became king should have the right to kiss Mary Hendrikhovna's hand and that the Booby should go to refill and reheat the samovar for the doctor when the latter awoke.

Well, but supposing Mary Hendrikhovna is king? asked Ilyin.

As it is she is Queen and her word is law.

They had hardly begun to play before the doctor's disheveled head suddenly appeared from behind Mary Hendrikhovna. He had been awake for some time, listening to what was being said, and evidently found nothing entertaining or amusing in what was going on. His face was sad and depressed. Without greeting the officers, he scratched himself and asked

and thereby became a them. Returning from the yard, the doctor told his wife (who had ceased to smile so happily and looked at him in alarm, awaiting her sentence) that the rain had ceased and they must go to sleep in their covered cart, or every thing in it would be stolen.

But I'll send an orderly. Two of them! said Rostov. What an idea, doctor!

I'll stand guard on it myself! said Ilyin. No gentlemen, you have led your sleep, but I have not slept for two nights, replied the doctor, and he sat down more closely beside his wife, waiting for the game to end.

Seeing his gloomy face as he frowned at his wife, the officers grew still merrier, and some of them could not refrain from laughter for which they hurriedly sought plausible pretexts. When he had gone to kiss his wife with him, and had settled down with her in their covered cart, the officers lay down in the tavern, covering themselves with the red cloaks, but they did not sleep for a long time, now they exchanged remarks, recalling the doctor's un-

and his wife's delight, now they ran into the porch and reported what was taking place in the covered trap. Several times Rostov covered his head, tried to get sleep, but some remark would rouse him and conversation would be resumed, to the accompaniment of unreasoning, merry childlike laughter.

CHAPTER XX

It was early three o'clock but no one was yet asleep when the quartermaster appeared with an order to move on to the little town of Ostrova. Still laughing and talking, the officers began bundling everything ready and went on boiled some muddy water in the samovar. But Rostov went off to his squadron without waiting for tea. Day was breaking, the rain had ceased, and the clouds were dispersing. It felt damp and cold, especially in clothes that were still moist. As they left the town in the twilight of the dawn, Rostov and Ilyin both glanced under the wet and glutinous leather hood of the doctor's cart, from under the pron of which his feet were sucking out, and the muddle of which his wife's high cap was visible and her every breath audible.

"She really is dear! till this," said Rostov to Ilyin, who was following him.

A charming woman, said Ilyin, with all the graces of a boy of sixteen.

Half an hour later the squadron was lined up on the road. The command was heard to move on, and the soldiers crossed themselves and mounted. Rostov rode in front of the column. "Forward!" cried the hussars, with clanking sabers and subdued talk. Their horses hoofs splashed in the mud, defiled in files and moved along the broad road planted with birch trees in each direction. The infantry and battery that had gone on in front.

Tinted, blue-purple clouds, eddying in the east, were scudding before the wind. It was growing lighter and higher. That curly grass which always grows by country roads became clearly visible, still wet with the night rain, the drooping branches of the birches, all so wet, swayed in the wind and flung down bright drops of water to the ground. The soldiers' faces were more and more clearly visible. Rostov always closely followed by Ilyin rode along the side of the road between the rows of birch trees.

When campaign began Rostov allowed himself the indulgence of riding against the wind but

Cossack horse. A judge of horses and sportsman he had lately procured himself a large, fine mettlesome Donets horse dun-colored, with light mane and tail and when he rode it no one could outgall him. To ride this horse was pleasure to him, and he thought of the horse of the morning of the doctor's wife but not once of the impending danger.

Formerly when going into action Rostov had felt afraid, now he had not the least feeling of fear. He was fearless, not because he had grown used to being under fire (one cannot grow used to danger) but because he had learned how to manage his thoughts when in danger. He had grown accustomed when going into action to think about anything but what would seem most likely to interest him—the impending danger. During the first period of the war he tried a good deal of this.

birch trees, occasionally plucking grass and

and careless as a as though he were out of it. And he had needed with propriety the excited face of Ilyin who talked much and in great agitation. He knew from experience the tremendous expectation of terror and death the cornet was offering and knew that only time could help him.

As soon as the sun appeared on a clear trip of sky beneath the clouds, the wind fell as if it dared not spoil the beauty of the summer morning after the storm drops still continued to fall but veraciously now and then it was still. The white sun appeared on the horizon and disappeared behind the narrow cloud that hung about it. A few minutes later it reappeared.

ahead of them.

Before Rostov had had time to consider and determine the distance of that firing, Count Ostermann-Tolstoy's adjutant came galloping from the back with orders to advance to a trot along the road.

The squadron overtook and passed the infantry and the battery—which had also quickened their pace—rode down hill, and passing through an empty and deserted village gained

changed their wet things for dry ones

A fire was made up in the dilapidated brick stove. A board was found fixed on two saddles and covered with a horsecloth. A small samovar was produced and a cellaret and half a bottle of rum and having asked Mary Hendrikhovna to preside they all crowded round her. One of her a clean handkerchief to wipe her charming hands another spread a jacket under her little feet to keep them from the damp another hung his coat over the window to keep out the draft and yet another waved the flies off her husband's face lest he should wake up. Leave him alone said Mary Hendrikhovna smiling timidly and happily. He is sleeping well as it is after a sleepless night.

Oh no Mary Hendrikhovna replied the officer one must look after the doctor. Perhaps he'll take pity on me someday when it comes to cutting off a leg or an arm for me.

There were only three tumblers the water was so muddy that one could not make out whether the tea was strong or weak and the samovar held only six tumblers of water but this made it all the pleasanter to take turns in order of seniority to receive one tumbler from Mary Hendrikhovna's plump little hands with their short and not overclean nails. All the officers appeared to be and really were in love with her that evening. Even those playing cards behind the partition soon left their game and came over to the samovar yielding to the general mood of courting Mary Hendrikhovna. She seeing herself surrounded by such brilliant and polite young men beamed with satisfaction try as she might to hide it and perturbed as she evidently was each time her husband moved in his sleep behind her.

There was only one spoon sugar was more plentiful than anything else but it took too long to dissolve so it was decided to

Hendrikhovna to stir it.

But Mary Hendrik

But you take it without sugar? she said smiling all the time as if everything she said and everything the others said was very amusing and had a double meaning.

It is not the sugar I want but only that your little hand should stir my tea.

Mary Hendrikhovna assented and began looking for the spoon which someone meanwhile had pounced on.

Use your finger Mary Hendrikhovna it will be still nicer said Rostov.

Too hot! she replied blushing with pleasure.

Ilyin put a few drops of rum into the bucket of water and brought it to Mary Hendrikhovna asking her to stir it with her finger.

This is my cup said he. Only dip your finger in it and I'll drink it all up.

When they had emptied the samovar Rostov took a pack of cards and proposed that they should play kings with Mary Hendrikhovna. They drew lots to settle who should make up her set. At Rostov's suggestion it was agreed that whoever became king should have the right to kiss Mary Hendrikhovna's hand and that the Booby should go to refill and reheat the samovar for the doctor when the latter awoke.

Well but supposing Mary Hendrikhovna is king? asked Ilyin.

As it is she is Queen and her word is law.

They had hardly begun to play before the doctor's disheveled head suddenly appeared from behind Mary Hendrikhovna. He had been awake for some time listening to what was being said and evidently found nothing entertaining or amusing in what was going on. His face was sad and depressed. Without greeting the officers he scratched himself and asked to be allowed to pass as they were blocking the way. As soon as he had left the room all the officers burst

drinking and then returned to the yard the doctor told his wife (who had ceased to smile so happily and looked at him in alarm awaiting her sentence) that the rain had ceased and they must go to sleep in their covered cart or every thing in it would be stolen.

But I'll send an orderly. Two of them said Rostov. What an idea doctor!

I'll stand guard on it myself said Ilyin.

No gentlemen you have had your sleep but I have not slept for ten nights replied the doctor and he sat down morosely beside his wife waiting for the game to end.

Seeing his gloomy face as he frowned at his wife the officers grew still merrier and some of them could not refrain from laughing for which they hurriedly sought plausible pretexts. When he had gone taking his wife with him and had settled down with her in the covered cart the officers lay down in the tavern covering themselves with the wet cloaks but they did not sleep for a long time now they exchanged remarks recalling the doctor's un-

horse a d gall ped t tersect the p th f the
dragons d so d edl One Uhl n stopped
another h as on foot fl g h mself to the

Rostó p k to e grayh se dashed
after him. O the way he came upon bu h
his galla t h rse cle r d d al m t b f e
he had right d hms If m his ddle he saw
that he would umm d tely o take the en
emy h had s l cted. That F e chman by h
un f rm fic w s g g at gall p
crouch g n his gray h rs nd urg g t on
wh h h

Th

ock t his h rse d f m f ght. R to
reined hush rse and h yes sou ht his fo
to s e wh m h had q hed. Th F ench
dragon fter was hopp g w th e foot on
th gr und th ther be g ca ght n th t
rup H eyes crewed p w th fe as f he
every mom t exp t d the blow gazed
up t R to with hr k g t rr H p l
and m d ta ed f -f d you w th a
dumple n the ch d l ight bl e eyes—was
not an enemy fac t ll ted t t l field,
b t a most d ry h m l k f e B fo
Rostó had d d d what t d w th h m th
ficer cried, I s rr der! He h rr edly but
v s ly tr d t get his foot ut f the t rr p
d d d t remo e his frighte d bl ves
from

thou h h l goo e was w ded, b t
g p hush rse the was perched p b
h d Hussar w th h arms d h m
third was b g helped by n huss t mo nt
his horse. I fro t, th Fre ch f try w re
fr gas they ran. The hussars gall p d hast ly
ba k w th the p iso rs. Rostó gall p db k
w th rest, wa e f pl t f l
f d p s h he rt. Som th g gu
d fused, wh ch he co ld t t ll
ow t f h d me er h m w th the captur
f th t ff er d th bl wh had deal hum.

Cou t Osterman Tol tóy met the return
ing hussars sent for Rostóy tha ked h m nd
s d he w uld rep t h gall e deed to the
Empe and would recommend h m f St
George Cross Wh n sent for by Count Oster
m n Rostó remember ng t l t l e had
ch rged w thout ord m f t su ch s comm d
e w s end g fo h m to p sh h m fo
b ch f d scipl e Osterm n n s fl tter ng
wo ds and p m e of a rew d should t l

worry g me? he asked h mself as he ode
l k f m the ge eral Hly? No he s saf
H e l d sgrac d my elf nyw y? No that
not it. Som th e else esembl e mors
tormented h m Yes h yes that F ench of
ficer w th the d mpl And I remembe low
my rm p used wh n I r ed t

Rostó saw th p soners be g led away d
gall p d fter th m t ha e look t h
Fre chman w th the d mple n his ch He
w s t t g n h f e g n f rm n an iu r
e k hors nd looked nx sly ab t h m
The sw d cut on h rm e uld sea cely b

O l s t

All th t d y and the ne t h f e ds d

m n l n d kept tu g someth g er
n h mind.

Ro t was fw w th t h

cameu m! And d d l do t f my co ntry'
s k? And h w w he to bl m with h d m
pl nd blu eyes? A d h w fr ght ned he w l

But wh le N cholas was co der o l

ascended. The horses began to lather and the men to flush.

Halt! Dress your ranks! the order of the regimental commander was heard ahead. Forward by the left. Walk, march! came the order from in front.

And the hussars passing along the line of troops on the left flank of our position halted behind our Uhlans who were in the front line. To the right stood our infantry in a dense column; they were the reserve. Higher up the hill on the very horizon our guns were visible through the wonderfully illu-

from
er

c u = us with the enemy in the dale

At these sounds long unheard Rostov's spirits rose as at the strains of the merriest music. *Trap ta ta tap!* cracked the shots now together now several quickly one after another. Again all was silent and then again it sounded as if someone were walking on detonators and exploding them.

The hussars remained in the same place for about an hour. A cannonade began. Count Ostermann with his suite rode up behind the squadron, halted, spoke to the commander of the regiment and rode up the hill to the guns.

After Ostermann had gone a command rang out to the Uhlans:

Form column! Prepare to charge!

The infantry in front of them parted into platoons to allow the cavalry to pass. The Uhlans started the streamers on their spears fluttering and trotted downhill toward the French cavalry which was seen below to the left.

As soon as the Uhlans descended the hill the bullets were ordered up the hill.

the batt-
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The sounds which he had not heard for so long had an even more pleasurable and exhilarating effect on Rostov than the previous sounds of firing. Drawing himself up he viewed the field of battle opening out before him from the hill and with his whole soul felt

five minutes later our Uhlans were galloping back not to the place they had occupied but more to the left and among the orange-colored

Uhlans on chestnut horses and behind them in a large group blue French dragoons on gray horses could be seen.

CHAPTER XV

Rostov with his keen sportsman's eye was one of the first to catch sight of these blue French dragoons pursuing our Uhlans. Nearer and nearer in disorderly crowds came the Uhlans and the French dragoons pursuing them. He could already see how these men who looked so small at the foot of the hill jostled and overtook one another waving their arms and their sabers in the air.

Rostov gazed at what was happening before him as at a hunt. He felt instinctively that if the hussars struck at the French dragoons now the latter could not withstand them but if a charge was to be made it must be done now. That very moment or it would be too late. He looked around. A captain standing beside him was gazing like himself with eyes fixed on the cavalry below them.

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Rostov without waiting to hear him out, touched his horse galloped to the front of his squadron and before he had time to finish giving the word of command the whole squadron sharing his feeling was following him. Rostov himself did not know how or why he did it. He acted as he did when hunting without reflecting or considering. He saw the dragoons near and that they were galloping in disorder; he knew they could not withstand an attack—knew there was only that moment and that if he let it slip it would not return. The bullets were hitting and whistling so stimulatingly around him and his horse was so eager to go that he could not restrain himself. He touched his horse gave the word of command and immediately hearing behind him the tramp of the horses of his deployed squadron rode at full trot downhill toward the dragoons. Hardly had they reached the bottom of the hill before their pace instinctively changed to a gallop which grew faster and faster as they drew nearer to our Uhlans and the French dragoons who galloped after them. The dragoons were not close at hand. On seeing the hussars the foremost began to turn while those behind began to halt. With the same feeling with which he had galloped across the path of a wolf Rostov gave rein to his Donat

borne d galloped t intersect the p th f the

I all the Fren h dragoo sw egall p gb ck
Rostó pck go t ne grayh rse dashed
after him. O th ay he came pon bush
his galla th rse cleared t, d hm t bef e
he had m hted hims lf i his saddle he saw
that he m ld immed t ly ovc take the en
emy h had selected. That Fre hm n by his
m f rm an fficer wa go g t gallop
cro ch go his gray h rse d urg g t on
with h sabe I oth m me t Rostó s
horse dashed us breastaga t the h nd quarters
f th officers h m lmost k ocking t o er
and t th same nst t Rostó w th t kn w
ing why raised his saber d truck the Fre ch
ma with t.

The t a the had d th all Rostó s
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up t Rostó w th h r k g terro H s p l
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not an enemy face t lls ted t b t l field
b t a most rd ary h m l k e f e B e f re
Rostó had d cid d wh t t d w th h m the
officer cried I surre der! He hurr edly h t
vainly tried to get his foot o t f th t rrup
a d d d n t rem his fri ht ed bl e eyes
from Rostó s f ce. Som hussars who gall ped
p d se gaged h foot d h l p d h m t
th saddle. O all d the h sars w e busy
w th th dragoo o e was w ded, b t
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nd fused hu heart. Som th g z ou
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f th t off er d th blow he had d lt him.

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Emperor nd would recomme d him f a St
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b ll from the general lly? No l e s safe
ll e l d graced my elf n ny way? N that
not t. Som thing else resembl g rem rse
t rmented h m. Yes oh yes that French of
fice w th the d mple And I remember h w
my rm p used when I m sed t

Rostó saw th p son r s be gled a ay i
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ascended. The horses began to lather and the men to flush.

Halt! Dress your ranks! the order of the regimental commander was heard ahead. Forward by the left. Walk march! came the order from in front.

And the hussars passing along the line of troops on the left flank of our position halted behind our Uhlans who were in the front line. To the right stood our infantry in a dense column; they were the reserve. Higher up the hill on the very horizon our guns were visible through the wonderfully

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11 — Our advanced line already in action could be heard briskly exchanging shots with the enemy in the dale.

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Form column! Prepare to charge!

The infantry in front of them parted into platoons to allow the cavalry to pass. The Uhlans started the streamers on their spears fluttering and trotted downhill toward the French cavalry which was seen below to the left.

As soon as the Uhlans descended the hill the hussars were ordered up the hill to support the battery the Uhlans and winning effect.

The sounds which he had not heard for so long had an even more pleasurable and exhilarating effect on Rostov than the previous sounds of firing. Drawing himself

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CHAPTER XV

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Rostov gazed at what was happening before him as at a hunt. He felt instinctively that if the hussars struck, at the French dragoons now the latter could not withstand them but if a charge was to be made it must be done now. That very moment or it would be too late. He looked around. A captain standing beside him, was gazing like himself with eyes fixed on the cavalry below them.

Andrew Sevast'yanich! said Rostov. You know we could crush them.

A fine thing too! replied the captain and really.

Rostov without waiting to hear him out, touched his horse galloped to the front of his squadron and before he had time to finish giving the word of command the whole squadron sharing his feeling was following him. Rostov himself did not know how or why he did it. He acted as he did when hunting without reflecting or considering. He saw the dragoons near and that they were galloping in disorder he knew they could not withstand an attack—knew there was only that moment and that if he let it slip it would not return. The bullets were whining and whistling so tumultuously around him and his horse was so eager to go that he could not restrain himself. He touched his horse gave the word of command and immediately hearing behind him

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before their pace instinctively changed to a gallop which grew faster and faster as they drew nearer to our Uhlans and the French dragoons who galloped after them. The dragoons were now close at hand. On seeing the hussars the foremost began to turn while those behind began to halt. With the same feeling with which he had galloped across the path of a wolf Rostov gave rein to his Donets

the slightly harmful pills in the little box had to be administered? Even to Natášha herself it was pleasant to see that so many sacrifices were being made for her sake and to know that she had to take medicine at certain hours though she declared that no medicine would cure her and that twice in the course of the week she refused that he did not believe in medical treatment and did not value her life.

The doctor came every day felt her pulse looked at her to gauge and regardless of her grief-stricken face looked at her when he had gone to her room to which the countess hurried! followed him, he assumed a grave air and thoughtfully shook his head and that though there was danger he had hopes of the effect of this last medicine. One must wait and see, that the malady was chiefly mental, he said. And the countess trying to conceal the concern in herself and from him, slipped a good coin to his hand and he was returned to the patient with more tranquil mind.

The symptoms of Natášha still less were that she felt little, little coughed, and was in low spirits. The doctors said that she could not get without medical treatment, so they kept her in the atmosphere of the town, and the Rosovs did not move to the country that summer.

In spite of the many pills swallowed and the drops and powders of the little bottles and boxes of which Vladimir Schow who was fond of such things made large collections did in spite of being deprived of the country life to which she was accustomed, youth prevailed. Natášha's grief began to be overlaid by the impressions of daily life it ceased to press so painfully on her heart, gradually faded to the past, and she began to recover physically.

CHAPTER XVII

NATÁSHA WAS CALMER but no happier. She not merely avoided all external forms of pleasure—baths, promenades, concerts, and lectures—but she never laughed without a sound of tears in her laughter. She could no longer as she began to laugh, or tried to smile by herself, tears choked her throat, or removed tears that the recollection of those past times which could never return, tears of exaltation that she should no more be running and her own life which might have been so happy. Laughter and no particular seemed to her like blinding in face of her sorrow. When any

need of self-restraint no wish to coquet came to her head. She said and felt at that time that no man was more to her than Natášha Iváno in the buffoon. Something stood sentinel within her, and she felt that every joy besides, he had lost all the old interests of her carefree girlish life that had been so full of hope. The previous autumn the hunt, the Uncle and the Christmas holidays spent with Nicholas and Otrádnoc were what he recalled oftenest and most painfully. What would she not have given to bring back even a single day of that time! But it was gone forever. Her presentiment at the time had not deceived her—that that taste of freedom and readiness for any enjoyment would not return again. Yet it was necessary to live on.

nothing to come. There was no joy in life yet. It was passing. Natášha apparantly tried not to be burdened by her fate to any one, but wanted in things for herself. She kept away from everyone in the house and felt at ease only with her brother Pétya. She liked to be with him better than with the others, and when also with him she sometimes laughed. She hardly ever left the house and of those who came to see them was glad to see only one person, Pierre. It would have been impossible to treat her with more delicacy, greater care, and at the same time more seriously than did Count Benukho. Natášha was conscious of this delicacy and so found great pleasure in his society. But she was not even grateful to him for anything good on Pierre's part seemed to her to be an effort, it seemed so natural for him to be kind to everyone that there was no merit in his kindness. Sometimes Natášha noticed embarrassment and awkwardness on his part, her presence, especially when he wanted to do something to please her or feared that something they took of would awaken memories distressing to her. She noticed this and tributed it to his general kindness and kindness, which she imagined must be the same toward everyone as it was to her. After those banal platitudes—that if he were free he would have knelt on his knees before her and her love—uttered at a moment when she was so tragically gratified, Pierre never spoke to Natášha of his feelings and it seemed plain to her that those words which had then so comforted her were

an hussar battalion and when a brave officer was needed he was chosen

CHAPTER XVI

ON RECEIVING NEWS of Natásha's illness the countess though not quite well yet and still weak went to Moscow with Pétya and the rest of the household and the whole family moved from Márya Dmítrievna's house to their own and settled down in town

Natásha's illness was so serious that fortunately for her and for her parents the consideration of all that had caused the illness her conduct and the breaking off of her engagement receded into the background. She was so ill that it was impossible for them to consider in how far she was to blame for what had happened. She could not eat or sleep grew visibly thinner coughed and as the doctors made them feel was in danger. They could not think of anything but how to help her. Doctors came to see her singly and in consultation talked much in French German and Latin blamed one another and prescribed a great variety of medicines for all the diseases known to them but the simple idea never occurred to any of them that they could not know the disease Natásha was suffering from as no disease suffered by a live man can be known for every living person has his

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maladies of those or gans. This simple thought could not occur to the doctors (as it cannot occur to a wizard that he is unable to work his charms) because the business of their lives was to cure and they received money for it and had spent the best years of their lives on that business. But above all that thought was kept out of their minds by the fact that they saw they were really useful as in fact they were to the whole Rostov family. Their usefulness did not depend on making the patient swallow substances for the most part harmful (the harm was scarcely perceptible as they were given in small doses) but they were useful necessary and indispensable because they satisfied a mental need of the invalid and of those who loved her—and that is why there are and always will be pseudo-healers wise women homeopaths and allopaths. They satisfied that eternal human need for hope of relief for sympathy and that

something should be done which is felt by those who are suffering. They satisfied the need seen in its most elementary form in a child, when it wants to have a place rubbed that has been hurt. A child knocks itself and runs all over in the arms of its mother or nurse to have the aching spot rubbed or kissed and it feels better when this is done. The child cannot believe that the strongest and wisest of its people have no remedy for its pain and the hope of relief and the expres

her that it would soon pass if only the coachman went to the chemist's in the Arbát and got a powder and some pills in a pretty box for a ruble and seventy kopeks and if she took those powders in boiled water at intervals of precisely two hours neither more nor less.

What would Sónya and the count and countess have done how would they?

which supplied an occupation and consolation to the family circle? How would the count have borne his dearly loved daughter's illness had he not known that it was costing him a thousand rubles and that he would not grudge thousands more to benefit her or had he not known that if her illness continued he would not grudge yet other thousands and could take her abroad for consultations there and had he not been able to explain the details of how Léon and Félise had not understood the symptoms but Frise had and Mudrov had diagnosed them even better? What would the countess have done had she not been able sometimes to scold the not strictly

she would you won't obey the doctor and take your medicine at the right time! You mustn't trifle with it you know or it may turn to pneumonia! she would go on deriving much comfort from the utterance of that foreign word incomprehensible to others as well as to herself.

What would Sónya have done without the glad consciousness that she had not undressed during the first three nights ready

the world harmful pills in the little box had to be destroyed? E = Natasha herself it was pleasant to see that so many sacrifices were being made for her sake. She did not know that she had to take medicine at certain hours though she decided that medicine would cure her and that was all nonsense. And it was even pleasant to be able to know by disregarding the orders, that he did not believe in medical treatment and did not take her life.

The doctor came every day felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and regardless of her grief tricked face joked with her. But when he had gone to another room to which the countess hurriedly followed him, he assumed a grave air and thoughtfully shaken his head said that though there was danger he had hopes of the effect of this last medicine. He did not must wait and see that the malady was chiefly mental, but . . . And the countess, trying to conceal the truth from herself and from him, slipped gold coins into his hand and he was turned to the patient with more tranquil mind.

Then —

"And the Rostovs did not move in the country that summer."

"I spent the months in wallowing and the drops and powders in the little bottles and boxes in which the Vassilissa Schoss who was fond of such things made large collections of drops. I began to feel deprived of the country life to which she was accustomed, with prevailed. Natasha began to be overladen by the importation of daily life. It ceased to press so painfully on her heart, it gradually faded to the past, and she began to recover physically."

CHAPTER XVII

NATASHA WAS CALMER and happier. She no longer needed all external forms of pleasure — balls, promenades, concerts and lectures — but she never laughed without a sound of tears in her laughter. She could not laugh. As soon as she began to laugh, or tried to smile by herself, tears broke her tears. I remove, tears the collection of those pure times which could never return, tears of exaltation that she should so uselessly have ruined her young life which might have been so happy. Laughter and joy in particular seemed to her like blasphemy in face of her sorrow without any

need of self-restraint, no wish to coquet ever entered her head. She said and felt at that time that no man was more to her than Nastasya. In no way the buffoon. Something stood sentinel within her and forbade her every joy. Besides, he had lost all the old interests of her carefree girlhood. Life that had been so full of hope. The previous autumn the husband, Nicholas and the Christmas holidays spent with Nicholas and Otridnoe were what she recalled the most and most painfully. What would she not have given to bring back even a single day of that time! But it was gone forever. Her presentiment that the time had not deceived her — that that state of freedom and readiness for any enjoyment would not return again — it was necessary to live on.

It comforted her to reflect that she was not better as she had formerly imagined, but worse much worse than anybody else in the world. But this was not no help. She knew that, and asked herself, "What next? But there was

from every corner of the house, a faint teasingly with her brother Petya. She liked to be with him better than with the others, and when alone with him she sometimes laughed. She hardly ever left the house and of those who came to see them was glad to see only one person so Pierre felt would have been impossible to treat her with more delicacy greater care and

"Pierre part seemed to her so beautiful, it seemed so in rural life, him to be kind to everyone that there was no merit in his kindness. Sometimes Natasha not embarrassed and awkwardness on his part her presence especially when he wanted to do something to please her or feared that something they spoke of would . . . distress . . . which everyone was to her. After those in ordinary words — that if he were free he would have asked his knees for her hand and her . . . stered moment when she was so tragically gitated, Pierre never took to Natasha of his feelings and seemed playful to her that those words, which had then so comforted her were

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something should be done which is felt by those who are suffering. They satisfied the need seen in its most elementary form in a child, when it wants to have a place rubbed that has been hurt. A child knocks itself and runs at once to the arms of its mother or nurse to have the aching spot rubbed or kissed and it feels better when this is done. The child cannot believe that the strongest and wisest of its people have no remedy for its pain and the hope of relief and the expression

It would her bump assuring her that it would soon pass if only the coachman went to the chemist's in the Arbát and got a powder and some pills in a pretty box for a ruble and seventy kopeks and if she took those powders in boiled water at intervals of precisely two hours neither more nor less.

What would Sonya and the countess have done how would it

occupation and consolation to the family circle? How would the countess have borne his dearly loved daughter's illness had he not known that it was costing him a thousand rubles and that he would not grudge thousands more to benefit her or had he not known that if her illness en

could the countess have done had she not been able sometimes to scold the invalid for not strictly obeying the doctor's orders?

You'll never get well like that she would say forgetting her grief in her vexation if you won't obey the doctor and take your medicine at the right time! You mustn't trifle with it you know or it may turn to pneumonia she would go on deriving much comfort from the utterance of that foregone word comprehensible to others as well as to herself.

What would Sonya have done without the glad consciousness that she had not undressed during the first three nights in order to be ready to carry out all the doctor's injunctions with precision and that she still kept awake at night so as not to miss the proper time when

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though he declared that you could
 cure her that twam ill in nose And twas
 even pleasant to be blind in by dis regard
 ing the others, that she did not believe in medical
 treatment did not value her life

The doctor came every day if he pulse
 looked at her tongue regardless of her
 grietick I joked with her But when
 he had gone into another room in which the
 countess hurriedly fell wed him, he assumed
 a grave and thoughtfully hunched his head
 said that though she was dangerous he had
 hopes of effect (this) treatment and
 on muscled and see that the malady was
 chiefly mental But And the countess try-
 ing to conceal the fact from herself and him
 hum, lipped gold coins to his hand and
 way returned to the patient with more tran-
 quility.

The symptoms of Nāśha less were that
 he felt little physical comfort and was
 always low spirited. The doctors said that he
 could get with medical treatment, so
 they kept her in the suffocating atmosphere of the
 town and the doctor did not come to the
 country that number of 8.

I put the many pills which I had
 the doctors powdered into the little bottles
 and boxes which I had from Schloss which
 found of which made large collections and
 put the doctor in the country I felt
 which she was cured with peace led
 Nāśha's grief began to be obliterated by the
 impressions of life that came to pass so
 peacefully her heart gradually died to
 the past, and he began to recover physically.

CHAPTER XVII

Nāśha was called exuberant happier She not
 merely died in excess of pleasures

need of self restraint no wish to coquet
 entered her head She said and felt that me-
 tle no more was more to her than Nāśha
 Ivān the buffoon. Something stood in
 the way of her and so bade her every joy Be-
 sides he had lost all the old interests of her
 carefree girl he felt that had been so full of hope
 The present autumn the hunting Uncle

he began to bring back even a single day of
 that time But it was gone forever Her pre-
 sentiment of the time had not deceived her—
 that the state of freedom and readiness for
 any enjoyment would not return again Yet it
 was necessary to live on

It comforted her to reflect that she was the
 best of all she had formerly enjoyed but worse
 than worse than anybody else in the world.
 But this was not enough. She knew that and
 asked herself What next? But there was
 nothing to come. There was no joy in life yet
 life was passing Nāśha apparently tried not
 to be bored or a hundred to anyone but
 waited thus for herself. She kept away
 from every man in the household felt teased
 only with her brother Petya She liked to be with
 him better than with the others and when
 alone with him she sometimes laughed. She
 hardly ever left the house and of those who
 came to see her was glad to see only one per-
 son. Perrin It would have been impossible to
 trust him with the delicacy great care and
 the same time more seriously than did Count
 Bezukhov Nāśha unconsciously felt the deli-
 cacy of so fond great pleasure in his society
 But she was not even grateful to him for it
 in this good in Perrin's spirit seemed to her to
 be sufficient, it seemed so natural for him to be
 kind to her that she was not in-
 debtedness. Sometimes Nāśha not in-
 debtedness did not know of it on her part
 her presence especially when he was tired and

even of those pure times which I
 ever in my tears of exultation that he should
 so selfishly have ruined his glorious health
 might have been so happy. Lau had
 my part cul seemed her like blind
 phony for her sorrow Which

every case it was that he. After those
 tary was that if he were healthy would he
 asked him to see her hand and her

an hussar battalion and when a brave officer was needed he was chosen

CHAPTER XVI

ON RECEIVING NEWS of Natásha's illness the countess though not quite well yet and still weak went to Moscow with Pétya and the rest of the household and the whole family moved from Márya Dmitrievna's house to their own and settled down in town

Natásha's illness was so serious that fortunately for her and for her parents the consideration of all that had caused the illness her conduct and the breaking off of her engagement receded into the background. She was so ill that it was impossible for them to consider in how far she was to blame for what had happened. She could not eat or sleep grew visibly thinner coughed and as the doctors made them feel was in danger. They could not think of anything but how to help her. Doctors came to see her singly and in consultation talked much in French German and Latin blamed one another and prescribed a great variety of medicines for all the diseases known to them but the simple idea never occurred to any of them that they could not know the disease Natásha was suffering from as no disease suffered by a live man can be known for every living person has his own and!

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marriages of those or
gans. This simple thought could not occur to the doctors (as it cannot occur to a wizard that he is unable to work his charms) because the business of their lives was to cure and they received money for it and had spent the best years of their lives on that business. But above all that thought was kept out of their minds by the fact that they saw they were really useful as in fact they were to the whole Rostov family. Their usefulness did not depend on making the patient swallow substances for the most part harmful (the harm was scarcely perceptible as they were given in small doses) but they were useful necessary and indispensable because they satisfied a mental need of the invalid and of those who loved her—and that is why there are and always will be pseudo-healers and women homeopaths and allopaths. They satisfied that eternal human need for hope of relief for sympathy and that

something should be done which is felt by those who are suffering. They satisfied the need seen in its most elementary form in a child, when it wants to have a place rubbed that has been hurt. A child knocks itself and runs once to the arms of its mother or nurse to have the aching spot rubbed or kissed and it feels better when this is done. The child cannot believe that the strongest and wisest of its people have no remedy for its pain and the hope of relief and the expression of its mother's sympathy while she rubs the bump comforts it. The doctors were of use to Natásha because they kissed and rubbed her bump assuring her that it would soon pass if only the coachman went to the chemist's in the Arbat and got a powder and some pills in a pretty box for a ruble and seventy kopeks and if she took those powders in boiled water at intervals of precisely two hours neither more nor less.

What would Sonya and the count and countess have done how would they have looked if nothing had been done if there had not been those pills—the cluck life order which an occupation and consolation to the family circle? How could the count have borne his dearly loved daughter's illness had he not known that it was costing him a thousand rubles and that he would not grudge thousands more to benefit her or had he not known that if her illness continued he would not grudge yet other thousands?

tom
nose

What would the countess have done had she not been able sometimes to scold the invalid for not strictly obeying the doctor's orders?

You'll never get well like that she would say forgetting her grief in her vexation if you won't obey the doctor and take your medicine at the right time! You mustn't trifle with it you know or it may turn to pneumonia she would go on deriving much comfort from the utterance of that foreign word incomprehensible to others as well as to herself.

What would Sonya have done without the glad consciousness that she had not undressed during the first three nights—ready with proper time when

in Moscow people spoke f an ppeal b the Empero to the people and of his comi g hum self from the arm to Moscow And as up to the eleventh f July no ma fest o appeal had been rect ed, exaggerated reports becam current bo t them d bo t the pos tion of Russia. It was said that the Empero was lea ing the arm because t was in daner t was said that Smol k had surrendered, that N pocon had arm f mull n nd only mard could sa e Russia.

On the eleventh f July which was Satur da the ma fest was ece ed b t wa n t et in print, d Pierre who wa t the Rost v promised t met d n er next day Sunda and bri cop of th man fest and ppeal, which h w uld bita n fr m Count Rostopchin.

That Sunday the Rostó went to Mass t Le Razumó his priat chapel as usual. It was a hot July day E n ten o'clock, when Le Rostóv got t f the cam ge t the chapel, th ultry ir the hous f h whers, the light and gay summer clothes f th crowd, the dusty lea s f the trees on the boulevard, the sounds f th ba d nd the wht trousers of batalio marchu t parad th rattl g f thea on th cobblesto es nd th brill t, the sunshine ere all full of that ummer lan guor that content d disc nt w th th p sent, such a most tro gly f it on bright, hot day town. All th Mosc w tab l ues, all the Rost n aqua tan es were t the Razu móv's chapel f as f expectu g smeth g to happe man wealthy fam l es who usually left town for th r cou try esta es had n t gone way that mmer As N tasha her mother ud passed thr h th cr wd be hind li eried footman who leared th way forthem, sh heard youngman peakin bout her in too loud whisper

"That Rostó a, th who
"Sh m ch thun er b t all th same she s pret

He heard, thou-ht sh heard the names of Kuri nd Bolk k. B t he was always m m g that. It alway seemed t her that evryon who looked her wa th nks nly of at had happened to her W th kun heart, wretched h ill vs wa ow wh n he found herself cr wd, N tasha n her lace f k dress trimmed w h bl k l ce walked as omen ca walk-w th th more repose and tat l ess th greater th pa n d hame in her soul. Sh k ew f certa n that h was prett bu this no lo -er ga her satisfactio

as t used to. On the contrary t tormented her more than anythi g else of l te dp rt ular l so on this bright hot ummer day n town Its Su d y ga n- othe week pa t, she

no ood to an e. b e t k o u y i t t o t i s
de nd exchanged nods w th aqua nta ces near her From hab s he scruti ized the l des dresses condemned the bear g of l dysta d ng close by who was n t cross g herself properly b t n cramped manner d ga n she th ught w th exatio that she was herself be - j d red d was jud n g others, nd sud d nly t the sou d of th serv ce she felt hor rified t her own vile ess, h rrtified that the f rmer pur ty of her soul was ga n lost t her

A comely fresh-looking ld man was con ducting the serv ce w th that m ld solemn ty which has so le at nd soothu n effect on the souls of th w rsh pers. Th gates of the sanctuary screen wer closed the curtain was lowl drawn a d from beh d t soft my te n us pro ou ced som words Tears th cause of which sh herself d d n t u derst d mad N tasha bea t thea e d joy us but ppress e feel g tated h

Teach me what I h uld do how to li e my l f how I may grow good f rever f ever he pleaded.

The deaco cam out onto the ra sed pace bef e th altar screen nd, holdi g h s thumb ex ended drew hu l hair from under his dalmatu and, making the gu f the cross on his breast, bevan n l ud nd solemn n to ex e th wo ds of th prayer

In peace let us pray u t th Lord.

As o commun tv w th ut d t u ct on of class, w th ut nmury un ted by brotherly l e -l t us pray tho ht N tasha.

For th pea that from bo e, and f th salvatio of our souls.

For th w ld of gel nd ll th pirts who dwell bo us, prayed N tasha.

Wh n they prayed f th warriors, sh thou ht of her brother nd D nso When they prayed f ll tra li - by land nd sea ll remembered Prince A drew prayed fo hum, nd asked God to f rgr her all the wro gs sh had d e him. When they pra ed f those who lo e us, she prayed f r the mem-

spoken as all sorts of meaningless words are spoken to comfort a crying child. It was not because Pierre was a married man but because Natasha felt very strongly with him that moral barrier the absence of which she had experienced with Kuragin that it never entered her head that the relations between him and her self could lead to love on her part still less on his or even to the kind of tender self-conscious romantic friendship between a man and a woman of which she had known several instances.

Before the end of the fast of St. Peter Agrafena Ivanovna Belova a country neighbor of the Rostovs came to Moscow to pay her devotions at the shrines of the Moscow saints. She suggested that Natasha should fast and prepare for Holy Communion and Natasha gladly welcomed the idea. Despite the doctors orders that she should not go out early in the morning Natasha insisted on fasting and preparing for the sacrament not as they generally prepared for it in the Rostov family by attending three services in their own house but as Agrafena Ivanovna did by going to church every day for a week and not once missing Vespers Matins or Mass.

The countess was pleased with Natasha's zeal after the poor results of the medical treatment in the depths of her heart she hoped that prayer might help her daughter more than medicines and though not without fear and concern for it from the doctor she agreed to Natasha's wish and entrusted her to Belova. Agrafena Ivanovna used to come to wake Natasha at three in the morning but generally found her already awake. She was afraid of being late for Matins. Hastily washing and meekly putting on her shabbiest dress and an old mantilla Natasha shivering in the fresh air went out into the deserted streets lit by the clear light of dawn. By Agrafena Ivanovna's advice Natasha prepared herself not in their own parish but at a church where according to the devout Agrafena Ivanovna the priest was a man of very severe and lofty life. There were never many people in the church. Natasha always stood beside Belova in the customary place before an icon of the Blessed Virgin. Let into the screen before the choir on the left side and a feeling new to her of humility before something great and incomprehensible seized her when at that unusual morning hour gazing at the dark face of the Virgin illuminated by the candles burning before it and by the morning light falling from the window

she listened to the words of the service which she tried to follow with understanding. When she understood them her personal feeling became interwoven in the prayers with its own sweeter stand even so pure that it is impossible to understand all that it is only necessary to believe and to commit oneself to God whom she felt guiding her soul at those moments. She crossed herself bowed low and when she did not understand in horror at her own vileness simply asked God to forgive her everything and to have mercy upon her. The prayers to which she surrendered herself most of all were those of repentance. On her way home at an early hour when she met no one but bricklayers going to work or men sweeping the street and everybody within the houses was still asleep Natasha experienced a feeling new to her a sense of the possibility of correcting her faults the possibility of a new clean life and of happiness.

During the whole week she spent in this way that feeling grew every day. At last

it seemed to Natasha so great that she felt she should never live till that blessed Sunday.

But the happy day came and on that memorable Sunday when dressed in white muslin she returned home after communion for the first time for many months she felt calm and not oppressed by the thought of the life that lay before her.

The doctor who came to see her that day ordered her to continue the powder.

She used to use the powder particularly about it.

Be quite easy he continued playfully. He adroitly took the gold coin in his palm. She will soon be singing and frolicking about. The last medicine has done her a very great deal of good. She has freshened up very much.

The countess with a cheerful expression on her face looked down at her nails and spat a little for luck as she returned to the drawing room.

CHAPTER XVIII

AT THE BEGINNING of July more and more disturbing reports about the war began to spread

in Moscow people spoke of appeal to the Emperor to the people. And of his coming from the army to Moscow. And as up to the month of July no man fest or appeal had been received, exaggerated reports became current about them. And about the position of Russia. It was said that the Emperor was leaving the army because it was dangerous to him. And that Smolensk had surrendered that the power had an arm. I shall not only make good in Russia.

On the eleventh of July which was Saturday the manifest was received that was not in the manifest. And Pierre who was in the Rostovs promised to come to dinner next day. And the dinner of the manifest and appeal, which he would obtain from Count Rostopchin.

That Sunday the Rostovs went to visit the Razumovskis private chapel usual. It was hot July day. Even at noon, when the Rostovs got out of the carriage to the chapel, the sultry air, the shouts of hawkers, the light dress summer clothes of the crowd, the dusty leaves of the trees on the boulevard, the sounds of the band of the white trousers of battalion march, the rattling of wheels on the cobblestones, the brilliant, hot sunshine were all full of that summer in the air that so tentatiously new with the present. It is most terrible to find on bright, hot days in so many All the Moscow tabernacles, all the Rostovs acquaintances, were in the Razumovskis chapel as if expecting something to happen many wealthy families who usually left town for their country estates had not gone away this summer. And Tasha, their mother and passed through the crowd behind her cried footman who cleared the way for them, she heard you man peak about her in a low voice.

"That Rostova this who
"Oh much this is but all the same she pretends

She heard, thought she heard, the names of Kuragin and Bolkonnikov. But he was always imagining that. It always seemed to her that even he looked at her with only what had happened to her with Kuragin. And she heard she always was with her. She found herself crowded. Tasha her black dress trimmed with black lace walked—as women can walk—with the more repose and tranquillity the greater peace of mind in her soul. She knew that she was pretentious but this no longer gave her satisfaction

as it used to. On the contrary it tormented her more than anything else of late and particularly so on the bright hot summer day in town.

It is Sunday again—another week past, she thought recall now that she had been here the Sunday before and twice the same life that no life and the same unworldly as which she used to be so very violent in her impressions and I know that I am good I used to be bad but now I know I am good, she thought. But let my best efforts be done. She stood by her mother's side and exchanged nods with acquaintances near her. From habit she scrutinized the dresses, dresses, condemned the bearing of all bystanders close by who was not carrying herself properly but in cramped manner and again she thought with exaltation that she was herself being judged and was judging others. And did not think of the sound of the service. He felt horrified at the own silliness, horrified that the

sanctuary screen were closed, the curtain was lowly drawn and from behind it soft mysterious omissions occurred some words. Tears, the cause of which she herself did not understand. And Tasha beamed at her. And joyous but oppressively felt she stated her

Teach me what I should do, how to live in life, how I may grow good I never I never he pleaded.

The deacon came out onto the raised place before the altar screen and, holding his thumb extended drew his long hair from under his dalmatian and, making the sign of the cross on his breast, began in a low and solemn voice to recite the words of the prayer

In peace let us pray unto the Lord.
A communion with us disturbed by brotherly class, with us united by brotherly life—let us pray this night in Tasha.

"For the peace that from above, and for the salvation of our souls.

For the world of angels and all the spirits who dwell about us prayed in Tasha.

When they prayed for the warm air, she thought of her brother and Denis. When they prayed for all the living and the dead, she remembered Prince Andrei who prayed for him and asked God to forgive her all the wrongs she had done him. When they prayed for those who loved us, she prayed for the mem-

spoken as all sorts of meaningless words were spoken to comfort a crying child. It was not because Pierre was a married man, but because Natasha felt very strongly with him that moral barrier, the absence of which she had experienced with Kuragin, that it never entered her head that the relations between him and herself could lead to love on her part. Still less on his, or even to the kind of tender self-conscious romantic friendship between a man and a woman of which she had known several instances.

Before the end of the fast of St. Peter and Paul, Agrafena Ivanovna Belova, a country neighbor of the Rostovs, came to Moscow to pay her devotions at the shrines of the Moscow saints. She suggested that Natasha should fast with her for the first time.

Very welcome, they thought, to go out early in the morning. Natasha insisted on fasting and preparing for the sacrament, not as they generally prepared for it in the Rostov family by attending three services in their own house, but as Agrafena Ivanovna did, by going to church every day for a week and not once missing Vespers, Matins, or Mass.

The countess was pleased with Natasha's zeal after the poor results of the medical treatment in the depths of her heart she hoped that prayer might help her daughter more than medicines and, though not without fear and concealing it from the doctor, she agreed to Natasha's wish and entrusted her to Belova. Agrafena Ivanovna used to come to wake Natasha at three in the morning, but generally found her already awake. She was afraid of being late for Matins. Hastily washing and meekly putting on her shibboleth dress and an old mantilla, Natasha, shivering in the fresh air, went out into the deserted streets lit by the clear light of dawn. By Agrafena Ivanovna's advice, Natasha prepared herself, not in their own parish, but at a church where, according to the devout Agrafena Ivanovna, the priest was a man of very severe and lofty life. There were never many people in the church.

At the choir on the left side and a feeling new to her of humility before something great and incomprehensible seized her when at that unusual morning hour, gazing at the dark face of the Virgin illuminated by the candles burning before it and by the morning light falling from the window,

she listened to the words of the service which she tried to follow with understanding. When she understood them, her personal feeling became interwoven with

its own sweeter star.

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believe

and trust oneself to God whom she felt guiding her soul at those moments. She crossed herself, bowed low, and when she did not understand in horror at her own silence, simply asked God to forgive her everything, everything, and to have mercy upon her. The prayers to which she surrendered herself most of all were those of repentance. On her way home at an early hour, when she met no one but bricklayers going to work or men sweeping the street and everybody within the house still asleep, she went to her

her friend and of the week

During the whole week she spent in this way that feeling grew every day.

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seemed to Natasha so great that she felt she should never live till that blessed Sunday.

But the happy day came, and on that memorable Sunday, when, dressed in white muslin, she returned home after communion for the first time for many months, she felt calm and not oppressed by the thought of the life that lay before her.

The doctor who came to see her that day ordered her to continue the powders he had prescribed a fortnight.

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He quite easily continued playfully as he adroitly took the gold coin in his palm. She will soon be singing and frolicking about. The last medicine has done her a very great deal of good. She has freshened up very much.

The countess, with a cheerful expression on her face, looked down at her nails and spat a little for luck as she returned to the drawing room.

CHAPTER XVIII

AT THE BEGINNING of July more and more disturbing reports about the war began to spread.

BOOK NINE

"O Lord our God, in whom we believe and
in whom we put our trust, let us not be con-
founded in our hope of Thy mercy and give
us Thy blessing to those who hate us."

reply to the former question but by her im-
agination. When he listened to or himself took part in
trivial conversations when he read or he read
of human baseness or folly he was not horri-
fied as formerly and did not ask himself why
men struggled so about these things when all
was so comprehensible—but he

Thy people. Show Thy mercy upon us.
O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation. Make the
hearts of Thy servants to rejoice in Thy mercy
and smite down our enemies and destroy them
fully beneath the feet of Thy faithful serv-
ants. For Thou art the defender of the weak and
the victor of them that put their trust in Thee.
And to Thee be all glory to Father, Son, and
Holy Ghost, now and forever, world without
end. Amen.

In this receipt of the soul this
prayer affected her mightily. She listened to ev-
ery word about the entry of Moses over Am-
alek, of Gideon over Midian, and of David over
Goliath, and about the destruction of Thy
Jerusalem, and he prayed to God with the

She shared with all her heart in the pray-
er that put righteousness in the triumph
of the heart by faith and hope and in
imitation by life. But she could not pray that
her enemies might be trampled under foot
because a few minutes before she had been
wishing he had more of them that she might
pray for them. But neither could she doubt

him to come again and fill the world
with his knowledge. And his soul felt calm and
peaceful.

Pierre still went into society drank as much
and led the same dissipated life be-
cause besides the hours he spent at the Ros-
to there were other hours he had to spend
somehow and the habit was and circumstances he
had made in Moscow formed a current that
boiled him along irresistibly. But latterly when
more and more disquieting reports came from
the east of war and Natasha's health began to

was, and especially of her own mind he
prayed to God to forgive them all and her too
and to give them all and her too peace and
happiness. And it seemed to her that God
heard her prayer.

CHAPTER XIX

For when Pierre felt leaving the
Ros with Natasha grateful look fresh in
his mind, had gazed at the comet that seemed to
be fixed there by day and felt that some new
appearance in his own horizon—from that
day the problem of the anxiety and uselessness
of earthly things that had incessantly to
menace him no longer pursued itself. That
terrible question "Why? Where? For which
had come to him in every occupation, was
now replaced, not by another question but by

called to Pierre the following prophecy con-
cerning Napoleon drawn from the Revelation
of St. John.

In chapter 13 verse 8 of the Apocalypse,
it is said:

Here is wisdom. Let him that hath un-
derstanding count the number of the
beast for it is the number of man and
his number is Six hundred threescore and
six.

And in the fifth verse of the same chapter—

And there was given to him mouth
speak great things and blasphemies

bers of her own family her father and mother and Sónya realizing for the first time how wrongly she had acted toward them and feeling all the strength of her love for them When they prayed for those who hate us she tried to think of her enemies and people who hated her in order to pray for them She included among her enemies the creditors and all who had business dealings with her father and all ways at the thought of enemies and those who hated her she remembered Anatole who had done her so much harm—and though he did not hate her she gladly prayed for him as for an enemy Only at prayer did she feel able to think clearly and calmly of Prince Andrew and Anatole as men for whom her feelings were as nothing compared with her awe and devotion to God When they prayed for the Imperial family and the Synod she bowed very low and made the sign of the cross saying to herself that even if she did not understand still she could not doubt and at any rate loved the governing Synod and prayed for it

When he had finished the Litany the deacon crossed the stole over his breast and said Let us commit ourselves and our whole lives to Christ the Lord!

Commit ourselves to God Natásha inwardly repeated. Lord God I submit myself to Thy will she thought I want nothing wish for nothing teach me what to do and how to use my will! Take me take me! prayed Natásha with impatient emotion in her heart not crossing herself but letting her slender arms hang down as if expecting some invisible power at any moment to take her and deliver her from herself from her regrets desires remorse hopes and sins

The countess looked round several times at her daughter's softened face and shining eyes and prayed God to help her

Unexpectedly in the middle of the service and not in the usual order Natásha knew so well the deacon brought out a small stool the one he knelt on when praying on Trinity Sunday and placed it before the doors of the sanctuary screen The priest came out with his purple velvet biretta on his head adjusted his hair and knelt down with an effort Every body followed his example and they looked at one another in surprise Then came the prayer just received from the Synod—a prayer for the deliverance of Russia from hostile invasion

clergy read and which acts so irresistibly on a Russian heart

Lord God of might God of our salvation! Look this day in mercy and blessing on Thy humble people and graciously hear us spare us and have mercy upon us! This foe conquering the whole world are gathered to destroy loved Russia O gentle Thy temples to overthrow Thy altars and to desecrate our holy shrines How long O Lord how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they wield unlawful power?

Lord God! Hear us when we pray to Thee strengthen with Thy might our most gracious sovereign lord the Emperor Alexander Pavlovich be mindful of his uprightness and

thy kingdom by Thy almighty hand and give him victory over his enemy even as Thou gavest Moses the victory over Amalek Gideon over Midian and David over Goliath Preserve his army put a bow of brass in the hands of those who have armed themselves in Thy Name and gird their loins with strength for the fight Take up the spear and shield and arise to help us confound and put to shame those who have devised evil against us may they be before the faces of Thy faithful warriors as dust before the wind and may Thy mighty Angel confound them and put them to flight may they be ensnared when they know it not and may the plots they have laid in secret be turned against them let them fall before Thy servants feet and be laid low by our hostile Lord Thou art able to save both great and small Thou art God and man cannot prevail against Thee!

God of our fathers! Remember Thy bounteous mercy and loving kindness which re from of old turn not Thy face from us but be gracious to our unworthiness and in Thy great goodness and Thy many mercies regard not our transgressions and iniquities! Create in us a clean heart and renew a right spirit within us strengthen us all in Thy faith fortify our hope inspire us with true love one for another arm us with unity of spirit in the righteous defense of the heritage Thou gavest to us and to our fathers and let not the scepter of the wicked be exalted against the destiny of those Thou hast sanctified

BOOK NINE

"O Lord our God, in whom we believe and in whom we put our trust, let us not be confounded in our hope of Thy mercy and give us, O Lord, Thy blessing, that those who hate us and our Orthodox faith may see it and be put to shame and perish, and may all the nations know that Thou art the Lord and we are Thy people. Show Thy mercy upon us this day, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation, make the hearts of Thy servants to rejoice in Thy mercy, smite down our enemies and destroy them swiftly beneath the feet of Thy faithful servants. O Thou with defense, the succor and the protector of them that put their trust in Thee, and to Thee be all glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now and forever, world without end. Amen.

I N tasha's receipt, conducted in soul this prayer affected her terribly. She listened to every word, to the cry of Moses over Aaron, to the Lord's decree over Midian, and of David over Goliath, and about the destruction of "Thy Jerusalem, and she prayed to God with the tenderness and emotion with which her heart was overflowing, but with fully understanding that what was asked of God in that prayer was shared with all her heart in the prayer for the purified righteousess, with the sure giving of the heart by faith, and the peace of its animation by the Spirit. But she could not pray that her enemies might be trampled under foot, when but few minutes before she had been warning him that more than them that he might pray for them. But neither could she doubt the righteousness of the prayer that was being read, bended knees. She felt in her heart the dreadfulness of what the thought of the punishment that overtakes men if they are disobedient, especially if he owns me and he prayed to God to forgive them, and her too, and to give them all, and her too peace and happiness. And seemed to her that God heard her prayer.

CHAPTER XIX

When Peter after leaving the Rose with N tasha, grateful look fresh in his mind had gazed at the comet that seemed to be fixed in the sky, did it that something new was appearing on his horizon—from that day the problem of the reality and uselessness of earthly things, that had ceased to torment him, no longer pressed itself. That terrible question "Why?" "Where?" which had come to him amid every occupation was now replaced, not by another question, but by

reply to the former question, but by her image. When he listened to or himself took part in trial conversations, when he read or heard of human baseness or folly, he was not horrified as formerly and did not ask himself why men struggled so about these things when life is so transient and incomprehensible—but he remembered her as he had last seen her, and all his doubts and unhappiness—because she had answered the question that had haunted him, but because his conception of her transferred him in a moment to another, brighter realm of spiritual activity in which no one could be justly guilty—a realm of beauty and love.

himself.

"Well, supposing N tasha has swindled the country and the Tsar and the country and the Tsar confer honors upon him, what does that matter? She smiled to me yesterday and asked me to come again and I love her and no one will ever know it. And his soul felt calm and peaceful.

Pierre still went into society, drank as much and led the same idle dissipated life because besides the hours he spent at the Rossetts there were other hours he had to spend somehow, and these hours and acquaintances he had made in Moscow formed current thoughts bore him along irresistibly. But lately when more disquieting reports came from the seat of war, N tasha's health began to improve and he no longer aroused in him the former feeling of careful piety, an ever increasing restlessess, which he could not explain, took possession of him. He felt that the condition he was in could not continue, and that catastrophe was coming which would change his whole life. He had impatiently sought everywhere for signs of that approaching catastrophe. One of his brothers, a Mason, had recalled to Pierre the fulfillment of a prophecy concerning Napoleon, drawn from the Revelation of St. John.

In chapter 3, verse 8 of the Apocalypse it is said:

Here wind me. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of man, and his number. Six hundred threescore and six.

And in the fifth verse of the same chapter

And the ewe was given unto him a mouth, and he spake great words, and blasphemed

bers of her own family her father and mother and Sónya realizing for the first time how wrongly she had acted toward them and feeling all the strength of her love for them. When they prayed for those who hate us she tried to think of her enemies and people who hated her in order to pray for them. She included among her enemies the creditors and all who had business dealings with her father and all ways at the thought of enemies and those who hated her she remembered Anatole who had done her so much harm—and though he did not hate her she gladly prayed for him as for an enemy. Only at prayer did she feel able to think clearly and calmly of Prince Andrew and Anatole as men for whom her feelings were as nothing compared with her awe and devotion to God. When they prayed for the Imperial family and the Synod she bowed very low and made the sign of the cross saying to herself that even if she did not understand still she could not doubt and at any rate loved the governing Synod and prayed for it.

When he had finished the Litany the deacon crossed the stole over his breast and said: Let us commit ourselves and our whole lives to Christ the Lord!

Commit ourselves to God! Natásha inwardly repeated. Lord God I submit myself to Thy will! she thought. I want nothing wish for nothing teach me what to do and how to use my will! Take me take me! prayed Natásha with impatient emotion in her heart not crossing herself but letting her slender arms hang down as if expecting some invisible power at any moment to take her and deliver her from herself from her regrets desires remorse hopes and sins.

The countess looked round several times at her daughter's softened face and shining eyes.

well the deacon brought out a small stool the one he knelt on when praying on Trinity Sun

hair and knelt down with an effort. Every body followed his example and they looked at one another in surprise. Then came the prayer just received from the Synod—a prayer for the deliverance of Russia from hostile invasion.

Lord God of might God of our salvation! began the priest in that voice clear not grandiloquent but mild in which only the Slav

clergy read and which acts so irresistibly on a Russian heart.

Lord God of might God of our salvation! Look this day in mercy and blessing on Thy humble people and graciously hear us spare us and have mercy upon us! This foe confounding Thy land desiring to lay waste the

loved Russia to defile Thy temples to overthrow Thine altars and to desecrate our holy shrines. How long O Lord how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they wield unlawful power?

Lord God! Hear us when we pray to Thee

ness reward him according to his righteousness and let it preserve us. Thy chosen Israel! Bless his counsels his undertakings and his work strengthen his kingdom by Thine almighty hand and give him victory over his enemy even as Thou gavest Moses the victory over Amalek Gideon over Midian and David over Goliath. Preserve his army put a bow of brass in the hands of those who have armed themselves in Thy Name and gird their loins with strength for the fight. Take up the spear and shield and arise to help us confound and put to shame those who have devised evil against us may they be before the faces of Thy faithful warriors as dust before the wind and may Thy mighty Angel confound them and put them to flight may they be ensnared when they know it not and may the plots they have laid in secret be turned against them let them fall before Thy servants feet and be laid low by our hosts! Lord Thou art able to save both great and small Thou art God and man can not prevail against Thee.

God of our fathers! Remember Thy bounteous mercy and loving kindness which are from of old turn not Thy face from us but be gracious to our unworthiness and in Thy great goodness in Thy many mercies regard not our transgressions nor our iniquities! Create in us a clean heart and renew a right spirit within us strengthen us all in Thy faith fortify our hope inspire us with true love one for another arm us with unity of spirit in the

of ever since the appearance of the comet and
especially in the beginning of the war
He had to give thanks of one thing
and would have said so before the
hundred, first, by his membership of the Soc
of Freemason which he was bound by o
and which preached perpetual peace and the ab
[war] and accordingly by the fact that

NINE
 Perre h d not seen in h r for a long time You
 kno N chola h s rece ed a St Georges
 Cro s? I am o proud of h m
 Oh yes I sent that a nouncement But I
 d nt want to t rrupt y u he added nd
 was bout to go to th draw n room
 N t l topped h m
 Count it wrong of me to s ng l e sa
 blush nd g her eyes nqu gly o
 h m

the beast th t poke gr t d bl plem us
th gsh d bee p edest edf m t n ty nd
that the f re h ght n t to unde take)
th g b t t f wh t wa bou d to come to
pass.

She
w Perre
flushed her words. I saw n u same my
ord th t h Bolk sk (he wh pered the
n me ha t ly) n Rus a d n the my
k -! wa pe k ng

CHAPTER LX

CHAPTER XX
A FEW INTIMATE FRIENDS were dining with the
Roi that day as usual on Sunday.

Perre cam arly so t f d th m lone
H h d gro n so t f d th m lone
oudha bee b rm l h d h t been so
tall so broad flmb nd so t g l the car
ned h b l k w the d n t e

He w e t p h t a r s p u f f i g d m u t t g
s o m e t h g H s c o h m n d d n t e n k
h t e r h e w a s t w a t H k n w i t h t w n h u s
m a s t e r a t t h R o s t r h t a y e d t u l l m d
g h t. T h R o s f o o t m n r u s h e d e r l y
f o r w d t h l p h m f f w t h l o a k d t h
h u s h a t d u k P r r e f r o m c l u b l b t a l
w a l l t b o t h a t d u c k n t h t r o o m

The first person he saw in the house was his father. He saw him while he was practicing his exercises in the music room. He was with

By associating of death with the
carried back to the day he tried to
comfort him he had said that if we are not here

th m
Yes y u you he s a d tten th
wordy u rapt rously— that diff renth m
I know no o k de mo ege rou m bet
te than y u n body could b ! H d y u n t
been the the d now too ! d n t k
wh t w l d ha m come fme because

Tears suddenly rose in her eyes. He turned away, lifted his mustache before he began walking up a d d in the room.

Just then Petya came running in from the drawing room.

Pé ya wa n w h d som rosy l d f fitee
w t l full ed l p d resembled N tasha. H
was prep g t te th n r s ty but l e
nd his f nd Obolé k had lat ly n cret
greed to jo the hussars.

Pétya h d om rush g o t t talk t h s
namesake bo t th s aff ur He h d ked

be t h room g g Sh h d he back t
bm h p edth doo but whe tur
g q kly h saw h b d u pri d f
she blushed d cam rap dly t him
l a t t try to g an h sad dd
g as if by way f excuse t lea t some-
thing t do.

"That capital

Il wgl d l m you e com l l m so hap-
py today sh sad w th the ld n m t

and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months

The French alphabet written out with the same numerical values as the Hebrew in which the first nine letters denote units and the others tens will have the following significance

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s		
20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90		
t	u	v	w	x	y				
100	110	120	130	140	150				
		z							
		160							

Writing the words *L'Empereur Napoléon* in numbers it appears that the sum of them is 666 and that Napoleon was therefore the beast foretold in the Apocalypse. Moreover by applying the same system to the words *quarante deux* which was the term allowed to the beast that spoke great things and blasphemies the same number 666 was obtained from which it followed that the limit fixed for Napoleon's power had come in the year 1812 when the French emperor was forty-two. This prophecy pleased Pierre very much and he often asked himself what would put an end to the power of the beast that is of Napoleon and tried by the same system of using letters as numbers and adding them up to find an answer to the question that engrossed him. He wrote the words *L'Empereur Alexandre La nation russe* and added up their numbers but the sums were either more or less than 666. Once when making such calculations he wrote down his own

name Pierre Besouhoff but the sum was not right. He then tried writing a word for the *s* and adding *de* and the article *le* still without obtaining the desired result. Then it occurred to him if the answer to the question were contained in his name his nationality would also be given in the answer. So he wrote *Le russe Besuhof* and adding up the numbers got 671. This was only five too much and five is represented by *e* the very letter elided from the article *le* before the word *Empereur*. Adding the *e* though incorrectly Pierre

what means he was connected with the great event foretold in the Apocalypse he did not know but he did not doubt that connection for a moment. His love for Natasha Antichrist Napoleon the invasion the comet 666 *L'Empereur Napoléon* and *Le russe Besuhof*—all this

lead him to a great achievement and great happiness

On the eve of the Sunday when the special prayer was read Pierre had promised the Rostóvs to bring them from Count Rostopchin whom he knew well both the appeal to the people and the latest news from the army. In the morning when he went to call at Rostopchin's he met there a courier fresh from the army an acquaintance of his own who often danced at Moscow balls.

Do please for heaven's sake relieve me of something! said the courier. I have a sackful of letters to parents.

Among these letters was one from Nicholas Rostóv to his father. Pierre took that letter and Rostopchin also gave him the Emperor's appeal to Moscow which had just been printed the last army orders and his own most recent bulletin. Glancing through the army orders Pierre found in one of them in the lists of killed wounded and rewarded the name of Nicholas Rostóv awarded a St. George's Cross of the Fourth Class for courage shown in the Ostrovna affair and in the same order the name of Prince Andrew Bolkonski appointed to the command of a regiment of Chasseurs. Though he did not want to remind the Rostóvs of Bolkonski Pierre could not refrain from making them happy by the news of their son's having received a decoration so he sent that printed army order and Nicholas' letter to the Rostóvs keeping the appeal the bulletin and the other orders to take with him when he went to dinner.

His conversation with Count Rostopchin and the latter's tone of anxious hurry the meeting with the courier who talked casually of how badly things were going in the army the rumors of the discovery of spies in Moscow and of a leaflet in circulation stating that Napoleon promised to be in both the Russian capitals by the autumn and the talk of the Emperor's being expected to arrive next day—all aroused with fresh force that feeling of agitation and expectation in Pierre which he had been conscious

Including a for the letter in the word
son from the letter to the Emperor —T
Forty two

disavance the appearance of the comet, and especially since the beginning of the war.

He had long been thinking of entering the army and would have done so had he not been hindered. First, by his membership of the Society of Freemasons to which he was bound by oath and which preached perpetual peace and the brotherhood of all men and secondly by the fact that

Pierre had not seen him for a long time. "You know Nicholas has received a St. George's Cross. I am so proud of him."

"Oh yes, I sent that announcement. But I don't want to interrupt you," he added and was about to go to the drawing-room.

Natasha stopped him.

"Count it wrong of me to do so," she said blushing and fixing her eyes inquiringly on him.

When he entered the arm-chair in the study that he was to have been the father of the number of the beast, 666, that his part in the great war of setting limits to the power of the beast that spoke great blasphemies was to have been predestined from eternity and that he ought not to undertake it but wait for what was bound to come to pass.

CHAPTER XX

A FEW EXTRA FRIENDS were dining with the Rostovs that day as usual on Sunday.

Pierre came early so as to find them all together.

He had grown so stout this year that he would have been embarrassed to have been so tall, so broad, so plump, and so strong in the car as he had been the day before.

He went to the stables, puffing and muttering something. His coachman did not even know him. He knew that when he came to the Rostovs he stayed till midnight. The Rostovs' footmen rushed eagerly forward to help him with his cloak and take his hat and stick. Pierre from the club habit, always with both hands tucked in his pocket.

The first person he saw in the house was Natasha. When he saw her she was sitting at the piano in the drawing-room. He knew that she had not been there for some time and so he went to her. He opened the door softly and saw her in the drawing-room. She had her back to him when he entered the door but when she turned round she saw him and he felt a little embarrassed. He came rapidly up to her.

"I want to try," he said, "to do something by way of excuse to you at last something to do."

"That's capital!"

"How glad I am to see you! I am so happy today," she said with the old manner.

you disapproved of I believe in you completely. You don't know how important you are to me how much you do for me. She

would kneel to her knees and thank her for her goodness, and she took possession of him and the same word rose in his lips. But he did not give him time to say them.

"Yes, you," she said, uttering the words rapturously—that different than I know no other more generous belief than you nobody could believe if you not been that thing and now too I don't know what would have become of me because

Tears suddenly rose in her eyes she turned away lifted her hands before her eyes began to grieve and began to walk up and down the room.

Just then Petya came running from the drawing-room.

Petya was now a handsome boy of fifteen with a full head of hair and resembled Natasha. He was preparing to go to the university but he had to go to the Hussars.

Petya had come running to tell his mother about this affair. He had

and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months

The French alphabet written out with the same numerical values as the Hebrew in which the first nine letters denote units and the others tens will have the following significance

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	l
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s		
20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90		
t	u	v	w	x	y				
100	110	120	130	140	150				
		z							
		160							

Writing the words *L'Empereur Napoleon* in numbers it appears that the sum of them is 666 and that Napoleon was therefore the beast foretold in the Apocalypse

and blasphemies the same number 666 was obtained from which it followed that the limit fixed for Napoleon's power had come in the year 1812 when the French emperor was forty-two. This prophecy pleased Pierre very much and he often asked himself what would put an end to the power of the beast that is of Napoleon and tried by the same system of using letters as numbers and adding them up to find an answer to the question that engrossed him. He wrote the words *L'Empereur Alexandre La nation russe* and added up their numbers but the sums were either more or less than 666. On

Then he changed the spelling substituting a z for the s and adding de and the article le still without obtaining the desired result. Then it occurred to him if the answer to the question were contained in his name his nationality would also be given in the answer. So he wrote *Le russe Besuhof* and adding up the numbers got 661. This was only five too much and five was represented by e the very letter elided from the article le before the word *Empereur*. By omitting the e though incorrectly Pierre got the answer he sought *L'russe Besuf* of made 666. This discovery excited him. How or by

Including a 5 for the letter e dropped by elision from the le before *Empereur*—T
Forty two

what means he was connected with the great event foretold in the Apocalypse he did not know but he did not doubt that connect on for a moment. His love for Natasha Antichrist Napoleon the invasion the comet 666 *L'Empereur Napoleon* and *L'russe Besuf* of—all that had to mature and culminate to lift him out of that spellbound petty

On the eve of the Sunday when the special prayer was read Pierre had promised the Rostovs to bring them from Count Rostopchin whom he knew well both the appeal to the people and the latest news from the army. In the morning when he went to call at Rostopchin's he met there a courier fresh from the army an acquaintance of his own who often dined at Moscow balls.

Do please for heaven's sake relieve me of something! said the courier. I have a sackful of letters to parents

appeal to Moscow which had just been printed the first army orders and his own most recent bulletin. Glancing through the army orders Pierre found in one of them in the list of killed wounded and rewarded the name of Nicholas Rostov awarded a St. George's Cross of the Fourth Class for courage shown in the Ostronafna affair and in the same order the name of Prince Andrew Bolkonski appointed to the command of a regiment of Chasseurs. Though he did not want to remind the Rostovs of Bolkonski Pierre could not refrain

keeping the appeal the bulletin and the other orders to take with him when he went to dinner

His conversation with Count Rostopchin and the latter's tone of anxious hurry the meeting with the courier who talked casually of how badly things were going in the army the rumors of the discovery of spies in Moscow and of a leaflet in circulation stating

an agitation and expectation in Pierre which had been conscious

BOOK NINE

others: e the ppe rance of the comet and
 especially ce the beg n n f the wa
 H h d long been th nk fent g thear
 my d uld ha e d ne so had he n t been
 hundred first, by his memb rsh p fth Soc ety
 f Freemaso to which h wa bound by the ab-
 and b chp ead ed perpetual peace d the ab-
 l f a nd ec dly by the f ct th t
 hen h sa th gre mass f Musco te who
 had d ed f rm nd were talking p tr t
 m he som how f l ash med t t k the tep
 B ith ch l aso f t carry g ut h s
 unt t t t army l y n th gue
 dea that h L ru B f who b d the
 umbe f h be 666 th th p t n the
 great f f se g l t b power f
 th bast th poke gr t d bl ph m u
 th g had b p edest ed l m m ty d
 that th f h gh n t t und t k ny
 th g b wa f wh w bound m t
 poss.

CHAPTER XX

A ew E as w d g w th the
 Ros h t d v usu l Su d y
 P r r cam l y so f d them l n
 H had gr so t u t l y ar h t h
 l d ha be b n l h d h n t b
 tall so b d f l b d so ng h t h car
 ed h u b l k w t d
 H p h t a r s p f h g d m u t g
 som h g h h d d n n k
 h t b h H k w th wh n h
 mas as h Ros h t a d l l m d
 gh Th Ros f no m ru h d g ly
 f r w d h l p h m f w d l l k d k
 h ha d k l l r r f n l u b l b t l
 w l l b h l d k h oo
 l h f i p so h saw h h u w N
 a sha E f l h wh wh l k g f f
 h l k h h d l Sl w p c a g sol
 f er es l m m H k w l
 h l d k l l l nes d so h
 d l l I ed d d l gh ed h m
 H p d l d f l d w l th
 l l l es b l l w h h w l k g
 b h g g Sl l d h b k
 l l l p l l d l wh
 g l k l h wh b d l d f
 l l l d l P l l p h m
 l l l r y g h s a d d d
 g l l w f use l som
 l g d
 l l P l m l m so hap-
 H w l l l m l m t n
 P od l s a d w h h l d m t n

P erre had not seen in her for a long time You
 kno v N ch l s h s recei ed a St. Georges
 Cro ? I am so proud of h m

Ol yes I sent t at a nouncement But I
 don't w nt to interrupt you he added and
 wa bout t go to the draw n room.

N tish st pped h m.
 Count t wrong of me to s ng she sa d
 blu h ng d fix ng h r eyes inqu r ngly on

h m W l v l ould t b ? On the n trary
 But why d you k me?

I do kn w myself Natá b nswered
 qu kly but I should not l et d n y l ng
 y ud pp ed of l be l e n y u compl te
 l y ud n t kn w how mpo t nt you are t
 me h w m u h you e d ne f me She
 pok rap dly d d d n t n t ce h w P erre
 flush d h w d l w n th t same m y
 d th t h B l k n k (h wh pered the
 n ne h t ly) n Rus nd n the r m y
 ga n Wh d y uth nk? — he wa spe k ng
 hurr dl den ly f d her urength m gl t
 f l h — W l l he f rg m ? W l l not
 l w y h b t t fe l ng t wa d me? W l t
 d y uth nk? Wh t do y uth nk?
 l h nk I err pl ed t at he h s
 n th ng t f rg f l l w r n h pl
 By sso t n f d P r r w at e
 carr ed b k d d y h n try n to om
 f her t h d d that f h were n t h m
 f l bu th best m th wo l d and f ee he
 w uld k h kn es f r he hand and the
 f l g f p t y t d ness nd l e took
 poss n f h m d h sam w r ds rose t
 h l p But l d d t g e h m t me to say
 h m
 l es y u y hes d utte the

be n t l e the d ow too l u
 m m f m because

d n the oom.

Just th P tya came run g in from the
 draw room.

Pétya was now ha d some msvl d of f fteen
 w th full ed l p and resembled N tisha H
 was p ep ng to e ter the u vers ty b t l e
 d h u f d Obolenski had lately n secret,
 greed t j the husars.

Pétya h d come rush g t to talk t h s
 m mesake bo t this affair He h d asked

Pierre to find out whether he would be accepted in the hussars

Pierre walked up and down the drawing room not listening to what Petya was saying

Petya pulled him by the arm to attract his attention

Well what about my plan? Peter Kirilych for heaven's sake! You're my only hope! said Petya

Oh yes your plan To join the hussars? I'll mention it I'll bring it all up today

Well mon cher have you got the manifesto? asked the old count The countess has been to Miss at the Razumóvskis and heard the new prayer She says it's very fine

Yes I've got it said Pierre The Emperor is to be here tomorrow there's to be an Extraordinary Meeting of the nobility and they're talking of a levy of ten men per thousand Oh yes let me congratulate you!

Yes yes thank God! Well and what news from the army?

We are again retreating They say we're already near Smolensk replied Pierre

O Lord O Lord! exclaimed the count Where is the manifesto?

The Emperor's appeal? Oh yes!

Pierre began feeling in his pockets for the papers but could not find them Still slapping his pockets he kissed the hand of the countess who entered the room and glanced uneasily around evidently expecting Natásha who had left off singing but had not yet come into the drawing room

On my word I don't know what I've done with it he said

There he is always losing everything! remarked the countess

Natásha entered with a softened and agitated expression of face and sat down looking silently at Pierre As soon as she entered Pierre's features which had been gloomy suddenly lighted up and while still searching for the pa-

st have left

Oh! And my coachman has gone

But Sónya & he had gone to look for the papers in the ante-room had found them in Pierre's hat & here he had carefully tucked them under the lining Pierre as about to begin reading

No after dinner said the old count evidently expecting much enjoyment from that reading

At dinner at which champagne was drunk to the health of the new chevalier of St George Shinskin told the town news of the illness of the old Georgian princess of Mússers disappearance from Moscow and of how some German fellow had been brought to Rostopchin and accused of being a French spyer (so Count Rostopchin had told the story) and how Rostopchin let him go and assured the people that he was not a spyer at all but only an old German ruin

People are being arrested said the count I've told the countess she should not speak French so much It's not the time for it now

And have you heard? Shinskin asked Prince Golitsyn has engaged a master to teach him Russian It is becoming dangerous to speak French in the streets

And how about you Count Peter Kirilych? If they call up the militia you too will have to mount a horse remarked the old count addressing Pierre

Pierre had been silent and preoccupied all through dinner seeming not to grasp what was said He looked at the count

Oh yes the war he said Not What sort of warrior should I make? And yet everything is so strange so strange! I can't make it out I don't know I am very far from having military tastes but in these times no one can answer for himself

After dinner the count settled himself comfortably in an easy chair and with a serious face asked Sónya who was considered an excellent reader to read the appeal

To Moscow our ancient Capital!

The enemy has entered the borders of Russia with immense forces He comes to despoil our beloved country

Sónya read painstakingly in her high pitched voice The count listened with closed eyes heaving abrupt sighs at certain passages

Natásha sat erect gazing with a searching look now at her father and now at Pierre

Pierre felt her eyes on him and tried not to look round The countess took her lead & disapprovingly and angrily at every solemn expression in the manifesto In all these words she saw only the danger threatening her son & could not soon be other Shinskin with a sarcastic smile on his lips was evidently preparing

better pretext present itself

After reading about the dangers that threatened Russia, the hopes the Emperor placed on Moscow and especially on its illustrious nobles. So, at that quarter, her voice due to the effort to attend to that was being paid to her reading last words.

"We ourselves will not do it to appear among our people in the Capital and in their presence for consultation and for the direct management of the empire."

of Russia.

"Yes, that," cried the count, opening his mother's door and repeating the story of the Countess had been hidden from his nose and he added, "Let the Emperor but say the word and we'll sacrifice everything and be ready for nothing."

Before Shinshin had time to utter the joke he was ready to make the count's protest, Natascha jumped up from her place and ran to her father.

"What darling our Papa is," she cried kissing him, and she looked at Pierre with the unconscious coquetry that had returned to her with her better spirits.

"There here, please, you said Shinshin."

"Not patriotic to him, but simply," Natascha replied, "injured to me. Everything seems funny to you, but this isn't a tall joke."

A joke indeed, put in the count. "Let him but say the word and we'll go. We're not Germans."

"But did you notice, it says, for consultation?" said Pierre.

"Never mind what I"

At this moment, Pierre, to whom nobody was paying attention, came up to his father with a flushed face and said in his broken gasps that was now deep and wailing.

"Well, Papa, I'll go if you don't mind. I'm not too tired as you please, but I say I'll go this morning."

her husband.

"That comes if you talk," said he.

But then he had already recovered from his excitement.

Come, come! said he. Here's a fine war or! No! Nonsense! You must study.

It's not nonsense, Papa Fédya Obolénki is younger than I and he's going too. Besides, the same I can't study as well as Petya stopped short, flushed till he turned red, but still got out the words when our Father and mother.

"That'll do that'll do—nonsense."

But you said yourself that we would sacrifice everything."

Petya Bequith I tell you, cried the count with a glance at his wife who had turned pale and was ringing fixedly at her son.

And I'll go—Peter Kirsich here will also tell you.

"Nonsense," I tell you, your mother will

study before he has a nap.

"Well, Peter Kirsich let go, said he a smoke," he said.

Pierre was disgusted and undecided. Natascha's unwontedly brilliant eyes continually glanced at him with more than cordial look, had reduced him to this condition.

"No, I think I'll go home."

Will me? Why you meant to spend the evening."

only brighten up when you're here.

"Yes, I had forgotten," I really must go home, business," said Pierre hurriedly.

Will then, said he, said the count and went out of the room.

"Why are you going? Why are you upset, asked Natascha, and he looked challengingly into Pierre's eyes.

Because I love you! was what he wanted to say, but he didn't say it, and only blushed till his tears came and I wiped his eyes.

Because it is better for me to come less often because I don't imply I have business.

"Why? No, I'll go," Natascha began resolutely and suddenly stopped.

They looked at each other with dismayed and embarrassed faces. He tried to smile but could not; his smile expressed suffering and he silently kissed her hand and went out.

Pierre made up his mind not to go to the Rosovs any more.

Pierre to find out whether he would be accepted in the hussars

Pierre walked up and down the drawing room not listening to what Petya was saying

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Yes I've got it said Pierre The Emperor is to be here tomorrow there's to be an Extraordinary Meeting of the nobility and they are talking of a levy of ten men per thousand Oh yes let me congratulate you!

Yes yes thank God! Well and what news from the army?

We are again retreating They say we're already near Smolensk replied Pierre

O Lord O Lord! exclaimed the count Where is the manifesto?

The Emperor's appeal? Oh yes!

Pierre began feeling in his pockets for the papers but could not find them Still slapping his pockets he kissed the hand of the countess who entered the room and glanced uneasily around evidently expecting Natasha who had left off singing but had not yet come into the drawing room

On my word I don't know what I've done with it he said

There he is always losing everything! remarked the countess

Natasha entered with a softened and agitated expression of face and sat down looking silently at Pierre As soon as she entered Pierre's features which had been gloomy suddenly lighted up and while still searching for the pa-

... have left

... none

pe
Pierre's hat where he had carefully tucked them under the lining Pierre was about to begin reading

No after dinner said the old count evidently expecting much enjoyment from that reading

At dinner at which champagne was drunk to the health of the new chevalier of St George's Shinshin told them the town news of the illness of the old Georgian princess of M'livier's disappearance from Moscow and of how some German fellow had been brought to Rostopchin and accused of being a French spyer (so Count Rostopchin had told the story) and how Rostopchin let him go and assured the people that he was not a spite at all but only an old German ruin

People are being arrested said the count I've told the countess she should not speak French so much It's not the time for it now

And have you heard? Shinshin asked Prince Golsyn has engaged a master to teach him Russian It is becoming dangerous to speak French in the streets

And how about you Count Peter Kirilych? If they call up the militia you too will have to mount a horse remarked the old count addressing Pierre

Pierre had been silent and preoccupied all that was

at sort
of a warrior should I make? And yet everything is so strange so strange! I can't make it out I don't know I am very far from having military tastes but in these times no one can answer for himself

After dinner the count settled himself comfortably in an easy chair and with a serious face asked Sonya who was considered an excellent reader to read the appeal

To Moscow our ancient Capital!

The enemy has entered the borders of Russia with immense forces He comes to lespo! o! to beloved country

Sonya read painstakingly in her high pitched voice The count listened with closed eyes hearing abrupt sighs at certain passages

Natasha sat erect gazing with a searching look now at her father and now at Pierre

Pierre felt her eyes on him and tried not to look round The countess shook her head disapprovingly and angrily at the cry solemn expression in the manifesto In all these words she

her son

sar

ring

on-

better pretext present itself

would be too bold. In spite of this he continued to struggle desperately forward, and from between the backs of those in front he caught glimpses of an open place with a trip of red cloth spread out on it but just then the crowd swayed back—the police in front were pushing back those who had pressed too close to the process. The Emperor was passing from the palace to the Cathedral of the Assumption—and Petva unexpectedly received a blow on his forehead and ribs and was staggered so hard that suddenly everything grew dim before his eyes and he lost consciousness. When he came to himself a man of clerical appearance with tuft of gray hair at the back of his head and wearing a blue cassock—probably church clerk and chamberlain—was holding him under the arm with one hand while the pressure of the crowd with the other.

"I crushed the young gentleman said the clerk. "What are you up to? Gently! They've crushed him, crushed him!"

The Emperor entered the Cathedral of the Assumption. The crowd pressed on more and more and the clerk led Petva—pale and breathless—to the Tsar's canopy. Several people were sorry for Petva and sudden crowd turned toward him and pressed around him. Those who took care of him attended to him, unbuttoned his coat, seated him in the raised pulpit of the canopy and approached those others (whoever they might be) who had crushed him.

One might easily get killed that way! What does it mean but to kill people? Poor dear be as well as best!—as our voices were heard so now.

Petva soon came to himself, the color returned to his face, the pain passed and it was only that temporary unpleasantness he had been subjected to by the cannon from which he hoped to see the Emperor who would be returned that way. Petva no longer thought of presenting his petition. If he could only see that Emperor he would be happy!

While the service was proceeding in the Cathedral of the Assumption—it was combined service of prayer on the occasion of the Emperor's arrival and of thanksgiving for the conclusion of peace with the Turks—the crowd outside peeped out and hawkers appeared, selling new kvass, gingerbread, and poppyseed sweets (the little Petva was particularly fond of).

A very large cannon cast in 1483 and preserved in the Moscow Kremlin as a curiosity—Tz.

ordinary conversation could not be heard. A tradesman's wife was showing her shawl and telling how much the shawl had cost; another was saying that all such goods had now got dear. The clerk who had rescued Petva was talking to a functionary about the priests who were officiating that day with the bishop. The clerk several times used the word plenury (of the service) word Petva did not understand. Two young citizens were joking with some English who were cracking nuts. All these conversations especially the joking with the girls were such as might have had particular charm for Petva at this time but they did not interest him in the slightest elevation—

had experienced when he was being crushed, together with that of rapture still further intensified his sense of the importance of the occasion.

Suddenly the sound of firing of cannon was heard from the embankment, to celebrate the signing of peace with the Turks and the crowd rushed impetuously toward the embankment to watch the firing. Petva too would have run there, but the clerk who had taken the young gentleman under his protection stopped him. The firing was still proceeding when officers, generals, and gentlemen waiting came running out of the cathedral, and for them others in more leisurely manner caps were again raised, and those who had run to look at the cannon ran back again. At last uniforms and sashes emerged from the cathedral doors. Hurrah hurrah shouted the crowd again.

"Which is he? Which?" asked Petva in a tearful voice, of those around him, but no one answered him, everybody was too excited. Petva fixing on one of those from whom he could not clearly see for the tears of joy that filled his eyes, concentrated all his enthusiasm on him—though it happened not to be the Emperor—frantically shouted Hurrah and resolved that tomorrow come what might, he would go to him.

The crowd ran after the Emperor followed him to the palace and began to disperse. It

Little Peter was indeed very, expecting he knew not

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER THE definite refusal he had received Pétya went to his room and there locked himself in and wept bitterly. When he came in to tea

and several of the Rostóvs domestic serfs

a grown up man. He frowned before his looking glass, gesticulated, shrugged his shoulders and finally without saying a word to anyone took his cap and left the house by the back door, trying to avoid notice. Pétya decided to go straight to where the Emperor was and to explain frankly to some gentleman in waiting (he imagined the Emperor to be always sur-

drance to loyalty and that he was ready to. While dressing Pétya had prepared many fine things he meant to say to the gentleman in waiting.

It was on the very fact of being so young that Pétya counted for success in reaching the Emperor—he even thought how surprised every one would be at his youthfulness—and yet in the arrangement of his collar and hair and by

ever increasing crowds moving toward the Krémelin the less he remembered to walk with the sedateness and deliberation of a man. As he approached the Krémelin he even began to avoid being crushed and resolutely stuck out his elbows in a menacing way. But within the Trinity Gateway he was so pressed to the wall by people who probably were unaware of the patriotic intentions with which he had come that in spite of all his determination he had to give in and stop while carriages passed in rumbling beneath the archway. Beside Pétya stood a peasant woman, a footman, two trades-

for all the carriages to pass and he was frantically working his way with his elbows, but the woman just in front of him, who was the first against whom he directed his efforts, angrily shouted at him:

What are you shoving for, young lordling?

Don't you see we're all standing still? Then why push?

Anybody can shove, said the footman, and also began working his elbows to such effect that he pushed Pétya into a very filthy corner of the gateway.

Pétya wiped his perspiring face with his hands and pulled up the damp collar which he had arranged so well at home to seem like a man's.

He felt that he no longer looked presentable.

Impossible to smarten oneself up or move to another place because of the crowd. One of the generals who drove past was an acquaintance of the Rostóvs, and Pétya thought of asking his help, but came to the conclusion that that would not be a manly thing to do. When the carriages had all passed in the crowd carrying Pétya with it, streamed forward into the Krémelin Square which was already full of people. There were people not only in the square

ous voices of the crowd that filled the whole Krémelin.

For a while the crowd was less dense but suddenly all heads were bared and everyone rushed forward in one direction. Pétya was being pressed so that he could scarcely breathe and everybody shouted: Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Pétya stood on tiptoe and pushed and pinched, but could see nothing except the people about him.

All the faces bore the same expression of excitement and enthusiasm. A tradesman's wife standing beside Pétya sobbed and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Father! Angel! Dear one! she kept repeating, wiping away her tears with her fingers.

Hurrah! was heard on all sides.

For a moment the crowd stood still, but then

nothing but pushing forward, elbowing in every way and shouting hurrah! as if he were prepared that instant to kill himself and everyone else, but on both sides of him other people with similarly ferocious faces pushed forward and everybody shouted hurrah!

So this is what the Emperor is! thought Pétya. No, I can't petition him myself—that

would be too bold. But in spite of this he continued to struggle desperately forward, and from between the backs of those in front he caught glimpses of an open place with a tripod cloth spread on it, but just then the crowd swirled back—the police in front were pushing back those who had pressed too close to the process—the Emperor was passing from the palace to the Cathedral of the Assumption—and Pétia unexpectedly received such blows on his head and ribs and was rendered so hard that suddenly everything grew dim before his eyes and he lost consciousness. When he came to himself, a man of clerical appearance with tuft of gray hair at the back of his head and wearing a habb-bil-masook—probably church clerk or chanter—was holding him under the arm, while the hand-warden, off the pressure of the crowd with the other.

"You crushed the young gentleman," said the clerk. "What are you up to? Gently! They're crushing him, crushing him!"

The Emperor entered the Cathedral of the Assumption. The crowd spread out a little more evenly, and the clerk led Pétia—pale and breathless—to the Tsar-cannon. Several people were waiting for Pétia, and suddenly the crowd turned toward him and pressed round him. Those who stood nearest him tended to him, unbuckled his coat, seized him on the raised platform of the cannon, and reproached those others (whoever they might be) who had crushed him.

"Oh, might easily get killed that way! What do they mean by killing people? Poor dear he is as white as sheet!—various voices were heard."

Pétia soon came to himself, the cool returned to his face, the pain had passed, and in the cost of that temporary unpleasantness he had obtained place by the cannon from where he hoped to see the Emperor who would be returning this way. Pétia no longer thought of presenting his petition. If he could only see the Emperor he would be happy.

While the service was proceeding in the Cathedral of the Assumption—it was combined service of prayer on the occasion of the Emperor's arrival and of thanksgiving for the conclusion of peace with the Turks—the crowd outside spread out of hawkers appeared, selling kvass, gingerbread, and poppyseed sweets (of which Pétia was particularly fond) and

A very large cannon cast in 1483 and preserved in the Moscow Kremlin as a curiosity.—T.E.

ordinary conversation could now be heard. A tradesman's wife was showing her rent to her husband and telling how much the hawk had cost another was saying that all silk goods had now got dear. The clerk who had rescued Pétia was talking to a functionary about the priests who were officiating that day with the bishop. The clerk several times used the word plenary (of the service) and Pétia did not understand. Two young citizens were joking with some serfs who were cracking nuts. All these conversation especially the joking with

led to him. The feeling of pain and fear he had experienced when he was being crushed, together with that of rapture, still further intensified his sense of the importance of the occasion.

Suddenly the sound of a firing of cannon

run through the clerk who had taken the young gentleman under his protection topped him. The firing was still proceeding when officers, generals, and gentlemen in waiting came running out of the cathedral, and for them others in more leisurely manner caps were raised, and those who had run to look at the cannon ran back again. At last four men in uniforms and sashes emerged from the cathedral doors. Hurrah! hurrah! shouted the crowd again.

"Which is he? Which?" asked Pétia in a tearful voice, of those around him, but no one answered him, everybody was too excited, and Pétia fixed his eyes on each of those four men whom he could not clearly see. The tears of joy that filled his eyes, concentrated all his enthusiasm on him—though it happened not to be the Emperor—frantically shouted Hurrah! and resolved that tomorrow come what might, he would join the army.

The crowd ran after the Emperor followed him to the palace, and began to disperse. It was already late and Pétia had not eaten this day was drenched with perspiration yet he did not go home. He took with him that diminutive shag, but still considerable crowd before the palace while the Emperor descended—looking at the palace windows, expecting to know not

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER THE definite refusal he had received Petya went to his room and there locked himself in and wept bitterly. When he came in to tea silent morose and with tear stained face every body pretended not to notice anything.

Next day the Emperor arrived in Moscow and several of the Rostóvs domestic serfs begged permission to go to have a look at him. That morning Petya was a long time dressing and arranging his hair and collar to look like a grown up man. He frowned before his looking glass gesticulated shrugged his shoulders and finally without saying a word to anyone took his cap and left the house by the back door trying to avoid notice. Petya decided to go straight to where the Emperor was and to explain frankly to some gentleman in waiting (he imagined the Emperor to be always surrounded by gentlemen in waiting) that he Count Rostóv in spite of his youth wished to serve his country that youth could be no hindrance to loyalty and that he was ready to. While dressing Petya had prepared many fine things he meant to say to the gentleman in waiting.

It was on the very fact of being so young that Petya counted for success in reaching the Emperor—he even thought how surprised every one would be at his youthfulness—and yet in the arrangement of his collar and hair and by his sedate deliberate walk he wished to appear a grown up man. But the farther he went and the more his attention was diverted by the ever increasing crowds moving toward the Krémín the less he remembered to walk with the sedateness and deliberation of a man. As he approached the Krémín he even began to avoid being crushed and resolutely stuck out his elbows in a menacing way. But within the Trinity Gateway he was so pressed to the wall by people who probably were unaware of the patriotic intentions with which he had come that in spite of all his determination he had to give in and stop while carriages passed in rumbling beneath the archway. Beside Petya stood a peasant woman a footman two tradesmen and a discharged soldier. After standing some time in the gateway Petya tried to move forward in front of the others without waiting

Don't you see we're all standing still? Then why push?

Anybody can shove, said the footman and also began working his elbows to such effect that he pushed Petya into a very filthy corner of the gateway.

Petya wiped his perspiring face with his hands and pulled up the damp collar which he had arranged so well at home to seem like a man's.

He felt that he no longer looked presentable and feared that if he were now to approach the gentlemen in waiting in that plight he would not be admitted to the Emperor. But it was impossible to smarten oneself up or move to another place because of the crowd. One of the generals who drove past as an acquaintance of the Rostóvs and Petya thought of asking his help but came to the conclusion that that would not be a manly thing to do. When the carriages had all passed in the crowd carrying Petya with it streamed forward into the Krémín Square which was already full of people. There were people not only in the square but everywhere—on the slopes and on the roofs. As soon as Petya found himself in the square he clearly heard the sound of bells and the joyous voices of the crowd that filled the whole Krémín.

For a while the crowd was less dense but suddenly all heads were bared and everyone rushed forward in one direction. Petya was being pressed so that he could scarcely breathe and everybody shouted Hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah! Petya stood on tiptoe and pushed and pinched but could see nothing except the people about him.

All the faces bore the same expression of excitement and enthusiasm. A tradesman's wife standing beside Petya sobbed and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Father! Angel! Dear one! she kept repeating wiping away her tears with her fingers.

Hurrah! was heard on all sides.

For a moment the crowd stood still but then it made another rush forward.

Quite beside himself Petya clenching his teeth and rolling his eyes ferociously pushed forward elbowing his way and shouting hurrah! as if he were prepared at any instant to kill himself and everyone else but on both sides of him other people with similarly ferocious faces pushed forward and everybody shouted hurrah!

So this is what the Emperor is! thought Petya. No I can't petition him myself—that

the first against whom he directed his efforts angrily shouted at him.

What are you shouting for young lordling?

minhals of the nobility were to stand when the Emperor entered, when the ball should be given in the Emperor's honor whether they should group themselves by districts or by whole provinces—a decision but soon as the war rested on what the nobility had been concerned for the talk became undecided and definite. The all preferred listening to speak.

A middle-aged man handsome and rife in the uniform of a retired naval officer was speaking

to him was continued. He too proposed that group should be left to the kindly smile

from the fact that some people Pierre knew as the meekest and quietest of men walked away disapprovingly expressed disagreement with him. Pierre pushed his way to the middle of the group listened and heard him say that the matter was decided liberal but of views quite different from his own. The naval officer spoke in particularly sonorous musical and aristocratic baritone ce pleasantly wallowing his words deliberately slurring his consonants the of me calling out his error at, Heah Bw g m my p p l. It was indicative of dissipation and the excuse of authorship.

"What if the Smilensk people have offended to waste minutes of the Empress? Ah, what to take Smilensk our patience? If the noble wisecracker of the prince of Moscow thinks fit, let us have a valkyrie to so we give the Empress such ways as we can find. I go to the king of the minutes the year seven? All that did as to encourage the poets sons of thieves and nobles."

Count Rostov smiled blandly and nodded approval.

And as for minutes of any use to the Em-

peror (the Emperor) need only say the word and we will die for him—added the orator with an air of nonchalance.

Count Rostov smothered with pleasure and he nudged Pierre but Pierre wanted to speak himself. He pushed forward feeling stirred but not yet sure what irritated him or what he would say. Scarcely had he opened his mouth when one of the ennobled, a man with

present the present moment to adopt conclusions or to call out the militia. We have been summoned to reply to the appeal with which our sovereign the Emperor has honored us. But to judge which is best—conscription or the militia—we can leave to the supreme authority.

Pierre suddenly saw an outlet for his excitement. He hardened his heart against the seer who was introducing this tiny and narrow attitude to the deliberation of the nobility. Pierre stepped forward and interrupted him. He himself did not yet know what he would say but he began to speak eagerly occasionally in French or expressing himself in bookish Russian.

Excuse me your excellency he began (He was well acquainted with the censor but thought it necessary on this occasion to address him formally). "Though I do not agree with the gentleman (he hesitated he wished to say) I do not object to the

—My cry is terrible proposition of the gentleman whom I have mentioned the nobility has been unmoved not merely to express their sympathy and adhesion but has not considered the means by which we can assist our Father

and his descendants were ready to make of ours—and not to obtain from us any cooperation.

Many persons withdrew from the circle notwithstanding the sarcasm and the freedom of Pierre's remarks. Only Count Rostov

Food for

Illegally depwary from them. The nobility don't gudge theah!—every one of us will go down in the wecruits and so we gain (the way he referred

what and envying alike the notables he saw arriving at the entrance to dine with the Emperor and the court footmen who served at table glimpses of whom could be seen through the windows

While the Emperor was dining Valuev looked out of the window said

The people are still hoping to see Your Majesty again

The dinner was nearly over and the Emperor munching a biscuit rose and went out onto the balcony The people with Petya among them rushed toward the balcony

Angell Dear one! Hurrah! Father! cried the crowd and Petya with it and again the women and men of weaker mold Petya among them wept with joy

A largish piece of the biscuit the Emperor was holding in his hand broke off fell on the balcony parapet and then to the ground A coachman in a jerkin who stood nearest sprang forward and snatched it up Several people in the crowd rushed at the coachman Seeing this the Emperor had a plateful of biscuits brought him and began throwing them down from the balcony Petya's eyes grew bloodshot and still more excited by the danger of being crushed he rushed at the biscuits He did not know why but he had to have a biscuit from the Tsar's hand and he felt that he must not give way He sprang forward and upset an old

but the old

Petya pushed her hand away with his knee seized a biscuit and as if fearing to be too late again shouted Hurrah! with a voice already hoarse

The Emperor went in and after that the greater part of the crowd began to disperse

There! I said if only we waited—and so it was being joyfully said by various people

Happy as Petya was he felt sad at having to go home knowing that all the enjoyment of that day was over He did not go straight home from the Kremlin but called on his friend Obolenski who was fifteen and was also entering the regiment On returning home Petya announced resolutely and firmly that if he was not allowed to enter the service he would run away And next day Count Ilyá Rostóv—though he had not yet quite yielded—went to inquire how he could arrange for Petya to serve where there would be least danger

CHAPTER XXII

TWO DAYS LATER on the fifteenth of July an immense number of carriages were standing outside the Slobódá Palace

The great halls were full In the first were the nobility and gentry in their uniforms in the second bearded merchants in full skirted coats of blue cloth and wearing medals In the noblemen's hall there was an incessant movement and buzz of voices The chief magnates sat on high backed chairs at a large table under the portrait of the Emperor but most of the gentry were strolling about the room

All these nobles whom Pierre met every day at the Club or in their own houses were in uniform—some in that of Catherine's day others in that of the Emperor Paul others again in the new uniforms of Alexander's time or the ordinary uniform of the nobility and the general characteristic of being in uniform imparted something strange and fantastic to these diverse and familiar personalities both old and young The old men dim-eyed toothless bald fallow and bloated or grunt and wrinkled were especially striking For the most part they sat quietly in their places and were silent or if they walked about and talked attached them-

the general expectation of a solemn event and at the same time the everyday interests in a boston card party Peter the cook Zinaída Dmitrievna's health and so on

Pierre was there too buttoned up since early morning in a nobleman's uniform that had become too tight for him He was agitated this extraordinary gathering not only of nobles but also of the merchant class—*les états généraux* (States General)—evoked in him a whole series of ideas he had long laid aside but which were deeply graven in his soul thoughts of the *Contrat social* and the French Revolution The words that had struck him in the Emperor's appeal—that the sovereign was coming to the capital for consultation with his people—strengthened this idea And imagining that in this direction something important which he had long awaited was drawing near he strolled about watching and listening to conversations but nowhere finding any confirmation of the ideas that occupied him

The Emperor's manifesto was read evoking enthusiasm and then all moved about discussing it Besides the ordinary topics of conversation sat on Pierre heard questions of where the

marshals of the nobility were to stand when the Emperor entered, when the nobility would be given in the Emperor's house whether they should group themselves by districts or by provincial divisions, but as soon as the war was to be decided what the nobility had been considered for the talk became undecided and indefinite. The all-preferred listen-
me to speak g

A middle-aged man had some and rule, in the firm featured a soldier as peak.

from the fact that some people Perre knew as the meekest and quietest men walked away dampingly expressed disagreement with him. Perre pushed his way to the middle of the group, interrupted and conceded himself that the man was indeed a liberal but of views quite different from his own. Then the officer spoke particularly serious moral and aristocratic banter to please the swallow his and generally slurred his conversation there a famous call out his service. Heah Bw g m my ppei It was decided discussion and the exercise of authority.

"What if the Smolensk people had raised militia for the Empewah Ah to take Smolensk as a pretext. If the noble warrior of the two of Moscow thinks fit, then how is it valued in our so-called Empewah that ways He we f gotti in the way of the militia in the year seven? And that did as to know the priests sons and thieves dw bbaahs.

Count Nlyá Rostóv smiled blandly and nodded approval.

And was our militia for us to the Empewah. Not tall it is. We would our farms. Let us have another conscription. Our men will be in the soliders peasants and will get to the pwa ty f m them. The nobility don't grudge theah f es—every one of us is going to give me a weewu is d the way gñ (that was the way he referred

to the Emperor) need only say the word and well it did for him added the orator with animation.

Count Rostóv smoothwatered with pleasure and he nudged Perre but Perre wanted to speak himself. He pushed forward feeling stirred but not yet sure what stirred him or what he would say. Scarcely had he opened his mouth when one of the courtiers a man with out tooth in his head with a shrewd ugly anxiety expressed stand near the first speaker interrupted him. Evidently accustomed to manage debates and to maintain his argument, he began in low but distinct tones.

I imagine sir said he mumbled with his toothless mouth that we have been summoned here not to discuss whether it is best for the empire at the present moment to adopt conscription or to call on the militia. We have been summoned to reply to the appeal with which our sovereign the Emperor has honored us. But to judge what is best—conscription or the militia—we can leave to the supreme authority.

Perre suddenly saw a outline of his excitement. He hardened his heart against the courtier who was introducing this set-drawn introduction to the deliberation of the nobility. Perre stepped forward, interrupted him. He himself did not yet know what he would say but he began to speak eagerly occasionally lapsing into French to express himself bookish Russian.

Excuse me your excellency he began (He was well acquainted with the courtier but thought it necessary on this occasion to address him formally). Though I do not agree with the gentleman (he hesitated he wished to say *My dear sir*) but I cry honorable opposition to the gentleman whom I esteem not the highest of knowledge. I suppose that the nobility have been summoned not merely to express their sympathy and enthusiasm but also to consider the means by which we can assist our Fatherland. I am in the warm glow to his subject, that the Emperor himself would not be satisfied to find in us merely owners of serfs whom we are willing to devote to his service and who are ready to make of ourselves—indeed not to obtain from us any co-counsel.

Many persons withdrew from the circle noticing the enervating small details of the dom of Perre's remarks. Only Count Rostóv Food for a nation.

was pleased with them as he had been pleased with those of the naval officer the senator and in general with whatever speech he had last heard

I think that before discussing these questions Pierre continued we should ask the Emperor—most respectfully ask His Majesty—to let us know the number of our troops and the position in which our army and our forces now are and then

But scarcely had Pierre uttered these words before he was attacked from three sides The most vigorous attack came from an old acquaintance a boston player who had always been well disposed toward him Stepan Stepanovich Adraskin Adraskin was in uniform and whether as a result of the uniform or from some other cause Pierre saw before him quite a different man With a sudden expression of violence on his aged face Adraskin shouted at Pierre

In the first place I tell you we have no right to question the Emperor about that and secondly if the Russian nobility

The
move
and

Another voice that of a nobleman of medium height and about forty years of age whom Pierre had formerly met at the gypsies and knew as a bad cardplayer and who also transformed by his uniform came up to Pierre interrupted Adraskin

Yes and this is not a time for discussing he continued but for acting there is war in Russia! The enemy is advancing to destroy Russia to desecrate the tombs of our fathers to carry off our wives and children The nobleman smote his breast We will all arise every one of us will go for our father the Tsar! he shouted rolling his bloodshot eyes Several approving voices were heard in the crowd We are Russians and will not grudge our blood in defense of our faith the throne and the Fatherland! We must cease raving if we are sons of our Fatherland! We will show Europe how Russia rises to the defense of Russia!

Pierre wished to reply but could not get in a word He felt that his words apart from what meaning they conveyed were less audible than the sound of his opponent's voice

Count Rostov at the back of the crowd was expressing approval several persons briskly

turning a shoulder the orator at the end of a phrase said

That's right quite right! Just so!

Pierre wished to say that he was ready to sacrifice his money his serfs or himself only one ought to know the state of affairs in order to be able to improve it but he was unable to speak Many voices shouted and talked at the same time so that Count Rostov had not time to signify his approval of them all and the group increased dispersed reformed and then moved with a hum of talk into the largest hall and to the big table Not only was Pierre's attempt to speak unsuccessful but he was rudely interrupted pushed aside and people

happened

the substance

had even been forgotten after the many subsequent speeches but to animate the crowd needed a tangible object to love and a tangible object to hate Pierre became the

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whom

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the crowd said that hell must

be repulsed by hell and the

the

underclap! was repeated approvingly in the back rows of the crowd

The crowd drew up to the large table at which sat gray haired or bald seventy year old magnates uniformed and besashed almost all of whom Pierre had seen in their own homes with their buffoons or playing boston at the clubs With an incessant hum of voices the crowd advanced to the table Pressed by the throng against the high backs of the chairs the orators spoke one after another and sometimes two together Those standing behind noticed what a speaker omitted to say and hastened to supply it Others in that heat and crush racked their brains to find some thought and hastened to utter it The old magnates whom Pierre knew sat and turned to look first at one and then at another and their faces for the most part only expressed the fact that they found it very hot Pierre however felt excited and the general desire to show that they were really to go to all lengths—which found expression in the tones and looks more than in the substance of the speeches—infected him too He did not

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self

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p rpose to m ke sacrfices when we kn what
is eded sa d he try g t be h ard abo e
the th r ces.

O e l the old men ne rest to h m looked
ro d, b t his ttenti n was mm di tely di
erted by n exclamati n t the other de of
the table

Yes Mosc w w ll be surrendered! She will
be resp n l ho ted e man

He the e my f mank ndt er ed a th
e All w me to peak Ge tlemen you
ar crush g me

CHAPTER XXIII

AT THE T Cou t R st pchin w th hus

f t f th crowd l gentry

O so ere gn th Emp r w ll be here
mome t sa d Rost pch l m stra ght
from th p lace See g the post n we e
l th k the e ltl need f d scuss n
Th Empe h de gn d t summon us
d th mer ha t V ll w ll pour f rth
from ther —he po ted t the me ch nts
hall— but our bus ess s to s pply m d
t p rsel es. Tl t is th l ast we
ca d

A f ce took pl ce conf ed to the
m gn tes s tu t th tabl Th wh le con
l passed m re tha q uly Aft ll
t p ed g se tl so d of the old
essay e f r tler l gree r
to a y l too m fsh t p d so
haden m u f l fleet.

Th secr t ry w t ld t wr te d wn the
enl f th Moscow b lty dg try
that they w ld f rn h te me f lly
eq pped t l ery th sand fs the
Sm l e kg try had d n The h rsm de
w rap g se the g tlem wl had
f rred ose w th pp rrel f d bega
walk g p d d rm n rm t tretcl
th legs d erse co plex.

Th Emp ro l The Empero s dde
cry co ded thro h the h ll d tl wh le
thr ll rred t th e tra ce

Th Empe te ed the hall tl gh a
b oad p th betwe twal m f bles. E ery
l p res ed respect f w tru k cu on ty

P erre stood rathe far off and could not l ear
ll that the Empero sa d. From what l e did
he r he u derstood that the Emperor spoke of
the da ger th aten the emp e and of the
ll pes he pl ed on the Moscow nobil ty He
wa a e ed by a vo ce which inf rmed h m
f the resolut on just rri ed at.

Ge tlemen! sa d the Emperor w th a qu
er o ce.

There was a rust ng mo g the crowd a d
it ga sub ded so that P erre dist tly l ca d
the ple santly human vo ce of the Emperor
say g w th em t on

I e er do bted the des t on of the Rus
s n nobles but tod y it h s surpassed my ex
pet t ns. I th nk y n the n me of the
Fathe la d Gentlemen let us act! T me i
most prec o s.

The Empero ces ed peak g the crowd
began p ess n ou d h m a d rapturou ex
cl mas were he rd from ll s des.

Yes most prec ius royal w rd said

we t to th t f the me ch nts Th e he re
m ed bout t m nutes. P erre wa m g
th e w lo saw h m come out from the mer
ch nts hall w d t m f em t n n h eyes.

com g ut accomp d by two merch nts
ne f whom P erre k ew f t otkup hch k
The th w the m yo m n w th th n

dk pt repe t

O l m d property—t ke th m Your
V jety!

P erre one feeling at th moment wa a de
et sh w that h wa ready to go lile gth
d was prep red t sacrfice e eryth ng He
w f l t ash med f h s sp ech w th ts con t

A dealer i m ts—o wh lea ed from th
go ernm t th m poly f th sal f p nts f
certain district.—T.

was pleased with them as he had been pleased with those of the naval officer the senator and in general with whatever speech he had last heard.

I think that before discussing these questions Pierre continued we should ask the Emperor—most respectfully ask His Majesty—to let us know the number of our troops and the position in which our army and our forces now are and then

But scarcely had Pierre uttered these words before he was attacked from three sides. The most vigorous attack came from an old acquaintance a boston player who had always been well disposed toward him. Stepan Stepanovich Adraskin Adraskin was in uniform and whether as a result of the uniform or from some other cause Pierre saw before him quite a different man. With a sudden expression of malevolence on his aged face Adraskin shouted at Pierre

In the first place I tell you we have no right to question the Emperor about that and secondly if the Russian nobility had that right the Emperor could not answer such a question. The troops are moved according to the enemy's movements and the number of men increases and decreases

Another voice that of a nobleman of medium height and about forty years of age whom Pierre had formerly met at the gypsies and knew as a bad cardplayer and who also transformed by his uniform came up to Pierre interrupted Adraskin

Yes and this is not a time for discussing he continued but for acting there is war in Russia! The enemy is advancing to destroy Russia to desecrate the tombs of our fathers to carry off our wives and children. The nobleman smote his breast. We will all arise every one of us we will go for our father the Tsar! he shouted rolling his bloodshot eyes. Several approving voices were heard in the crowd. We are Russians and will not grudge our blood in defense of our faith the throne and the Fatherland! We must cease raving if we are sons of our Fatherland! We will show Europe how Russia rises to the defense of Russia!

Pierre wished to reply but could not get in a word. He felt that his words apart from what meaning they conveyed were less and bleter than the sound of his opponent's voice.

Count Rostov at the back of the crowd was expressing approval several persons briskly

turning a shoulder to the orator at the end of a phrase said

That's right quite right! Just so!

Pierre wished to say that he was ready to sacrifice his money his serfs or himself only one ought to know the state of affairs in order to be able to improve it but he was unable to speak. Many voices shouted and talked at the same time so that Count Rostov had not time to signify his approval of them all and the group increased dispersed reformed and then moved with a hum of talk into the largest hall and to the big table. Not only was Pierre's attempt to speak unsuccessful but he was rudely interrupted pushed aside and people turned away from him as from a common enemy. This happened not because they were displeased by the substance of his speech which had even been forgotten after the many subsequent speeches but to animate it the crowd needed a tangible object to love and a tangible object to hate. Pierre became the latter. Many other orators spoke after the excited nobleman and all in the same tone. Many spoke eloquently and with originality.

Glinski the editor of the *Russian Messenger* who was recognized (cries of author author were heard in the crowd) said that hell must be repulsed by hell and that he had seen a child smiling at lightning flashes and thunder claps but we will not be that child.

Yes yes at thunderclaps! was repeated approvingly in the back rows of the crowd.

The crowd drew up to the large table at which sat gray haired or bald seventy year-old magnates uniformed and besashed almost all of whom Pierre had seen in their own homes with their buffoons or playing boston at the clubs. With an incessant hum of voices the crowd advanced in the table. Pressed by the throng against the high backs of the chairs the orators spoke one after another and sometimes two together. Those standing behind noticed what a speaker omitted to say and hastened to supply it. Others in that heat and crush racked their brains to find some thought and hastened to utter it. The old magnates whom Pierre knew sat and turned to look first at one and then at another and their faces for the most part only expressed the fact that they found it very hot. Pierre however felt excited and in the general desire to show that they were really going to all lengths—a high found express on in the tones and looks more than in the substance of the speeches—infected him too. He did not

re o ce his op ns li t f l t himself n
some ay to blame d w hed t just fy him
self

I ly said that it would be mo e to the
purpose make sacrific es when we know what
ceded sa d h try g to be heard bo e
th ther ces.

O f the ld men nearest t h m looked
round, but his utenti n was mmed tely di
verted by n e clamations t the other de of
th table

Yes, Moscow w ll surrender! She will
be urexpia h uted ne ma

Heu the e my f ma k d t cried n th
er All me to peak. Ge tlemen you
are crushi g m

CHAPTER XXIII

A n t m e t Co t Ro t pch n w th his
p mtrud g ch d l r t eyes wear g the
en l m f ge eral w th sash o er his shoul
der entered the room, t pp g briskly to the
fro t f th cro d f ge try

Our so ere gn th Empe o w ll be he e
moment sa d Rost pch n l m tra ht
from th palace See g the po ti n we are
in l th k there little need f d scuss on.
The Emper h d gned t umm n us
and th mercha ts. V ll ns w ll pour forth
from ther —he po ted to th merchants
hall— but our bus ess to s pply men nd
not sp m ursel es. Th t is the least we
a do

A co fer ce took pl ce confi ed t the
magna es tu t the table Th wh l co
salutao passed more th qu etly Afte ll
th p eced ll the so d of th r old
ro es sa g fier n ther l agree o
for vanet l too m f th t p d so
on had ev n mo rnf l effect.

Th secretary a t ld to wr te d w th
ren tion f th Moscow n b l ty a d ge try
that they wo ld f rn h t n m f l
equiped

co
w
th
g d con erse o ples.

"The Empero ! The Empe l dde
cry reso dnt h m

P rre tood rather far off and could not hear
ll th t the Empero sa d. From what he d d
hear he u derstood th t the Emperor spoke of
the da er threatenin the emp re and of the
ll pes he pl ced on the Moscow nob l ty He
vas nst red by vo ce wh ch informed h n
of the resolut n just rived at.

Gentlemen! sa d the Emperor w th a qu
er o v ice.

There was a rustl g mo g the crowd nd
t ga nsub ded so that P rred t nctly hea d
the pleasantly hum n o ce of the Emperor
say ng with em tion

I n e doubted the de ot on of the Rus
s an nobles b t tod y t has surpassed my ex
pect t ns. I th nk you in the m me of the
F the l d l G ntl men let us cti T me s
mo t precious.

Th Empero cea ed speak the crowd
began press rou d h m and rapturous ex
cl m t ns wer heard from ll s des

"Yes m t preci u a royal ord sa d
Cou t Ro to w th a sob He stood t th b ck,
d th u h he h d h rd h rdly nything un
derstood e ryth g n h own way

From the hall of the u bul ty the Emperor
w t to th t f the merch ts. There he re
ma ed bout te m utes. P erre wa m ng
those w l saw h m come o t from the mer
chants h ll w d tears of em t on n h yes.

comi g out comp ed by two merch nt
e of whom P erre knew f t otkup l l k
The th was th maj a m w th a th
sallow f nd narrow beard. B th er w ep
g Tears filled the th n man eyes d t le
f t ll p h h k sobbed o t rght l ie a ch ld
d kept repeat

O l es and prop rty—take them, You
Majesty!

P rre s one feel g at the moment wa d

o e n f rmed R t pchf that he would g
th ussa d men nd he ma nte nce.

A deal in p r n o wh leased from th
go crmen h m poly f th sal f p r n f
certa district.—Tr.

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Glenn

who were I

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BOOK NINE

ten nce his p n ns but f l t himself m
som y t bl me and w hed t justify h m
self

lo ly s d l t it would be m e to the
purpose to m ke cr fices wh n we kn w what
eeded s d he trying to b h d abo e
the ther ces

O e of the ld men n rest to h m look d
round, but his t tent on w s m m d ately d
verted by an excl mat on at the other s de of
the table

Yes, Moscow w ll be urrender d! She w ll
be urexp t l h uted ne man
He the e my f m nk nd! cr ed noth
er All w me to pe k. Gentlemen you
are crush ng me!

CHAPTER XXIII

A th t o t r Co nt R t pch n w th h
pmrud g ch n a d l t eye we ng th
f m of a ge er l w th asl o er h h ul
der enter d the m t pp ng b kly to the
fro t f th crowd f g ntry

Ou so e e g th Emp w ll be h e n
mome t s d R t pch l m r a ght
lrom th pl Se g the post n we
m l th k th l t l n d f d s c u s n
Th Empe h d g n d to ummon us
s d th me h ts. M ll n w ll p ur f th
from th —h p nted t the me h nts
hall— b t ou bus s t upply m n and
not p re rle Tl t th least we
ca d

A co fe n ook pl conf n d t the
m a n es t t t th table Th wh l con
ulat pas d m th n qu ly After all
he p eced se he sou d f th ld
to e say g f n her l gree
fortary y l oo m of hat p n n nd so
on had e m u nful t

Th secr tary w t ld o w r d w th
revol f th Mosc w n b l ty nd gentry
that th ld f m h n m n full
eq pped t f e r y thousand serfs as th
Smile k ge r v had d Th r h a r s mad

scrap g n se th gentlem n who had
on fersed rose w th pp rel f nd began
walk g p d d w n m n rm, ur ch
th lew d n rse uples

Th Emper Th Emper udd n
cr rev d th h th hall nd th whole
lrom h r r ed o h n r a

Th Emper ered t hall th h
broad p h between two l es of nobles. E cry
tac p eed expectful w truck curios ty

P erre tood rather far off and could not l ear
all th t the Emperor said. From wh t he d l
hear he understood that the Emperor spoke of
the d ng threaten ng the emp re and of the
hopes he placed on the Mo cow nob l ty He
w n were d by a vo ce wh ch nformed h n
of the res lut n ju t arr ed at
Gentlemen! s d the Emperor w th a quiv
e ng vo ce

There s a ru t ng am ng the crowd and
taga n subs ded so tl t P erre d st nctly he rd
the pl as ntly human o ce of the Emperor
s ying w th em t on

I ne er d ubt d the d ot n of the Rus
s n n bles but t day t h s surpassed my ex
pect t ns I th nk y u in the name of the
Fathe land! G ntlemen let us act! Time n
m t p e c u

The Empero cea d sp k g the crowd
began p es ng ound h m nd raptur us ex
cl m t on were hea d f om lls de

Ye mo t p c u a royal wo d s d
Count R t o w th a sob He tood at the b ck
and th ough h h d h d hardly nyth ng un
derstood e eryth ng in h own way

Fr m th h ll of th nob l ty t le Fmperor
w nt to th t of the merch nts The e he re
ma ned b ut ten m nutes P erre was among
th e w lo w h m me ut from the mer
h nts hall w d te rs of em t n n h eyes
As becam kn w n l te h had carcely begu
so dd ess the merchants bef e te rs g hed
f m h eyes nd he c ncl d d n a t embl ng

When P erre s w the Emperor he was
com g ut comp ad by two merch ts
n f wh m P erre knew fat otk p hch k
Th othe w s t le m y o a m w th a th
flow f d narr w be d. B t l were rep
ng Tears fill d the th n man s yes nd the
fa tk p hch k sobbed ut ght like a ch ld
nd kept peat

Ou l e a d property—take them Y ur
M jesty!

t t l t de cy a d so ght m pportun ty
f eff g t H lea d that Co t Mam o
n was f m h g eome t, Bezukhov at
m f rmed Rost pch n that he w uld ge e
th usand me d their mar tenance.

A dealer sp ts—one who leased from the
go ernment the mon poly of the sal f pints for
certain district.—Ta.

WAR AND PEACE

Old Rostov could not tell his wife of what had passed without tears and at once consented to Pétia's request and went himself to enter his name

Next day the Emperor left Moscow. The as

sembled nobles all took off their uniforms and settled down again in their homes and clubs and not without some groans gave orders to their stewards about the enrollment, feeling amazed themselves at what they had done.

Book Ten 1812

*

CHAPTER I

I J e m m g a d could not r u s s
burst f nger: the pres nce of Kurákin and
th f Bal h

Alexa der refus d n gotu t n because he
f lth mself t be perso lly sulted Ba clay
d T lly t ed t command the army n the
best ay because he w hed t fulfill h s duty
d earn f me gr at comm nde Rostóv
charged th F ci becau e he c uld t re-
tra h h f gall p cross le el f ld
d the me w y l um rabl pe ple
h took p rt n the w cted: cord w th
th perso l ch racte t c s h b t s circum-
ta ces, d m Tley w em ed by f ar or
nuty jo ced w d gn t reason d,
m m g t l t tley kn w wh t th y we e do-
g d d d t f th o f e e w l but they
l l tary tools f h t ry carry ng
h k l d from t l m but comp e
h bl t us. S h s the t bl f te f
m of ct nd the l gle they stand th
soc h ra chy t l e l m th y f ce.

Th t r s f s x ha l g n l f t h
t ge th p rso l t esu l a hed
lea m tra d th g m of that
time b t s l t m l u

Fr d mp l l d all t l men tr
g t t p rso l m s t fu t r t l e
mpl hm t f t p nd us esult no o
f l t en m l expected—ne ther N m leo

Alexa d c l l es ny f th who
d l l l fight g

Th ca se f l dest t n of th F e ch
rmy s x s l t us n w No o e w l
d y that that ca se wa th n ha d is
d x e t t l h rt of Ru l t n the
seaso th y prep rat on f r w te
camp d l l der t l e ch ra te g v
en to th wa by l b m f Russ n towns

and th hatred f l e f e th arou ed m n o
the Ru s an people But no one at the t n e
fo es w (what n w s cms s i dent) that t l
was the only w y an army of e ght hundred
thousand m n—the best n the w rld and led
by the be t gen ral—could be destroyed n con-
f l ct w th a r w rmy f h l f its numer cal
strengtl nd led by nexper nced comm nd
ers th Russ n rmy: as Not only d d m

e th b t n the Russ an nde every el
fort was m de to h nder the only th ng that
ould s Russ a whle the Fr h de
desp te N p leon s exper ence and o-called
military gen us e ry eff rt was directed to
n h ng on to Mos ow t the nd of the un

s ught a b ttle nd th t h n u u
h m to st p t Sm lén k a d of mak s n l
tate ments to how t l tle dang of th cam
p gn w s e n th n und rstood. Russ a u

e t. H d th t ent t curred the e h nts

e t then but ha m w be f rgotten b cause
th e nt f l s fied th m. There e l w y so

conjectures many were to quite the contrary effect

Conjectures as to Napoleon's awareness of the danger of extending his line and (on the Russian side) as to luring the enemy into the depths of Russia are evidently of that kind and only by much straining can historians attribute such conceptions to Napoleon and his marshals or such plans to the Russian commanders. All the facts are in flat contradiction to such conjectures. During the whole period of the war not only was there no wish on the Russian side to draw the French into the heart of the country but from their first entry into Russia everything was done to stop them. And not only was Napoleon not afraid to extend his line but he welcomed every step forward as a triumph and did not seek battle as eagerly as in former campaigns but very lazily.

At the very beginning of the war our armies were divided and our sole aim was to unite them though uniting the armies was no advantage if we meant to retire and lure the enemy into the depths of the country. Our Emperor joined the army to encourage it to defend every inch of Russian soil and not to retreat. The enormous Drissa camp was formed on Pfuels plan and there was no intention of retiring further. The Emperor reproached the commanders in chief for every step they retired. He could not bear the idea of letting the enemy even reach Smolensk still less could he contemplate the burning of Moscow and when our armies did unite he was displeased that Smolensk was abandoned and burned without a general engagement having been fought under its walls.

So thought the Emperor and the Russian commanders and people were still more provoked at the thought that our forces were retreating into the depths of the country.

Napoleon having cut our armies apart advanced far into the country and missed several chances of forcing an engagement. In August he was at Smolensk and thought only of how to advance farther though as we now see that advance was evidently ruinous to him.

The facts clearly show that Napoleon did not foresee the danger of the advance on Moscow nor did Alexander and the Russian commanders then think of luring Napoleon on but quite the contrary. The luring of Napoleon into the depths of the country was not the result of any plan for no one believed it to be possible. It resulted from a most complex interplay of intrigues aims and wishes among

those who took part in the war and had no perception whatever of the inevitable or of the one way of saving Russia. Everything came about fortuitously. The armies were divided at the commencement of the campaign. We tried to unite them with the evident intention of giving battle and checking the enemy's advance and by this effort to unite them while avoiding battle with a much stronger enemy and necessarily withdrawing the armies at an acute angle—we led the French on to Smolensk. But we withdrew at an acute angle not only because the French advanced between our two armies the angle became still more acute and we withdrew still further because Barclay de Tolly was disliked by the Emperor under his command of

the second army—tried to postpone joining up and coming under Barclay's command as long as he could. Bagration was slow in effecting the junction—though that was the chief aim of all at headquarters—because as he alleged he exposed his army to danger on this march and it was best for him to retire more to the left and more to the south worrying the enemy from flank and rear and securing from the Ukraine recruits for his army and it looks as if he planned this in order not to come under the command of the detested foreigner Barclay whose rank was inferior to his own.

The Emperor was with the army to encourage it but his presence and ignorance of what steps to take and the enormous number of advisers and plans destroyed the first army's energy and it retired.

The intention was to make a stand at the Drissa camp but Pfuels aiming at becoming commander in chief unexpectedly employed his energy to influence Alexander and Pfuels whole plan was abandoned and the command entrusted to Barclay. But as Barclay did not inspire confidence his power was limited. The armies were divided there was no unity of command and Barclay was unpopular but from this confusion division and the unpopularity of the foreign commander in chief there resulted on the one hand indecision and the avoidance of a battle (which we could not have refrained from had the armies been united and had someone else instead of Barclay been in command) and on the other an ever increasing indignation against the foreigners and an increase in patriotic zeal.

At last the Emperor left the army and as the most convenient and indeed the only pretext

dec ded th t tw nec

wa troubled.

He left no de not to b truct the com
ma d r ch ef's und ded control f the
roy a d h p g th t m e d cis ct n
o ld then be take b t the comm nd of the
m es becam st l m confused nd enf e
bled. B nge the Ts ré ch nd a warm
f d j ta ts ge eral rema ed w th th army
t ke p the comm nd n ch ef under ob er
t and rouse h s ergy a d B cl y
feel les f ee th e r u d r the ob r
t f l l thes eyes f the Empero be
came till mo e caut us f unde tak g ny
der it nd o ded g ng battle

B rel y stood f caut on The Ts ré ch

d j ta ts ge eral t E tersburg nd plu ged
in n open truggle w th B nn gsen nd the
Tsaré ch.

At Sm lénsk the rmies t last reunt ed

ff B grat ón

Desp t h us se ty ra k B grat ó n
th test f m g n m ty took h ord rs
from Bar l y b t h g ubm tted, or ed
th h m less than ever By the Empe
d n B grat n po ted d t h m H
te t Arakché the Emp confid t
It must be my so e gn pl es b t I can
t k w th th M t (m B cl y)
F God sak send me somewh re else f nly
comma d f regime t I can d t
her Headquar rs sof H f Germ th t
R ssian ca t t d th n =
y th u g l th ght I was eally r g myso
re gn d the F theri d, H t t turn t
ha l m serv g Barcl y I confess l d n t
tt

The sw rm f Bron tsks d W t n ge
m des d the l k t H f rther emb tte ed th
l between the comm ders n ch f
even less ty esulted. Prep rat nswer
m d t fight th French bef e Sm lénsk A
H cral sent urvey th pos t n Thus

gen ral h t g B rclay r de to st f end
f h s own a corps comm nder and l ng
spent the day w th h m eturned to Bar lay
nd demned suns ut blef m e cryp nt
f ew th h ttle ground h had not seen

Wh le d pute and n r gues were go gon
about the future field of b ttle and w l e we
we e look ng f r the French—ha ng lo t t uch
w th th m—t e French tumbled upon N é
ovsk s d s on and reached the walls f Smo
lén k.

It w s necessary to fight n unexpected H t

Sm lénsk was bando ed contrary to the
w hes of th Emperor d of the whole peo

thnk gonly f th w n l es but k d l g
h tr d of the f e. N p leon d n ed f r the
and w et red thu rr H t the ery result
wh ch c u ed h destruct n

CHAPTER II

TH DAY ft rhu son f d left, Pr nce N choi s
t f r Pri ces M ry t come to h s study

Well? Ar you sat f d n w? sa d he
You e m de me q arr l w th my son S t
fied e j u? Th t H you w nted! S t fied

H hurts me th us. I m old nd weak d
th wh t j u wa t d Well the glo to
t l Gl to t

Afte th t P ncess M ry d d ot ee her f
ther fo wh le w k He wa ll and d d n =
le e h us t dy

Pr ncess M ry n t ced t he surp e th t
d ring th l l es the ld p cen t o ly v
lud d her from his room but d d m t
M d m selfe B u nnee th T f k n l
ue ded h m.

At th d f th week the pr nce reapp ed
d resumed h f rmer w y of l l e de ot
h m H w th pe l ct ty to buld g pera
to d the rra gem nt f the gard n l
compl tly be k g off h el t ion w th
M d m is H B u nne H looks a d cold
t e to h daughter em d t say "Ther
y u e? V u pl tted aga n t me you l ed to
P e And ew bout my rel t th t l t
Fre chw m n d m d m qu rr l w th h m
h t j ee I ne d th hern j u

Pri cess M ry p th l f e ry d y w th
l ttle N hol watcl gh less o teachun

him Russian and music herself and talking to Dessalles the rest of the day she spent over her books with her old nurse or with God's folk who sometimes came by the back door to see her

Of the war Princess Mary thought as women do think about wars. She feared for her brother who was in it was horrified by and amazed at the strange cruelty that impels men to kill one another but she did not understand the significance of this war which seemed to her like all previous wars. She did not realize the significance of this war though Dessalles with whom she constantly conversed was passionately interested in its progress and tried to explain his own conception of it to her and though the

God's folk who came to see her reported in their own way the rumors current among the people of an invasion by Antichrist and though Julie (now Princess Drubetskaya) who had resumed correspondence with her wrote patriotic letters from Moscow

I write you in Russian my good friend wrote Julie in her Frenchified Russian because I have a detestation for all the French and the same for their language which I can not support to hear spoken. We in Moscow are elated by enthusiasm for our adored Emperor

My poor husband is enduring pains and hunger in Jewish taverns but the news which I have inspires me yet more

You heard probably of the heroic exploit of Raevski embracing his two sons and saying I will perish with them but we will not be shaken! And truly though the enemy was twice stronger than we we were unshakable. We pass the time as we can but in war as in

charpie only you my friend are missing and so on

The chief reason Princess Mary did not realize the full significance of this war was that

hesitatingly believed him

All that July the old prince was exceedingly idle and even animated. He planned another

as usual changed his sleeping place every day. One day he would order his camp bed to be set up in the glass gallery another day he remained on the couch or on the lounge chair in

would spend a night in the dining room

On August 1 a second letter was received from Prince Andrew. In his first letter which came soon after he had left home Prince Andrew had dutifully asked his father's forgiveness for what he had allowed himself to say and begged to be restored to his favor. To this letter the old prince had replied affectionately and from that time had kept the French on at a distance. Prince Andrew's second letter written near Vitebsk after the French had occupied that town gave a brief account of the whole campaign enclosed for them a plan he had drawn and forecasts as to the further progress of the war. In this letter Prince Andrew pointed out to his father the danger of staying at Bald Hills so near the theater of war and on the army's direct line of march and advised him to move to Moscow.

At dinner that day on Dessalles mentioning that the French were said to have already entered Vitebsk the old prince remembered his son's letter.

There was a letter from Prince Andrew today he said to Princess Mary—Haven't you read it?

No Father she replied in a frightened voice

She could not have read the letter as she did

to him in speaking of the present war

That must be very interesting said Dessalles. Prince Andrew is in a position to know

Oh very interesting! said Mademoiselle Bourienne

Go and get it for me said the old prince to Mademoiselle Bourienne. You know—under the paperweight on the little table

Mademoiselle Bourienne jumped up eagerly

No don't! he exclaimed with a frown. You go. Michail Ivánovich

Michael Ivánovich rose and went to the study. But as soon as he had left the room the old prince looking uneasily round threw down his napkin and went himself

very little and instead of a paper

"They can't do anything always make
muddle he muttered.

While he was a busy Princess Mary Dessalles
Various like Bonienne ended in title N ch
exchanged looks as he saw The old prince
returned with quick step accompanied by
Michael Ián ich b ng ng the letter and a
plan. There he put down besides him—now I t
any one read them and inner

He mo to the drawing room he h nded
the letter to Princess Mary and spread ng out
before him the pl f the new build ng nd
fain h eyes po t t id he to re d th l t
ter also d. While sl h d done so Princess
Mary looked qu r gly t he f the He was
exam g the plan e dently engr ed n his
own d as

"What do you think of it Prince? Dessalles
tured to ask

Princess said the p as it unpleasantly
w k od d n t tak ng his ey s from the
pla f th b ld g

"Very possibly the the ter of war will m e
near to u that

He has the the t of wals d le
p ce l h e d d st ll say that the thea
ter f w s p la d d th nemy will never
gr bey d th h emen

Dessalles look d magement t th p nce
bo at talk ng of the N em n wh n th en
emy as ready t the Dn epe but Princess
Mary f rge t g th geograph cal pos uon of
th e me tho he that what he father was
saj e as r r t

"What is the sw m l s they ll k n the
P l h wamp. O ly they could fa l to it
the e to i ued e d nly thnk g f
the camp gn f So r wh ch eemed to h m so
re t B h uld h e d n d n
to Prussia soo er the th ngs w uld ha e tak
d e n s

E t P Dessalles began timidly she
l ter u ns t it bsk.
Ah, th l tter? Yes epl ed the p nce
poer hly Yes yes Has fa udd nly
w k mo o e capress H p used. Yes
h w r t s th t e f r e d were beaten t at
wh r t

Dessalles dr pped his eyes.

"Th p ce says noth e bout chat, h e

how you me n to lter it.

Michael Iánov ch went up to the plan and
the p n e after spe k ng to h m about t l e n e v
bu ld ng l ked angr ly at Princess Mary and
Des lles and went to h s own room.

Princess Mary s w Des lle emb rased
and ast n hed look fixed on her f ther no
t c d h s s lence nd was struck by the f ct that
her f ther had f rgott n h s son s letter on the
ble but she was n t only
h rea
fraid

en to think au

In th even ng Michael Iván ich sent by
th p nce came t Princess Mary for p nce
And ew s l tter wh ch h d been forgotten in
the dr w ng room She ga t t him and un
pleas nt t e n s to her to d so ventu ed to
k h m wh t he f ther was d "

Always buy epl d Mich el Iván ich
w th a resp tfully r n m le wh ch caused
P n s s Mary to turn p le. He s worry ng
ry much b ut the new bu ld g He has
been ead a little but n w —Mich l Ián
ov d n ut on l we ng h s vo e— n wh es
at h desk, buy w th h s w ll l exp t (One
of t l e p nces t occupat on of l t e had
be n the prcp t n f som p per h e n eant
to lea at h us d th nd wh ch he called l s
w ll)

And Alpatych be e sent to Sim lén k?
asked Princess Mary

Oh yes he has be n wa t ng t start f r
som t me

CHAPTER III

WHEN MICHAEL IÁNOVICH returned to the
h l t r th old p nce, w th pec
s

somewhat drama

no mscrpts—his Remarks as h term d t—
and h Emper

The prince h d l t o e w
n Sim lén k and, walking up and d wn the
oom past Alpatych wh ood by the doo he
ga e h s tructions.

him Russian and music herself and talking to Dessalles the rest of the day she spent over her books with her old nurse or with God's folk who sometimes came by the back door to see her

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My poor husband is enduring pains and hunger in Jewish taverns but the news which I have inspires me yet more

You heard probably of the heroic exploit of Raevski embracing his two sons and saying I will perish with them but we will not be shaken! And truly though the enemy was twice stronger than we we were unshakable We pass the time as we can but in war as in war! The princesses Aline and Sophie sit whole days with me and we unhappy widows of live men make beautiful conversations over our *charpie* only you my friend are missing and so on

The chief reason Princess Mary did not realize the full significance of this war was that

calm and confident that Princess Mary unhesitatingly believed him

All that July the old prince was exceedingly active and even animated He planned another garden and began a new building for the domestic serfs The only thing that made Princess Mary anxious about him was that he slept very little and instead of sleeping in his study

as usual changed his sleeping place every day One day he would order his camp bed to be set up in the glass gallery another day he re-

tienne—a serf boy read to him Then again he could spend a night in the dining room

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At dinner that day on Dessalles mentioning that the French were said to have already entered Vitebsk the old prince remembered his son's letter

There was a letter from Prince Andrew today he said to Princess Mary—Haven't you read it?

No Father she replied in a frightened voice

She could not have read the letter as she did not even know it had arrived

He writes about this war said the prince with the ironic smile that had become habitual to him in speaking of the present war

That must be very interesting said Dessalles Prince Andrew is in a position to know

Oh very interesting! said Mademoiselle Bourienne

Go and get it for me said the old prince

gerly

No don't! he exclaimed with a frown You go Michael Ivanovich

Michael Ivanovich rose and went to the study But as soon as he had left the room the old prince looking uneasily round, threw down his napkin and went himself

"They can't do an thing always make sense," he muttered.

While he was waiting Princess Mary Dessalles, known as Bourienne, and even little Nicholas looked on in silence. The old prince moved with quick steps, accompanied by Michael Ivanovich, bringing the letter and a plan. They both put down beside him—not letting anyone read them at dinner.

On going to the drawing-room he handed the letter to Princess Mary and, spreading out before him the plan of the new building and fixing his eyes upon it, told her to read the letter aloud. When she had done so Princess Mary looked inquiringly at her father. He was examining the plan, evidently engrossed in his own ideas.

"What do you think of it, Prince?" Dessalles ventured to ask.

"But," said the prince as if unpleasingly vexed, and not taking his eyes from the plan of the building.

"Very possibly the theater of war will move to near to us that."

"Ha ha ha. The theater of war!" said the prince. He said and studied that the theater of war is Poland and the enemy will never get beyond the Vistula.

Dessalles looked in amazement at the prince, so was talking of the Vistula when the enemy was already at the Dnieper but Princess Mary forgot the geographical position of the Vistula, though that what her father was saying was correct.

"When the snow melts we'll sink in the Poles swamps. Oh! they could fail to see it," the prince continued, evident thinking of the campaign of 1807 which seemed to him so recent. Bonaparte should have advanced into Prussia sooner than things would have taken a different turn.

"But, Prince, Dessalles began smiling. "The letter mentions it, that."

"Is the letter yes," replied the prince peremptorily. "Yes, yes." His face suddenly took on a morose expression. He paused. "Yes," he said, "the French were beaten at what ever it is."

Dessalles dropped his eyes.

"The prince says nothing about that," he remarked gently.

"Does he? But I didn't mention it myself. No one spoke for long time."

"Yes, yes." Well, Michael Ivanovich, he suddenly went on, raising his head and pointing to the plan of the building, "tell me

how you mean to alter it."

Michael Ivanovich went up to the plan and the prince after peaking to him about the new building looked angrily at Princess Mary and Dessalles and went to his own room.

Princess Mary saw Dessalles embarrassed and astonished look fixed on her father noticed his silence, and was struck by the fact that her father had forgotten his son's letter on the drawing-room table; but she was not only afraid to speak of it and ask Dessalles the reason of his confusion and silence, but was afraid even to think about it.

In the evening Michael Ivanovich, sent by the prince, came to Princess Mary for Prince Andrew's letter which had been forgotten in the drawing-room. She gave it to him and, unpleasant as it was to her to do so, ventured to ask him what her father was doing.

"Always busy," replied Michael Ivanovich with a respectfully ironical smile which caused Princess Mary to turn pale. He was worrying very much about the new building. He has been reading a little, but now—Michael Ivanovich went on, lowering his voice—now he is at his desk, busy with his will, I expect. (One of the prince's favorite occupations of late had been the preparation of some papers he meant to leave at his death and which he called his "will.")

And Alpatych is being sent to Smolensk?" asked Princess Mary.

"Oh, yes, he has been waiting to start for some time."

CHAPTER III

WHEN MICHAEL IVANOVICH returned to the study with the letter the old prince, with spectacles on and a shawl over his eyes, was sitting

his open bureau with screened candles, holding a paper in his outstretched hand, and in a somewhat dramatic attitude was reading his manuscript—his "Remarks," as he termed it—which was to be transmitted to the Emperor at or his death.

When Michael Ivanovich went in there were tears in the prince's eyes evoked by the memory of the time when the paper he was now reading had been written. He took the letter from Michael Ivanovich's hand, put it in his pocket,

him Russian and music herself and talking to Dessalles the rest of the day she spent over her books with her old nurse or with God's folk who sometimes came by the back door to see her

Of the war Princess Mary thought as women do think about wars. She feared for her brother who was in it was horrified by and amazed at the strange cruelty that impels men to kill one another but she did not understand the significance of this war which seemed to her like all previous wars. She did not realize the significance of this war though Dessalles with whom she constantly conversed was passionately interested in its progress and tried to explain his own conception of it to her and though the

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You heard probably of the heroic exploit of Raevski embracing his two sons and saying I will perish with them but we will not be shaken! And truly though the enemy was twice stronger than we we were unshakable. We pass the time as we can but in war as in war! The princesses Aline and Sophie sit whole days with me and the unhappy widows of live men make beautiful conversations over our charpie only you my friend are missing and so on

The chief reason Prince Andrew is so alarmed is the fear of the French

Princess Mary unhesitatingly believed him

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as usual changed his sleeping place every day. One day he would order his camp bed to be set up in the glass gallery another day he remained on the couch or on the lounge chair in the drawing room and dored there without undressing while—instead of Mademoiselle Bourienne—a serf boy read to him. Then again he would spend a night in the dining room

On August 1 a second letter was received from Prince Andrew. In his first letter which came soon after he had left home Prince Andrew had dutifully asked his father's forgiveness for what he had allowed himself

Prince Andrew's second letter written near Vitebsk after the battle of Borodino

He foretells as to the further progress of the war. In this letter Prince Andrew pointed out to his father the danger of staying at Bald Hills so near the theater of war and on the army's direct line of march and advised him to move to Moscow

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Mademoiselle Bourienne jumped up eagerly

No don't! he exclaimed with a frown. You go Michael Ivanovich

Michael Ivanovich rose and went to the study. But as soon as he had left the room the old prince looking uneasily round threw down his napkin and went himself

BOOK TEN

CHAPTER IV

Bald Hills Prince Nch las Bolkón his estate
 lay fifty miles east from Smolensk and
 two miles from the main road to Moscow

The same evening that the prince gave his
 instructions to Alpátych Dessiles having
 led to see Princess Mary told her that she
 Princess was ordinary was taking no steps
 towards his safety though from Prince An

as possible father was daughter

He greased his horse Alpátych wear
 a white breeches—a present from the
 prince—carrying a tuck as the prince did
 not accompany him by his family Three
 followed to the ready harnessed to mill
 to carry with leather hood.

The larger bell was filled with little bells
 the harness to be drawn by the prince
 allowed to be Bald Hills drew through
 the bell to the little grey Alpátych led
 to be them. He little—the clerk
 to use the leather cullery to look
 to draw the little boy to the chimney
 to draw the most serious—was a young man
 to

He drew the leather to the chimney
 to draw the most serious—was a young man
 to draw the most serious—was a young man
 to draw the most serious—was a young man

Thi Thi Thi Thi Thi Thi Thi Thi Thi Thi
 m d Alpátych puffing and peck
 rapidly just as the prince did the chimney
 to the trap

After the king's orders about the work
 to be done Alpátych tried to make the
 prince satisfied that his horse had head
 to draw the horse to the chimney.

He had the king's orders about the work
 to be done Alpátych tried to make the
 prince satisfied that his horse had head
 to draw the horse to the chimney.

When the men in the mill muttered
 Alpátych to himself that he had started on his journey
 to the chimney to draw the horse to the chimney.

the black fields just being plowed a second
 time

As he entered the field he looked with pleasure
 at the year's splendid crop of corn scrutinized
 the crops of the field which here and there were
 already being reaped in the calculation as
 to the sowing and the harvest and asked him
 self whether he had not forgotten any of the
 prince's orders

Heaving the horses twice on the way
 he arrived at the town toward evening on the
 fourth of August

Alpátych kept meeting and overtaking bag
 gage train and troop on the road. As he ap
 proached Smolensk he heard the sounds of d
 rums firing but these did not impress him
 What truth had the news of the sight of spl
 ended field of oats which a camp had been
 pitched and which was being mown down by
 the leaders of the army? This fact
 impressed Alpátych but not the news of the
 own business he soon forgot

All the night of his life for more than
 thirty years had been bounded by the will of
 the prince and he never went beyond that
 limit. Every thought not connected with the ex
 ecution of the prince's orders did not enter
 and did not even exist for Alpátych.

On each of Smolensk on the evening of
 the fourth of August he put up in the Gách
 ubu broths. Dressed in the uniform kept by
 Frapont which he had been in the habit of
 putting up for the last thirty years. Some of the
 yeomen of Frapont by Alpátych's order had
 brought wood from the prince's house begun to
 trade and in which he had been in the habit of

belly

A new welcome Yáko Alpátych. Folks
 to the town but you have come to it
 as the

Why do they let the town? asked Al
 pátych

That which is your folks' foolishness. Alwys
 afraid of the Fench.

When the men in the mill muttered
 Alpátych to himself that he had started on his journey
 to the chimney to draw the horse to the chimney.

WAR AND PEACE

First newspaper—do you hear? Light quires like this sample gilt edged it must be exact ly like the sample. Varnish sealing wax as in Michael Ivánovich's list

He paced up and down for a while and glanced at his notes

Then hand to the governor in person a letter about the deed

Next bolts for the doors of the new building were wanted and had to be of a special shape the prince had himself designed and a leather case had to be ordered to keep the will in

The instructions to Alpátych took over two hours and still the prince did not let him go He sat down sank into thought closed his eyes and dozed off Alpátych made a slight move ment

Well go go! If anything more was wanted I'll send after you

Alpátych went out The prince again went to his bureau glanced into it fingered his papers closed the bureau again and sat down at the table to write to the governor

It was already late when he rose after sealing the letter He wished to sleep but he knew he would not be able to and that most depressing thoughts came to him in bed So he called Tikhon and went through the rooms with him to show him where to set up the bed for that night

He went about looking at every corner Every place seemed unsatisfactory but worst of all was his customary couch in the study That couch was dreadful to him probably because of the oppressive thoughts he had had when lying there It was unsatisfactory every where but the corner behind the piano in the sitting room was better than other places he had never slept there yet

With the help of a footman Tikhon brought in the bedstead and began putting it up

That's not right! That's not right! cried the prince and himself pushed it a few inches from the corner and then closer in again

Well at last I've finished now I'll rest thought the prince and let Tikhon undress him

Frowning with vexation at the effort necessary to divest himself of his coat and trousers the prince undressed sat down heavily on the bed and appeared to be meditating as he looked contemptuously at his withered yellow legs He was not meditating but only deferring the moment of making the effort

you would release me! thought he Pressing his lips together he made that effort for the twenty thousandth time and lay down But hardly had he done so before he felt the bed rocking backwards and forwards beneath him as if it were breathing heavily and jolting This happened to him almost every night He opened his eyes as they were closing

No peace damn them! he muttered angrily he knew not with whom Ah yes there was something else important very important that I was keeping till I should be in bed The bolts? No I told him about them No it was something something in the drawing room Princess Mary talked some nonsense Dessalles that fool said something Something in my pocket—can't remember

Tikhon what did we talk about at dinner? About Prince Michael

Be quiet quiet! The prince slapped his hand on the table Yes I know Prince Andrew's letter! Princess Mary read it Dessalles said something about Vitebsk Now I'll read it

He had the letter taken from his pocket and the table—on which stood a glass of lemonade and a spiral wax candle—moved close to the bed and putting on his spectacles he began reading Only now in the stillness of the night reading it by the faint light under the green shade did he grasp its meaning for a moment

The French at Vitebsk in four days march they may be at Smolensk perhaps are already there! Tikhon! Tikhon!

I don't want

He put the closed his eyes

Danube at bridge way reads the Russian camp and himself a young general without a wrinkle on his ruddy face vigorous and alert entering Potemkin's gaily colored tent and a burning sense of jealousy of the favorite agitated him now as strongly as it had done then He recalled all the words spoken at that first meeting with Potemkin And he saw before him a plump rather sallow faced short stout woman the Empress Mother with her smile and her words at her first glance

him and cold

Oh quicker quicker! To get back to that time and have done with all the present Quick er quicker—and that they should leave me in peace!

CHAPTER IV

BAID HILLS, Prince Nicholas Bolikóvski's estate lay five miles east from Smolensk and two miles from the main road to Moscow.

The same evening that the prince gave his instructions to Alpatych, Dessaltes, his minister, saw Princess Mary told her that, as the prince was not very well, he was taking no steps to secure his safety, though from Prince Andrew's letter it was evident that to remain at Bald Hills might be dangerous; he respectfully advised her to send a letter by Alpatych to the Provincial Governor at Smolensk, asking him

er quite black fields just being plowed a second time.

As he went along he looked with pleasure at the year's splendid crop of corn scrutinized the strips of ryefield which here and there were already being reaped, made his calculations as to the sowing and the harvest, and asked himself whether he had not forgotten any of the prince's orders.

He visited the horses twice on the way he arrived at the town toward evening on the fourth of August.

Alpatych kept meeting and undertaking baggage trains and troops on the road. As he approached Smolensk he heard the sounds of distant firing but these did not impress him. What struck him most was the sight of a splendid field of oats in which a camp had been pitched and which was being mown down by the soldiers, evidently for fodder. This fact impressed Alpatych, but in thinking about his own business he soon forgot it.

All the interests of his life for more than thirty years had been bounded by the will of the prince and he never went beyond that limit. Everything not connected with the execution of the prince's orders did not interest and did not even exist for Alpatych.

On each of Smolensk on the evening of the fourth of August he put up at the Gáchin

gave Alpatych with instructions to hand to the Governor and to come back as quickly as possible if there was danger.

Having received all his orders Alpatych, wearing his beaver hat—a present from the prince—and carrying a stick as the prince did, went out accompanied by his family. Three well-fed roans tooled ready harnessed to a small conveyance with a leather hood.

The larer bell was muffled and the little bells on the harness ruffed with pepper. The prince allowed no one at Bald Hills to drive with ringed bells, but on his journey Alpatych liked to have them. His satellites—the sen or clerk, the under-house clerk, scullery maid, a cook, two maidwomen, little pageboy the coachman, and various domestic servants—were seeing him

He dismounted placed chintz-covered down cushions for himself and behind his back. His minister law popped a small bundle, and the coachmen lifted him into the carriage.

"There! There! Women fuss! Women fuss!" said Alpatych, puffing and peaking just as the prince did, and he climbed into the trap.

After giving the clerk orders about the work to be done, Alpatych, driving his minister, now lifted the hat from his bald head and crossed himself three times.

If there is anything come back, Yákov Alpatych Christakevich of us cried to refer to the rumors of war and the

Women, women! Women fuss! mattered Alpatych to himself and started on his journey back round the fields of flowery and thickly growing oats, and to other

trade, and now had a house, an inn and a corn dealer's shop in that province. He was stout, dark, red-faced peasant in the features, with thick lips, broad knob of nose, miller's knobs on his black frowning brows, and round belly.

Wearing a waistcoat over his cotton shirt, Fetapo to was standing before his shop which he peered out the street. On seeing Alpatych he went up to him.

"I see a welcome, Yákov Alpatych. Folks are leaving the town but you have come to it, said he.

"Why are they leaving the town?" asked Alpatych.

"That's what I say. Folks are foolish. Always afraid of the French.

"Women fuss, women fuss," said Alpatych.

Just what I think, Yákov Alpatych. What I say is orders have been given not to let them in so that must be right. And the peasants are ask

BOOK TEN

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER IV
BALD HILLS, Prince Nicholas Bolkonski's estate lay fifty miles east from Smolensk and two miles from the main road to Moscow. The same evening that the prince gave his instructions to Alpatych Dessaltes he visited the Princess Mary to bid her that as though she was to cry will and wait king's steps to secure his safety though from Prince Andrei drew little was evident that he remained Bald Hills though he bade us he particularly advised her to read letters by Alpatych the Provincial Governor to Smolensk king him self and the ex-

norl Pr ess War
men Alp h with tru t ns to h d t
to the Go rn d t com b k as qu cky

the Go r n
pns bl fther w d g
H gre ed lhus d rs Alpdtych, wear
h b h i p l m the
p d carry g t h p n d d
ou ampa ed by hus l mly Three
ll fed roa tood d h nressed i m ll
eva th leath hood
Th larger bellw muffed d h l i b ll
es f d w th p p Th p m

u gh l k scullers m u k
n ldw m l l p boy th chm n
d d mes eri -w g him
#

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 n sa d Alp t puffi h d p k g
 p d , as l f did d h cl mbed

p d j 25 f
 p g l i k d r s b o t h w k w u p h u m
 v h r g m h y w l o
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t t t h f m h b l d n u sa d h
 t t t h h e e m e s Why re th
 t t t g m b k l a k p a r c h.
 t t t k h k f u s c r e d Th a h
 t t t r u f w d h f r a d o f t h

W f s m e r e d
t i t a e d o h j o u r n e y
t f l l i l w r e d
t k l g r w g s a t s d t o t h

TEN
er qu te black fields just being plowed a second
time along he looked with pleasure

As he went along he looked with pleasure at the yeas plind drop of corn scrutinized the strip of rye field which here and there were already being reaped made his calculations as to the sowing and the harvest and asked himself whether he had not forgotten any of the pence so dear.

Hung led the horses twice on the way
he arrived at the town to ward on the
first of August

Alpátych kept m tng nd o ertaking bag
gag ched ns d troop on the r ad A he ap-
P ched smolen kh head d the sounds of d s
t n frng but the did not mpress h m
Wh t tru kh m m t wa the ght of a plen
d d field f o t n w d camp had been
P ch d d wh ch w b ng m wn down by
he sold ers d nuly fr fodder This fact
mp es d Alpáty! but n d nking bout h s
w bu nessle soon frgot t
w bu nessle soon frgot t

mp es d Alpaty
w bu nessesoon f rgot t
All he te us f his li for mor th n
thu ty rsh d b en bounded by th will i
h p n d i ne w nt beyond that
l mt E rythng nt nn ed w th the ex
cu n f th p c ders d n t interest
nd d d n f x t f r Alpatych.
n k on the en ng of

nd d n n x t f r Alpatya.
On r ch g Sm lénsh on the en ng of
th f u h f Auu th put up n the Gách n
ubu b cr h Dn p at the nn kept by
F rapo w l h had be n n the hab t of
pu n up f th l d y years. Some thirty
rs g F rapo t by Alpatya d ce had
bo ght wood f m the pr e had beg n to
rad nd wh d h us n nd corn
d al h p n th t pro e Hew sto t
da k ed faced pea nt the f rtes w th
thuck l p b d kn b f ose sm lark obs
h bl ck f wn g bows, a d rou d

Why re they lea g the t wn? ked Al
párvch.

The hilly Folks are foolish! Always
fraid of the Fire ch.

W me fuss omen fuss sa d Alpárvch.
J u h e I think Yák Alpárvch. What I
says rdersha ebeengve not to let t. em in.
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ing three rubles for carting—it isn't a Christian!

Yákov Alpátych heard without heeding. He asked for a samovar and for hay for his horses and when he had had his tea he went to bed.

All night long troops were moving past the inn. Next morning Alpátych donned a jacket he wore only in town and went out on business. It was a sunny morning and by eight o'clock it was already hot. A good day for harvesting, thought Alpátych.

From beyond the town firing had been heard since early morning. At eight o'clock the booming of cannon was added to the sound of musketry. Many people were hurrying through the streets and there were many soldiers, but cabs were still driving about. Tradesmen stood at their shops and service was being held in the churches as usual. Alpátych went to the shops to government offices to the post office and to the Governor's. In the offices and shops and at the post office everyone was talking about the army and about the enemy who was already attacking the town. Everybody was asking what should be done and all were trying to calm one another.

In front of the Governor's house Alpátych found a large number of people. Cossacks and a traveling carriage of the Governor's. At the porch he met two of the landed gentry, one of whom he knew. This man, an ex-captain of police, was saying angrily:

It's no joke, you know! It's all very well if you're single. One man though, undone is but one, as the proverb says, but with thirteen in your family and all the property. They've brought us to utter ruin! What sort of governors are they to do that? They ought to be

the other

We're not

dogs, said the ex-captain of police, and looking round he noticed Alpátych.

Oh, Yákov Alpátych! What have you come for?

To see the Governor by his excellency, said the other, answered Alpátych, lifting his head and proudly thrusting his hand into the bosom of his coat as he always did when he mentioned the prince. He has ordered me to inquire into the position of affairs, he added.

Yes, go and find out! shouted the angry gentleman. They've brought things to such a pass that there are no carts or anything! There it is again, do you hear? said he, pointing in the direction whence came the sounds of firing.

They've brought us all to ruin, the brigand said, he repeated and descended the porch steps.

Alpátych swayed his head and went upstairs. In the waiting room were tradesmen, women and officials looking silently at one another. The door of the Governor's room opened and they all rose and moved forward. An official ran out, said some words to a merchant, called a stout official with a cross hanging on his neck to follow him and vanished again, evidently wishing to avoid the inquiring looks and questions addressed to him. Alpátych moved forward and next time the official came out addressed him, one hand placed in the breast of his buttoned coat and handed him two letters.

To his Honor Baron Asch, from General in Chief Prince Bolkónski, he announced with such solemnity and significance that the official turned to him and took the letters.

A few minutes later the Governor received Alpátych and hurriedly said to him:

Inform the prince and princess that I know nothing. I acted on the highest instructions—here—and he handed a paper to Alpátych.

Still, as the prince is unwell, my advice is that they should go to Moscow. I am just starting

expressed terror.

Go, he said, nodding his head to Alpátych and began questioning the officer.

Eager, frightened, helpless glances were turned on Alpátych when he came out of the Governor's room. Involuntarily his enemy now to the firing, which had drawn nearer and was increasing in strength. Alpátych hurried to his inn. The paper handed to him by the Governor said this:

I assure you that the town of Smolensk is not in the slightest danger, yet and it is unlikely that it will be threatened with any. From the one side and Prince Bagration from the other are marching

People were anxiously roaming about the streets.

Carts piled high with household utensils, chairs, a cupboard kept emerging from the gates [the yards] dimly galloping the streets. Loaded carts stood at the house next to Ferapont's doorway where walls and lamenting as they said good-by. A small watchdog ran and barked in front of the harnessed horses.

Alpátych entered the yard at a quicker pace than usual and went straight to the shed where his horses and trap were. The coachman was asleep. He woke him up at half past ten. Alpátych went to the passage. From the host's room came the sounds of child crying, the despairing sobs of a woman and the harsh angry shouts of Ferapónto. The cook began running hither and thither the passage like frightened like just as Alpátych entered.

He died here death. Killed the mistress! Beat her dragged her about so!

"What?" asked Alpátych.

"She kept begging to go away. She's a woman. Take me away, says she, don't let me perish in my little child! Folk here says are ill, so why he says don't we go? And he began beating and pulling her about so!"

At these words Alpátych nodded as if in approval, didn't wish to hear more went to the door of the room opposite the innkeeper's where he had left his purchases.

"You brute, you murderer! screamed the pale woman who with baby in her arms, dithered left and right in her head, burst through the door that moment and dashed with steps into the yard.

Ferapónto came out after her like to see Alpátych adjusted his waistcoat, smoothed his jawed, dismissed Alpátych to the opposite room.

"Go, go, ready?" said he.

Alpátych, who was still looking at his host, sorted his packages and asked how much he owed.

"Will reckon up. Will have you been to the Governor?" asked Ferapónto. "What has been decided?"

Alpátych replied that the Governor hadn't told him anything definite.

"With all this, how can we get away?" said Ferapónto. "We'd have to pay seven rubles cartload. Do you know? I'll tell them they're not Christ. I'll tell Sel'd now. Did a good strike last Thursday—sold flour to

the army for ten rubles a sack. Will you have some tea?" he added.

While the horses were being harnessed Alpátych and Ferapónto entered the street talked of the price of corn, the crops and the good weather for harvest.

"Well, it seems to be getting quite better."

So when it seems. They say the other day Matthew Iánych Plát drove them into the river Máryn and drowned some between them and none of them.

Alpátych collected his parcels handed them to the coachman who had come and settled up with the innkeeper. The noise of wheel, hoof and bell was heard from the gateway as the little trap passed out.

It was by now late in the afternoon. Half the street was not had with other half brightly lit by the sun. Alpátych looked out of the window and went to the door. Suddenly the strange sound of a far-off whistle and thud was heard followed by a boom of cannon blinding to dull roar that set the window rattling.

He went into the street two men were

comp so with them of the first go to the town and attracted little attention from the inhabitants. That was because bombarded by hundred and thirty guns which Napoleon had ordered up after five o'clock. The people did not to realize the meaning of this bombardment.

At first the use of the fall-grenades and shells only roused curiosity. Ferapónto's wife who till then hadn't ceased with gun, the head became quite dead with the by

going to try to get glimpse of the projectiles as they flew over their heads. Several people came out of the corner talk eagerly.

"What?" asked one. Knocked the roof down like platters.

Routed up the earth like pig and another.

"That's grand, a buck one up!" laughed Htman of the Cossack army.—Ta.

WAR AND PEACE

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one as the proverb says but with thirteen in
your family and all the property. They've
brought us to utter ruin! What sort of govern-
ors are they to do that? They ought to be
hanged—the brigands!

Oh come that's enough! said the other.
What do I care? Let him hear! We're not
dogs, said the ex captain of police.

To see the Governor by his excellency's or-
der answered Alpatyich lifting his head and
proudly thrusting his hand into the bosom of
his coat as he always did when he mentioned
the prince. He has ordered me to inquire
into the position of affairs, he added.

Yes go and find out! shouted the angry
gentleman. They've brought things to such a
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nothing. I acted on the highest instructions—
here and he handed a paper to Alpatyich.
Still as the prince is unwell my advice is that
they should go to Moscow. I am just starting
myself. Inform them.

But the Governor did not finish. A dusty per-
spiring officer ran into the room and began to
say something in French. The Governor's face
expressed terror.

Go, he said nodding his head to Alpatyich
and began questioning the officer.

Eager frightened helpless plan
turned on the Governor
Governor
the fir-
increasing
inn. The
or said th

I
in the
it will
an I Pr
toun-
teour forces before Smolénsk which
will be effected on the instant and both ar-
mies with united forces will defend our com-
patriots of the province intended to care for
our efforts shall have beaten back the enemy
of the land on which I swear in our
in ranks spoke from it you will see that
you have a perfect guarantee that the
of Smolénsk for the defended by two
armies may feel assured of victory (Instruct
from B. Lay de Tolly in Baron Asch the ci-
go-rnor of Smolénsk 18 2)

to stop I s de treet ne r the cro sroads
here the veh cles had t pped h us and
some hop w e n fire This fi e was l e dy
burn g t lf ut. The fl mes n w d ed down
a d ere l t the black moke w udden
ly flared up ga n br ghtly l ghtu g up w th
stra ge d t ct ess the f es f th people
cro d t the cro s ro ds Black figures flit

Alpátych g t down d turned t the d
stre t t look t the fire. Soldiers were cont n
ually rush g b ck wa s a d f rw rds near it
nd be saw tw f them and m n n fne e
coat dragg g burn g beams to an theryard
cross li treet, wh le thers carned bundles
of hay

Alpátych went p to l rge crowd sta d g
before h h b m wh ch was bl g bri kly
The alls e e ll on fire d th ck wall b d
fallen in the wooden roof was collap ng d
theraf ers ere al ght. Th cr wd was ev d nt
ly ich to the oof t fall n d Alpátych
watched f t too

Alpátych f m har e udd ly hailed
L e ld man.

Mercy us! y ur ellency! w ered
Alpátych, mmedat ly recognizing the o ce
f hus p g pri ce.

Prince A drew h s riding cl ak mounted
on bl k h rse wa look t Alpátych from
th ba k f th cro d.

"Why vo here h asked.

"Your your excellency tampered Al
pátych and broke to soba. Are we really
los M ter!

"Why re y here Pri ce Andrew repeat
ed.

At that moment th flames flared up and
showed h y g ma er pale w rn face. Al
pátych told how he had been sent there nd
how d. Scul s t was t get w

Ar w ally quit lost, your excellency
he asked t u.

Prince Andrew w th t reply n took o t
n n book nd ransing hus k ce began writing
in pencil n page h tor out. H wro e to
h ter

"Smolensk being abandoned. Bad Hill will
be occupied by the enem within a week. Set off
immedat for Moscow. Let me know t once
ten vo will tart. Send by special messenger to
L msk.

H og w t ten this and given L e paper to

Alpátych he told h m how to arrange fo the
departure of the pr ce the p ncess his son

at it foll weu ya t g p u r
y u r col nel? houted the ch f of
taff w th a German ccent n vo c fam l r
t Pr ce Andrew Houses a e set on fire in
your presence nd you tand by! What d es
th s mean? You w ll nswer fo t sh uted
B rg who was now assistant to the ch ef f
taff f the comm nde of the left flank of the

Rere d

the tenth a d if by the tenth I don t rece e
n ws that they ha ll g t way I shall h e to
throw up e eryth g nd com myself to B ld
H lls.

Prince sa d Berg recogn g Prince An
drew I only poke b cause I ha e to obey o
ders b cause I lways do obey xactly You
must pleas excuse me he w nt n pologet
cally

Som thing cracked n th flames Th fi e
died down to moment and wreaths of bl k
sm k rolled from u der the oof Ther was
another t rible cra h nd someth g huge col
l psed.

"Ou rousoul yelled th crowd ch g th
crash of th collap g oof of the barn th
burn ng gra n n wh ch diffused cakel ke
aroma all ar und The flames flared up ga n
l ghtu th n mated, del ghted exhausted
faces of the pectators

The man n th fneze coat raised his rms
and houted

It fin lads w t rraging It fin

"That the owner himself, cried everal
r ces.

"Well then continued Prince Andrew to
Alpátych, epórt to them as I hav told you
and not replying word to Berg who was now
mute bes d him, h touched his hors nd rode
down th d treet.

CHAPTER V

F M SMOLENSK th troops continued to re-
treat, f ll wed by th enemy On the tenth of
August th timent Pri ce Andrew command
ed was may h lo g th h ghroad past the
enuelead g to B ld H lls. Heat and dr ught
had continued f more than three weeks

the first Lucky you jumped aside or it would have wiped you out!

Others joined those men and stopped and told how cannon balls had fallen on a house close to them. Meanwhile still more projectiles now with the swift sinister whistle of a cannon ball now with the agreeable intermittent whistle of a shell flew over people's heads incessantly but not one fell close by they all flew over Alpatych was getting into his trap. The inn keeper stood at the gate.

What are you staring at? he shouted to the cook who in her red skirt with sleeves rolled up swinging her bare elbows had stepped to the corner to listen to what was being said.

What marvels! she exclaimed but hearing her master's voice she turned back pulling down her tucked up skirt.

something exploded and the street was shrouded in smoke.

Scoundrel what are you doing? shouted

ened baby began to cry and people crowded silently with pale faces round the cook. The loudest sound in that crowd was her wailing.

Oh h h! Dear souls dear kind souls! Don't let me die! My good souls!

Five minutes later no one remained in the street. The cook with her thigh broken by a

tress rocked and hushed her baby and when anyone came into the cellar asked in a pathetic whisper what had become of her husband who had remained in the street. A shopman who entered told her that her husband had gone with others to the cathedral whence they were fetching the order and working icon of Smolensk.

clear was clouded with smoke through which high up the sickle of the new moon shone strangely. Now that the terrible noise of the guns had ceased a hush seemed to reign over the town broken only by the rustle of footsteps

the morning the distant cries and the crackle of fires which seemed widespread everywhere. The cook's moans had now subsided. On two sides black curling clouds of smoke rose and spread from the fires. Through the streets soldiers in various uniforms walked or ran confusedly in different directions like ants from a ruined ant hill. Several of them ran into Ferapontov's yard before Alpatych's eyes. Alpatych

being abandoned. Get away get away! and then turning to the soldiers shouted.

I'll teach you to run into the yards!

Alpatych went back to the house called the coachman and told him to set off. Ferapontov's whole household came out too following Alpatych and the coachman. The women who had been silent till then suddenly began to wail as they looked at the fires—the smoke and even the flames of which could be seen in the failing twilight—and as if in reply the same kind of lamentation as heard from other parts of the street. Inside the shed Alpatych and the coachman arranged the tangled reins and traces of their horses with trembling hands.

As Alpatych was driving out of the gate he saw some ten soldiers in Ferapontov's open

at his hair burst into sobs and laughter.

Loot everything! Lads! Don't let those devils get it! he cried taking some bags of flour himself and throwing them into the street.

Some of the soldiers were frightened and ran away others went on filling their bags. On seeing Alpatych Ferapontov turned to him.

Russia is done for! he cried. Alpatych I'll set the place on fire myself. We're done for! and Ferapontov ran into the yard.

Soldiers were passing in a constant stream

out

Night had come. There were stars in the sky and the new moon shone out amid the smoke that screened it. On the sloping descent to the Dnieper Alpatych's cart and that of the inn keeper's life which were slowly moving amid the rows of soldiers and of other vehicles had

to stop. In a side street near the crossroads where the houses had tipped a house and some shops were in fire. This fire was already burning itself out. The flames now died down and were lost in the black smoke as was sudden. It flared up again brightly lighting up with strange dustiness the faces of the people crowd gathered to the crossroads. Black fires flared about before the fire and through the narrow cracks of the flames talking and shouting could be heard. See that his trap would not be able to move on for some time.

cross the street, while there was still some left.

Alpátych went up to the large crowd standing before his barn which was blowing briskly. The allowance of the fire and the black wall had fallen in, the wooden roof was collapsing and the rafters were alight. The crowd was evident. I watch for the roof to fall and Alpátych watched it too.

Alpátych familiar voice suddenly hailed the old man.

"Necy as your excellency answered Alpátych, mumbled tely recognising the voice of his young prince.

Prince A drew his riding cloak, mounted on black horse, was looking at Alpátych from the back of the crowd.

"Why are you here? he asked.

"I am your excellency stammered Alpátych and broke to sobs. Are we really lost? Yes!

"Why are you here? Prince Andrew repeated.

At that moment the flames flared up and showed his garments pale with smoke. Alpátych told him what had been going on there and how difficult it was to get away.

Are we really lost, your excellency he asked again.

Prince A drew without reply and took out not book and a ghastly face began writing pencil page he tore it. He wrote to her.

Smolensk is being abandoned. Bald Hills will be occupied by the enemy within week. Set off immediately for Moscow. Let me know once you will start. Send by special messenger to Krynki.

He gave him this and given the paper to

Alpátych he told him how to arrange for the departure of the princess, his son and the boy too and how and where to let him know immediately. Before he had had time to finish giving these instructions, a chief of staff followed by suite galloped up to him.

"You are a colonel?" he asked the chief of staff with a German accent. "No, I am a family member to Prince Andrew. He is here on fire and you present and you stand by! What does this mean? You will answer for it!" shouted Berg who was now assistant to the chief of staff of the commander of the left flank of the infantry of the first army place as Berg said cry "Freeble and well né done!"

Prince Andrew looked at him and without reply went on to speak to Alpátych.

So tell them that I shall wait a reply till the tenth and if by the tenth I don't receive news that they have got away I shall have to throw up everything and come myself to Bald Hills.

Prince, said Berg, recognizing Prince Andrew. I only poke because I have to obey orders because I always do obey exactly. You must please excuse me. He went on pologet scally.

Some thing crackled with flames. The fire died down from the wreaths of black smoke rolled from under the roof. There was another terrible crash and something huge collapsed.

Our our our yelled the crowd echoing the crash of the collapse of the roof of the barn the burning grain which had fused cake like armor all around. The flames flared up again lighting the numbed, delighted exhausted faces of the spectators.

There in the frieze coat raised his arms and he uttered

It is finished! Now is raging. It is finished! That the owner himself cried several times.

Well then continued Prince Andrew to Alpátych report to them as I have told you and in reply gave a word to Berg who was now mute besides him he touched his horse and rode down the street.

CHAPTER V

For some days the troops continued to retreat, followed by the enemy. On the tenth of August the commandant Prince Andrew commanded was marching along the highway past the old lead. Bald Hills. Heat added to the bad continued for more than three weeks.

Each day fleecy clouds floated across the sky and occasionally veiled the sun but toward evening the sky cleared again and the sun set in reddish brown mist. Heavy night dews alone refreshed the earth. The uncreaped corn was scorched and shed its grain. The marshes dried up. The cattle lowed from hunger finding no food on the sun parched meadows. Only at night and in the forests while the dew lasted was there any freshness. But on the road the highroad along which the troops marched there was no such freshness even at night or when the road passed through the forest the dew was imperceptible on the sandy dust churned up more than six inches deep. As soon as day dawned the march began. The artillery and baggage wagons moved noiselessly through the deep dust that rose to the very hubs of the wheels and the infantry sank ankle deep in that soft choking hot dust that never cooled even at night. Some of this dust was kneaded by the feet and wheels while the rest rose and

--

higher rose that cloud of dust and through the screen of its hot fine particles one could look with naked eye at the sun which showed like a huge crimson ball in the unclouded sky. There was no wind and the men choked in that motionless atmosphere. They marched with handkerchiefs tied over their noses and mouths. When they passed through a village they all rushed to the wells and fought for the water and drank it down to the mud.

Prince Andrew was in command of a regiment and the management of that regiment the welfare of the men and the necessity of receiving and giving orders engrossed him. The burning of Smolensk and its abandonment made an epoch in his life. A novel feeling of anger against the foe made him forget his own sorrow. He was entirely devoted to the affairs of his regiment and was considerate and kind to his men and officers. In the regiment they called him our prince were proud of him

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to a different world and who could not know and understand his past. As soon as he came across a former acquaintance or anyone from the staff he bristled up immediately and grew spiteful, ironical and contemptuous. Every thing that reminded him of his past was repug-

nant to him and so in his relations with that former circle he confined himself to trying to do his duty and not to be unfair.

In truth everything presented itself in a dark and gloomy light to Prince Andrew especially after the abandonment of Smolensk on the sixth of August (he considered that it could and should have been defended) and after his sick father had had to flee to Moscow abandoning to pillage his dearly beloved Bald Hills which he had built and peopled. But despite this thanks to his regiment Prince Andrew had something to think about entirely apart from general questions. Two days previously he had received news that his father son and sister had left for Moscow and though there was nothing for him to do at Bald Hills Prince Andrew with a characteristic desire to foment his own grief decided that he must ride there.

He ordered his horse to be saddled and leaving his regiment on the march rode to his father's estate where he had been born and spent his childhood. Riding past the pond where there used always to be dozens of women chattering as they rinsed their linen or beat it with wooden beetles Prince Andrew noticed that there was not a soul about and that the little washing half torn from its place and half submerged was floating on its side in the middle of the pond. He rode to the keeper's lodge. No one was at the stone entrance gates of the drive and the door stood open. Grass had already begun to grow on the garden paths and horses and calves were straying in the English park. Prince Andrew rode up to the hothouse some of the glass panes were broken and of the trees in tubs some were overturned and others dried up. He called for Taras the gardener but no one replied. Having gone round the corner of the hothouse to the ornamental garden he saw that the carved garden fence was broken and branches of the plum trees had been torn off with the fruit. An old peasant whom Prince Andrew in his childhood had often seen at the gate was sitting on a green garden seat plaiting a bast shoe.

He was deaf and did not hear Prince Andrew ride up. He was sitting on the seat the old prince used to like to sit on and beside him strips of bast were hanging on the broken and withered branch of a magnolia.

Prince Andrew rode up to the house. Several limes in the old garden had been cut down and a pale mare and her foal were wandering in front of the house among the rosebushes. The shutters were all closed except at one

window which was open. A little serf boy carrying Prince Andrew ran to the house. Al-
pátych, having sent his family away, was looking
at Bald Hills and was sitting at the doors reading

"Well good-bye!" said Prince Andrew bend-
ing over to Alpátych. "You must go away too
take away what you can and tell the serfs to go
to the Ryazán estate or to the one near Mos-
cow."

Alpátych clung to Prince Andrew's leg and
himself

and kissing Prince Andrew's knee.

Then, excited at his own weakness, he turned
away and began to report on the position of af-
fairs. Everything precious and valuable had
been removed. Boguchár, the seventy quar-
ters of grain, had also been carted away. The
hay and the spring corn of which Alpátych
said there had been a remarkable crop that
year had been commandeered by the troops.
And in the winter while still green the peas-
ants were ruined, some of them too had gone
to Borucháro, only a few remained.

With this he went to hear him out. Prince An-
drew looked

"When did my father and sister leave?

mean, when did they leave for Moscow?

Alpátych understood that question to re-
fer to the departure for Borucháro and re-
plied that they had left in the seventh ad-
ditional detail, corner in the estate
management of intruders.

Am I like the troops here, is and it
take a receipt of them? Which will be hun-
dred quarters left, he quired.

mental garden like fly-compasses
last on

the trees were came
seeing the young master the elder one with
frightened look clutched her young com-
panion by the hand and hid with her behind the rich
tree not stopping to pick up some green plums
which had dropped.

frightened little girl was afraid of looking at
him and yet felt nervous about the desire to do so.
A new sensation of comfort and relief came
over him when seeing that he was the real red
thence the human interests entirely

obviously asked them to ally themselves
"Yes, let them have it," replied Prince An-
drew.

If you would send some order to the guard
and Alpátych would be impossible to per-
form. Three regiments have been de-
stroyed, dragon mostly looked with some
dreadful commotion. He felt dis-
comfited.

"Will, do what you go to do? Will
you say her father occupy the place?
asked Prince Andrew.

Alpátych smiled. He felt that Prince An-
drew looked at him, and did only with solemn
gesture raised his arm.

He is my refugee! He will be denied! He ex-
claimed.

A group of bareheaded peasants was pro-
ceeding across the meadow toward the prince.

danger past, they passed from the ambu-
shes and chirruping methinks in their shrill title
voices dashed up their kurtis the rebre-
litle unburned feet camped merrily and
quickly crossed the meadow grass.

Prince Andrew was somewhat refreshed by
the good news of the dusty high order. In
which the troops were moving. But not far
from Bald Hills he again came out on the road.
He took his regiment to its halting place
by the dim forest of a small pond. It was a
dark. The red bill through the dust
blurred and reached his back. He terribly
thrilled his back. The dust always hung
in the air, the buzz of talk that came
from the resting troops. There was no word.
A harsh crossed the dim Prince Andrew smelled
the odor of freshness from the pond. He longed
to get into the water, however dirty it might
be, and he glided under the pool from

whence came sounds of shrieks and laughter. The small muddy green pond had risen visibly more than a foot flooding the dam because it was full of the naked white bodies of soldiers with brick red hands necks and faces who were splashing about in it. All this naked white human flesh laughing and shrieking floundered about in that dirty pool like carp stuffed into a watering can and the suggestion of merriment in that floundering mass rendered it specially pathetic.

One fair haired young soldier of the third company whom Prince Andrew knew and who had a strap round the calf of one leg crossed himself stepped back to get a good run and plunged into the water. Another a dark mustachioed officer who was always shaggy stood up to his wrist in the water joyfully wriggling his muscular figure and snorted with satisfaction as he poured the water over his head with hands blackened to the wrists. There were sounds of men slapping one another yelling and puffing.

Everywhere on the bank on the dam and in the pond there was healthy white muscular flesh. The officer Timókhin with his red

less

It's very nice your excellency! Wouldn't you like to? said he.

It's dirty replied Prince Andrew making a grimace.

We'll clear it out for you in a minute said Timókhin and still undressed ran off to clear the men out of the pond.

The prince wants to bathe.

What prince? Ours? said many voices and

barn

of bodies splashing about in the dirty pond

On the seventh of August Prince Bagration wrote as follows from his quarters at Mikháýlovka on the Smolénsk road.

Dear Count Alexis Andréevich—(He was writing to Arakchéev but knew that his letter would be read by the Emperor and therefore we gilded every

word in it to the best of his ability.)

I expect the Minister [Bardley le Tolly] has already reported the abandonment of Smolénsk to the enemy. It is pitiable and sad and the whole army is in despair that this most important place has been wantonly abandoned for my part

was in such a fix as never before and might have lost half his army but could not have taken Smolénsk. Our troops fought, and are fighting a never before. With fifteen thousand men I held the enemy at bay for thirty five hours and beat him but he would not hold out even for fifteen hours. It is disgraceful a stain on our army and as for him he ought it seems to me not to live. He reports that our losses were great it is not true perhaps about four thousand not more and not even that but even were they ten thousand and that is all! But the enemy has lost masses.

What would it have cost him to hold out for another two days? They would have had in return

retiring that night. We cannot fight in this way or we may soon bring the enemy to Moscow.

There is a rumor that you are thinking of peace. God forbid that you should make peace after all our sacrifices and such insane retreats! You would set all Russia against you and every one of us

One man ought to be in command and neither you Minister may perhaps be good as a Minister

get it with you. Who locates the conclusion of a peace and that the Minister should command the army does not love you so much and less the ruin of all. So I write you frankly call out the militia. For the Minister is a long these visits after him to Moscow in a most mannerly way. The whole army feels

The army to say I. Consideration on our retreat the loss of the capital more than fifteen thousand men a day we attacked the militia it happened. Tell me so God's sake will Russia or mother Russia say to or be so frightened and why a weak and our good night Fatherland to ucl rattle and imploring feelings of

lured and sham in all r bjects. Wh t are
scared t and f h m w fraid. I m n t
thme that th Minister is acill t m cowa d
dense dilatory d h all bad q lities. Th
whole army bewails t d calls d n curses upo
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CHAPTER VI

A c the umerable categories ppl cabl
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Foreign Aff irs in 400 nd in Sugbecam Cha
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for emo al t kazán of the cou t and the
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should ha s a d t Ann Pál lovn nd v ce
era.

Soon fter the Empero return Pri ce V a
ll n con era t on bo t the wa at Anna
Pál n severely on demned Bard yde Tol

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Petersburg mil t p es d o er the en oll
m nt of recr u m at the T esury cae usly
tu ed to ggest th t kutuzo would be the
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Ann Pál lovn rema ked w th a m l n holly
m l that kutuzo had d n enoth gb t caus
th Empero r mnovance.

Th etalked d talked t th Assembly of
the N b lity Prince Vasilu interrupted but
they d d n t listen t m T l d them hu lec
t n as ch f o f th m l u w uld n t please the
Emper r They d d n t l t n t m

It l th ma f opposu n m went
on. And who f ? It is ll because we wa t to
pe the fool sh enthuzasm of those Musco
tes Pri ce V ll co u ued, f r gettu g f
mom nt that tho gh at Héle s o ch d to
ridicule the Moscow thus asm t Anna Pál
l n a s o e had t be ecstatic about t. But he

retrieved his mistake at once. Now is it suitable that Count Kutuzov, the oldest general in Russia, should preside at that tribunal? He will get nothing for his pains! How could they make a man commander in chief who cannot mount a horse, who drops asleep at a council and has the very worst morals! A good reputation he made for himself at Bucharest! I don't

No one replied to his remarks.

This was quite correct on the twenty-fourth of July. But on the twenty-ninth of July Kutuzov received the title of Prince. This might indicate a wish to get rid of him, and therefore Prince Vasili's opinion continued to be correct, though he was not now in any hurry to express it. But on the eighth of August a committee consisting of Field Marshal Saltykov, Arakchëev, Vyazmitinov, Lopukhin and Kochubéy met to consider the progress of the war. This committee came to the conclusion that our failures were due to a want of unity in the com-

But Prince they say he is blind! said he, reminding Prince Vasili of his own words.

Eh? Nonsense! He sees well enough, said Prince Vasili rapidly, in a deep voice and with a slight cough—the voice and cough with which he was wont to dispose of all difficulties.

He sees well enough, he added. And what I am so pleased about, he went on, is that our sovereign has given him full powers over all the armies and the whole region—powers no commander in chief ever had before. He is a second autocrat, he concluded with a victorious smile.

God grant it! God grant it! said Anna Pavlovna.

The man of great merit, who was still a novice in court circles, wishing to flatter Anna Pavlovna by defending her former position on this question, observed:

It is said that the Emperor was reluctant in

Perhaps the heart took no part in that speech, said Anna Pavlovna.

Oh, no, not warmly rejoined Prince Vasili, who would not now yield Kutuzov to anyone in his opinion. Kutuzov was not only admirable himself, but was adored by everybody. No, that is impossible, said he, for our sovereign appreciated him so highly before.

God grant only that Prince Kutuzov assumes real power and does not allow anyone to put a spoke in his wheel, observed Anna Pavlovna.

Understanding at once to whom she alluded, Prince Vasili said in a whisper:

I know for a fact that Kutuzov made it an absolute condition that the Tsarévich should not be with the army. Do you know what he said to the Emperor?

And Prince Vasili repeated the words supposed to have been spoken by Kutuzov to the Emperor: I cannot then punish him if he does wrong, nor reward him if he does right.

Oh, a very wise man is Prince Kutuzov! I have known him a long time!

They even say, remarked the man of great merit, who did not yet possess courtly tact, that his excellency made it an express condition that the sovereign himself should not be with the army.

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i verse

armies and over the whole region occupied by them.

On the ninth of August Prince Vasili and Anna Pavlovna again met the man of great merit. The latter was very attentive to Anna Pavlovna because he wanted to be appointed director of one of the educational establishments for young ladies. Prince Vasili entered the room with the air of a happy conqueror who has attained the object of his desires.

Well, have you heard the great news? Prince Kutuzov is field-marshal! All dissensions

ing room

also to
ceived the news with delight, he could not resist the temptation

Anna Pi lova turned way from him and glanced sadly at one another with a sigh at his misfortune.

CHAPTER VII

While this was taking place in Petersburg the French had already passed Smolénk and were drawing nearer and nearer to Moscow. A popular historian Thiers, like other of his historians, tries to justify his hero says that he was drawn to the walls of Moscow against his will. He is as right as other historians who look for the explanation of historic events in the will of man. He is as right as the Russian historians who maintain that Napoleon was drawn to Moscow by the skill of the Russian commanders. Here begins the law of retrospection, which regards all the past as preparation for events that subsequently occur the law (recapitulation) comes in, confusion in the whole matter. A good chessplayer having lost a game is sorely vexed that his loss resulted from mistake he made and looks for that mistake in the opening, but regrets that in each stage of the game there were similar mistakes and that none of his moves were perfect. He only notices the mistake to which he pays attention because his opponent took advantage of it. How much more complex than this is the game of war which occurs under certain limits of time and where it is not once will that man pursues his less objects, but everything results from innumerable co-factors & various wills.

After Smolensk the polecs sought battle-
 field Dorogobuzh in Viazma and then
 Tsiarova-Zavna but it happened that ow-
 ing to conjuncture of innumerable circum-
 stances the Russes could not go battl till
 they reached Borodno, seventy miles from
 Moscow. From Viazma the polecons ordered a
 direct drive on Moscow.

Moscow la l an iged gr d
 m r la ll sacre d peupl d ll d
 Moscow ever se m m b bl glur enj me
 d pazed h the Moscow gave Na-
 po m m agina son no rest. the march
 from l arma to Tsarevo-Zarmu hch he rode
 h l- ba bobta led mblcr compa ed by
 hn Guarda hn bodyguard hn pages d aides-
 decamp Berth cr hn ch d l taff dropped
 beh d question Russian prisoner cap-
 tured by he cavalry followed by Lelorgue

Moscow the Asia capital of this great empire
the sacred city of Alexander people Moscow
it is in numerous churches shaped like Chinese
pagodas

corps is joining up with the 11th and that Kutuzov has been appointed commander in chief. He is a very shrewd and glib fellow."

Napoleon smiled and told them to give the Cossack horse and bring the man to him. He wished to talk to him himself. Several adjutants galloped off, and an hour later Lavrushka the serf Denisov had handed over to Ros-

hura

"You are a Coward"

"Yes. Costack your H dor"

"The Cossak, not known in what company he was, of a poleon pl in appearance had nothing about him that would reveal to an Oriental mind the presence of a monarch. talked with extreme military of the incidents of the war says Thiers, narrates this episode. In reality Lavrushka, having got drunk the day before and left his master dinnerless, had been whipped and sent to the mill on a quest for duck, where he engaged in looting till the French took him prisoner. Lavrushka was one of those coarse bare-faced rascals who have seen all sorts of things, consider it necessary to do everything in the mean and cunning way are ready to render any sort of service to their master and are keen at guessing their master's baser impulses, especially those prompted by vanity and pettiness.

Findi himself in the company of a pole on whose denuty he had easily and surely recognized, Lavrushka was not in the least abashed but merely did his utmost to gain his new master's favor.

He knew very well that this was a poleon but a poleon's presence could no more intimidate him than Rostov's, so Sergei's maps with the rods, would be of no use for he had nothing that either the sergeant major or a poleon could deprive him of.

So he rattled out all the gossip he had heard from the orderlies. Most of it was true. But when Napoleon led him whether the Russians thought they would beat Bonaparte or not, Lavrushka screwed up his eyes and considered.

In this question he saw subtle cunning as men of his type see cunning in everything so he frowned and did not answer immediately

It's like this he said thoughtfully *if there's a battle soon yours will win That's right But if three days pass then after that well then that same battle will not soon be over*

Lelorgne d Ideville smilingly interpreted this speech to Napoleon thus *If a battle takes place within the next three days the French will win but if later God knows what will happen Napoleon did not smile though he was evidently in high good humor and he ordered these words to be repeated*

Lavrushka noticed this and to entertain him further pretending not to know who Napoleon was added

We know that you have Bonaparte and that he has beaten everybody in the world but we are a different matter —without knowing why or how this bit of boastful patriotism slipped out at the end.

The interpreter translated these words with out the last phrase and Bonaparte smiled

The young Cossack made his mighty interlocutor smile *says Thiers After riding a few paces in silence Napoleon turned to Berthier and said he wished to see how the news that he was talking to the Emperor himself to that very Emperor who had written his immortally victorious name on the Pyramids would affect this enfant du Don*

The fact was accordingly conveyed to Lavrushka

Lavrushka understanding that this was done to perplex him and that Napoleon expected him to be frightened to gratify his new masters promptly pretended to be astonished and awe struck opened his eyes wide and assumed the expression he usually put on when taken to be whipped As soon as Napoleon's interpreter had spoken *says Thiers the Cossack seized by amazement did not utter another word but rode on his eyes fixed on the conqueror whose fame had reached him across the steppes of the East All his loquacity was suddenly arrested and replaced by a naive and silent feeling of admiration Napoleon after making the Cossack a present had him set free like a bird restored to its native fields*

Napoleon rode on dreaming of the Moscow that so appealed to his imagination and the bird restored to its native fields galloped to our outposts inventing on the way all that had

Child of the Don

not worth telling He found the Cossacks inquired for the regiment operating with Platov's detachment and by evening found his master Nicholas Rostov quartered at Yankovo Rostov was just mounting to go for a ride round the neighboring villages with Ilyin he let Lavrushka have another horse and took him along with him

CHAPTER VIII

PRINCESS MARY was not in Moscow and out of

from a dream He ordered the militiamen to be called up from the villages and armed and wrote a letter to the commander in chief informing him that he had resolved to remain at Bald Hills to the last extremity and to defend it leaving to the commander in chief discretion to take measures or not for the defense of

Bald

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main at Bald Hills

But while himself remaining he gave in

by her father's feverish and sleepless after his previous apathy could not bring herself to leave him alone and for the first time in her life ventured to disobey him She refused to go away and her father's fury broke over her in a terrible storm He repeated every injustice he had ever inflicted on her Trying to convict her he told her she had worn him out had caused his quarrel with his son had harbored nasty suspicions of him making it the object of her life to poison his existence and he drove her from his study telling her that if she did not go away it was all the same to him He declared that he did not wish to remember her existence and warned her not to dare to let him see her The fact that she did not as he had feared order her to be carried away by force but only told her not to let him see her cheered Princess Mary She knew it was a proof that in the depth of his soul she was glad she was remaining at home and had not gone away

The morning after little Nicholas had left the old prince donned his full uniform and prepared to visit the commander in chief His

He was already at the door. Princess Mary saw him walk out of the house in his uniform wearing all his orders and go down the garden to review his armed peasants and domestic staff. She sat in the wind listening to his voice which reached her from the garden. Suddenly several men came running up the avenue with frightened faces.

Princess Mary ran out to the porch, down the lower-bordered path, and into the avenue. A large crowd of militiamen and domestics were moving toward her and in their midst several men were supporting by the arms and head a little old man in a uniform and decorations. She ran up to him and, in the pale sunlight that fell in small round spots through the shade of the lime-tree avenue, could not be sure what character there was in his face. All she could see was that his former stern and determined expression had altered to one of timidity and submission. On seeing his daughter he motioned his helpless lips and made a hoarse sound. It was impossible to make out what he wanted. He was lifted up, carried to his study and laid on the very couch he had so feared of late.

The doctor who was fetched that same night, bed him and said that the prince had had a seizure paralyzing his right side.

It was becoming more and more dangerous to remain at Bald Hills, and next day they moved the prince to Borovkharovo, the doctor accompanying him.

By the time they reached Borovkharovo Desyatov and the little prince had already left for Moscow.

For three weeks the old prince lay stricken by paralysis in the new house Prince Andrew had built at Borovkharovo, ever in the same state, growing neither better nor worse. He was unconscious and his limbs distorted and lips swollen and was impossible to tend. Whether he understood what was going on around him or not, one thing was certain—that he was suffering and wished for something. But it was no one could tell. He might be voiceless only of lack and half-crazy man, or it might relate to public affairs, or possibly to family concerns.

The doctor said his restlessness did not mean anything and was due to physical causes, but Princess Mary thought he wished to tell her something, and the fact that her presence always increased his restlessness confirmed her opinion.

He was evidently suffering both physically and mentally. There was no hope of recovery. It was impossible for him to travel. It would not do to let him die on the road. "Would it not be better if the end did come, the very end?" Princess Mary sometimes thought. "What and day hardly sleeping at all, she watched him and, terrible to see, often watched him not with hope of finding signs of improvement but wishing to find symptoms of the approach of the end.

Strange as it was to her to acknowledge this feeling in herself, yet there it was. And what seemed still more terrible to her was that not her father's illness began (perhaps even sooner when he dined with him expecting something to happen) but the person he desired and hoped that had been forgotten no longer with her had awakened. Though his thought had not entered

his free from his blighted continued continually in her imagination his imagination of the devil. Thrust them as deep as she would, question continually recurred to her that how she would order her life now after this! These were temptations of the devil and Princess Mary knew it. She knew that the sole weapon against him was prayer and she tried to pray. She assumed a dutiful devotion of prayer looked at the cross, repeated the words of prayer but she could not pray. She felt that a different world had now taken possession of her—the life of the world of tenuous and free at it quite opposed to the spiritual world in which

It was becoming dangerous to remain at Borovkharovo. News of the approach of the French came from all sides, and no village or estate from Borovkharovo a homestead had been looted by French marauders.

that the French were only some twenty-five miles away the French proclamations were circulating in the villages, and that if the princess did not take her father away before the twentieth, he could not answer for the consequences.

In this question he saw subtle cunning as men of his type see cunning in everything so he frowned and did not answer immediately

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very French

victor

this or

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CHAPTER VIII

PRINCESS MARY was not in Moscow and out of danger as Prince Andrew supposed

After the return of Alpatych from Smolensk the old prince suddenly seemed to wake as from a dream He ordered that

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to take measures or not for the defense of Bald Hills where one of Russia's oldest generals would be captured or killed and he announced to his household that he would remain at Bald Hills

But while himself remaining he gave instructions for the departure of

D

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by

and sleepless activity after his previous apathy could not bring herself to leave him alone and for the first time in her life ventured to disobey him She refused to go away and her father's

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she had worn him out had caused his quarrel with his son had harbored nasty suspicions of him making it the object of her life to poison his existence and he drove her from his study telling her that if she did not go away it was all the same to him He declared that he did not wish to remember her existence and warned her not to dare to let him see her The fact that she did not as she had feared order her to be carried away by force but only told her not to let him see her cheered Princess Mary She knew it was a proof that in the depth of his soul he was glad she was remaining at home and had not gone away

The morning after little Nicholas had left the old prince donned his full uniform and prepared to visit the commander in chief His

which was already at the door Princess Mary saw him walk out of the house in his uniform carrying all his orders and go down the garden to review his armed peasants and domestics. She sat by the window listen to his voice which reached her from the garden. Suddenly several men came running up the avenue with frightened faces.

Princess Mary ran out to the porch, down the flower-bordered path, and into the avenue. A large crowd of militiamen and domestics were moving toward her and in their midst several men were supporting a third army and dragging along a little old man in a uniform and decorations. She ran up to him and, in the pale sunlight that fell in small round spots through the shade of the lime-tree avenue, could not be sure what chance there was in his face. All she could see was that his former stern and determined expression had altered to one of timidity and submission. On seeing his daughter he motioned his helpless lips and made a hoarse sound. It was impossible to make out what he wanted. He was lifted up, carried to his study and laid on the very couch he had so feared to late.

The doctor who was fetched that same night, told him and said that the prince had had a seizure paralyzing his right side.

It was becoming more and more dangerous remain at Bald Hills, and next day they moved the prince to Boguchárovo, the doctor accompanying him.

By the time they reached Boguchárovo, Desnais and the little prince had already left Moscow.

For three weeks the old prince lay stricken by paralysis in the new house Prince Andrew had built at Boguchárovo ever the same way, getting neither better nor worse. He was unconscious and like a distended corpse. He stretched uneasily his eyebrows and lips twitching, and was impossible to tell whether he understood his was going on around him or not. On thing was certain—that he was suffering and wished for something. But it was, no one could tell, it might be some caprice of his half-crazed man or it might relate to public affairs, or possibly to family concerns.

The doctor said this restlessness did not emanate from any physical causes but Princess Mary thought he was tired to tell her something and he felt that her presence increased his restlessness confirmed her opinion.

He was evidently suffering both physically and mentally. There was no hope of recovery. It was impossible for him to travel, it would not do to let him die on the road. "Would it not be better if the end did come, the very end?" Princess Mary sometimes thought. "What and the hard sleep not at all, she watched him and, terrible to say, often watched him not with hope of finding signs of improvement but wishing to find symptoms of the approach of the end.

Strange as it was to her to know, it felt no less to herself, yet there it was. And what seemed still more terrible to her was that since her father's illness began (perhaps even sooner when he dined with him expecting something to happen) all the person's desires and hopes that had been forgotten or sleeping within her had awakened. Thoughts that he did not enter her mind for years—thoughts of a life freed from the fear of her father and even the possibility of love and of family happiness—floated continually in her imagination like temptations of the devil. Thrust them aside as she would, questions so unusual recurred to her to how she would order her life now after this. These were temptations of the devil and Princess Mary knew it. She knew that the sole weapon against them was prayer and she tried to pray. She assumed a studied of prayer looked at the cross, repeated the words of prayer but she could not pray. She felt that different world had now taken possession of her—the life of a world of terrors and free curiosity quite opposed to the spiritual world in which till now she had been confined and which her greatest comfort had been prayer. She could not pray could not weep and would care took possession of her.

It was becoming dangerous to remain in Boguchárovo. News of the approach of the French came from Iludsk, and from one village ten miles from Boguchárovo, a homestead had been looted by French marauders.

The doctor insisted on the necessity of moving the prince to the provincial Marshal of the Nobility sent an official to Princess Mary to persuade her to get away as quickly possible, and the head of the rural police having come to Boguchárovo urged the same thing, saying that the French were only some twenty-five miles away that French proclamations were circulating in the villages, and that if the prince died did not take her father away before the fifteenth, he could not answer for the consequences.

The princess decided to leave on the thirteenth. The cares of preparation and giving orders for which everyone came to her occupied her all day. She spent the night of the fourteenth as usual without undressing in the room next to the one where the prince lay. Several times waking up she heard his groans and muttering the creak of his bed and the steps of Tikhon and the doctor when they turned him over. Several times she listened at the door and it seemed to her that his mutterings were louder than usual and that they turned him over oftener. She could not sleep and several times went to the door and listened wishing to enter but not deciding to do so. Though he did not speak, Princess Mary saw and knew how unpleasant every sign of anxiety on his account was to him. She had noticed with what dissatisfaction he turned from the look she sometimes involuntarily fixed on him. She knew that her going in during the night at an unusual hour would irritate him.

But never had she felt so grieved for him or so much afraid of losing him. She recalled all her life with him and in every word and act of his found an expression of his love for her. Occasionally amid these memories temptations of the devil would surge into her imagination thoughts of how things would be after his death and how her new liberated life would be ordered. But she drove these thoughts away with disgust. Toward morning he became quiet and she fell asleep.

She woke late. That sincerity which often comes with waking showed her clearly what chiefly concerned her about her father's illness. On waking she listened to what was going on behind the door and hearing him groan said to herself with a sigh that things were still the same.

But what could have happened? What did I want? I want his death! she cried with a feeling of loathing for herself.

She washed, dressed, said her prayers and went out to the porch. In front of it stood carriages without horses and things were being packed into the vehicles.

It was a warm gray morning. Princess Mary stopped at the porch still horrified by her spiritual baseness and trying to arrange her thoughts before going to her father. The doctor came downstairs and went out to her.

He is a little better today, said he. I was looking for you. One can make out something of what he is saying. His head's clearer. Come in, he is asking for you.

Princess Mary's heart beat so violently at this news that she grew pale and leaned against the wall to keep from falling. To see him talk to him, feel his eyes on her now that her whole soul was overflowing with those dreadful wicked temptations was a torment of joy and terror.

Come, said the doctor.

Princess Mary entered her father's room and went up to his bed. He was lying on his back propped up high and his small bony hands with their knotted purple veins were lying on the quilt. His left eye gazed straight before him, his right eye was awry and his brows and lips motionless. He seemed altogether so thin, small and pathetic. His face seemed to have shriveled or melted; his features had grown smaller. Princess Mary went up and kissed his hand. His left hand pressed hers so that she understood that he had long been waiting for her to come. He touched her hand and his brows and lips quivered angrily.

She looked at him in dismay trying to guess what he wanted of her. When she changed her position so that his left eye could see her face he calmed down, not taking his eyes off her for some seconds. Then his lips and tongue moved, sounds came and he began to speak, timidly and imploringly at her, evidently afraid that she might not understand.

Straining all her faculties, Princess Mary looked at him. The comic efforts with which he moved his tongue made her drop her eyes and with difficulty repress the sobs that rose to her throat. He said something repeating the same words several times. She could not understand them but tried to guess what he was saying and inquiringly repeated the words he uttered.

Mmm, ar, ate, ate, he repeated several times.

It was quite impossible to understand these sounds. The doctor thought he had guessed them and inquiringly repeated, *Mary, are you afraid?* The prince shook his head and again repeated the same sounds.

My mind, my mind aches? questioned Princess Mary.

He made a mumbling sound in confirmation of this, took her hand and began pressing it to different parts of his breast as if trying to find the right place for it.

Always thoughts about you, though, he then uttered much more clearly than he had done before, now that he was sure of being understood.

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Princess Mary pressed her head against his hand, trying to hide her sobs and tears.

He moved his hand over her hair

"It has been calling you all night
tremble out."

"No! I had known," she said through her tears, "I was afraid to come in."

He pressed her hand.

"Were you asleep?"

"No, I did not sleep," said Princess Mary shaking her head.

Unconscious, imitating her father she now tried to express herself as he did, as much as possibly by words, and her tongue too seemed to move with difficulty.

"Dear one, dearest," Princess Mary over- and over, not quite making out what he said, but from his look it was clear that he had uttered tender caressing words such as he had never used to her before. "Why didn't you come in?"

And as he was wishing for his death, thought Princess Mary

He was silent while.

"Thank you daughter dear! for all, for all, forgive, thank you, forgive, thank you," and tears began to flow from his eyes. "And Andrew," he said suddenly and almost, timid expression of doubt showed itself on his face as he spoke.

He himself seemed aware that his demand was meaningless. So it less it seemed to Princess Mary

"I have letter from him," she replied.

He glanced at her with timid surprise.

"Where is he?"

"He with the army of Lier at Smolensk."

He closed his eyes and remained silent a long time. Then as if in answer to his doubts and to confirm the fact that now he understood and remembered everything, he nodded his head and reopened his eyes.

"Yes," he said, softly and distinctly, "Russia has perished. They've destroyed her."

And he began to sob and again tears flowed from his eyes. Princess Mary could no longer restrain herself and wept while she gazed at his face.

Again he closed his eyes. His sobs ceased, he pointed to his eyes, and Tikhon, understanding him, wiped away the tears.

Then he again opened his eyes and said something none of them could understand for long time, until at last Tikhon understood and repeated it. Princess Mary had sought the meaning of his words in the mood in which he had just been speaking. She thought he was speak-

ing of Russia, or Prince Andrew of herself, of his grandson, or of his own death, and so she could not guess his words.

Put on your white dress. I like it," was what he said.

Heaving underood this Princess Mary sobbed still louder and the doctor taking her arm led her out to the veranda, soothing her and trying to persuade her to prepare for her journey. When she had left the room the prince again began peaking about his son, about the war and about the Emperor angrily twitching his brows and raising his hoarse voice and then he had second and final stroke.

Princess Mary stayed on the veranda. The day had cleared, it was hot and sunny. She could understand nothing, think of nothing and feel nothing, except passionate love for her father to the such as she thought she had never felt till that moment. She ran out sobbing into the garden and as far as the pond, along the avenues of young lime trees Prince Andrew had planted.

"Yes, I, I, I wished for his death, yes, I wanted it to end quicker. I wished to be at peace. And what will become of me. What use will peace be when he is no longer here?" Princess Mary murmured, pacing the garden with hurried steps and pressing her hands to her bosom which heaved with convulsive sobs.

When she had completed the tour of the garden, which brought her again to the house, she saw Madame Bounenne—who had remained at Boruchárovo and did not wish to leave it—coming toward her with a stranger. This was the Marshal of the Nobility of the district, who had come personally to point out to the princess the necessary for her prompt departure. Princess Mary listened without understanding him, she led him to the house, offered him lunch, and sat down with him. Then, excusing herself, she went to the door of the old prince's room. The doctor came out with an agitated face and said she could not enter.

"Go away, Princess! Go away, go away!"

She returned to the garden and sat down on the grass at the foot of the slope by the pond, where no one could see her. She did not know how long she had been there when she was aroused by the sound of woman footsteps running along the path. She rose and saw Dunyasha her maid, who was evidently looking for her and who stopped suddenly as if in alarm on seeing her mistress.

Please come Princess. The Prince said Dunyasha in a breaking voice

Immediately I'm coming I'm coming! replied the princess hurriedly not giving Dunyasha time to finish what she was saying and trying to avoid seeing the girl she ran toward the house

Princess it's God's will! You must be prepared for everything said the Marshal meeting her at the house door

Let me alone it's not true! she cried angrily to him

The doctor tried to stop her She pushed him aside and ran to her father's door Why are these people with frightened faces stop

ously darkened room startled her in the room were her nurse and other women They all drew back from the bed making way for her He was still lying on the bed as before but the stern expression of his quiet face made Princess Mary stop short on the threshold

No he's not dead—it's impossible! she told

the force of the tenderness she had been feeling for him vanished instantly and was replaced by a feeling of horror at what lay there

Princess Mary sank into the arms of the doctor who held her up

In the presence of Tikhon and the doctor

another handkerchief tied together the legs that were already spreading apart Then they

cord Toward night candles were burning round his coffin a pall was spread over it the floor was strewn with sprays of juniper a printed band was tucked in under his shriveled head and in a corner of the room sat a chanter reading the psalms

Just as horses shy and snort and gather about a dead horse so the inmates of the house and

strangers crowded into the drawing room round the coffin—the Marshal the village Elder peasant women—and all with fixed and frightened eyes crossing themselves bowed and kissed the old prince's cold and stiffened hand

CHAPTER IX

UNTIL PRINCE ANDREW settled in Boguchárovo its owners had always been absentees and its peasants were of quite a different character from those of Bald Hills They differed from them in speech dress and disposition They were called steppe peasants The old prince

disliked them for their boorishness

Prince Andrew's last stay at Boguchárovo, when he introduced hospitals and schools and reduced the quitrent the peasants had to pay had not softened their disposition but had on the contrary strengthened in them the traits of character the old prince called boorishness Various obscure rumors were always current among them at one time a rumor that they would all be enrolled as Cossacks at another of a new religion to which they were all to be converted then of some proclamation of the Tsar's and of an oath to the Tsar Paul in 1797 (in connection with which it was rumored that freedom had been granted them but the land owners had stopped it) then of Peter Fedorovich's return to the throne in seven years time when everything would be made free and so simple that there would be no restrictions Rumors of the war with Bonaparte and his invasion were connected in their minds with the same sort of vague notions of Antichrist the end of the world and pure freedom

In the vicinity of Boguchárovo were large villages belonging to the crown or to owners whose serfs paid quitrent and could work where they pleased There were very few resident landlords in the neighborhood and also very few domestic or literate serfs and in the lives of the peasantry of those parts the mysterious undercurrents in the life of the Russian people the causes and meaning of which are so baffling to contemporaries were more clearly and strongly noticeable than among others One instance which had occurred some twenty years before was a movement among the peasants to emigrate to some unknown warm river

Prince III who was assassinated or led on the accession of his wife Catherine II to the throne in 1762—T.R.

ers. Hundreds of peasants among them the
Bogucháro of folk, did nly beean sell g their
cattle d mo g n whole f mil es t ward
— om wher

e ra way a d dro e or walked toward
th warm r ers. M ny of them w e pun
ished some sent e S heria m ny d ed f cold
a d h ver on the ro d ma y returned of
their n coo d. nd them ement diedd wn
of self just as e h d spru g up with ut p
parent reaso. B t such undercurrents still
ex ted mo || the people d gathered new
f es ready t m n fest th ms l es just
strangely u expe tedly d e th same t me
umply n t rally a d f cibly N w 812
so y el g clos t uch w th these peo
ple t wa pp re t th t thes u de curr nts
ct stro gly d near g n erupt n.

Alpátych wh had r ched Bogucháro o
shortly bef the ld pri e death not ced
a gnat m g the peasa ts, nd th t con
trary t what was happen g n th B ld H ll
district, where er rad us of f rty m les ll
the peasants were mo g way d lea g
th ll ges to be dev t ed by the Cossacks
the peasa ts the t ppe eg on ro d Bogu
chárovo were t wa rum ed n t ucl w th
th F ch, r e ed l flets from them th t
p sed from h d to h nd nd d not m grate.
H learned from d mest serf l yal t h m
that th peasa t h rp who possessed great
ll e n the ll ge commu d h d re
tly bee way dr g go crme t tra s
port, had t med w th new th t th Cossack
were destroy g deserted ll ges || t that the
Fre ch d d th rm them. Alpáty hals kn w
that th prev us day ther peasant had
even b ghs f m th ll g f v l kh
wh h a occup ed by th F e ch a procl
ma by || ch ge eral th t h rm
ld be d he hab t ts d f they
rema ed they w uld be p d f yth g tak
e from them. A proof f this the peasa t
had bro ght from Visl ákh h dred ru
bles n tes (h d d n t kn w that they were
f lse) p d t h m d f h y

M e mporta t t ll Alpátych learned th t

er the s teenth he could not ue t po e
for wh t m ght happen. On the e ni g of the
day the old prince d ed the Marshal went a ay
prom s ng to return next day for the f neral
But this he was unabl to do f || he rece ed
tidi gs th t the F ench had unexpectedly ad
van d and h d barely time to remo e hiso vn
fam ly nd valu bles from h estate

F rs me thirty ye rs Bogudáro o had been
man ged by the allag Elder Dron whom the
ld prince called by the dim nut e Dr nu h
ka.

Dron was one f those phys cally and mental
ly v gorous peasa || who grow b g beards as
soon they are f ge nd go on u chan d
till they are sixty o seventy w th ut a gray
ha r the loss f a tooth as stra ht d strong
at s xy s at th rty

jesu gly called h m the M ter Du g
the whole t me of his r ce D on had neve
been drunk || never fter sle pless || ghts
th hardest t k h d le h wn the le t f
t gue d th gh he co ld not ead he l d
|| er forgotten gle m ney ccou t or the
numbe of qu rters of flour n y f il nd
less cartlo ds he sold fo the prince n n
gle hock of the wh le corn cr p n ny le
cre f th Bogucháro || lds

Alpátych arr || from th de a tated B ld
H lls cat e t f hus D on on the d y f
the pri ces f eral nd t ld him to ha
ra l h res got ready || the pri cess car

4 L A p jct named cert n peasants he
knew from wh m h told h m t take the carts.
Dron repl ed that th h res f these pe s
ants w e way cart || Alpátych named oth

cluded not to m b t to wa t. Yet there was

ers but they too according to Dron had no horses available some horses were carting for the government others were too weak and others had died for want of fodder It seemed that no horses could be had even for the carriages much less for the carting

Alpátych looked intently at Dron and frowned Just as Dron was a model village Elder so Alpátych had not managed the prince's estates for twenty years in vain Hewas a model steward possessing in the highest degree the faculty of divining the needs and instincts of those he dealt with Having glanced at Dron he at once understood that his answers did not express his personal views but the general mood of the Boguchárovo commune by which the Elder had already been carried away But he also knew that Dron who had acquired property and was hated by the commune must be hesitating between the two camps the masters and the serfs He noticed this hesitation in Dron's look and therefore frowned and moved closer up to him

Now just listen Drónushka said he Don't talk nonsense to me His excellency Prince Andrew himself gave me orders to move all the people away and not leave them with the enemy and there is an order from the Tsar about it too Anyone who stays is a traitor to the Tsar Do you hear?

I hear Dron answered without lifting his eyes

Alpátych was not satisfied with this reply

Eh Dron it will turn out badly! he said shaking his head

The power is in your hands Dron rejoined sadly

Eh Dron drop it! Alpátych repeated withdrawing his hand from his bosom and solemnly pointing to the floor at Dron's feet I can see through you and three yards into the ground under you he continued gazing at the floor in front of Dron

Dron was disconcerted glanced furtively at Alpátych and again lowered his eyes

You drop this nonsense and tell the people to get ready to leave their homes and go to Moscow and to get carts ready for tomorrow morning for the princess things And don't go

repeated knowing that his skill in beekeeping his knowledge of the right time to sow the oats and the fact that he had been able to retain the old prince's favor for twenty years had long since gained him the reputation of being a wizard and that the power of seeing three yards under a man is considered an attribute of wizards

Dron got up and was about to say something but Alpátych interrupted him

What is it you have got into your heads eh? What are you thinking of eh?

What am I to do with the people? said Dron They're quite beside themselves I have already told them

Told them I dare say! said Alpátych Are they drinking? he asked abruptly

Quite beside themselves Yákov Alpátych they've fetched another barrel

Well then listen! I'll go to the police officer and you tell them so and that they must stop this and the carts must be got ready

I understand

Alpátych did not insist further He had managed people for a long time and knew that the chief way to make them obey is to show no suspicion that they can possibly disobey Having wrung a submissive I understand from Dron Alpátych contented himself with that though he not only doubted but felt almost certain that without the help of troops the carts would not be forthcoming

And so it was for when evening came no carts had been provided In the village outside the drink shop another meeting was being held which decided that the horses should be driven out into the woods and the carts should not be provided Without saying anything of this to the princess Alpátych had his own belongings taken out of the carts which had arrived from Bald Hills and had those horses got ready for the princess carriages Meanwhile he went himself to the police authorities

CHAPTER X

AFTER HER FATHER'S FUNERAL Princess Mary

keys now
sake!

Stop that! cried Alpátych sternly I see through you and three yards under you he

Take the
Christ's

parture (This was before his talk with Dron) Princess Mary raised herself on the sofa on which she had been lying and replied through the closed door that she did not mean to go away and begged to be left in peace

The windows of the room in which she was

He looked westward She lay in the soft with
her feet the wall beneath the button of
her leather cushion and see again the but

He had not suspected but what was usual to
herself during her illness. She wished to
pray but did not dare to, dared not in her
present state of mind address herself to God.
She lay all night in that position.

She had reached the other side of the
house a dismal night grayish ne into the pen-
dulum light gl up the room and present of the
morocco cushion in which Princess Mary was
lying. The flow of her thoughts suddenly
stopped. Unconsciously she sat up smoothed
her hair got up and went to the window. A
voluntarily inhaling the freshness of the clear
but windy evening.

"Yes," can well enjoy the evening now!
It is good no one will hinder you she
said to herself and sank again to her side let
her head fall the window was ill

Listening to the sound of her voice
Your position is doubly terrible dear prin-
cess said Mademoiselle Bourienne after
pause I understand that you could not and
cannot think of yourself but with my life for
you I must do so. Has Alpatych been to
you Has he spoken to you of going away? she
asked

Princess Mary did not answer She did not
understand who was to go or where to. Is it
possible to plan or think of anything now? Is
it not all the same? she thought and did not
reply

"You know *chère Marie* said Mademoiselle
Bourienne that we are not yet—are
surrounded by the French It would be danger-
ous to move now If we go we are almost sure
to be taken prisoners. God knows

Princess Mary looked at her companion with-
out understanding what she was talking about

Oh if anyone knew how little anything
matters to me now she said. Of course I
would on account wish to go away from
him. Alpatych did say something about it go-

the black dress and weepers. She softly
approached Princess Mary sighed kissed her
and named it began to cry The princess
locked up the door All the soldiers and soldiers
of her own regiment returned to her room.
She remembered too well what she had changed
flat to what Mademoiselle Bourienne and
could bear to see her thereby show glow-
ing were the pouches Princess Mary did
manfully dismissed her Besides the
miserable miserable death to the demon
he himself.

Princess Mary deeply accused to herself the
fact of Mademoiselle Bourienne whom
she had kept to dust beneath her feet
"a deep desire and I grieve for her"
She felt sorry for her and for her husband
with grief for the quarrel with Mademoiselle
Bourienne. She began crying again
kissed that husband and kissed the princess so
tenderly making her sleep peacefully. She
said her lonely soul in the fact that the
princess had left to leave her sorrow that
all the soldiers feared to go and could do
nothing but the great grief that he felt her
self blame for regard to every day
she from before saw her fleet and great
tired. The princess could hear the great
words but could only look at her father and

would not be better to stay here said Mademoiselle
Bourienne Because you will free
cher Marie to fall to the hand of the sol-
diers or for our peasants would be terrible"

Mademoiselle Bourienne took from her
reticule prodromon (not printed on ordi-
nary Russian paper) of French Rameau, telling
people not to leave the houses and in the
the French authorities would afford them proper
protection. She handed this to the princess.

I think it would be best to pop to the
general she continued, and I must be there
all due respect would be to you.

Princess Mary read the paper and her face
began to quiver with stifled sobs.

From whom did you get this she asked.

"They probably recognized this from French
by my name replied Mademoiselle Bourienne
blush

Princess Mary with the paper in her hand
rose from the window and with pale face
went out of the room and into where it had been
Princess Alpatych's study

"Du ya ha se Alpatych Drólik or
so body to me he said and tell Mademoiselle
Bourienne to come to me she added
Lea g Mademoiselle Bourienne voice "We
must go to the other cell she said pop lled at

ers but they too according to Dron had no horses available some horses were carting for the government others were too weak and others had died for want of fodder It seemed that no horses could be had even for the carriages much less for the carting

Alpátych looked intently at Dron and frowned Just as Dron was a model village Elder so Alpátych had not managed the prince's estates for twenty years in vain He was a model steward possessing in the highest degree the faculty of divining the needs and instincts of those he dealt with Having glanced at Dron he at once understood that his answers did not express his personal views but the general mood of the Boguchárovo commune by which the Elder had already been carried away But he also knew that Dron who had acquired property and was hated by the commune must be hesitating between the two camps the masters and the serfs He noticed this hesitation in Dron's look and therefore frowned and moved closer up to him

Now just listen Drómushka said he Don't talk nonsense to me His excellency Prince Andrew himself gave me orders to move all the people away and not leave them with the enemy and there is an order from the Tsar about it too Anyone who stays is a traitor to the Tsar Do you hear?

I hear Dron answered without lifting his eyes

Alpátych was not satisfied with this reply

Eh Dron it will turn out badly! he said shaking his head

The power is in your hands Dron rejoined sadly

Eh Dron drop it! Alpátych repeated withdrawing his hand from his bosom and solemnly pointing to the floor at Dron's feet I can see through you and three yards into the ground under you he continued gazing at the floor in front of Dron

Dron was disconcerted glanced furtively at Alpátych and again lowered his eyes

You drop this nonsense and tell the people to get ready to leave their homes and go to Moscow and to get carts ready for tomorrow morning for the princess's things And don't go to any meeting yourself do you hear?

Take the
or Christ's

sake!

Stop that! cried Alpátych sternly I see through you and three yards under you he

repeated knowing that his skill in beekeeping his knowledge of the right time to sow the oats and the fact that he had been able to retain the old prince's favor for twenty years had long since gained him the reputation of being a wizard and that the power of seeing three yards under a man is considered an attribute of wizards

Dron got up and was about to say something but Alpátych interrupted him

What is it you have got into your heads eh? What are you thinking of eh?

What am I to do with the people? said Dron They're quite beside themselves I've already told them

Told them I dare say! said Alpátych Are they drinking? he asked abruptly

Quite beside themselves Yákov Alpátych they've fetched another barrel

Well then listen! I'll go to the police officer and you tell them so and that they must stop this and the carts must be got ready

I understand

Alpátych did not insist further He had managed people for a long time and knew that the chief way to make them obey is to show no suspicion that they can possibly disobey Having wrung a submissive I understand from Dron Alpátych contented himself with that, though he not only doubted but felt almost certain that without the help of troops the carts would not be forthcoming

And so it was for when evening came no carts had been provided In the village outside the drink shop another meeting was being held which decided that the horses should be driven out into the woods and the carts should not be provided Without saying anything of this to the princess Alpátych had his own belongings taken out of the carts which had arrived from Bald Hills and had those horses got ready for the princess's carriages Meanwhile he went himself to the police authorities

CHAPTER X

AFTER HER FATHER'S FUNERAL Princess Mary shut herself up in her room and did not admit anyone A maid came to the door to say that Alpátych was asking for orders about their departure (This was before his talk with Dron) Princess Mary raised herself on the sofa on which she had been lying and replied through the closed door that she did not mean to go away and begged to be left in peace

The windows of the room in which she was

lying looked eastward. She lay on the sofa with her feet to the wall, huddling the butt of her legs to her cushion and seeing nothing but —

she had suspected, but with all that she had said to her father's illness. She wished to pray but did not dare to dare in her present state of mind address herself to God. She lay for long time in that position.

The sun had reached the threshold of the house and the sunbeams grayish and the open window lighted up the room and part of the morocco cushion which Princess Mary was looking at. The flow of her thoughts suddenly stopped. Unconsciously she sat up, smoothed her hair, got up and went to the window and involuntarily beheld the freshness of the clear but windy evening.

"Yes, you will enjoy this even now! He is going to be well under you, he said to herself, sinking into her chair, let her head fall, then will do ill.

Someone spoke her name in a soft and tender voice from the garden and kissed her head. She looked up. It was Mademoiselle Bourneau, a black dress and weepers. She softly approached Princess Mary, kissed her and immediately began to cry. The princess looked at her. All the former disharmony of her own jealousy recurred to her mind. But she remembered too how she had changed, and she turned toward Mademoiselle Bourneau and would not bear to see her thereby how she showed unjust were the reproaches Princess Mary had mentally addressed to her. Besides, it was for her sake who desired his death, to condemn her to her thoughts.

Princess Mary displayed to herself the position of Mademoiselle Bourneau, whom she had felt kept distant, but who yet was dependent on her, dwelling in her house. She felt sorry for her and felt her hand with gentle inquiring Mademoiselle Bourneau. She began crying again and kissed that hand, peaking to the princess sorrow and making herself partner in it. She said her only consolation was the fact that the princess allowed her to share her sorrow that the old misdeeds should be to nothing but this great grief that she felt her self blameless in regard to everyone and that from love, saw her Election and gratitude. The princess heard her not heed her words but occasionally looking up at her and

listen to the sound of her voice.

"Your position is doubly terrible, dear princess, said Mademoiselle Bourneau after a pause. I understand that you could not, and cannot think of yourself but with my life for you I must do so. Has Alpatych been to you? Has he spoken to you of going away? she asked.

Princess Mary did not answer. She did not understand who was to go or where to. It was possible to plan or think of anything now? It was not all the same she thought, and did not reply.

"Then," said Mademoiselle Bourneau, — are you going to stay here? — sure

to be taken prisoners, God knows.

Princess Mary looked at her companion without understanding what he was talking about.

Oh, if anyone knew how little anything matters to me now, she said. Of course I would on occasion wish to go away from him. Alpatych did say something about going. Speak to him I can do nothing without him. He did not want to.

He spoke to him. He hopes we should be in time to get away tomorrow but I think it would now be better to stay here, said Mademoiselle Bourneau. Because you will agree that it is better to fall into the hands of the soldiers or of otiose peasants would be terrible."

Mademoiselle Bourneau took from her reticule a proclamation (not printed on ordinary Russian paper) of General Rameau, telling the people not to leave their homes and that the French authorities would find them proper protection. She handed this to the princess.

I think it would be best to appeal to that general, he continued, and I am sure that it will due respect would be shown you.

Princess Mary read the paper and her face began to quiver with stifled sobs.

From whom did you get this? she asked.

"They probably recognized that I am French, by my name," replied Mademoiselle Bourneau blushing.

Princess Mary took the paper in her hand, rose from the window and with pale face went to the room and into what had been Prince Andrew's study.

"Dunvasha send Alpatych or Drónushka some word to me," he said, and told Mademoiselle Bourneau not to come to me," he added, hearing Mademoiselle Bourneau voice. "We must go to once," he said, pulled at

sel is enabling her without cruple to forget her own grief. She began asking Dron about the peasants' needs and what there was in *Boruchiro* that belonged to the landlady.

But we have a grain belonging to my brother," she said.

"The landlady's grain is all safe," replied Dron proudly. *Our prince did not order it to be sold.*

"Give it to the peasants; let them have all they need. I give you leave in my brother's name," said she.

Dron made no answer but bowed deeply.

"I tell them that corn for them is enough of it. Dumb as they are, I give them the order in my brother's name and tell them that what sows in theirs. We do not grudge them anything. Tell them so."

Dron looked tently at the princess while she was speaking.

"Discharge my little mother! God save! Order the keys to be taken from me," said he. "I have served twenty-three years and have done no wrong. Discharge me, O God, save!"

Princess Mary did not understand what he wanted of her, while he was asking to be discharged. She replied that he had never doubted his devotion and that she was ready to do anything for him and for the peasants.

CHAPTER XI

AFTER Dron came to tell the princess that Dron had made all the peasants had assembled at the barn by the princess's order and wished to have word with their mistress.

"But I never told them to come," said Princess Mary. "I only told Dron to tell them to have the grain."

"O! O! God save! Princess dear, have them sent away and do not go out to them. It is a trick," said Dron. "And when Yakov Alpaich returns let us get away and please don't."

"What is it?" asked Princess Mary in surprise.

"I know, only listen to me for God's sake. Ask theurse woman. They say they do not agree to leave Boguchiro as you ordered."

"You're making some mistake. I never ordered them to go away," said Princess Mary. "Call Dron to me."

Dron came and confirmed Dron's words, the peasant had come by the princess's order.

But I never sent for them," declared the princess. "You must have given me message."

"I only said that you were to give them the grain."

Dron only sighed in reply.

"If you order that they will go away," said he.

"No, no! I'll go out to them," said Princess Mary and in spite of the nurse's and Dron's protests she went out to the porch. Dron, Dunyasha the nurse, and Michael in a crowd followed her.

"They probably think I am offering them the grain to bring them to remain here, while I myself go away leaving them to the mercy of the French," thought Princess Mary. "I will suffer them to this ration of four hours a day for Moscow estate. I am sure Andrey would do even more in my place," she thought as she went out in the twilight toward the crowd standing on the pasture by the barn.

The men crowded closer together, stirred

and you were fixed on her and there were so many different faces that he could not distinguish any of them and, feeling that she must speak to them all at once, did not know how to do it. But gaining sense that she represented her father and her brother gave her courage, she boldly began her speech.

"I am very glad you have come," he said.

because it is dangerous here to the enemy's near because I am going everywhere with my friends and I beg you to take everything all our grain so that you may not suffer want. And if you have been told that I am giving you the grain to keep you here—that is not true. On the contrary I ask you to go with all your belongings to our estate near Moscow and I promise you I will see to it that there you shall want for nothing. You shall be given food and lodgings."

The princess stopped. She was the only sound heard in the crowd.

"I must do this on my own account," she continued. "I do it in the name of my dead father who was good master to you, and of my brother and his son."

Again he paused. No one broke the silence.

Ours is common misfortune and we will share it together. All that is mine is yours," he concluded, scanning the faces before her.

the thought of being left in the hands of the French

If Prince Andrew heard that I was in the power of the French! That I the daughter of Prince Nicholas Bolkónski asked General Ramau for protection and accepted his favor! This idea horrified her made her shudder blush and feel such a rush of anger and pride as she had never before. She was distressed and humiliating in

mind. They the French would settle in this house. M. le Général Ramau would occupy Prince Andrew's study and amuse himself by looking through and reading his letters and papers. Mademoiselle Bourienne would do the honors of Boguchárovó for him. I should be given a small room as a favor the soldiers would violate my father's newly dug grave to steal his crosses and stars they would tell me of their victories over the Russians and would pretend to sympathize with my sorrow thought Princess Mary not thinking her own thoughts but feeling bound to think like her father and her brother. For herself she did not care where she remained or what happened to her but she felt herself the representative of her dear father and of Prince Andrew. Involuntarily she thought their thoughts and felt their feelings. What they would have said and what they would have done she felt bound to say and do. She went into Prince Andrew's study trying to enter completely into his ideas and considered her position.

The demands of life which had seemed to her annihilated by her father's death all at once rose before her with a new previously unknown force and took possession of her.

Agitated and flushed she paced the room sending now for Michael Ivánovich and now for Tikhon or Dron. Duniásha the nurse and the other maids could not say in how far Mademoiselle Bourienne's statement was correct. Alpátych was not at home. He had gone to the police. Neither could the architect Michael Ivánovich. She was just the

for fifteen years he had been accustomed to answer the old prince without expressing views of his own. He now replied to Princess Mary so that nothing definite could be got from his answers. The old valet Tikhon with sunken emaciated face that bore the stamp of insoluble grief replied. Yes Princess to all Princess Mary's questions and hardly refrained

from sobbing as he looked at her.

At length Dron the village Elder entered the room and with a deep bow to Princess Mary came to a halt by the doorpost.

Princess Mary walked up and down the room and stopped in front of him.

Dronushka she said regarding as a sure friend this Drónushka who always used to bring a special kind of gingerbread from his visit to the fair at Vyázma every year and smilingly offer it to her. Drónushka now since our misfortune she began but could not go on.

We are all in God's hands said he with a sigh.

They were silent for a while.

Drónushka Alpátych has gone off somewhere and I have no one to turn to. Is it true as they tell me that I can't even go away?

Why shouldn't you go away your excellency? You can go said Dron.

I was told it would be dangerous because of the enemy. Dear friend I can do nothing I understand nothing I have nobody! I want to go away tonight or early tomorrow morning.

Dron praised. He looked askance at Princess Mary and said. There are no horses I told Yákov Alpátych so.

Why are there none? asked the princess.

It's all God's scourge said Dron. What horses we had have been taken for the army or have died—this is such a year! It's not a case of feeding horses—we may die of hunger ourselves! As it is some go three days without eating. We've nothing we've been ruined.

Princess Mary listened attentively to what he told her.

The peasants are ruined? They have no bread? she asked.

They're dying of hunger said Dron. It's not a case of carting.

But why didn't you tell me Drónushka? Isn't it possible to help them? I'll do all I can.

To Princess Mary it was strange that now at a moment when such sorrow was filling her soul there could be rich people and poor and that the rich could refrain from helping the poor. She had heard vaguely that there was such a thing as landlord's corn which was sometimes given to the peasants. She also knew that neither her father nor her brother would refuse to help the peasants in need. She only feared to make some mistake in speaking about the distribution of the grain she wanted to give. She was glad such cares presented them

again now. "Now he will never tell anyone what he had in his soul. Never will that moment return for him or for me when he might have said all he loved to say and Tikhon or I might have heard and understood him. Why did I enter the room? Should I have?"

Perhaps he would then have said to me what he said then as he died. What talk? To Tikhon he asked about me twice. He wanted to see me, and I was standing close by outside the door. It was sad and painful for him to talk to Tikhon who did not understand him. I remember how he began speaking to him about Lise as if she were I. — He had forgotten she was dead—and Tikhon reminded him that she was no more, and he shouted, Fool! He was greatly depressed. From behind the door I heard how he lay down in his bed groaning and loudly exclaimed, "O God! Why didn't I go in then! What could he have done to me. What could I have lost? And perhaps I would have been comforted and would have said that word to me. And Princess Mary uttered aloud the careless word he had said to her the day of his death. "Dear-est! he repeated, and began sobbing, with tears that relieved her soul. She now saw his face before her. And not the face she had known every once she could remember and had always seen at a distance but the timid, feeble face he had seen for the first time quite close! With all its wrinkles and details, when he stooped near to her mouth to catch what he said.

Dear-est she repeated vainly.

"What was this kin when he uttered that word? What is he thinking now? This question suddenly pressed itself to her and in answer she saw him before her with the expression that was his face as he lay in his coffin with his chin bound up with white handkerchief. And the horror that had seized her when he touched him and convinced herself that it was not he but something mysterious and horrible, seized her again. She tried to think of death but he did not permit her to do so. Her white open eyes stared at the moonlight and the shadows, expecting every moment to see his dead face and he felt that silence brooding over the house and within her last.

Dunvisha, she whispered. Dunvisha! screamed wildly and caught herself out of his silence she ran to the servants' quarters to meet her old nurse and the maidservants who came running toward her.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SEVENTEENTH OF AUGUST Rostov and Ilyin accompanied by Lavruška who had just returned from captivity and by an hussar orderly left their quarters at Yankovo ten miles from Boruchárovo and went for a ride—to try a new horse Ilyin had bought and to find out whether there was any hay to be had in the village.

For the last three days Boruchárovo had lain between the two hostile armies so that it was as easy for the Russian rear-guard to get to it as for the French vanguard. Rostov as careful squadron commander withheld to take such provision as remained at Boruchárovo before the French could get them.

Rostov and Ilyin were in the merriest of moods. On the way to Boruchárovo princely estates with dwelling houses and farms where they hoped to find many domestic serfs and pretty girls, they questioned Lavruška about Napoleon and laughed at his retreat and raced one another to try Ilyin's horse.

Rostov had no idea that the village he was entering was the property of that very Bolkonnikov who had been engaged to his sister.

Rostov and Ilyin galloped to their horses for the last race also, though incline before reaching Boruchárovo and Rostov outstripped Ilyin was the first to gallop into the village street.

"You're first," cried Ilyin, flushed.

"Yes, always first both on the grassland and here," answered Rostov stroking his heated Don horse.

And indeed he won on many French victories, cellency said Lavrushka from behind, alluding to his shabby cart horse, only I didn't wish

and scanty beards emerged from the eternal smiling, taggering, and in a general noisier entourage and approached the officers.

"Follows said Rostov laughing. "I there are hay here."

And how like one another," said Ilyin.

A most many common people among the peasants with blissful mile.

Of the men came out of the crowd and went up to Rostov.

"Who do you belong to," he asked.

"The French," replied Ilyin jestingly and

All eyes were gazing at her with one and the same expression. She could not fathom whether it was curiosity, devotion, gratitude or apprehension and distrust—but the expression on all the faces was identical.

We are all very thankful for your bounty but it won't do for us to take the landlord's grain, said a voice at the back of the crowd.

But why not? asked the princess.

No one replied and Princess Mary looking round at the crowd found that every eye she met now was immediately dropped.

But why don't you want to take it? she asked again.

No one answered.

The silence began to oppress the princess and she tried to catch someone's eye.

Why don't you speak? she inquired of a very old man who stood just in front of her leaning on his stick. If you think something more is wanted, tell me! I will do anything, said she, catching his eye.

But as if this angered him, he bent his head quite low and muttered.

Why should we agree? We don't want the grain.

Why should we give up everything? We don't agree. Don't agree. We are sorry for you, but we're not willing. Go away yourself alone, came from various sides of the crowd.

And again all the faces in that crowd bore an identical expression, though now it was certainly not an expression of curiosity or gratitude, but of angry resolve.

But you can't have understood me, said Princess Mary with a sad smile. Why don't you want to go? I promise to house and feed you while here the enemy would ruin you.

But her voice was drowned by the voices of the crowd.

We're not willing. Let them ruin us! We won't take your grain. We don't agree.

Again Princess Mary tried to catch someone's eye, but not a single eye in the crowd was

turning to ward. r into slavery! Pull down your houses and go into bondage! I dare say! I'll give you grain in deed, she says, voices in the crowd were heard saying.

With drooping head Princess Mary left the crowd and went back to the house. Having repeated her order to Dron to have horses ready for her departure next morning, she went to

her room and remained alone with her own thoughts.

CHAPTER VII

FOR A LONG TIME that night Princess Mary sat by the open window of her room hearing the sound of the peasants' voices that reached her from the village, but it was not of them she was thinking. She felt that she could not understand them however much she might think about them. She thought only of one thing, her sorrow which after the break caused by her cares for the present seemed already to be long to the past. Now she could remember it and weep or pray.

After sunset the wind had dropped. The night was calm and fresh. Toward midnight the voices began to subside, a cock crowed, the full moon began to show from behind the lime trees, a fresh white dewy mist began to rise and stillness reigned over the village and the house.

Pictures of the near past—her father's illness and last moments—rose one after another to her memory. With mournful pleasure she now lingered over these images, repelling with horror only the last one, the picture of his death, in which she felt she could not contemplate even in imagination at this still and mystic hour of night. And these pictures presented themselves to her so clearly and in such detail that they seemed now present, now past and now future.

She vividly recalled the moment when he had his first stroke and was being dragged along by his rumpits through the garden at Bald Hills, muttering something with his helpless tongue, twitching his gray eyebrows and looking uneasily and timidly at her.

Even then he wanted to tell me what he told me the day he died, she thought. He had always thought what he said then. And she remembered that it was

against his will, due to a sudden fall, that he had stolen downstairs on tip-toe and going to the door of the conservatory where he slept that night had listened at the door. In a suffering and weary voice he was saying something to Tikhon speaking of the Crimea and its warm nights and of the Empress. Evidently he had wanted to talk. And why did she call me? Why didn't he let me be there instead of Tikhon? Princess Mary had thought and thought

bility there re her features nd expres-
th glt he a li looked at her d lis
t edit h r m d t r v

Wh she began to tell h m that l l s had
f ppe ed th day after her f the funeral her
ed trembled. She turned way nd then
f fca g h m h t k e h r w ds as meant
t mo e h m t p ty looked at h m with n ap-
p hen egl ce f nqu ry Th ewe e tears
Rostó eyes. Pr ncess Mary ot ced th
d gla ed gratef lly th m w th th trad nt
look wh ch ca ed the pla ess of he fa e to
bef rotten.

I ca t express Pr cess h w glad I am
that I happe ed to r de h re d am ble to
bow my read ess t erv you sa d Rostóv
r s g Go hen y uplea d l g y umy
ord f honor th t no o shall dare to caus
to noyance f ly y u w ll flow m to
t as your esc t. A d bow g espe t f lly
as f t lady f yal blood h m ed i w rd
th doo

Rostóv fere t l t seemed to dicat
th t tho h he w ld cons der h mself happy
t be equa ted w th her he did not w sh to
tak d r a tage f he m f r u m to ntrude
po t

Pr ess M ry u derstood this nd ppreci
ted h del cacy

I m ery ry grat f l to you he sa d
F en h but I hope t wa ll m dersta d
no d th t sto b l me f t. Sh sud
d ly bega t cry

Excuse m h sa d

Rostóv h h w s, left the room
th ther low bow

CHAPTER XIV

W ll u s he p e ty? Ah, fr d—my p nk one
d l ous her m is Dnyrasha

E t n gl c g t Rostóv f ce lly in
t pped short. H saw that h hero d om
mond was f ll w g qu te d fferent tra n
I thought

Rostóv gl ed gr ly t lly in d w th ut
t pl g stro d f w th rap d teps t the vil
l w c

I ll show them I ll g e t to them, th br g
ds sa d h t h mself

Alpátych t gl d g t t o ly just ma g
g not to ru kept p w th h m w th d ficulty
What dec ha y been plea ed o
ome t sa d t

Rostóv topped d, clencl gh fists, d
de ly d r nly t rned o Alpátych.

Decuon. What decs ? Old d tardi

cried h What ha e you been about Eh The
oasants are r t g a d y u can t manage

gl d gga t nd cont ued to mp r t w
He sa d th pe sants were bd rate and th t at
the pres nt m me t t would be imp dent to
o erres t them w thout n rmed f rce a d
wo ld t n t be bette first to se d f r the m l
tary?

t ent t

W th ut con dering what h w ld do he
m ed u co sciously w th qu k esolute st ps
t wa d th crowd. And the n arer he dr w to
t th mo e Alpátych felt that th s m reason
ble ction might produce good results Tl e
peasa ts n th crowd we s m l y mpressed
when they saw Rostóv rap d firm step d
resolut frown gla

After the bussars h d come to the ll ge and
R tó h d g ne to ee th princess a c ta n
confus na d d sents on h dar en mon, the
cr wd. Some of th peasa ts sa d th t these
n w rvals were Russians d might take t
m sth t them strest w be ng det ned. Dron
was of th op n on b t soo he exp essed
t k rp d thers attacked the e Elder

H w m ny years ha e y u be n f tten ng
n the mmu e h rp shouted t l m. Its
llo et y u l uld o p up your pot of m ney
d tak t away with y u. What d es t
matter t y u whether our homes are ru ned
o t?

We e been t ldt keep order nd th t no
one tolea th h m es o take way n
gle gra n nd that all bout t l cried n th
er

It was y ur so t rnt beto crypted, b t
n fear l you begrudged y u l mp of son
l t l old man uddenly began t t ack g D m
— nd so they took my l k t besh ed f r
sold t B t w e all h e to d e

To be ure, we ll h to die I m n t
ga t the commu e sa d d

Tl e t—n e a st t l you e filled your
belly

Th two t ll peasa ts h d th ur say As soon
Rostóv f ll wed by llyi La ru h k a d
Alpátych, came p to th cr wd h rp thrust
gh fingers t ll belt nd smil ga t

here ■ Napoleon himself —and he pointed to Lavrushka

Then you are Russians? the peasant asked again

And is there a large force of you here? said another a short man coming up

Very large answered Rostov But why have you collected here? he added Is it a holiday?

The old men have met to talk over the business of the commune replied the peasant moving away

At that moment on the road leading from the big house two women and a man in a white hat were seen coming toward the officers

The one in pink is mine so keep off! said Ilyin on seeing Duniyasha running resolutely toward him

She'll be ours! said Lavrushka to Ilyin winking

What do you want my pretty? said Ilyin with a smile

The princess ordered me to ask your regiment and your name

This is Count Rostov squadron commander and I am your humble servant

Go-o om pa ny! roared the tipsy peasant with a beatific smile as he looked at Ilyin talking to the girl Following Duniyasha Alpatych advanced to Rostov having bared his head while still at a distance

May I make bold to trouble your honor? said he respectfully but with a shade of contempt for the youthfulness of this officer and with a hand thrust into his bosom My mistress daughter of General in Chief Prince Nicholas Bolkonski who died on the fifteenth of this month finding herself in difficulties owing to the boorishness of these people —he pointed to the peasants— asks you to come up to the house Won't you please ride on a little farther said Alpatych with a melancholy smile as it was not convenient in the presence of ? He pointed to the two peasants who

tych
h?

said the peasants smiling joyfully at him

Rostov looked at the tipsy peasants and smiled

Or perhaps they amuse your honor? remarked Alpatych with a staid air as he pointed at the old men with his free hand

No there's not much to be amused at here said Rostov and rode on a little way What's the matter? he asked

I make bold to inform your honor that the rude peasants here don't wish to let the mistress leave the estate and threaten to unharness her horse

I have the honor to report to you the actual truth said Alpatych

Rostov dismounted gave his horse to the orderly and followed Alpatych to the house questioning him as to the state of affairs It appeared that the princess' offer of corn to the peasants the previous day and her talk with Dron and at the meeting had actually had no bad an effect that Dron had finally given up the keys and joined the peasants and had not appeared when Alpatych sent for him and that in the morning when the princess gave orders to harness for her journey the peasants had come in a large crowd to the barn and sent word that they would not let her leave the village that there was an order not to move and that they would unharness the horses Alpatych had gone out to admonish them but was told (it was chiefly Karp who did the talking Dron not showing himself in the crowd) that they could not let the princess go that there was an order to the contrary but that if she stayed they would serve her as before and obey her in everything

At the moment when Rostov and Ilyin were galloping along the road Princess Mary despite the dissuasions of Alpatych her nurse and the maids had given orders to harness and intended to start but when the cavalrymen were espied they were taken for Frenchmen the coachman ran away and the women in the house began to wail

Father! Benefactor! God has sent you claimed deeply moved voices as Rostov passed through the anteroom

Princess Mary was sitting helpless and bewildered in the large sitting room when Rostov was shown in She could not grasp who he was and why he had come or what was happening to her When she saw his Russian face and by his walk and the first words he uttered recognized him as a man of her own class she glanced at him with her deep radiant look and began speaking in a voice that faltered and trembled with emotion This meeting im-

obility there e nler fatures nd expres-
o l tho ht he she looked ther a dis-
ed to h r t m d tory
Whe she began to tell h m th t all thus h d

— look d th m w u ap-

before it n.

I ca t e p ess P ess h w glad I m
th t l happe ed t de he e a d am ble to
l w my read ne t cry y u a d Ro tór

th doo
R t defe ent lt e e m d t d cate
t l t l h he w ld der h m l l h ppy
t be acq ted w th he he d d t w h to
t k dra tage f her m f tu es to t tude
p he

Pri ess M ry derstood th s d pprec
ted h del cacy

I m ery ry grat f l to y u she s a d n
F h b t l hop t w l l m u derstand
g d th t o e st bl me fo t She sud
d ly beg t cry

E cuse m l h d
R tó k t t g h b w l ft the room
w th the l w bow

CHAPTER XIV

W LL, u s h p tty? Ah fr d—my p nk ne
d l u s her am Du yásh

L t gl c g t R t f ce llyf
t pp d sh t. He saw that h he o d com
ma d r w f l l w g q t d fferent tra n
f sh ght.

R t gl ed gr ly t llyf d w thout
r ply g strod f w th p d t p to th l
l ge

l l sh w th m l l g t t th m th b g
ds! s a d h t h m ell

Alpátych t gl d g t r t ly just m g
l tto k pt p w th h m w th d ficulty

Wh t d c h e y u b n ple ed t
com t d l e

R tó t pp d d le ch gh fists sud
d ly d t l y t ed n Alpátych

D s ? Wh t dec ? Old d t dl

cr e l he Wh th a e y u been abo it? Eh? Tle
p a nts re r tng nd you cant na i ge
th m? y ure tra t ryo r iell l kn w yo l l
fl y you all al el And as if afraid [wast n
h s t re of a ger he left Alpátyd and went
rap dly f rward Alpáty h m ster ng f s of
fe ded feel ngs kept pace w l R t v t
gl d ng ga t nd co u ued to mp t l cws
He idtle p e s t s we e obdu tea d l t at
th p es nt mome t t w ld be mprude t to
o cures st them with t an armed f ce n l
w uld it n t be better first to send fo tle m l
it ry?

t ve t t

Without con dert n what he w ld do he

bl act n mght produce good results l l e
pea ts the crowd weres m l rly mpre ed
when they saw R tó s rap d firm st p and
c l t e f w gl n

Aft r the hus r shad c met th l l a l
R tó h d g net s e the p nces rtain
conf n d d s s on h d enamo g the
crowd Some of the p asants s d that tles
new rr al w re Russ nd m gl t take it
m s s that them tress w be g deta ned D n
w f th s p n but a soo he expres ed
it k rpa d others itacked the e Elder

H w m y years h e y u ben f t n ng
o the c mm e? k rp shouted t l m It

l l e t y ul Y ul d g up your pot of mo ey
a d tak t w y w th y u. What d es it
m t t t y u whether our h mes a e ru ned
n t?

We b n t l d t keep order d that no
one t l e th h me t k e w y
gl gra d th t l l bo t l cted noth
e

It w y so t rnt b co crypted but

To be sure w l l h e t d e l m n t
ga t th mmu s a d D

Th t s t— t g s t l Y u ve filled your
belly

here is Napoleon himself —and he pointed to Lavrushka

Then you are Russians? the peasant asked again

And is there a large force of you here? said another short man coming up

Very large answered Rostov. But why have you collected here? he added. Is it a holiday?

The old men have met to talk over the business of the commune replied the peasant moving away

At that moment on the road leading from the big house two women and a man in a white hat were seen coming toward the officers

The one in pink is mine so keep off! said Ilyin on seeing Dunyasha running resolutely toward him

She'll be ours! said Lavrushka to Ilyin winking

What do you want my pretty? said Ilyin with a smile

The princess ordered me to ask your regiment and your name

This is Count Rostov's squadron commander and I am your humble servant

Co-o-om pa ny! roared the topsy peasant with a beatific smile as he looked at Ilyin talking to the girl. Following Dunyasha Alpatych advanced to Rostov having heard that I

tem with dauy

Bolkonski who died on the fifteenth of this month finding herself in difficulties owing to the boorishness of these people —he pointed to the peasants— asks you to come up to the house. Won't you please ride on a little farther said Alpatych with a melancholy smile as it is not convenient in the presence of ? He pointed to the two peasants who kept as close to him as horses to a horse

Ah! Alpatych. Ah Yákov Alpatych. Grand! Forgive us for Christ's sake eh? said the peasants smiling joyfully at him

Rostov looked at the topsy peasants and smiled

Or perhaps they amuse your honor? remarked Alpatych with a staid air as he pointed at the old men with his free hand

No there's not much to be amused at here said Rostov and rode on a little way. What's the matter? he asked

rudi

I — I — the morning her excellency cannot get away

tri

dei — I — you on the house questioning him as to the state of affairs. It appeared that the princess' offer of corn to the peasants the previous day and her talk with Dron and at the meeting had actually had no bad an effect that Dron had finally given up the keys and joined the peasants and had not appeared when Alpatych sent for him and that in the morning when the princess gave orders to harness for her journey the peasants had come in a large crowd to the barn and sent word that they would not let her leave the village that there was an order not to move and that they would unharness the horses Alpatych had gone out to admonish them but was told (it was chiefly Karp who did the talking Dron not showing himself in the crowd) that they could not let the princess go that there was an order to the contrary but that if she stayed they would serve her as before and obey her in everything

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I

as a man of her own class she glanced at him with her deep radiant look and began speaking in a voice that faltered and trembled with emotion. The meeting immediately struck Rostov as a romantic event. A helpless girl overwhelmed with grief left to the mercy of coarse roving peasants. And what a strange fate sent me here. With gentleness and

not t make me blu h pl ase don t thank

led l m on ha ng gone m look f r hay n l
la i gp cked upo cof the wealt estheires es
n Rus t he grew angry It made l m angry
ju t beca use the idea of m rrying the gentl
Pr n ess Mary w l o w s attract e to him and
h d a i e orm s f rtune had ag inst h s will
m re th n once entered h s head For h mself
personally N l las c uld not w sl for a better
w f by m rrying her he w uld make the
no w uld be able to

s
s
l
r

about Princess B lkó skaya

CHAPTER XV

f i em es kutó ov

ory
Wh she h d t ke le e f h m and re-
m d l ne h dde ly felt h eyes fill g
w th tears d th n n t f the first t me th
tra g q est n pre cted self t her d d
h l e h m?
O ther t f the w y to M s w th gh
the p ces p t n w n t che f lon

w t e p f m g l e d j y a d s r r w
W l l p p o g l d l h m? thought
P M r y

A h m d he was f ck w l d g g t h r
l l th t h e h d f l l l w th m n who
l d p h p v r i e he be omfo ted
her elf w th th h t l t n o w uld
e k w t d th t he w uld n t be to
bl m f w th ut r p k g f t to ny
he t d t th n d f her l f e to
l e them w th w m h h d f l l e n love
f th f t d l t t m h l f

Som t mes wh sh ecalled h l k s hus
ymp thy d h u w d h p p n s d d not
pp mp bl t h l t w t th o e mo-
m t th t D y á h n t e d h m l g as
l look d t f t l carr g w n d w

W t t f t e th t b ght h m to B gu
l á d t t t e r y m me t? th ght
Pr ss M r y A d th t c e d h t t
f m y b the? A d l l th P es
M r y w th h d f Pr d

Tl mp n th p e s m d on R s-
ó w e r y gr e b l To m mber
l e r g a e h m p l e d w h h c m d
l g f h d tu t B gu h á ral
A w m m ght m r r y l e r b r th
brother l w l r s -Tn.

che on the ery d y a d t the very i t
k t ov was e c w ng the troops f r the frst
t me H t pped in the v l l ge at the priest s
h u e s f nt of wh h tood the comm nder
h ef's carr g d he at down on the
ben h t the gate aw t g l s Se ene H h
nes a e r y ne now called kut v From
the f eld beyo d the l l came now sound
of reg me tal mu a d now ther ar of many
v es shout g H rrah! to the new com

kut o b ce d of the fine weatler A
sh rt swarthy l e ten nt col nel of hussars
w th th k mu t ches a d wh kers r de up
to t l gate d g l c ng t Pr A d ew n
q ed w l the h S ne H l e s w put
t ng p there nd wh the l w uld so n be
b k

P e And w epl e d th the wa t on h s
S High e m l l but w h mself a n w
arr l Th l e t t col n l turned t
m t r d e ly wh w th the p cular co t mpt
w th wh l e m m de n ch ef's o d e ly
pe ks t offic r epl d

Wh t H H g h n ? I expect he l l
be her oo Wh t d o y u wa t?

Th l ute nt col l of hu m m led be
th h s must che at the o d e l y s t ne d s
mou ted ga h h r s t d p tch ru
d pp ch d B lkónsk w th l ght b w
B lkó k made r m f h m on the benc l
d the l eut nt l nel s t d w n bes d
him.

He walked to the front. Dron on the contrary retired to the rear and the crowd drew closer together.

Who is your Elder here? Hey? shouted Rostov coming up to the crowd with quick steps.

The Elder? What do you want with him? asked Karp.

For the words were well out of his

Lips
writhful voice. Where's the Elder? he cried furiously.

The Elder. He wants the Elder!
Dron Zakhárych you! meek and flustered voices here and there were heard calling and caps began to come off their heads.

We don't riot, we're following the orders declared Karp and at that moment several voices began speaking together.

It's as the old men have decided—there's too many of you giving orders.

Arguing? Mutiny! Brigands! Traitors! cried Rostov unmercifully in a voice not his

Bind him
here as no
and Alpatych

Lavrushka however ran up to Karp and seized him by the arms from behind.

Shall I call up our men from beyond the hill? he called out.

Alpatych turned to the peasants and ordered two of them by name to come and bind Karp. The men obeyed easily came out of the crowd and began taking off their belts.

Where's the Elder? demanded Rostov in a loud voice.

With a pale and frowning face Dron stepped out of the crowd.

Are you the Elder? Bind him! Lavrushka shouted Rostov as if that order too could not possibly meet with any opposition.

At that two more peasants began to bind

And you all listen to... to the peasants. Be off to your houses at once and don't let one of your voices be heard!

Why is it not done any harm? We did it just out of foolishness. It's all nonsense. I said then that it was not in order, voices were heard bickering with one another.

There! What did I say? said Alpatych coming into his own again. It's wrong, ladies!

All our stupidity Yákov Alpatych came

the answers and the crowd began at once to disperse through the village.

The two bound men were led off to the master's house. The two drunken peasants followed them.

Aye when I look at you! said one of them to Karp.

How can one talk to the masters like that? What were you thinking of you fool? added the other—A real fool!

Two hours later the carts were standing in the courtyard of the Boguchárovo house. The peasants were briskly carrying out the property and packing them on the carts and

standing in the yard directly.

Don't put it in so carelessly, said one of the

that or shove it under the wheel rubbed? I don't like that way of doing things. Let it all be done properly according to rule. Look here—put it under the bast matting and cover it with hay—that's the way!

Eh books books! said another peasant bringing out Prince Andrew's library cupboard. Don't catch up against it! It's heavy. A—ah! books.

aries that were on the top

Unwilling to obtrude himself on the princess Rostov did not go back to the house but

from Boguchárovo to walk

pled by our troops. At the inn at Yámkovo he respectfully took leave of her for the first time permitting himself to kiss her hand.

How can you speak so! he blushing replied to Princess Mary's expressions of gratitude for her deliverance as she termed what had occurred. Any police officer would have done as much! If we had had only peasants to fight we should not have let the enemy come so far, said he with a sense of shame and wishing to change the subject. I am only happy to have had the opportunity of making your acquaintance. Good-bye, Princess. I wish you happiness and consolation and hope to meet you again in happier circumstances. If you don't

He sat heavily and swayed lumpy on his
litt. horse.

"Whew whew whew! he whistled
— — — h vard. His ice

down into the arms of the Cossacks and
tants he took easily to his arms.

He pulled himself together, looked round
screwing up his eyes glanced at Prince An
drew and, evidently not recognising him
mixed with his words no gate to the porch
"Whew whew whew he whistled, and
glanced at Prince Andrew. A soft no-
cure the old men two or three feet
ds that the impression produced by Prince
Andrew's face linked itself up with his
remembrance of the person's identity.

"Ah how do you do, my dear prince? How
do you do, my dear boy. Come! I said
he glimmeringly, and he stepped on
the porch where he creaked under his weight.
He bowed his head and sat down on
the bench by the porch.

"A day or two after
I received news of his death yesterday re-
plied Prince Andrew with pity.
Kuzov looked at him with yearning eyes
with dismay and then took off his cap and
crossed himself.

"My dear God, may Heaven be with you. God
will be doing his will. He grieved deeply for
his whole chest he gasped with his whole
body and humbly respected him and yawned
through his teeth with his heart.

He embraced Prince Andrew. Prince
Andrew's face beat with some emotion. It
hummed. When he released him Prince Andrew
saw that Kuzov's face blushed with excitement
and that tears were in his eyes. He grieved
and pressed on the bench with both hands to
raise himself.

"Come! Come with me, we will have
a talk.

"But that man, De so no man
must do by his peers than by the enemy
can that I pursue the path of the
porch, despite his evil presence. I
I take us who tried to harm Kuzov his
hands still pressed the seat, gladdened them
gladly. De so he gave him a
d that he had a mu cat to his

Serene happiness a matter of great importance
for the country's welfare. But so looked
— — — a

try welfare. It was strange to see
Isor blushed like a girl (it was strange to see
the color in that shaggy, bulbous, iron
worn face). He boldly began to expound his
plan of cutting the enemy's lines of communi-
cation between Smolensk and Vyazma. Denisov
came from the reports and knew the country
well. His plan seemed decidedly good. One es-
— — — with

u pleasant to emerge from it. And from that
hut, while Denisov was speaking a general with

general

But swayed his head, as much as to say
How important it is with the ill-
— — — De so

I give my word for it. As I was not
ficer said Denisov that I can break the
polecat's line of communication.

"What is it, my friend? I tell you, I tell you, I tell you
General Kurl Andreievich Denisov, I tell you, I tell you
interrupting him.

He is my uncle, you know. He is my
uncle. He was my friend, said Kuzov, he
fully. All right. I will right in, stay here
the staff and tomorrow we will have a talk.

With a nod Denisov betook himself away
and put his hands to his lips, as if to say
he had brought him.

Would not your Serene Highness like to
come? said the general on duty. I am dis-
contented. The plans must be examined
and several persons have to be named.

An adjutant came to announce that
everything was ready to read with the
so, evidently did not wish to enter that room
till he was dressed. He did not go in.

"Tell them to bring me a small table
here. My dear boy, I will look at them. I
li. Don't grow weary. I added turn to
Prince Andrew who entered the porch.

You're also waiting for the commander in chief? said he. They say he receives every one thank God! It's awful with those sausage eaters! Ermólov had reason to ask to be promoted to be a German! Now perhaps your sins will get a look in. As it was devil only knows what was happening. We kept wet eating and wet weating. Did you take part in the campaign? he asked.

I had the pleasure, replied Prince Andrew, not only of taking part in the retreat but of losing in that retreat all I held dear—not to mention the estate and home of my birth—my father, who died of grief. I belong to the province of Smolensk.

Ah? You're Prince Bolkónski? Very glad to make your acquaintance! I'm Lieutenant Colonel Denisov, better known as Vaska, said Denisov, pressing Prince Andrew's hand and looking into his face with particularly kindly attention. Yes, I heard, said he sympathetically, and after a short pause added:

Yes, it's Scythian warfare. It's all very well—only not for those who get it in the neck. So you're Prince Andrew Bolkónski? He swayed his head. Very pleased, Prince to make your acquaintance! he repeated again smiling sadly, and he again pressed Prince Andrew's hand.

Prince Andrew knew Denisov from what Natasha had told him of her first suitor. This memory carried him sadly and sweetly back to those painful feelings of which he had not thought lately but which still found place in his soul. Of late he had received so many new and very serious impressions—such as the retreat from Smolensk, his visit to Bald Hills, and the recent news of his father's death—and had experienced so many emotions that for a long time past those memories had not entered his mind, and now that they did they did not act on him with nearly their former strength. For Denisov, too, the memories were awakened by the name of Bolkónski, belonged to a distant romantic past. When after supper and after Natasha's singing he had proposed to a little girl of fifteen without realizing what he was doing, he smiled at the recollection of that time and of his love for Natasha, and passed at once to what now interested him passionately and exclusively. This was a plan of campaign he had devised while serving at the outposts during the retreat. He had proposed that plan to Barclay de Tolly and now, when he proposed it to Kutuzov, the plan was based on the fact that the French line of operation was too

extended and it proposed that instead of, or concurrently with action on the front to bar the advance of the French, we should attack their line of communication. He began explaining his plan to Prince Andrew.

They can't hold all that line. It's impossible. I will undertake to break through. Give me five hundred men and I will break the line that's certain! There's only one way—guerrilla warfare!

Denisov rose and began gesticulating as he explained his plan to Bolkónski. In the midst of his explanation shouts were heard from the army growing more incoherent and more confused mingling with music and songs and coming from the field where the review was held. Sounds of hoofs and shouts were nearing the village.

He's coming! He's coming! shouted a Cossack standing at the gate.

Bolkónski and Denisov moved to the gate at which a knot of soldiers (a guard of honor) was standing and they saw Kutuzov coming down the street mounted on a rather small sorrel horse. A huge suite of generals rode behind him. Barclay was riding almost beside him and a crowd of officers ran after and around them shouting Hurrah!

His adjutants galloped into the yard before him. Kutuzov was impatiently urging on his horse which ambled smoothly under his weight and he raised his hand to his white Horse Guard's cap with a red band and nodded his head continually. When he came up to the guard of honor, a fine set of Grenadiers mostly wearing decorations who were giving him the salute, he looked at them slowly and attentively for nearly a minute with the steady gaze of a commander and then turned to the crowd of generals and officers surrounding him. Suddenly his face assumed a subtle expression, he shrugged his shoulders with an air of perplexity.

And with such fine fellows to retreat and retreat! Well, good-bye, General! He added and rode into the yard past Prince Andrew and Denisov.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! shouted the behind him.

— 1

still the same. He was wearing the white Horse Guard's cap and a military overcoat with a whip hanging over his shoulder by a thin strap.

BOOK TEN

grow used to my eg me
the officers and if ncy the men als like me I
should be sorry to le e th regiment. If I de-
d e the ho r f be ng w th you believe

Ashrewd k dly yet s buly dem = expres-
lit up kutu podgy f ce He cut Bol
k k h rt.
I m sorry f r I e d y = But you r r ght

the w l d b d ers s r veu t) u do.
I emembe y u t Aust rit I remember
yes I m mbe y u w th t e s t n d r d l s a d
K t z o d a flush f pleasure uffused
Pr e Andrews f t th coll ct on
T k g h h a d n d draw ng h m down
ards kut offe ed h ch k t be k used
d ga Pr ce Andrew n t ced tears n the
ld m n s eyes Th ugh Pr n e And ew knew
that K tiz v te rs came ly nd th t he
was p rt cul ly tende t d co d rate of

but I only employed these two th ngs and took
mo e fortres es than Kámenski and m de t e
Turk eat horsefle h! He swayed l s head.
And the Fre ch sh ll too belie e me" He
went on grow ng warmer and beat ng h s
chest I ll make them eat horseflesh! And
tears ga n d mmed his eyes.
But shan t we h e to accept battle? re-
r k P r And ew

to d ? he a ked = dently e pe =
swer "Well w l t do you wa t us to d l e
repeated and h s eyes l onew t a deep sl rewd
ont nue l
w ll tell
d ute
-l e ar
t cul ted the F ench pro erb d i e t ly
"Well good by my dea fellow remember
- m r r h e ur sorrow a d

Good by my de boy
Aga n he embraced d k used Pri ce An
dr w but b fo e the latter had left t l room

m used y t Bu har st but I needed so e-
et d And cl g g th ubj ct, kutu
m bega t peak f the Turk h w d the
pea th t h d be co l ded. Yes I h e
bee m ch bl med l d both f th t
ar d th p but everyth came t
he right t m T t t a p t d l q
t t d A d th w m y d rs
ler her h we to eturn g t le

P n e And w could n t l ave explai ed
how o why t was, b t lter that nters ew
w th kut m he went back to h reg me tre-
ssu ed s to the g eral course of aff rs d
st the man to wh m t h d been e tru ted
Th m e h re l ed the bs ce of ll per

thro h w th that w E ry h haste
b m e h ate less p ed káme k w ld
h b l t f he had n t d ed H
rmed f r tresses w th ty th u d men
lt t d f ficult t capt f r t e s b t t s
d f ficult t w camp gn F that n t m
g d t t ck g b t p t d t m
wa ted. kám k e t sold ers t Rustch k

d draw n conclu ns) nly the cap c ty
calmly to co templ t th course of e t s-
th mo reassured he was that everyth ng
w ld b s t h uld H w ll n t b g m
y pl n of h own He w ll n t d use o un
dertak nyth g th ght f nce And ew

E eryth g comes t m t h m wh kn
b w t wa

th g tr ger d m = mportant than h s
Dont see it th t way h th tro bl
When and bt my d f ll w d n h g

times on glancing that way he noticed behind that door a plump rosy handsome woman in a pink dress with a lilac silk kerchief on her head holding a dish and evidently awaiting the entrance of the commander in chief Kutuzov's adjutant whispered to Prince Andrew that this was the wife of the priest whose home it was and that she intended to offer his Serene Highness bread and salt. Her husband has welcomed his Serene Highness with the cross at the church and she intends to welcome him in the house. She's very pretty added the adjutant with a smile. At those words Kutuzov looked round. He was listening to the general's report—which consisted chiefly of a criticism of the position at Tsarevo-Zaymishche—as he had listened to Denisov and seven years previously had listened to the discussion at the Austerlitz council of war. He evidently listened only because he had ears which though there was a piece of tow in one of them could not help hearing but it was evident that nothing the general could say would surprise or even interest him that he knew all that could be said beforehand and heard it all only because he had to as one has to listen to the chanting of a service of prayer. All that Denisov had said was clever and to the point. What the general was saying was even more clever and to the point but it was evident that Kutuzov despised knowledge and cleverness and knew of something else that would decide the matter—something independent of cleverness and knowledge. Prince Andrew watched the commander in chief's face attentively and the only expression he could see there was one of boredom curiosity as to the meaning of the feminine whispering behind the door and a desire to observe a propriety. It was evident that Kutuzov despised cleverness and learning and even the patriotic feeling shown by Denisov but despised them not because of his own intellect feelings or knowledge—he did not try to display any of these—but because of something else. He despised them because of his old age and experience of life. The only instruction Kutuzov gave of his own accord dur-

Into the stove into the fire with it! I tell you once for all my dear fellow said he into the fire with all such things! Let them cut the crops and burn food to their hearts content I don't order it or allow it but I don't expect compensation either. One can't get on

his head

CHAPTER XVI

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF AND SMOOTH neck he moved toward the door with a more cheerful expression

The priest's wife flushing rosy red caught up the dish she had after all not managed to present at the right moment though she had so long been preparing for it and with a low bow offered it to Kutuzov.

He screwed up his eyes smiled lifted her chin with his hand and said

Oh what a beauty! Thank you sweetheart!

He took some gold pieces from his trouser pocket and put them on the dish for her.

Well my dear and how are we getting on? he asked moving to the door of the room assigned to him. The priest's wife smiled and with dimples in her rosy cheeks followed him into the room. The adjutant came out to the porch and asked Prince Andrew to lunch with him. Half an hour later Prince Andrew was

book which he closed as Prince Andrew entered marking the place with a knife. Prince Andrew saw by the cover that it was *Les Chénalisiers du Cygne* by Madame de Genlis.

Well sit down sit down here. Let's have a talk said Kutuzov. It's sad very sad. But remember my dear fellow that I am a father to you a second father.

Prince Andrew told Kutuzov all he knew of his father's death and what he had seen at Bald Hills when he passed through it.

What what they have brought us to Kutuzov suddenly cried in an agitated voice evidently picturing vividly in himself from

relating to the recovery of payment from army commanders for green oats mown down by the soldiers when landowners lodged petitions for compensation.

After hearing the matter Kutuzov smacked his lips together and shook his head.

I sent for you to keep you with me

"Another forfeit for a Galloman," said a Russian writer who was present. "What pleasure is there to be in not Russian!"

"You sure are not," continued Julie to the young man without heeding the author's remark.

"For conscience—I am guilty and will pay. I am prepared to pay for the pleasure of knowing you the truth. For Gallomans I

do not," she said to the militia officer. "You won't catch me 'speak of the sun' and you see my rags," and she smiled amiably at Pierre. "We were just talking of you," she said with the faintest of smiles natural to society women. "We were saying that your regiment would be sure to be better than M. Mironov's."

"Oh, don't talk to me of my regiment," replied Pierre, kissing his hostess's hand and taking her seat beside her. "I am so sick of it."

"You will, of course, command it yourself," said Julie directing by sarcastic glance toward the militia officer.

The latter in Pierre's presence had ceased to be caustic, and his face expressed perplexity as to what Julie's smile might mean. In spite of his absent-mindedness and good nature Pierre perceived immediately that he had checked in the moment and cut him to his face.

"No," said Pierre with a laughing lance at his big stout body. "I should make too good a target for the French, besides I am afraid I should hardly be able to climb onto a horse."

Among those whom Julie's guests happened to choose for conversation were the Rostovs.

"I hear that their affairs are in a very bad way," said Julie. "And he is so unreasonable, the count himself I mean. The Rarumovskis are dead, but his house and his estate near Moscow but it drags on and on. He asks too much."

"No, I think the salt will come off in a few days," said someone. "Though it is madness to buy salt in Moscow now."

"Why?" asked Julie. "You don't think Moscow is in danger?"

"Then why are you leaving?"

"What question I am going to because well, because everyone is going to and besides—I am not Joan of Arc or an Amazon."

"Well, of course, of course. Let me have some more strips of linen."

If he manages the business properly he will be able to pay off all his debts," said the militia officer speaking of Rostov.

A kindly old man but not up to much. And why do they stay on so long in Moscow? They meant to leave for the country long ago. Natalie is quite well. And now isn't she? Julie asked Pierre with a knowing smile.

"They're waiting for their younger son," Pierre replied. He joined Olenka's Cossacks and went to Belava Tserko where the regiment is being formed. But now they have had him transferred to my regiment and are expecting him every day. The count wanted to leave long ago, but the countess won't on account of her Moscow till her son returns."

"I met them the day before yesterday at the Arkhirovs. Natalie has recovered her looks and is brighter than she was a year. It was a little some people get over everything."

"Get over what?" inquired Pierre looking displeased.

Julie smiled.

"You know Count, such knavish as you are only found in Madame de Souza's room."

"What knavish? What do you mean?" demanded Pierre blushing.

"Oh, come in dear count. *C'est la fin de tout Moscou.* / *vous n'êtes pas pareil de tout Moscou.*"

"Forfeit," cried the militia officer.

"All right, one can't talk—how tiresome."

"What is the talk of all Moscow?" Pierre asked, smiling to his feet.

"Come now Count, you know."

"I don't know anything about it," said Pierre.

"I know you were friendly with Natalie and so, but I was always more friendly with Natalie than dear Vera."

No, madame Pierre continued in a tone of displeasure, I have not taken on myself the role of Natalie's Rostov knight at all, and have not been to their house for nearly a month. But I cannot understand this cruelty."

"Qu'excusez-vous?" said Julie smiling and waving the lint triumphantly and to have the last word she promptly handed the subject. Do you know what I heard today? Poor Mary Bolkonskaya arrived in Moscow yesterday. Do you know that she has lost her father?"

"Really? Where is she? I should like very much to see her."

"I am talking of all Moscow. My word I am sure of it."

He excuses himself, accuses himself.

own will—the inevitable course of events and he can see them and grasp their significance and seeing that significance can refrain from meddling and renounce his personal wish directed to something else. And above all thought Prince Andrew—one believes in him because he's Russian despite the novel by Genlis and the French proverb; and because his voice shook when he said: "What they have brought us to! and had a sob in it when he said he would make them eat horseflesh!"

On such feelings more or less dimly shared by all the unanimity and general approval were founded with a high despite court influences the popular choice of Kutuzov as commander in chief and as received.

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER THE EMPEROR had left Moscow life flowed on there in its usual course and its course was so very usual that it was difficult to

... that the members of the English Club were also sons of the Fatherland ready to sacrifice everything for it. The one thing that recalled the patriotic fervor every one had displayed during the Emperor's stay was the call for contributions of men and money, a necessity that as soon as the promises had been made assumed a legal official form and became unavoidable.

With the enemy's approach to Moscow the Moscovites' view of their situation did not grow more serious but on the contrary became even more frivolous as always happens with people who see a great danger approaching. At the approach of danger there are always two voices that speak with equal power in the human soul: one very reasonably tells a man to consider the nature of the danger and the means of escaping it; the other still more reasonably says that it is too depressing and painful to think of the danger since it is not in man's power to foresee everything and avert the general course of events and it is therefore better to distract

society to the second. So it was now with the inhabitants of Moscow. It was long since people had been so gay in Moscow as that year.

Rostopchin's broadsheets headed by woodcuts of a drink shop, a potman, and a Moscow burgher called Karpushka Chigirin who having been a militiaman and having had rather

too much at the pub—heard that Napoleon wished to come to Moscow grew angry, abused the French.

the drink shop began

were read at a discussion together with the latest of Vasilii Lvovich Pushkin's *bouts rimés*.

In the corner room at the Club members gathered to read these broadsheets and some liked the way Karpushka jeered at the French saying: "They will swell up with Russian cabbage burst with our buckwheat porridge and choke themselves with cabbage soup. They are all dwarfs and one peasant woman will toss three."

like that

It was as if Napoleon had expelled all Frenchmen and even all foreigners from Moscow and that there had been some spies and agents of Napoleon among them but this was told chiefly to introduce Rostopchin's witty remark on that occasion. The foreigners were deported to Mzhur by boat and Rostopchin had said to them in French: *Retrez en vous-mêmes entrez dans la barque et ne faites pas une barque de Charon*. There was talk of all the government offices having been already removed from Moscow and in this Shishin's witticism was added—that for that alone Moscow ought to be grateful to Napoleon. It was said that Mamukov's regiment would cost him eight hundred thousand rubles and that Bezukhov had spent even more on his but that the best thing about Bezukhov's action was that he himself was going to don a uniform and ride at the head of his regiment without charging anything for the show.

... that

Julie was preparing to leave Moscow next day and was giving a farewell soiree.

Bezukhov is ridiculous but he is so kind and good-natured. What pleasure is there to be so caustic?

A forest! cried a young man in militia uniform whom Julie called *mon chevalier* and who was going with her to Mzhur.

In Julie's set as in many other circles in Moscow it had been agreed that they would

think it over get it all straight and take care not to make it a big question

much to see her said Pierre

I spent the evening with her yesterday. She is going to their estate near Moscow either today or tomorrow morning with her nephew.

Well and how is she? asked Pierre

She is well but sad. But do you know who rescued her? It is quite a romance. Nicholas Rostov! She was surrounded and they wanted to kill her and had wounded some of her people. He rushed in and saved her.

Another romance said the militia officer

Do you know I really believe she is *un petit peu* amoureuse du jeune homme

Forfeit forfeit forfeit!

But how could one say that in Russian?

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN PIERRE returned home he was handed two of Rostopchin's broadsheets that had been brought that day.

The first declared that the report that Count Rostopchin had forbidden people to leave Moscow was false on the contrary he was glad that ladies and tradesmen's wives were leaving the city. There will be less panic and less gossip ran the broadsheet but I will stake my life on it that that scoundrel will not enter Moscow. These words showed Pierre clearly for the first time that the French would enter Moscow. The second broadsheet stated that our headquarters were at Vyazma that Count Wittgenstein had defeated the French but that as many of the inhabitants of Moscow wished to be armed weapons were ready for them at the arsenal sabres pistols and muskets which could be had at a low price. The tone of the proclamation was not as jocose as in the former Chigirin talks. Pierre pondered over these broadsheets. Evidently the terrible stormcloud he had desired with the whole strength of his soul but which yet aroused involuntary horror in him was drawing near.

Shall I join the army and enter the service or not? he asked himself for the hundredth time. He took a pack of cards that lay on the table and began to lay them out for a game of patience.

If this patience comes out he said to him
self after shuffling the cards holding them in
his hand and lifting his head if it comes out
it means what does it mean?

He had not decided what it should mean

A little bit in love with the young man

when he heard the voice of the eldest princess

and he added to the princess

Only the eldest princess the one with the stony face and long waist was still living in Pierre's house. The two younger ones had both married.

Excuse my coming to you cousin she said in a reproachful and agitated voice You know some decision must be come to What is going to happen? Everyone has left Moscow and the people are rioting How is it that we are staying on?

On the contrary things seem satisfactory *ma cousine* said Pierre in the bantering tone he habitually adopted toward her always feeling uncomfortable in the role of her benefactor.

Satisfactory indeed! Very satisfactory! Bar bara Ivanova told me today how our troops are distinguishing themselves. It certainly does them credit! And the people too are quite dutiful—they no longer obey even my maid has

day now so what are we waiting for? I ask just one thing of you cousin she went on a range for me to be taken to Petersburg What ever I may be I can't live under Bonaparte's rule

Oh come *ma cousine*! Where do you get your information from? On the contrary

I won't submit to your Napoleon! Others may if they please. If you don't want to do this

But I will I'll give the order at once

But you have been misinformed," said Pierre. "Everything is quiet in the city and there is not the slightest danger. See! I've just been reading" He showed her the broad sheet Count Rostopchin writes that he will stake his life on it that the enemy will not enter Moscow.

Oh that count of yours! said the princess malevolently. He is a hypocrite & rascal who has himself roused the people to riot. Didn't he

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w l f h t r v w re the most

twenty fifth and th t those begun on the
m l f

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and ellk w b t quite fle co ept m
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such p to t B d o

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ght gl t f m B d t Utis t
th rry pl ce wher th b til was f ght
= f i f d

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t k d th h l R ss my wh h was
p t th field f B d o
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ca easily co h mself

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passed ma y p t b tte tha B od o
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beca se k d d t w h t occupy po-
= h had th ms l d en b cau th
pop lar dema d f b t l h d t yet ex-
p essed uself t gly ough d b caus
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l u d f m y th re so Th f ct ss
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tro ger d th t th post n t B d o
(the wh e he b t l wa f ght) far fr m
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ther pot mght fi d n th Russ Em
p by t k g p the m p t haza d.
N t ly d d th R ss n t f t fy th po-
th fi ld f B od o t the left f
d t ght gl t th h ghro d (that
th post n whch th b til took pl)
b t ever t l th tw ty fifth of A gost 8 z
d d they th k that b ttle mght b f ght
ther This was h wn first by th f ct th t
there w en chm ts th by the

fied th n ny other post? And w y w ic e
f rts exhaust d a d s x th us nd men sacri-
ficed to defend t t l late t night on the
twenty fourth? A Coss ck patrol would l =
sufficed to observe the enemy Th rdly as proof
that the po t on on whch the b ttle wa
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She d rd no Redoubt was n t an d nced post
of that pos t n we h ve the f ct that up to the
twenty fifth Ba l y de Tolly a d B grat / n
w re con t ced that the She d d o Red ubt
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entre ched post p e usly selected where
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whch wa lmost e tre hed.

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T ny ewh looks t the field of Bo o-
d o w tho t th k g f h w the b ttle w
tu lly f ght th s pos t io p t cted by th
r r k l chá p ts uself ob ous f n
rmy wh se b j ct w t p t my
f m d c g l g th Smolé k d to
M c w

N poleon rading to Valué o on th twenty
f rth d d = (as the h t ry book say h
d d) th post n of th Russ ns from Utitsa
to B d o (h uld n th = n th t po-
t n b cause t d d n = xust) d d he see
n dva d post of th Ru n army but
wh le pursu ng th Russ n reargua d he cam
upon th f f l k f the Ru n po t n— t
the Shevárd n Red ubt—nd u pectedly

Moscow—that he would leave that night for the army at Mosháysk and that his saddle horses should be sent to him. He arranged to start on the next day to allow time for the relay horses to be sent on in advance.

On the twenty fourth the weather cleared up after a spell of rain and after dinner Pierre left Moscow. When changing horses that night in Perkhushkovo he learned that there had been a great battle that evening. (This was the battle of Shevárdino.) He was told that there in Perkhushkovo the earth trembled from the firing but nobody could answer his questions as to who had won. At dawn next day Pierre was approaching Mosháysk.

Every house in Mosháysk had soldiers quartered in it and at the hostel where Pierre was met by his groom and coachman there was no room to be had. It was full of officers.

Everywhere in Mosháysk and beyond its troops were stationed or on the march. Cossacks, foot and horse soldiers, wagons, caissons and cannon were everywhere. Pierre pushed forward as fast as he could and the farther he left Moscow behind and the deeper he plunged into that sea of troops the more was he overcome by restless agitation and a new and joyful feeling began to take possession of him.

It was a sense of the necessity of undertaking something and sacrificing something. He now experienced a glad consciousness that everything that constitutes men's happiness—the comforts of life, wealth, even life itself—is rubbish; it is pleasant to throw away compared with something. With what? Pierre could not say and he did not try to determine for whom and for what he felt such particular delight in sacrificing everything. He was not occupied with the question of what to sacrifice for; the fact of sacrificing in itself afforded him a new and joyous sensation.

CHAPTER XX

ON THE TWENTY FOURTH OF AUGUST the battle of the Shevárdino Redoubt was fought; on the twenty fifth not a shot was fired by either side and on the twenty sixth the battle of Borodíno itself took place.

Why and how were the battles of Shevárdino and Borodíno given and accepted? Why was the battle of Borodíno fought? There was not the least sense in it for either the French or

the Russians. Its immediate result for the Russians was and was bound to be that we were brought nearer to the destruction of Moscow—which we feared more than anything in the world and for the French its immediate result was that they were brought nearer to the destruction of their whole army—which they feared more than anything in the world. What the result must be was quite obvious and yet Napoleon offered and Kutuzov accepted that battle.

If the commanders had been guided by reason it would seem that it must have been obvious to Napoleon that by advancing thirteen hundred miles and giving battle with a probability of losing a quarter of his army he was advancing to certain destruction and it must have been equally clear to Kutuzov that by accepting battle and risking the loss of a quarter of his army he would certainly lose Moscow. For Kutuzov this was mathematically clear as it was for Napoleon.

My opponent has sixteen men and I have four teen. I am only one eighth weaker than he but when I have exchanged thirteen more men he will be three times as strong as I am.

Before the battle of Borodíno our strength in proportion to the French was about as five to six but after that battle it was little more than one to two. Previously we had a hundred thousand against a hundred and twenty thousand afterwards little more than fifty thousand against a hundred thousand. Yet the shrewd and experienced Kutuzov accepted the battle while Napoleon—who was said to be a commander of men—refused it.

to end the campaign by occupying Moscow as he had ended a previous campaign by occupying Vienna there is much evidence to the contrary. Napoleon's historians themselves tell us that from Smolénsk onwards he hesitated to stop knew the danger of his extended position and knew that the occupation of Moscow would not be the end of the campaign for he had seen at Smolénsk the state in which Russian towns were left to him and had not received a single reply to his repeated announcements of his wish to negotiate.

In giving and accepting battle at Borodíno Kutuzov acted involuntarily and irrationally. But later on to find what had occurred the historians provided cunningly devised evidence

which the road ran. The sun shone from behind
 and melted into the cuts and

ing p to t, placed tone u uci s
 tireless hind wheels, and began straining the
 breech-bands of his little horse.

One of the wounded, an old soldier with a
 bandaged arm who was following the cart on
 foot, caught hold of it with his sound hand and
 turned to look at Pierre.

"I say fell w countryman! Will they set us
 down here or take us on to Moscow," he asked.

Pierre was so deep in thought that he did not
 hear the question. He was looking now at the
 cavalry regiment that had met the company of
 wounded, with the cart by which he was
 standing, in which two wounded men were
 stowed. One was lying on one of those little
 p in the cart had probably been wounded in
 the cheek. His whole head was wrapped in
 rag. His cheek was swollen to the size of a
 baby's head. His nose and mouth were twisted
 to one side. This soldier was looking at the
 cathedral and cross of himself. Another
 on his face, fair-haired, ecru white as
 though there was no blood in his thin face
 looked at Pierre kindly with a fixed smile.
 The third lay prone so that his face was not
 visible. The cavalry officers were passing close
 by.

Ah lost and lost as my head so to ken
 Lovers in foreign land

they sang the soldiers' dance song

And responded to them but with different
 sort of merriment, the metallic sound of the
 bells reverberated high above the hot rays
 of the sun bathed the top of the opposite hill
 with another sort of merriment. But be-
 cause the soldiers, by the cart with the wounded
 near the pants of the soldier where Pierre stood,
 was damp and smothered and sad.

The soldier with the swollen cheek looked
 on at the cavalry officers.

Oh, the comrades he muttered reproach-
 fully

I not the soldiers only but I seen peas-
 ants today too. The peasants—even they
 have to go and the soldier behind the cart,
 dressed like Pierre with the sad smile. "No dis-
 tinctions made nowadays. They wait for
 the whole nation to fall on them—in word, in
 Moscow. They want to make an end of it.

In spite of the obscurity of the soldier's
 words Pierre understood what he wanted to say
 and nodded approvingly.

The road was clear again. Pierre descended
 the hill and drove on.

He kept looking on either side of the road
 for familiar faces, but only saw everywhere the
 uniformed faces of various military men of
 different branches of the service who all
 looked with astonishment at his white hat and
 green tailcoat.

He had gone nearly three miles he at last
 met an acquaintance and eagerly addressed
 him. This was one of the head army doctors.
 He was driving toward Pierre in a covered
 carriage. He said to you surgeon doctor recom-
 mend to Pierre he told the Cossack will occupy
 the driver's seat to pull up.

Count I will call myself how come you to
 be here? asked the doctor.

"Well you know I wanted to see

"Yes, yes, there will be something to see."

Pierre got out and talked to the doctor ex-
 plaining his intention of taking part in a bat-
 tle.

The doctor advised him to apply direct to
 Kutuzov.

"Why should you be God knows where out
 of sight during the battle," he said, exchange-
 ing glances with his companion. "Any-
 how his Seren Highness knows you and will
 excuse you graciously. That's what you must
 do."

The doctor seemed tired and in a hurry.

"You think so. Ah I also wanted to ask
 you where our position is exactly," said Pierre.

"The position," repeated the doctor. "Well,
 that's not my line. I'm in the past. I'm over-
 looking the digging going on there. Go up the hill-
 side and you'll see."

Can we see from there? If you would

But the doctor interrupted him and turned
 toward his gait.

I would go with you but on my honor I'm
 up to her—and he pointed to his throat. I'm
 galloping to the commander of the corps. How
 do matters stand? I know Count, there'll
 be battle tomorrow. Out of harm of him
 dressed thousands we must expect at least twenty
 thousand wounded, dressers, doctors, nurses,
 or bunks, or dressers, or doctors, or nurses, or
 thousands. We have a thousand carts but we
 need other things as well—we must make as
 best we can!

Thence thou hit that of the thousands

for the Russians moved his army across the Kolochá. And the Russians not having time to begin a general engagement withdrew their left wing from the position they had intended to occupy and took up a new position which had not been foreseen and was not fortified. By crossing to the other side of the Kolochá to the left of the highroad Napoleon shifted the whole forthcoming battle from right to left (looking from the Russian side) and transferred it to the plain between Utitsa, Semenovsk and Borodínó—a plain no more advantageous as a position than any other plain in Russia—and there the whole battle of the twenty-sixth of August took place.

At sudden out

At dawn began the attack next morning no one would have doubted that the Shevárdino Redoubt was the left flank of our position and the battle would have taken place where we expected it. In that case we should probably have defended the Shevárdino Redoubt—our left flank—still more obstinately. We should have attacked Napoleon in the center or on the right and the engagement would have taken place on the twenty-fifth in the position we intended and had fortified. But as the attack on our left flank took place in the evening after the retreat of our rearguard (that is immediately after the fight at Gridneva) and as the Russian commanders did not wish or were not in time to begin a general engagement then on the evening of the twenty-fourth the first and chief action of the battle of Borodínó was already lost on the twenty-fourth and obviously led to the loss of the one fought on the twenty-sixth.

After the loss of the Shevárdino Redoubt we found ourselves on the morning of the twenty-fifth without a position for our left flank and were forced to bend it back and hastily entrenched it where it chanced to be.

Not only was the Russian army on the twenty-sixth defended by a weak unfinished entrenchment but the disadvantage of that position was increased by the fact that the Russian commanders—not having fully realized what had happened namely the loss of our position on the left flank and the shifting of the whole field of the forthcoming battle from right to left—maintained their extended position from the village of Nóvoo to Utitsa and consequently

had to move their forces from right to left during the battle. So it happened that throughout the whole battle the Russians opposed the entire French army launched against our left flank with but half as many men. (To

right flank distinct

So the battle of Borodínó did not take place at all as (in an effort to conceal our commanders' mistakes even at the cost of diminishing the glory due to the Russian army and people) it has been described. The battle of Borodínó was not fought on a chosen and entrenched position with forces only slightly weaker than those of the enemy but as a result of the loss of

fought almost half ly cu result but unthinkable to keep an army even from complete disintegration and flight

CHAPTER XX

ON THE MORNING of the twenty-fifth Pierre was leaving Mozháysk. At the descent of the high steep hill down which a winding road led out of the town past the cathedral on the right there a service was being held and the bells were ringing. Pierre got out of his vel

the day before. The peasant drivers shouting and lashing their horses kept crossing from side to side. The carts in each of which three or four wounded soldiers were lying or sitting jolted over the stones that had been thrown on the steep incline to make it something like a road. The wounded bandaged with rags with pale cheeks compressed lips and knitted brows clid on to the sides of the carts as they were jolted against one another. Almost all of them stared with naive childlike curiosity at Pierre's white hat and green swallow-tail coat.

Pierre's coachman shouted angrily at the convoy of wounded to keep to one side of the road. The cavalry regiment as it descended the hill with its singers surrounded Pierre's carriage and blocked the road. Pierre stepped being pressed against the side of the cutting in

As the road ran The sunshin from behind the hill did not penetrate into the cutting and there it was cold and damp but above Perr's head was the bright August sun and the bells sounded merrily. One of the carts with wou ded topped by the side of the road close to Perr. The driver in his hat hoed ran past in p to t, placed it ne under o e of its tireless hu d wheels, and began arranging the breech-ba d on his l tle horse.

O f the wou ded, n old soldie w th a bandaged arm who was foll wing the cart on foot, ca ght hold f t with his sou d hand and turned i look t Perr.

I say fell w countryman! Will they set us down here or tak us on to Moscow?" he asked.

Perr was so deep th ught that h d not hear th questio. H wa look g now at the cavalry regim t that h d met the con oy of wounded, now t th cart by which he was standi g, wh ch two wounded men were tun d was ly ng O of those t g up the cart had probably been wounded in th cheek. His whole head was wrapped in rags d e cheek was w llen to th ure of baby head. His nose nd m uth were twisted to e ide. This soldie was looki g at the cathedral d cross g hums lf. An ther a o g ld, fa ha red recruit as white as tho gh th re was no blood n h s th n f ce looked t Perr kindly with fixed sm le. Th thurd lay prone so that his f ce was n i ble. The cavalry gers were p ss g close by.

Ah! i q t lost us my h d k en
Lari g f g n land

they san the soldiers da eso g
A freipo d them but w h differ t
sort f merrim nt th m tall sou d of th
bells everberated h gh bo nd th h t rays
f th l l th ed the t p f th oppos t l pe
th t an ther sort f merriment. But be-
eath th l p by th ca t with th w unded
ca the p t g l t len g wh re Perr stood,
t was damp somber d sad.

Th soldier w th l well n cheek looked
grily t the cavalry ers.

Oh, th co comb! he muttered reproach
f lly

It t th soldiers nly b t l e seen peas-
m today oo Th peasas-e n they
ha to go sa d th sold er beh d th cart
dd ess g Perr with sad m le. No dis-
t ct m d wad ys Th y wa t the
whole t f l l them—n w rd, ts
Moscow! They w t m ke end of t.

In p te of the obscurity of the sold ers
words Perr understood what he wa ted to say
nd nodded appro al.

The road was clear ga n Perr descended
the hill nd dro e on

He kept look ng to e ther s de of the road
fo f m l r f ces, but only saw e cry where t e
unfamiliar faces of aris m l tary men of
diffe nt branches of the serv c who all
looked w th astonishment at h s w l te hat and
green ta l co t.

H g gone nearly th ee m les he t l t
m t n aqua tance and e gerly addressed

the dri ers eat to p l up

Count Your xcellency how come you to
be here?" asked th doctor

"W ll you know I wanted to see

"Yes yes there w ll be someth g to see

Perr got out nd talked to the doct r ex-
pl n ng hu ntent on of tak ng p rt in a b t
tle.

The docto ad used h m to apply d rect m
Kutur

"Why should you be God knows where out
of sight dur g the battle?" he sa d, exchange
ng gl nces w th hu young companion. A y
ll w h us Ser e H ghness k ws you and w ll
rece e) u graciously That s what you must
d

Th doct r seemed t ed and u hurry

"You th k so? Ah I lso wa ted to ask
y u where ur pos u n is exa tly?" said Perr.

"The pos t peated th doct r Well
that s not my l ne Dri p t T tinnova
l to f digg g u go n on th re Go up th hill
ock d) ull ee.

Can e ee from th re? If you would

But th doct r interrupted h m a d m ed
t ward his g

I w uld g w th you but on my hon I m
pt her — nd he pointed to his throat. I m
gall p gt the comm der of tl corps. H w
domatt rs ta d Y uk ow Count, there ll
be battl t m row O t of n rmy of hun-
dred thousa d w must e pect at l ast twenty
th us nd w unded d w ha nt stretch rs
o bunks, dressers, or doctors en gh f rsix
th usa d. We ha e t n th usa d carts but we
need ther th gs as well—w must man as
best we can!

The stra ggl on ht that of th thousands

of men young and old who had stared with merry surprise at his hat (perhaps the very men he had noticed) twenty thousand were inevitably doomed to wounds and death amazed Pierre

They may die tomorrow why are they thinking of anything but death? And by some latent sequence of thought the descent of the Mosháysk hill the carts with the wounded the ringing bells the slanting rays of the sun and the songs of the cavalrymen vividly recurred to his mind

The cavalry ride to battle and meet the wounded and do not for a moment think of what awaits them but pass by winking at the wounded Yet from among these men twenty thousand are doomed to die and they wonder at my hat! Stringel thought Pierre continuing his way to Tatárinova

In front of a landowner's house to the left of the road stood carriages wagons and crowds of orderlies and sentinels The commander in chief was putting up there but just when Pierre arrived he was not in and hardly any of the staff were there—they had gone

Pierre saw for the first time peasant militiamen in their white shirts and with crosses on their caps who talking and laughing loudly animated and perspiring were at work on a huge knoll overgrown with grass to the right of the road

Some of them were digging others were wheeling barrowloads of earth along planks while others stood about doing nothing

Two officers were standing on the knoll directing the men On seeing these peasants who were evidently still amused by the novelty of their position as soldiers Pierre once more thought of the wounded men at Mosháysk and understood what the soldier had meant when he said They want the whole nation to fall on them The sight of these bearded peasants at work on the battlefield with their queer clumsy boots and perspiring necks and their shirts of lining from the left toward the middle unfastened exposing their sunburned collar bones impressed Pierre more strongly with the solemnity and importance of the moment than anything he had yet seen or heard

CHAPTER XXI

PIERRE STEPPED OUT of his carriage and passing the tolling militiamen ascended the knoll from which according to the doctor

the battlefield could be seen

It was about eleven o'clock The sun shone somewhat to the left and behind

thickened atmosphere

From above on the left bisecting that amphitheater wound the Smolensk highroad passing through a village with a white church some five hundred paces in front of the knoll and below it This was Borodino Below the village the road crossed the river by a bridge and winding down and up rose higher and higher to the village of Valuevo visible about four miles away where Napoleon was then stationed Beyond Valuevo the road disappeared into a yellowing forest on the horizon Far in the distance in that birch and fir forest to the right of the road the cross and belfry of the Kolochá Monastery gleamed in the sun Here and there over the whole of that blue expanse to right and left of the forest and the road smoking campfires could be seen and indefinite masses of troops—ours and the enemy's The ground to the right—along the course of the Kolochá and Moskva rivers—was broken and hilly Between the hollows the villages of Berzubova and Zakhárimo showed in the distance On the left the ground was more level there were fields of grain and the smoking ruins of Emenovsk which had been burned down could be seen

All that Pierre saw was so indefinite that neither the left nor the right side of the field fully satisfied his expectations Nowhere could he see the battlefield he had expected to find but only fields meadows troops woods the smoke of campfires villages mounds and streams and try as he would he could discern no military position in this place which teemed with life nor could he even distinguish our troops from the enemy's

I must ask someone who knows I thought and addressed an officer who was looking with curiosity at his huge unarmilitary figure

May I ask you said Pierre what village that is in front?

Borodino isn't it? said the officer turning to his companion

Borodino did another correct him

The officer evidently glided off an opportunity for a talk more easily to Pierre

Are those our men there? Pierre inquired

Yes and there further on are the French said the officer There they are there you can see them

"Where Wh e? ked Pierre
O e ca e them w th the n k d eye

Why the el

The sh er po ted w th h s h nd to the
m k ble th left bey nd th e nd
the me t rn and se u e p es n th t
Perreh dn t ced n m ny of the fac he had
r m m t h face

e?

c

Ab uns! A d there? e i j d t
the k ll n shed t ne w th bgt ce n
t e ll g th tly n a holl w wh r lso
some campfires were m k g nd someth g
bl k w bl

That I ga s d the off er (It w s
~ ~ster

smil fast f t l cant lly q clea
~ ~ l ll ou en

the ll g f t of th m w e
ch h Th t wh croses th k l há
Y ed w th e whe th w of h y a e
ly g th h ll w the e th b dge Th t
e i O ght fl nk e th ~le
po ted h rply t th ght f w y n the
b ke gr u d—Tl ts wh e the M k á
R d eh th w up th d ubis
th ery t g nes The lei fl k
h eth sh p u d W ll y u e th t
d flc lts pl Y t d y u left fl k
the t Sl á d y u e whe the
k b t w w h withdrawn u left
g~ w t he d y u t t l
f ge d t m k? Th t S m k yes
h e l po ed t R é k kn ll But the
b t l w ll h dly be th e Hush g m d
h troop t l is ly h w ll p b bly
pas ro d t l ght f the Mosk á But
h er t m y b m y m n w ll be m
g t m r w l h maked

A ld ly g swl h d pp ch d th
sh er wh l he was g g t e pl t
had w t d l f l m m h p k
g b t ths po t d tly n t l k g the
fl er em k t r p t d h m

G b m t be nt f s a d h term

ly
The fl e pp d bashed th ough he
d n stood th mght th nk f h w m y

men would be m ssing tomorrow but o ght not
to speak of t.

Well send number three comp ny aga n
the off cer repl d hurr edly

And you re y none of the doctors?

No l e come n m yo n answered Pierre
d he went d w th the l l l l ag n p s ng t e
m l t men

Oh those d mned fell wsl muttered the
off er wh l l l wed l m hold g h s nose as
he ran p st the men at w rk

"The e they are br ngng her om g
The e they e They ll be here in a n ute
es we e s dd cnly heard say ng and
ficers sold ers nd m l t men began run
f r w rd along the r ad.

~ h h ll

ms e er ed F m bel nd u l a

u d f chu ch g g

Sold ers nd m l t am n ran b r l eaded p st
P rret va d t l p cession

They a e b gng he ou Protectress

The Jbe n M ther f God) s me n erred

Th Sm lé k M the f G d an th r
correct d h m

The m l t men both th e wh f d b e
n th lla e d t l ewl h d been two k
on the b tery th ew down the r p des and
~ Fall

bow d t the gr nd

At th umm t of th h ll th y t pp d w th
the co th men wh h d b n h ld n t up
by the l b d att ched t twe e rel e d
by oth rs th d t rs bt the e ers a d
n bega The hot ray f the un beat
d n t d

n

himself (he was evidently a German) patiently waited the end of the service which he considered it necessary to hear to the end probably to arouse the patriotism of the Russian people. Another general stood in a similar pose crossing himself by shaking his hand in front of his chest while looking about him. Standing among the crowd of peasants Pierre recognized several acquaintances among these notables but did not look at them—his whole

was absorbed in

on the faces

men who were

As soon as the banners who were singing the service for the twentieth time that day began lazily and mechanically

from

and

The face as to an inviolable bulwark and protection there again kindled

in all those faces the same expression of consciousness of the solemnity of the impending moment that Pierre had seen on the faces at

the foot of the hill at Moháýsk and momentarily on many and many faces he had met that

morning and heads were bowed more frequently and hair tossed back and sighs and the

sound men made as they crossed themselves were heard

The crowd round the icon suddenly parted and pressed against Pierre. Someone very

important personage judging by the haste with which way was made for him was approaching the icon

It was Kutuzov who had been riding round the position and on his way back to Tatárino-va had stopped where the service was being held. Pierre recognized him at once by his peculiar figure which distinguished him from everybody else

He

asked with

swaying gait into the crowd and stopped behind the priest. He crossed himself with an accustomed movement

touched his white

was B

the presence of the commander in chief who attracted the attention of all the superior officers

the militiamen and soldiers continued their prayers without looking at him

When the service was over Kutuzov stepped up to the icon sank heavily to his knees bowed

to the ground and for a long time tried vainly to rise but could not do so on account of his weakness and weight. His white head twitched with the effort. At last he rose, kissed the icon as a child does with naively pouting lips and again bowed till he touched the ground with his hand. The other generals followed his example then the officers and after them the excited faces pressing on one another crowd ing panting and pushing scrambled the soldiers and militiamen

CHAPTER XXII

STAGGERING amid the crush Pierre looked about him

Count Peter Kurlovich! How did you get here? said a voice

Pierre looked round. Boris Drubetskoy brushing his knees with his hand (he had probably soiled them when he too had knelt before the icon) came up to him smiling.

Boris was elegantly dressed with a slightly martial touch appropriate to a campaign. He wore a long coat and like Kutuzov had a hip

slung across his shoulder

one lost

to catch

rug

ed him

The icon was carried further accompanied by the throng. Pierre stopped some thirty paces from Kutuzov talking to Boris

He explained his wish to be present at the battle and to see the position

This is what you must do said Boris. I will do the honors of the camp to you. You will see everything best from where Count Ben

nigsen will be. I am in attendance on him. You know. I'll mention it to him. But if you want

to ride round the position come along with us. We are just going to the left flank. Then when

we get back do spend the night with me and we'll arrange a game of cards. Of course you

know Dmitri Sergeevich? Those are his quarters and he pointed to the third house in the

village of Gorki

But I should like to see the right flank. They say it's very strong said Pierre. I should

like to start from the Moskva River and ride round the whole position

Well you can do that later but the chief thing is the left flank

Yes yes But where is Prince Bolkonski's regiment? Can you point it out to me?

BOOK TEN

"Prince Andrews? We shall pass it and I'll — and the group gathered round him.

— — — — — A K I Z V

I got
204 2
1 m.

his Se ne H h ess w uia i but
someo u persuaded h m You ee k vsd

It was 20

It was all
'How did that fellow get here?' asked
Pierre.

II sa creature that wriggles many a crel
 was the nwer Helas he degraded y u
 kn w h he wa in to bob up aga n He s
 been pr po g some scheme o other nd has
 crawled i to the enemy p cket i ne at n ght.

He's a brave fellow

He's a bra e fellow
 Ferre took off his hat and bowed respectful
 ly to h tu ov

I concluded that if I reported to your Secretary the honesty you might send me away or say that you knew what I was reporting but then I wouldn't lose anything. Đó là kho was saying.

Th h h i h d d s m s s e d l l u n e e s

7th ed.

Yes yes.
But if I were right I should be rendering
service to my Fatherland for which I am ready
to die.

Yes Yes.

t da c co d ed y ng Pr n Drubet
sk/y luabl m n
I st h h comma d therewer twosharp

And should your Serene Highness require
 am now who will not part with it please think
 of me Perhaps I may prove useful to you
 Sc. e Highness

Seeligman but now repeated, his
 yes yes gm and more as he
 looked at Pierre

Just then Bo f w th his court erl k ad t
nes tepped up to P'err s de near hut zov
nd n a most n tural m nner without ra ng
h e sa d t P'erre as though continu
n interrupt d n ers t n

The malt has put clean white shrus

h w ld b destroy d nd the pow
p st B gs cn f h tdr w n the
battle t w ould be felt th t eryth g as

At h y ar th rs whom P erre kn w
cam p t h m d h had t t m t reply
t l l th q est bout M w that w e
ho d po h m to l t n to l l th z w
t l d h m Th f ces l l p essed m t n
d pp he b t em d to P erre t t
th cause l th ement h w n some l l
these f es lay ch l y n q est n s of perso l l
ess h m d h weve w occup d by
h d f t exp es he w n other f es
- exp res that poke s t f p rsonal
m t rs but f th n c r s al q est l l f e
d d h h t ced P erre figure

thos w ds nd so t was.

"What do you say about the militia?" he asked B. J.

Pr p f r tom row y rSere eH gh
ness-f r death-they ha e put on clean sh rts
Ah w de f l m tchless people!
d kut and he closed h eyes dswayed
h s head A m tchless people! he epeat d
w th gh

So you want to smell gu powder? h sa d
t Perre "Yes, pleasant sm l l h e the
h t be o e f j w f d r s l t
w ll? My q arters t 30 ser ce

And as often happens with old people Kutuzov began looking about absent mindedly as if forgetting all he wanted to say or do

Then evidently remembering what he wanted he beckoned to Andrew Kaysarov his adjutant's brother

Those verses those verses of Márin's how do they go eh? Those he wrote about Gerikof Lectures for the corps inditing Recite them recite them! said he evidently preparing to laugh

Kaysarov recited Kutuzov smilingly nodded his head to the rhythm of the verses

When Pierre had left Kutuzov Dolokhov came up to him and took his hand

I am very glad to meet you here Count he said aloud regardless of the presence of strangers and in a particularly resolute and solemn tone On the eve of a day when God alone knows who of us is fated to survive I am glad of this opportunity to tell you that I regret the misunderstandings that occurred between us and should wish you not to have any ill feeling for me I beg you to forgive me

Pierre looked at Dolokhov with a smile not knowing what to say to him With tears in his eyes Dolokhov embraced Pierre and kissed him

Boris said a few words to his general and Count Bennigsen turned to Pierre and proposed that he should ride with him along the line

It will interest you said he

Yes very much replied Pierre

Half an hour later Kutuzov left for Tatárnova and Bennigsen and his suite with Pierre among them set out on their ride along the line

CHAPTER XXIII

FROM GÓRNI Bennigsen descended the high road to the bridge which when they had looked at it from the hill the officer had pointed out as being the center of our position and where rows of fragrant new mown hay lay by the riverside They rode across that bridge into the village of Borodino and thence turned to the left passing an enormous number of troops

S V Márin an artist came up to Alexander was well known for his epigrams and humorous verses G V Gerikof was a captain in the army a teacher in the military school a little author of numerous patriotic songs of very poor quality Márin's verse about him was

You'll find it on a thing
And it's all right
Let's say it's a copy of a thing—
Be a captain next time

and guns and came to a high knoll where militiamen were digging This was the redoubt as yet unnamed which afterwards became known as the Račinski Redoubt or the knoll Battery but Pierre paid no special attention to it He did not know that it would become more memorable to him than any other spot on the plain of Borodino

They then crossed the hollow to Semenovsk where the soldiers were dragging away the

trucks freshly made by the artillery over the furrows of the plowed land and reached some *flèches* which were still being

several horsemen could be descried The officers said that either Napoleon or Murat was there and they all gazed eagerly at this little group of horsemen Pierre also looked at them trying to guess which of the scarcely discernible figures was Napoleon At last those mounted men rode away from the mound and disappeared

Bennigsen spoke to a general who approached him and began explaining the whole position of our troops Pierre listened to him straining each faculty to understand the essential points of the impending battle but was mortified to feel that his mental capacity was inadequate for the task He could make nothing of it Bennigsen stopped speaking and noticing that Pierre was listening suddenly said to him

I don't think this interests you?

On the contrary it's very interesting! replied Pierre not quite truthfully

In the middle of the wood a brown hare with white feet sprang out and scared by the tramp of the many horses grew so confused that it leaped along the road in front of them for some time arousing general attention and laughter until by several voices shouted at it it darted to one side and disappeared in the thicket After going through the wood for about a mile and half they came out on a glided where troops of the corps were stationed to form the left flank

Here at the extreme left flank Bennigsen

At night the

called great deal and with much heat, and
 as seemed to Pierre, gave orders of great im-
 portance. In front of Tuck's troops
 was some high ground not occupied by troops.
 Ben-gsen had criticised this mistake say-
 ing that it was madness to leave a height which
 commanded the country around unoccupied
 and to place troops below it. Some of the gen-
 erals expressed the same opinion. On a par-
 ticular declared with martial heat that they
 were there to be slaughtered. Ben-gsen
 however authorized the troops to occu-

py relation to any worldly matter or with ref-
 erence to its effect on others but simply a re-
 lation to himself to his own soul—ad-
 ditionally terribly and almost sacramental. And
 from the height of this perception that had
 previously transcended all preoccupations
 suddenly became illumined by a cold white
 light without shadow without perspective and
 without distinction. Suddenly all disappeared
 to him like magic pictures which he
 had long been gazing at for all his trouble
 and pain. A sudden glimpse of those dimly
 pictured pictures in clear daylight and without
 glass. Yes, yes. There they are those false
 images that gazed, enraptured and transcended me
 said he to himself passing in review the prin-
 cipal pictures of the magic lantern of life and
 regarded them now in the cold white daylight
 of his last perception of death. "There they
 are those rudely painted figures that once
 seemed splendid and mysterious. Glory the
 good society of the woman the Father and
 myself—how important these pictures appeared
 to me with what profound meaning they
 seemed to be filled. And all so simple and
 crude in the cold white light of this morn-
 ing which I feel is dawn of some. The three
 great sorrows which I held in attention in
 part of my life of a woman his life
 death and the French in whom he had
 run half Russian. Love that little girl who
 seemed to me brim with life and
 yes, death. I loved her I made romantic
 of life and happiness with her! Oh what a
 boy I was! he said I doubtfully. Alas I
 believed in some deal of love which was to
 keep her faithful to me for the whole year of
 my absence. Like the gentle dawn the first
 she was part from me. But it was
 much simpler really. It was all very im-
 possible and horrible.

"When I then built Bald Hills beneath
 the place where his husband and his peasants
 but Napoleon came and swept him down.

opinion but for that every reason he could not
 understand him the man who put them there
 behind the hill could have made so gross and
 palpable a blunder.

Pierre did not know that these troops were
 not, as Ben-gsen supposed, put there to de-
 fend the position but to conceal the po-
 sition as a ambush that they should not be
 seen. He had been told that the troops
 were expectedly. He knew and did not know
 this and moved the troops forward according
 to his ideas with utmost confidence mat-
 ter to the commander in chief.

CHAPTER XXIV

ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF August Prince
 Andrew lay leaning on his elbow in the
 down shed in the village of Knyazkovo at the
 further end of the regiment's camp. The
 high gap in the high wall he could
 see beyond the wood in the row of thirty
 ear-old birches which the lower branches
 lopped off filled in which shocks of oats were
 standing in some bushes near which rose the
 smoke of campfires—the soldiers were at the
 work.

Nearby were some useless things
 which seemed to him, Prince Andrew
 drew the first battle of the great day
 which he had seen seven years before in
 his first.

He had recalled the general orders of
 the day but he had not the time to do.
 In the high sky the simplest clearest, and
 here the most terrible thoughts would
 hum no peace. He knew that tomorrow
 would be the most terrible of his life
 part of the first time in his life the pos-
 sible of death presented itself to him—

ed. The Father and the desire of Moscow
 now. And tomorrow I shall be killed, per-
 haps not even by the Frenchman but by one of our
 own men by sold or discharging musket
 loss in war as one of them did yesterday
 and the Father will come and take me by the

and heels and fling me into a hole that I may not stink under their noses and new conditions of life will arise which will seem quite ordinary to others and about which I shall know nothing I shall not exist

He looked at the row of birches shining in the sunshine with their motionless green and yellow foliage and white bark To die to be killed tomorrow That I should not exist That all this should still be but no me

And the birches with their light and shade the curly clouds the smoke of the campfires and all that was round him changed and seemed terrible and menacing A cold shiver ran down his spine He rose quickly went out of the shed and began to walk about

After he had returned voices were heard outside the shed Who's that? he cried

The red nosed Captain Tim'khin formerly Dólokhov's squadron commander but now from lack of officers a battalion commander shyly entered the shed followed by an adjutant and the regimental pyramaster

Prince Andrew rose hastily listened to the business they had come about gave them some further instructions and was about to dismiss them when he heard a familiar hissing voice behind the shed

Devil take it! said the voice of a man stumbling over something

Prince Andrew looked out of the shed

Prince Andrew to meet a couple of his own set in general and Pierre especially for he reminded him of all the painful moments of his last visit to Moscow

You? What a surprise! said he What brings you here? This is unexpected!

As he said this his eyes and face expressed more than coldness—they expressed hostility which Pierre noticed at once He had approached the shed full of animation but on seeing Prince Andrew's face he felt constrained and ill at ease

I have come simply you know come it interests me said Pierre who had so often that day senselessly repeated that word interesting I wish to see the battle

Oh yes and what do the Masonic brothers say about war? How could they stop it? said Prince Andrew sarcastically Well and how's Moscow? And my people? Have they reached Moscow at last? he asked seriously

Yes they have. Julie Drubetskaya told me

so I went to see them but missed them They have gone to your estate near Moscow

CHAPTER XXV

THE officers were about to take leave but Prince Andrew apparently reluctant to be left alone with his friend asked them to stay and have tea Seats were brought in and so was the tea The officers gazed with surprise at Pierre's huge stout figure and listened to his talk of Moscow and the position of our army round which he had ridden Prince Andrew remained silent and his expression was so forbidding that Pierre addressed his remarks chiefly to Tim'khin the good natured battalion commander

So you understand the whole position of our troops? Prince Andrew interrupted him

Yes—that is how do you mean? said Pierre Not being a military man I can't say I have understood it fully but I understand the general position

Well then you know more than anyone else be it who it may said Prince Andrew Oh! said Pierre looking over his spectacles in perplexity at Prince Andrew Well and what do you think of Kutuzov's appointment? he asked

I was very glad of his appointment that's all I know replied Prince Andrew

And tell me your opinion of Barclay de Tolly In Moscow they are saying heaven knows what about him What do you think of him?

Ask them replied Prince Andrew indicating the officers

Pierre looked at Timókhin with the condescending interrogative smile

Why so? asked Pierre

Well to mention only few words I'd fodder let me inform you Why were we so retired from Sventsyan we dare not touch it or a wisp of hay or anything to see we were going away so I would get it all written to your excellency an I again Timókhin turned to the prince But we daren't In our regiment two officers were counted

Then why was it forbidden?

Timókh looked about n confu on not
know g h t r h w to an wer such ques-
tio P r e p t the same que t on to Pr ce
A drew

"Why so s ot to l y w ste the cou try we
-- h d g t the emy sa d Pr nce

outf k as they h d larg r i
co ld not derst d th cred Pr n e An
drew s hr ll c th t seemd t escape
l m l ta ly he could n t underst nd
first t me e were f h ng

that u ess h d nere ed u ste gu u
H de ed u s t et e t d il ou ff ts
d losses we t f n th g H had no
th ght f betray gus h t ed t do the b st
h co ld he th ght u te eryth g a d th t
u hy he su t bi He un ut ble n w
just beca he pl u te ryt l ryth r
ghly d ccurat ly s ery G r m n h s to
How I e pl ? W ll y y u f t l r
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a d sat shes you f t l equ m ts better
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co ld er her d b pl d d n er but
soo he d ge sh n d ne of h
wnk B t y u Cl b th y h be m k
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trat d th ly res l t w ll be th t ster
ard h med f th f l cu t n they

epo ed Perr

Id t d rst d wh t mea t by k l l
f l comm der pl ed P e Andrew
cally

A k l l f l comm d ? epl ed Perr e

"Why e wh f es es l l o t ge ces
d f es es th d rsary t

■ t that s mpos bl d P ce A drew
as f w m t e u l d l g go

Perr looked t h m r p e

And yet they say that war is l ke a game of
chess he rem rked

Yes repl d Pr ce Andrew but w th t s
l tile d f f rence that in chess you may t l k
o r each m e as l ng as you please and are
n t l m t d f r t me and w th th s d f f renc
too that I ght s al ways str nger t l an a
p w n n l w p w s r l ays stronger than a
one w l l n wa a b t l on is sometimes
str erth n a d n d s omet mes we ker
than a comp ny The relat e strength of
bod es of troop can never be known to a y
e Bele e me h we t on f t l ngs de
pe ded o r rangement made by t l e t f l I
hould be there mak ng arrangements but n
st d f that l l a e th h nor to serve l ere in
the reg me t w th these gentlemen and I con

eq pment ore e on numbers a u cast f
all on post o

But on what th t ?

O the f l g t at is in mea d h m he
P nted t T m l h n an l n each sold er

Pr ce Andrew glan ed at T mók l n who
looked at h s commande n al rm and bew l
derment. In co trast t h f r me ret cent tac
tur ty P ce A dr now seemd exc ted.
H uld pp ently tr fra f ome p ces
g the tho ghts t l t l d udd nly occurred
to h m

A b tle w n by those who firmly resol e
t w n t l Why d d we lo e t h b tle t Au ter
l t ? T l e F d losses we e almost equ l to
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f l d soon as we could We e l t sol t us
u d w ran l f h d not d t l t l l
the e en g l n k w s h t m ght n t
h h ppe d. But t m rrow we shan y
t l k u talk bout u post o the left f l k
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w t on "Th t s l l e t l e r s n th
of t l k d B t w h taw t s t m r r w ? A
l l d red m l l n m t d lances wh ch
w l l b d ded th t t b y t l f a t l t
u e th r s ru s do o t r un nd th t
th m s t l t m n k l e l b t l l th t
b g d e t p e s t l y p l y Th f t s
th t thos men w th wh m u h e r d den
r u d l po t n t nly d th l p m t
t r s but h der They nly concer ed w th
th w p t ty t crests

At such a moment? said Pierre reproachfully

At such a moment? Prince Andrew repeated. To them it is only a moment affording opportunities to undermine a rival and obtain an extra cross or ribbon. For me tomorrow means this: a Russian army of a hundred thousand and a French army of a hundred thousand have met to fight and the

tomorrow—that which Timóklin has. They have yielded up all Europe to him and have now come to teach us. Fine teachers! and again his voice grew shrill.

So you think we shall win tomorrow's battle? asked Pierre.

Yes yes, answered Prince Andrew absentmindedly. One thing I would do if I had the power: he began again. I would not take prisoners. Why take prisoners? It is chivalry! The French have destroyed my home and are on their way to destroy Moscow: they have outraged and are outraging me every moment. They

so it sh— but since they are my foes they cannot be my friends: whatever may have been said at Tilsit.

Yes yes, muttered Pierre, looking with shining eyes at Prince Andrew. I quite agree with you!

The question that had perturbed Pierre on the Mosháysk hill and all that day now seemed to him quite clear and completely solved. He now understood the whole meaning and importance of this war and of the impending battle. All he had seen that day, all the significant and stern expressions on the faces he had seen in passing, were lit up for him by a new light. He understood that latent heat (as they say in physics) of patriotism which

you like I will tell you that whatever happens and whatever muddles those at the top may make, we shall win tomorrow's battle. Tomorrow happen what may we shall win!

There now, your excellency! That's the truth, the real truth, said Timóklin. Who would spare himself now? The soldiers in my battalion believe me: I couldn't drink their vodka! It's not the dry for that! they say.

All were silent. The officers rose. Prince Andrew went out of the shed with them, giving final orders to the adjutant. After they had gone, Pierre approached Prince Andrew and was about to start a conversation.

when and C. usenitz accompanied by a Cossack. They rode close by, continuing to converse, and Prince Andrew involuntarily heard these words:

Der Krieg muss in Raum verlegt werden. Der Ansicht kann ich nicht genug Preis geben. said one of them.

Oh ja, said the other. *der Zweck ist nur den Feind zu schwächen, so kann man gewiss nicht den Verlust der Privat-Personen in Achtung nehmen.*

Oh no, agreed the other.

Extend widely! said Prince Andrew with an angry snort, when they had ridden past.

In that extend were my father, son, and sister at Bald Hills. That's all the same to him! That's what I was saying to you—those German gentlemen won't win in the battle tomorrow but will only make all the mess they can, because they have nothing in their German heads but theories not worth an empty eggshell and haven't in their hearts the one thing needed to-

The war must be extended widely. I cannot sufficiently commend that.

Oh yes! only aim to weaken the enemy, so of course one cannot be too account the loss of private individuals.

Not take prisoners, Prince Andrew continued. That by itself would quite change the whole war and make it less cruel. As it is we have played at war—that's what a vile! We play at magnanimity and all that stuff. Such magnanimity and sensibility are like the magnanimity and sensibility of a lady who faints when she sees a calf being killed: she is so kind-hearted that she can't look at blood.

It is all rubbish! I say. Clusters and flags of truce in 1805 they humbugged us and we humbugged them. They plunder other people's houses, issue false paper money, and worst of all they kill my children and my father, and then talk of rules of war and magnanimity to fools! Take no prisoners, but kill and be killed! He who has come to this as I have through the same sufferings.

Prince Andrew, who had thought it was all

the sam to him whether o n t Mo cow was
take Smolén k h d been w s suddely
checked his p ch by a u expe ted tramp
in his thro t. H p ced up and d wn few
times n silenc b th eyes gl tte ed fe cr h
ly d his lps q ered he began pe k ng
If th e w e I th s magn n m y n
war e sh uld go t war nly when t wa
with whil go g t c r t m death, s now
Then ther wo ld t be war because Paul
l d ch had offended M ch l l in ov ch
A d when ther was war like th on it
o ld be wa A d then the determ t on of
the troops w uld be qu t diffie ent. Then if
these lies phal ans d Hess n wh m N
poleo is lead g w ld ot f llow h m nto
Rusia nd w sh ld t g to fight n Aus-
tria d Pruss w thout kn wn why W r
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exagg m the number) nd they
ct ry ppo g th t the m e peo-
pl they h k lled th gr e the che
men H w does God bo e look t them d
h them e cl m d Pr A dew n
sh ll p c g m Ah my f nd th f
la becom h d f m t l e. I e th t f
ha begu t u dersta d too much A d
does t d form taste f the tr lk w
edge f good de f Ah well t t f
lo gl h dd d.

Howe er you re sleepy and its t me f r
me to sleep Go back to Górk! s id Prince
And cwsuddenly

Oh n l P erre repl ed look ng at Prince
Andre d frighened compa s nate eyes.

Go go B f reab tle one m th cones
sleep out, repe ted P nce Andrew

He came qu kly up to P erre nd embraced
and k ssed l m

Good by be off he sh ued "Whether
we meet ga n o not and turn n way
hurr edly l e ente ed the shed.

It was af eady dark d P erre could n t
make out whether the express on of P nce
Andrew s l ce wa angry or tender

For some time l e stood in l nce co de
ng w l e th r he h uld f ll wh m o go away
N he d es n t wa t t l P erre c cl ded
And I k w that th s sour la t n e et gl ll
s ghed deeply nd rode b k to Górk

On e ente m the shed Prince And cw l y
down on ru bus he could not sleep

He closed his eyes One p ctur e cceeded
a the t h s m g nat n O m e of them he
dwelt l g nd joyfully He dly e called an
e h m ted

ally had u d rstood ll she wanted t say
But h tá h w not accusi d th her own
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eemed t b fete ed by h body—t w th t

ythng f the sort H nly
pretty nd f e h y u ggurl w th wh ml d d

not deign to unite his fate And I? and he is still alive and gay!

Prince Andrew jumped up as if someone had burned him and again began pacing up and down in front of the shed

CHAPTER XXVI

ON AUGUST 25 the eve of the battle of Borodino M de Beausset prefect of the French Emperor's palace arrived at Napoleon's quarters at Valuevo with Colonel Fabvier the former from Paris and the latter from Madrid

Donning his court uniform M de Beausset ordered a box he had brought for the Emperor to be carried before him and entered the first compartment of Napoleon's

garret

F

the entrance talking to some generals of his acquaintance

The Emperor Napoleon had not yet left his bedroom and was finishing his toilet Slightly snorting and grunting he presented now his back and now his plump hairy chest to the brush with which his valet was rubbing him down Another valet with his finger over the mouth of a bottle was sprinkling Eau de Cologne on the Emperor's pampered body with an expression which seemed to say that he alone knew where and how much Eau de Cologne should be sprinkled Napoleon's short hair was wet and matted on the forehead but his face though puffy and yellow expressed physical satisfaction Go on harder go on! he muttered to the valet who was rubbing him slightly twitching and grunting An aide de camp who had entered the bedroom to report to the Emperor the number of prisoners taken in yesterday's action was standing by the door after delivering his message awaiting permission to withdraw Napoleon frowning looked at him from under his brows

No prisoners! said he repeating the aide de camp's words They are forcing us to exterminate them So much the worse for the Russian army Go on harder harder! he muttered hunching his back and presenting his fat shoulders

All right Let Monsieur de Beausset enter and Fabvier too he said nodding to the aide-de-camp

Yes sire and the aide de camp disappeared through the door of the tent

Two valets rapidly dressed His Majesty and wearing the blue uniform of the Guards he

went with firm quick steps to the reception room

De Beausset's hands meanwhile were busily engaged arranging the present he had brought from the Empress on two chairs directly in front of the entrance But Napoleon

dressed as

pidity that

the surpris

Napoleon noticed at once what they were about and guessed that they were not ready He did not wish to deprive them of

ure of

not i

him

but one fear—to fail to please him The result of that battle had been deplorable Napoleon made ironic remarks during Fabvier's account as if he had not expected that matters could go otherwise in his absence

I must make up for that in Moscow said Napoleon I'll see you later he added and summoned de Beausset

—

French bow which only the old retainers of the Bourbons knew how to make

p

er

You have hurried here I am very glad Well what is Paris saying? he asked suddenly changing his former stern expression for a most cordial tone

See all Paris regrets your absence replied de Beausset as was proper

But though Napoleon knew that de Beausset had to say something of this kind and though in his lucid moments he knew it was untrue he was pleased to hear it from him Again he honored him by touching his ear

I am very sorry to have made you travel so far said he

See I expected nothing less than to find you at the gates of Moscow replied de Beausset

Napoleon smiled and lifting his head attentively glanced to the right An aide-de-camp approached with gliding steps and offered him a gold snuffbox which he took

Yes it has happened luckily for you he

The original line of the Russian forces along the river Kolochá had been dislocated by the capture of the Shevárdino Redoubt on the twenty-fourth and part of the line—the left flank—had been drawn back. That part of the line was not entrenched and in front of it the ground was more open and level than elsewhere. It was evident to anyone military or not that it was here the French should attack. It would seem that not much consideration was needed to reach this conclusion nor any particular care or trouble on the part of the Emperor and his marshals nor was there any need of that special and supreme quality called genius that people are so apt to ascribe to Napoleon yet the historians who described the event later and the men who then surrounded Napoleon and he himself thought otherwise.

the
no
he shook his head dubiously and without communicating to the generals around him the profound course of ideas which guided his decisions merely gave them his final conclusions in the form of commands. Having listened to a suggestion from Davout to turn it should be without explaining why not. To a proposal made by General

of Elichingen (Ney) ventured to remark that a movement through the woods was dangerous and might disorder the division.

Having inspected the country opposite the Shevárdino Redoubt Napoleon pondered a little in silence and then indicated the spots where two batteries should be set up by the morrow to act against the Russian entrenchments and the places where in line with them the field artillery should be placed.

After giving these and other commands he returned to his tent and the dispositions for the battle were written down from his dictation.

These dispositions of which the French historians write with enthusiasm and other historians with profound respect were as follows:

At dawn the two new batteries set off for the position in the plain occupied by the enemy. The line will open fire on the two opposing lines of the enemy.

At the same time the commander of the artillery

of the 1st Corps General Pernetti with thirty cannon of Campan's division and all the howitzers of Desaix's and Friant's divisions will move forward open fire and overwhelm with shell fire the enemy's battery against which will operate

24 guns of the artillery of the Guards
30 guns of Campan's division
and 8 guns of Friant's and Desaix's divisions

in all 62 guns

The commander of the artillery of the 3rd Corps General Fouché will place the howitzers of the 3rd and 18th Corps sixteen in all on the flanks of the battery that is to bombard the entrenchment on the left which will have forty guns in all directed against it.

General Sorbier must be ready at the first order to advance with all the howitzers of the Guard's artillery against either one or other of the entrenchments.

During the cannonade Prince Poniatowski is to advance through the wood on the village and hit the enemy's position.

General Campan will move through the wood to seize the first fortification.

After the advance has begun in this manner or less will be given in accordance with the enemy's movements.

The cannonade on the left flank will begin soon as the guns of the right wing are heard. The sharpshooters of Morand's division and of the 4th and 6th divisions will open a heavy fire on seeing the attack commence on the right wing.

The vice king will occupy the village and cross by its three bridges advancing to the village as Morand's and Gérard's divisions which are his leaders will follow the first lagard's division and come into line with the rest of the first corps.

All the middle lines go to the left of the village and the rest of the first corps.

The Imperial Camp near Mohayk
September 6 1812

These dispositions which are very obscure and confused if one allows oneself to regard the arrangements without religious awe of his genius related to Napoleon's orders to deal with four points—four different rivers. Not one of these was or could be carried out.

In the disposition it is said that at the battle place on the spot chosen by Napoleon with the guns of Pernetti and Fouché were to come in line with them 24 guns all were to open fire and follow the Russian batteries and redoubt. This could not

First—The

The late of the French proclamation of the war
Styl and co respond to the general of the styl —
The

done, as from the spots selected by Napoleon the projectiles did not carry to the Russian works, and those 100 guns shot into the air until the nearest commander contrary to Napoleon's instructions, moved them forward.

The second order was that Potemkin with 10th village should have the wood should have been left. This could not be done and was not done, because Poniatowski, advancing on the village through the wood, met Tachkoff's army, his way was blocked and did not turn the Russian position.

The third order was General Campan to lead the first division through the wood to the first fortification. General Campan's division did not secure the first fortification but was driven back, emerging from the wood and had to reform under grapeshot, of which Napoleon was aware.

The fourth order was that the 12th division (Borodino) should cross by the 1st bridge and advance to the 1st position. The 1st division of General Campan (for whose movements no directions are given), which has not been ordered to advance directly to the 1st and 2nd positions with the 1st division.

As far as can be made out, not so much from the unambiguous sentence as from the attempt of the vice-king to execute the orders given him, it was to drive from the 1st position Borodino to the redoubt while the divisions of Morand and Gérard were to advance simultaneously from the front.

All this, like the other parts of the disposition, was not and could not be executed. After passing through Borodino the vice-king was driven back to the 1st position and could get no farther when the divisions of Morand and Gérard did not take the redoubt but were driven back, and the redoubt was only taken at the end of the battle by the cavalry (though probably unforeseen and not heard of by Napoleon).

So not only the disposition was, or could be, executed but in the disposition itself the orders were given in such a way that it is not necessary to suppose that all necessary arrangements would be made by Napoleon during the battle. But this was no and could not be done, for during the battle Napoleon was so far away that as appeared to him he could not know the course of the battle and not one of his orders during the fight could be executed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MANY HISTORIANS SAY that the French did not win the battle of Borodino because Napoleon had a cold, and that if he had not had a cold the orders he gave before and during the battle would have been till more full of genius and Russia would have been lost. To the effect of this would have been changed. To the historians who believe that Russia was shaped by the will of one man—Peter the Great—and that France from a republic became an empire and French armies went to Russia at the will of one man—Napoleon—to say that Russia remained a power because Napoleon had a bad cold on the twenty-first of August may seem logical and convincing.

If it had depended on Napoleon's will to fight or not to fight the battle of Borodino, and if this or that other arrangement depended on his will, then evidently cold affected the manifestation of his will might have saved Russia, and consequently the victor who omitted to bring Napoleon his waterproof boots on the twenty-first would have been the savior of Russia. Along that line of thought such a deduction is not a table, as indubitable as the deduction Voltaire made in jest (without knowing what he was saying) when he saw that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was due to Charles IX's stomach being deranged. But to men who do not admit that Russia was formed by the will of one man Peter I or that the French Empire was formed and the war with Russia begun by the will of one man, Napoleon, that argument seems not merely untrue and irrational, but contrary to all human reality. To the question of what causes historical events another answer presents itself, namely that the course of human events is predetermined from on high—depends on the coincidence of the will of all who take part in the events, and that Napoleon's influence on the course of these events is purely external and fictitious.

Strange! At first glance it may seem to suppose that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was not due to Charles IX's will, though he gave the order for it, and thought it was done as a result of that order and transpired as it may seem to suppose that the laughter of his thousand men at Borodino was not due to Napoleon's will, though he ordered the commencement and conduct of the battle and thought it was done because he ordered transpired as these suppositions appear yet human dignity—which tells us that each of us is, if not more

The original line of the Russian forces along the river Kolochá had been dislocated by the capture of the Shevárdino Redoubt on the twenty-fourth and part of the line—the left flank—had been drawn back. That part of the line was not entrenched and in front of it the ground was more open and level than elsewhere. It was evident to anyone military or not that it was here the French should attack. It would seem that not much consideration was needed to reach this conclusion nor any particular care or trouble on the part of the Emperor and his marshals nor was there any need of that special and supreme quality called genius that people are so apt to ascribe to Napoleon yet the historians who described the event later and the men who then surrounded Napoleon and he himself thought otherwise.

Napoleon rode over the plain and surveyed the locality with a profound air and in silence nodded with approval or shook his head dubiously and without communicating to the generals around him the profound course of ideas which guided his decisions merely gave them his final conclusions in the form of commands. Having listened to a suggestion from Davout he

to turn
it should

not To make by General Campan (who was to attack the *fleets*) to lead his division through the woods Napoleon agreed though the so-called Duke of Eichingen (Ney) ventured to remark that a movement through the woods was dangerous and might disorder the division.

Having inspected the country opposite the Shevárdino Redoubt Napoleon pondered a while in silence and then indicated the spots where two batteries should be set up by the morrow to act against the Russian entrenchments and the places here in line with them the field artillery should be placed.

After giving these and other commands he returned to his tent and the dispositions for the battle were written down from his dictation.

These dispositions of which the French historians write with enthusiasm and other historians with profound respect were as follows.

At dawn the two new batteries set off to the left and hit on the plain occupied by the Russian army will open fire on the two opposing batteries of the enemy.

At the same time the commander of the artillery

of the 1st Corps General Pernetti with thirty cannon of Campan's division and all the howitzers of Desaix's and Friant's divisions will move forward open fire and overwhelm with shell the enemy's battery against which will operate

24 guns of the artillery of the Guards
30 guns of Campan's division
and 8 guns of Friant's and Desaix's divisions

in all 62 guns

The commander of the artillery will have forty guns in all directed against it.

General Sorlier must be ready at the first order to advance with all the howitzers of the Guard's artillery against either one or other of the entrenchments.

During the cannonade Prince Poniatowski to advance through the wood on the village and then the enemy position.

General Campan will move through the wood to seize the first fortification.

After the advance has begun in this manner or others will be given in accordance with the enemy's movement.

The cannonade on the left flank will begin as soon as the gun of the right wing

The victory will occupy the village and cross by its three bridges and then go to the same height as Morozov's and Gerasimov's so which under his leadership will be directed against the redoubt and come into line with the rest of the forces. All this must be done in good order (if it is possible) as far as possible retaining troops in reserve.

The Imperial Camp near Mozdysk
September 6 1812

These dispositions which are very obscure and confused of one allows oneself to regard the arrangements without religious awe. The genius related in Napoleon's orders to deal with four points—four different orders. Not one of these was or could be carried out.

In the disposition it is said first that the batteries placed on the spot chosen by Napoleon with the guns of Pernetti and Soult but that we are to come in line with them 2 guns in all were to open fire and shoot the Russian *fleets* and redoubts. This could not

Murat—To

The title of the French proclamation in the style and correspond to the English style—To

He finished his second glass of punch
to rest before the service.

In the evening, he went to the tent
the three lock them raising loudly
blowing his nose. He asked whether the
Russians had not withdrawn and was told that the
entire fires were still in the same places. He
received approval.

The day after the evening came into the
tent.

"Well, Rapp do you think we shall do good
business today?" Napoleon asked him.

"The third day, sire, replied Rapp.

Napoleon looked at him.

"Do you remember sure what you did in the
honor to say to Smolénko?" continued Rapp.

"The withdrawal must be drunk."

Napoleon frowned and sat leaning
on his hand in his hand.

"This poor army," he suddenly remarked.
"It has diminished greatly for Smolénko. For
time is far less courteous. Rapp I have
learned so and I must begin to experience
it. But the Guards, Rapp the Guards are in
fact, he remarked erroneously.

"Yes," replied Rapp.

Napoleon looked at him and put in his mouth,
dressed in his watch. He was not sleepy
it was still too early in the morning. It was im-
possible to give further orders for the sake of
killing him for the orders had all been given
and were now being executed.

"He has been served out
to the regiment in the Guards?" asked Napoleon
earnestly.

"Yes, sire."

"The nice too?"

Rapp replied that he had given the Emperor
or order to the same. Napoleon took
his head and said that he was not believing
that he had been executed. An order
came with which Napoleon ordered
the glass to be brought him. Rapp did not
leaving his wine.

"The thirteenth in the morning," he remarked,
"long his glass. This cold is tiresome.
They talk about medicine—what is the good of
medicine when the cure is cold? Corvisart
says these things but they do not help at
all. What can doctors cure? One cannot cure
anything. Our bodies are made of iron. It
is organized for that, it is its nature. Let him go

on it and let it defend itself. It
will be more than if you paralyze it by encum-
bering it with remedies. Our bodies are like a
perfect watch that should go for a certain time
without him. He cannot open it, he cannot load

it of which he was fond. Napoleon took
and unexpectedly a new one.

"Do you know Rapp what military art?"
asked he. "It is the art of being stronger than
the enemy at any given moment. That is all."

Rapp made no reply.

"Tomorrow we shall have to deal with Ku-
tuzov," said Napoleon. "We shall see! Do you
remember at Braunau he commanded an army
for three weeks. I did not see mount
horse to inspect his entrenchments. We
shall see."

He looked at his watch. It was still only four
o'clock. He did not feel sleepy. The punch was

the night was dark and damp. The sky was
black. The fire was descending from above. Near
by the campfires were dimly burning. The
French Guards and in the distance those
of the Russian. The night was through the smoke.
The weather was calm, and the rustle and
tramp of the French troops already beginning
to move to take up their positions were clearly
audible.

Napoleon walked about in front of his tent,
looked at the fires and listened to these sounds
as he was passing. Tall guardsmen in a
shaggy cap who were standing sentinel before
his tent had drawn himself up like black
pillars in the light of the Emperor. Napoleon
stopped in front of him.

"What year did you enter the service?" he

The man answered the question.

"Ah, of the old ones. Has your regi-
ment had is not."

It has, Your Majesty.

Napoleon nodded and walked away.

At half past five Napoleon rode to the
1st Guards of the Shérardine.

It was growing light, the sky was clearing, and
the smoke of the campfires was burning themselves out.

at least not less a man than the
on—
the
dant

At the battle of Borodino Napoleon shot at no one and killed no one. That was all done by the soldiers. Therefore it was not he who killed people.

The French soldiers went to kill and be killed at the battle of Borodino not because of Napoleon's orders but by their own volition. The whole army—French, Italian, German, Polish—was in a state of the block.

When they heard Napoleon use it was inevitable.

At the sight of the portrait of the boy piercing the terrestrial globe with a toy stick and just as they would have cried 'Vive l'Empereur!' at any nonsense that might be told them. There was nothing left for them to do but cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' and go to fight in order to get food and rest as conquerors in Moscow. So it was not because of Napoleon's commands that they killed their fellow men.

And it was not Napoleon who directed the course of the battle for none of his orders were executed and during the battle he did not know what was going on before him. So the way in which these people killed one another was not decided by Napoleon's will but occurred independently of him in accord with the will of hundreds of thousands of people who took part in the common action. It only seemed to Napoleon that it all took place by his will. And so the question whether he had or had not a cold has no more historic interest than the cold of the least of the transport soldiers.

Moreover the assertion made by various writers that his cold was the cause of his dispositions not being as well planned as on former occasions and of his orders during the battle not being as good as previously is quite baseless. Which again shows that Napoleon's cold on the twenty-sixth of August was unimportant.

The dispositions cited above are not at all worse but are even better than previous dispositions by which he had won victories. His pseudo-orders during the battle were also no worse than formerly but much the same as usual. These dispositions and orders only seem worse than previous ones because they are

learned militarist criticizes them with looks of importance when they relate to a battle that has been lost and the very worst of all fill the

was drawn up by Weyrother for the battle of Austerlitz were a model of perfection for that kind of composition but still they were criticized—criticized for their very perfection for their excessive minuteness.

Napoleon at the battle of Borodino fulfilled his office as representative of authority as well as even better than at other times.

He carried out his role of appearing to command calmly and with dignity.

CHAPTER XXIX

ON RETURNING from a second careful inspection of the lines Napoleon remarked:

The chessmen are set up; the game will begin tomorrow!

Having ordered punch and summoned de Beausset he began to talk to him about Paris and about some changes he meant to make in the Empress's household surprising the prefect by his memory of minute details relating to the court.

He showed an interest in trifles, joked about de Beausset's love of travel and chatted carelessly as a famous self-confident surgeon. I know his job doesn't then turn up his sleeves and putting on his apron while a patient is being strapped to the operating table. 'The matter is in my hands and is clear and definite in my head. When the time comes to set to work I shall do it as no one else could but now I am just and the more I jest and the calmer I am the more tranquil and confident you ought to be and the more amazed at my genius.'

These puff (smoke d (stran e t say)
 Le sound fth fin g produced th chief beau
 n th spectacle.

A sudden a round compact cl ud of

was holding h horses and, asking which was
 the qu etest clambered onto it, se red t by
 the mane, and turn n o th s toes pressed his
 heel a n t t des and, feel g th t h s

boom boom came the sou ds confir m g
 at the eve had seen
 Pierregl eed rou d t the first cl ud, which
 he had seen s rou d compact ball nd n u
 place alread wer b lloo of smok floati ng
 toon uide and— p f (w th a pau s)— p f
 p f three d then f ur more ppea ed
 nd then from each w th the same nterval—
 boom—boom boom came the fine, firm,
 precise so ds reply It seemed l thos
 smk cl d sometimes ran and som times

were to u ally ppear g followe d by ineur
 silent reports, while nearer ull, in the hol
 low and woods, there burst from th muskets
 small cl d l us th t had no time t becom
 balls, b t had th ur l t l echoes n just the
 same way T akh-t-t kh came th fre-
 quent era l musketry but t was irregular
 nd feeble in comparison w th th reports of
 the ca n.

Pierre wished be there w th that sm ke,
 those th ng bavo us, that mo em t, nd
 those sounds. H turned to look t Kutuzov
 and his su t compar hi impress n with
 those f there. They were all looki g t th
 f l d l b t l he was, d, as t seemed t
 him, with th same feel g. All their f ces
 were ow shini g w th th lat nt warmth of
 feeli ng. Pierre had uced the day bef re nd
 had full derstood fter his talk w th Prince
 A drew

"Go, m dear f l l w go and Christ be
 th ou h uro was sa in general
 ho uod bes d him n t taki g h eye from
 the ba d f l d.

H g eed ths order th ge eral
 paused by Pierre o his wa ll w th kn ll

"To th cross g sa d the general coldly
 nd sternly n repl s o of th taff who
 asked where he was go g

I'll go there too, I too thou'ht Pierre nd
 f llo ed t e general.

Th general mounted horse Cossack had
 brought him. Pierre went his groom who

CHAPTER XXXI

H DESCENDED the h ll the general after
 whom Pierre was gall p ng turned sharply to

fro t f them o to th r l t o l u n
 were sold ereverywhere ll w th the same pre-

trample them und r hus h rse s hoofs.

"Why r de into the m dle of th battal on
 o e of them sh ued at h m.

Another prodded his horse w th the butt
 end of musket and Pierre, bend ng o er h
 saddlebow nd hardly ble to control his shv
 ng horse gall ped head of the soldiers where
 there was a free pace

There was a brid e ahead of h m, where oth-
 er soldiers tood fir . Pierre rode up to them.
 W thout bei g wa of t he had come to the
 bridge across th Kolochi between Gorki nd
 Borodino w h ch th F ench (havi g occup ed
 Borodino) w re atta king n the first phase of
 th battle. Pierre saw that there wa brid e
 n front of h m nd th t sold ers were d ng
 somethi ng n both s des of t nd n the mead-
 ow mo g th rows of new-mown hay w h ch
 H had taken no notice of amid the sm ke of
 the campfires the d y bef re but desp te the
 incessa t firing go on there he had no idea
 that ths wa th field f battle. H d d not no-
 tice the sound of th bullets whistl ng from
 every de the projectiles that flew over
 him, d d not see the enemy on the other d
 f th r er d f l time did not n uce
 the killed dwo ded, th ugh many f ll near
 h m. He looked bo t h m w th uide which
 d d not lea e his fa e.

"Why that f l l w m fro t f th l ne
 shouted som bod t hum gain

"To th l f keep to th right the men
 sho ted t h m.

Pierre went to the right, nd unexpectedly

in the faint morning light

On the right a single deep report of a cannon resounded and died away in the prevailing silence. Some minutes passed. A second and a third report shook the air, then a fourth and a fifth boomed solemnly near by on the right.

The first shots had not yet ceased to reverberate before others rang out and yet more were heard mingling with and overtaking one another.

Napoleon with his suite rode up to the Shérardino Redoubt where he dismounted. The game had begun.

CHAPTER XXV

ON RETURNING to Gorki after having seen Prince Andrew, Pierre ordered his servant to get the horse.

morning

hind a

up to him

Before he was thoroughly awake next morning everybody had already left the hut. The panes were rattling in the frame.

Pierre, putting pertinaciously while he shook Pierre by the shoulder without looking at him, having apparently lost hope of getting him to wake up.

What? Has it begun? Is it time? Pierre asked, waking up.

Here the firing said the groom a discharged soldier. All the gentlemen have gone out and his Serene Highness himself rode past long ago.

Pierre dressed hastily and ran on porch.

cheer

hind

with

the roofs of the street opposite on the dew besprinkled dust of the road on the horizon.

Pierre

roar of

adjutant

at a sharp trot

It is time. Count it is time! cried the adjutant.

Telling the groom to follow him with the horses, Pierre went down the street to the knoll from which he had looked at the field of battle the day before. A crowd of military men was assembled there; members of the staff could be heard conversing in French and Russian.

gray head in a white cap with a red band was visible. His gray nape sunk between his shoulders. He was looking through a field glass down the highroad before him.

at

ty

For some time he had admired from that spot the day before, but now the whole place was full of troops and covered by smoke clouds from the guns, and the slanting rays of the bright sun rising slightly to the left behind Pierre, cast upon it a

carved in some precious stone of a yellowish green color its un

troops. Never at hand glittered golden cornfields interspersed with copses. There were troops to be seen everywhere in front and to the right and left. All this was vivid majestic and unexpected, but what impressed Pierre most of all was the view of the battlefield itself, of Borodino and the hollows on both sides of the Kolochá.

Above the Kolochá in the

a mist had spread which seemed to melt to dissolve and to become translucent when the brilliant sun appeared and magically colored and outlined everything. The smoke of the guns mingled with this mist and over the whole expanse and through that mist the rays of the morning sun were reflected, flashing back like lightning from the water from the dew and from the bayonets of the troops crowded together by the riverbanks and in Borodino. A white church could be seen through the mist and here and there the roofs of huts in Borodino as well as dense masses of soldiers or green

as in the mist envelope the hollow near Borodino so along the entire line outside and above it and especially in the woods and fields to the left in the valleys and on the summits of the high ground clouds of powder smoke seemed continually to spring up out of nothing, now singly now several at a time, some translucent others dense which swelling growing and blending extended over the whole expanse.

were separated from the rest by a trench every experienced command and as it were friendly feeling atmosphere.

The young officer was evidently exercising his duties for the first or second time and therefore treated both his superiors and the men with great precision and finality.

The booming cannonade and the fusillade of musketry were growing more intense over the whole field, especially to the left where Bagration's flags were, but where Perre was the smoke of the firing made it almost impossible to distinguish anything. Moreover his whole attention was engrossed by watching the family curl—separated from all else—formed by the men in the battery. His first unconscious feeling of joyful animation produced by the sights and sounds of the battlefield was now replaced by neither especially since he had seen that soldat lying alive in the hayfield. Now seated on the slope of the trench, he observed the faces of those around him.

By ten o'clock some twenty men had already been carried away from the battery: two guns were smashed and cannon balls fell more and more frequently on the battery and spent bullets buzzed and whistled around. But the men in the battery seemed not to notice this, and merry voices and jokes were heard on all sides.

Alone! shouted a man as whistling shells approached.

"In this way! To the infernal try! added in other words loud laughter seeing the hell fire paste fall at the ranks of the supports.

As you bowing friend, eh?" remarked another chaffing a peasant who ducked low as a cannon ball flew over.

Several soldats gathered by the wall of the trench, looking out to see what was happening in front.

"They withdrawn the front line," it has returned, said they position go over the earthwork.

Mind your own business, an old servant shouted at them. If they returned because they work for them to do farther back.

And the sergeant, taking one of them by the shoulders gave him a shove with his knee. This was followed by a burst of laughter.

"To the fifth gun wheel up," came shouts from one side.

"Well then, all together like barges," rose the merry voices of those who were moving the gun.

Oh, the nearly knocked urgentleman hat off cried the red faced humorist, how goes his teeth and chaffin Perre. Awkward baggage

at him with curiosity.

A young red faced officer quite a boy till and evidently only just out of the Cadet College, who was really commanding the two guns entrusted to him, addressed Perre sternly. "Sir," he said, "permit me to ask you to stand aside. You must not be here."

The soldiers shook their heads disapprovingly as they looked at Perre. But when they had convinced themselves that this man in the blue hat was doing no harm, but rather sat quietly on the slope of the trench with a very polite making way for the soldiers, passed on down the battery under fire as calmly as if he were on boulevard, the feeling of hostile distrust gradually began to change to a kindly desire to jump by such as soldiers feel for the dogs, cocks, goats, and in general for the animals that live with

him himself.

Ashamed to part with two pieces from Perre and he looked round with a smile as he brushed from his clothes some earth that had thrown.

And how are you not afraid, really now, red faced, broad shouldered soldier asked Perre, with grin that disclosed set of his white teeth.

"As you find, ben?" said Perre.

"What else do you expect?" answered the soldier. "She has no mercy you know. When she comes pelting down out of your nostrils. Oh, can't help being afraid," he said laughing.

Several of the men with bright kindly faces, stepped beside Perre. They seemed not to have expected him to talk like anybody else, and the discovery that he did so delighted them.

It is business of us soldiers. But in a gentleman's world there gentle for you.

"Your places," cried the young officer to the men gathered round Perre.

encountered one of Ráevski's adjutants whom he knew. The adjutant looked angrily at him evidently also intending to shout at him but on recognizing him he nodded.

How have you got here? he said and galloped on.

Pierre feeling out of place there having nothing to do and afraid of getting in some one's way galloped after the adjutant.

What's happening here? May I come with you? he asked.

One moment one moment! replied the adjutant and riding up to him.

Count? he asked with a smile. Still inquisitive?

Yes yes assented Pierre.

But the adjutant turned his horse about and rode on.

Here it's tolerable said he but with Bagration on the left flank they're getting it frightfully hot.

Really? said Pierre. Where is that?

Come along with me to our knoll. We can get a view from there and in our battery it is still bearable said the adjutant. Will you come?

Yes I'll come with you replied Pierre looking round for his groom.

It was only now that he noticed wounded men straggling along or being carried on stretchers. On that very meadow he had ridden over the day before a soldier was lying athwart the rows of scented hay.

But seeing the stern expression of the adjutant who was also looking that way he checked himself.

Pierre did not find his groom and rode along the hollow with the adjutant to Ráevski's Redoubt. His horse hopped behind the adjutant's and jolted him at every step.

You don't seem to be used to riding Count? remarked the adjutant.

No it's not that but her action seems so jerky said Pierre in a puzzled tone.

Why she's wounded! said the adjutant. In the off foreleg above the knee. But let no doubt I congratulate you Count on your baptism of fire!

Having ridden in the smoke past the Sixth Corps behind the artillery which had been moved forward and was in action deafening them with the noise of firing they came to a

small knoll. There it was cool and safe.

asked the adjutant on reaching the knoll.

He was here a minute ago but has just gone that way someone told him pointing to the right.

The adjutant looked at Pierre as if puzzled what to do with him now.

Don't trouble about me said Pierre. I'll go up onto the knoll if I may?

Yes do. You'll see everything from there and it's less dangerous and I'll come for you.

Pierre went to the battery and the adjutant rode on. They did not meet again and only much later did Pierre learn that he lost an arm that day.

The knoll to which Pierre ascended was that famous one afterwards known to the Russians as the Knoll Battery or Ráevski's Redoubt and to the French as *la grande redoute la fatale redoute la redoute du centre* around which tens of thousands fell and to which the French regarded as the key to the whole position.

This redoubt consisted of a knoll on three sides of which trenches had been dug. Within the entrenchment stood ten guns that were being fired through openings in the earth work.

In line with the knoll on both sides.

Pierre had no notion that this spot on which small trenches had been dug and from which a few guns were firing was the most important point of the battle.

On the contrary just because he happened to be there he thought it one of the least significant parts of the field.

Having reached the knoll Pierre sat down at one end of a trench surrounding the battery and gazed at it. It was going on around him with an unconsciously happy smile. Occasionally he rose and talked about the battery still with that same smile trying not to obstruct the soldiers who were loading the guns.

enveloping the whole neighborhood in powder smoke.

In contrast with the dread felt by the infantrymen placed in support here in the battery where a small number of men busy at their

The man wh h d been ordered to go for
ammun n stumbled gan t P erre

Eh, sur this is n pl e f r you sa d he
and ra do n the sl pe

rrera ste him o d g the spot where
th yo goffier was it g

O e can n ball, a ther a d th rd flew
er him, f ll g f r nt bes de and beh nd

hum. P erre ran down th lop Whe e m l
go g? he udd nly asked h m elf wh n he

was ready ne r the green ammun t on wag
o s. He h lied rresolut ly n t know ng

bethe tort r n g n S ddenly terr bl
co cuss threw h m backw rds to th grou d.

At the same ta t h was dazzled by a great
flash of flame and mmed t ly a de fen ng

roar crackl g nd wh t ng made h s ears
u l

Whe he came t h m elf he was a t ng m
th gr nd le n gon l h nd th mmu

muo wag h h d been pp o ch g no
ho ds nd

erre the gr und utter g p l g u u
perra gries

CHAPTER XXXII

BESIDE H MSELF w th t rro P err jumped up
and ra back t th b ttery ast tl only f

ge f r m th h r r s that r r u ded h m.
O ter g th earthw k h n t ed that

the e ere m nd gsom th gth but that
h t s were be ng fied f m the b u r y ll

h d um to l e who the men w e He
th th wall

tra g
ll h had t um e l e that th colo-
l h d bee killed th the sold e sho t ng
Brothers! wa p soner d th t ther
m had bee bay ted the b k bef re
h eyes, f t hardly had h ru nt the e-
do b bef th sall w f d p r sp g
na bl u f r m ru hed n h m w d
h d, h t g someth g l t ct ly
gua d g ga t th hock-f they h d been
run g oge h full peed bef e they saw
e ther-P erre p t t h s h ds nd
seued th m (F ch h e) by the h ul

der with one hand and by the throat with the
ther The f ficer dropp ng his sword se red
P erre by his coll =

F r some seconds they gazed w th fr ghtened
eyes ton nothe suafam l r f ces and both
were perple ed at what they had done nd
what they were to do next. Am l t ken pris
oner o h ve I taken h m pr some ? each was
th nking But the Fr nch f ficer was evidently
k he had been taken p s

say someth ng w e ju s
terr ble and low a cannon ll wh stled and
t seemed to P erre that the French officer s
he d h d been torn off so sw f ly had he
du ked t.

P erre too bent his head nd let h s l and

he reached the foot of the kn l l e was u f
a d nse crowd f Russ n old rs who stum-
bl g tr pp ng up a d shout ng ran merr ly

made s ch feat poss ble t was the a lach i
wh ch he was s d t ha s thrown some St.
George s Crosses he h d in his pocket nt the
b ttery for th first soldiers to take who got
the e)

Th F nch who had occup ed th b ttery
fled nd our troops sh uung Hurrah pur
sued them so far b y nd the batt ry th t was
d f ficult to call them ll ck.

The priso rs we e brought d wn from the
b ttery and m ng them wa wounded F ench
ge eral wh m the officers surrounded Crowds
f w u d-some known to P err nd some
u known-Russian and French w th f ces
d torted by uffering walked, crawled nd
w e carried on tretchers from th battery
P erre gan w nt up ont the k ll whe e h
l d pent er an h ur nd of th t f m ly
c l e wh ch h d d h m as member he
d d t f d gl one Th v e e m ny
dead wh m he d d not k w but some he

he added reproachfully to a cannon ball
struck

ing stooping low entered the battery to carry away the wounded man

So this gruel isn't to your taste? Oh you crows! You're scared! they shouted at the militiamen who stood hesitating before the man whose leg had been torn off

There lads oh oh! they mimicked the peasants they don't like it at all!

Pierre noticed that after every ball that hit the redoubt and after every loss the liveliness increased more and more

As the flames of the fire hidden within come more and more vividly and

glowed in the faces of these men

Pierre did not look out at the battlefield and was not concerned to know what was happening there he was entirely absorbed in watching this fire which burned ever more brightly and which he felt was flaming up in the same way in his own soul

At ten o'clock the infantry that had been among the bushes in front of the battery and along the Kámenka streamlet retreated From the battery they could be seen running back past it carrying their wounded on their muskets A general with his suite came to the battery and after speaking to the colonel gave Pierre an angry look and went away again having ordered the infantry supports behind the battery to lie down so as to be less exposed to fire After this from amid the ranks of infantry to the right of the battery came the sound of a drum and shouts of command and from the battery one saw how those ranks of infantry moved forward

Pierre looked over the wall of the trench and was particularly struck by a pale young officer who left no doubt

The

to us of wounded men and stretcher bearers came back from that direction Projectiles began to fall still more frequently in the battery Several men were lying about who had not been removed Around the cannon the men moved still more briskly and busily No one any longer took notice of Pierre Once or

ter with a frowning face The young officer with his face still more flushed commanded the men more scrupulously than ever The soldiers handed up the charges turned loaded and

ran up to his superior

I have the honor to report sir that only eight rounds are left Are we to continue firing? he asked

Grapeshot! the senior shouted without answering the question looking over the wall of the trench

Suddenly something happened the young officer gave a gasp and bending double stood on the ground like a bird shot on the wing Everything became strange confused and misty in Pierre's eyes

One cannon ball after another whistled by and struck the earthwork a soldier or a gun Pierre who had not noticed these sounds before now heard nothing else On the right of the battery soldiers shouting Hurrah were running not forwards but backwards it seemed to Pierre

A cannon ball struck the very end of the earthwork by which he was standing, crumbling down the earth a black ball flashed before his eyes and at the same instant plumped into something Some militiamen who were entering the battery ran back

All with grapeshot! shouted the officer

The sergeant ran up to the officer

he asked for that there were no more charges

The scoundrels! What are they doing? shouted the officer turning to Pierre

The officer's face was red and perspiring and his eyes glittered under his frowning brow

Run to the reserves and bring up the ammunition boxes! he yelled angrily avoiding Pierre with his eyes and speaking to his men

I'll go said Pierre

The officer without answering him strode across to the opposite side

Don't fire! Wait! he shouted.

It Borod ð—the b lge had been retaken by
the R m s nd burn d in the very sk rm l
at h ch P erre h d be p es nt at the beg n
n of th b tile

A adj ta t gall ped up fr m the stch
with pale d f hte ed f e nd ep rt d
h t the r t tch l ad been re

brused O the b s of thes
trust rhy epo t N poleon ga eh o d rs
wh ch h d ther b en executed before le
ga them r could n t be nd we e not e e-
cuted

Th m nh l dge erals who w en rer
th f ld of b tile but l ke Napoleon d d

pl ce whe e the balis at u
bo t tler supe rs l cated s the ba k
grou l ref rmed them d l ought th m
unl r d c pl ne an l under the infl uence of
th t l s pl ne led them back to the o e f
fre wle e under the nflue ce of fea of l at
th y l tler d c pl e nd rusl ed about ac
cord n to the chan ep ompt ngs of the throng

CHAPTER XXXIV

N and Mu
nd

c trary to wh th d at w }
f rmer b tiles instead of the ew s they e
p cted f th e emys flgt these or le ly
m es etu ned the ce d rgan ed nd
terr f d mob The ge eral ref rmed them
buttl numbers c n t nly d cre s l l the
s mddl of th day Murat ent h a ljut nt to
N p lco to dem nd re nfo cements
N p leon t at the foot of the kn ll d nk
n n h wh n Murat d jutant gall ped

bel eth m, som t n ru h d b k au e
tmes f rward d d ca lry d h d th ut
d rs p rs t f th fly g Russ In th
way t ca lry eg m ts gall ped th gl
the Sem k h l l w d oon th y
h d th t p f l l turn d und
d gall p f l l peed b k ga Th n
l try m ed n tle m way som tmes ru
qu th pl es th m thos they
de ed t m t All ders t h
d wh nt m d l gu w lent s d n
f try t hoot h rs en to d d n the

st nd h s w rds
Re f c m nts l th ught N poleon to

at t m t noon yet and l d n t yet e my
chessbo d clearly Go!

d rs f t m l own t
ba le h t m k l t dea est t
-h w n l f - l t m mes msth t

were b m l ight red
N pol a d ha g ummo ed C l
cou t and Be th er began talk to then
bout m tters u ect d w th the b tile
In th m dst f l l n rsat o l l wa
beg gt t est N poleon B tile eyes
t rned to look at g neral w th a su t h
was gall p ng t wa d th knoll on l ther g

thes movements f rwa d a d b ck wa d d d

— Pierre ran down the slope once more

Now they will stop it now they will be horrified at what they have done! he thought aimlessly going toward a crowd of stretcher bearers moving from the battlefield

But behind the veil of smoke the sun was still high and in front and especially to the left near Semenovsk something seemed to be seething in the smoke and the roar of cannon and musketry did not diminish but even increased to desperation like a man who straining himself shrieks with all his remaining strength

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CHIEF ACTION of the battle of Borodino was fought within the seven thousand feet between Borodino and Bagration's *flèches*. Beyond that space there was on the one side a demonstration made by the Russians with Uvarov's cavalry at midday and on the other side beyond Utitsa Poniatowski's collision with Tuchkov but these two were detached and feeble actions in comparison with what took place in the center of the battlefield. On the field between Borodino and the *flèches* beside the wood the chief action of the day took place on an open space visible from both sides and was fought in the simplest and most artless way

The battle began on both sides with a cannonade from several hundred guns

Leon was standing the *flèches* were two thirds of a mile away and it was more than a mile as the crow flies to Borodino so that Napoleon could not see what was happening there especially as the smoke mingling with the mist hid the whole locality. The soldiers of Dessaix's division advancing against the *flèches* could only be seen till they had entered the hollow that lay between them and the *flèches*. As soon as they had descended into that hollow the smoke of the guns and musketry on the *flèches* grew so dense that it covered the whole approach on that side of it. Through the smoke glimpses could be caught of something black—probably men—and at times the glint of bayonets. But whether they were moving or stationary whether they were French or Russian could not be discovered from the Shevârdino Redoubt.

The sun had risen brightly and its slanting rays struck straight into Napoleon's face as shading his eyes with his hand he looked at the *flèches*. The smoke spread out before them, and at times it looked as if the smoke were moving at times as if the troops moved. Sometimes shouts were heard through the fringe but it was impossible to tell what was being done there

Napoleon standing on the knoll looked through a field glass and in its small circle saw smoke and men sometimes his own and sometimes Russians but when he looked again with the naked eye he could not tell where what he had seen was

He descended the knoll and began walking up and down before it

Occasionally he stopped listened to the firing and gazed intently at the battlefield

But not only was it impossible to make out what was happening from where he was standing down below or from the knoll above on which some of his generals had taken their stand but even from the *flèches* themselves—in which by this time there were now Russian and now French soldiers alternately or together dead wounded alive frightened or maddened—even at those *flèches* themselves it was impossible to make out what was taking place. There for several hours amid incessant cannon and musketry the new Russians were seen alone now Frenchmen alone now in infantry and now cavalry they appeared and fell collided not knowing what to do with one another screamed and ran back again

From the battlefield adjutants he had sent out and orderlies from his marshals kept galloping up to Napoleon with reports of the progress of the action but all these reports were false both because it was impossible in the heat of battle to say what was happening at any given moment and because many of the adjutants did not go to the actual place of conflict but reported what they had heard from others and also because while an adjutant was riding more than a mile to Napoleon's recollections changed as did the news he brought was already becoming false. Thus an adjutant galloped up from Murat telling us that Borodino had been occupied and the bridge over the *Kolocha* was in the hands of the French. The adjutant asked what the Emperor wished the troops to do? Napoleon gave no orders that the troops should form up on the left or right side and wait. But before that order was given—almost as soon in fact as the adjutant had

BOOK TEN

of enemy eagles a d tand rds cannon and
stores and M rat h d only begged le e to
loose th cavalry t gath r in the baggage
wag. So th d been t Lod Mare go Ar
col Jen A t ritz W gram and so on
B t ow som thu g trange was happen g to
his troop

Desp te n s f the capture of the *flèche*
h me n t

Wh t? Wh t do y say? asked Napoleon
Yes tell them t b ng me my h rse
He mounted and rode toward Semenovsk.
Am d the powder smoke slowly d spers ng
o er the whole p ce thr ough which Napoleon
rode li rses and men were ly ng n pools of
blood s gly o m heap Neither N p leo
nor ny of his g nerals h d ever befo e seen
such horrors or so many sla n in such a small
Th r of guns that had not ceased for

e ced the art at ...
d ject d, d they all h nn d one another s
eyes—only de Beau set c uld f l to grasp the
mea g f what was h ppen g
B t \ poleo w th h l ng xper ence of
h t l not

The Huss ...
Semen k llage nd ts kn ll and th r guns
boomed incessantly al g the r l e nd sent

ans N poleon stopp d h s h se u b a

army
Wh h r h m d er th wh le f
wh h not

co eal d dep es the f es ar u d h m

lcky cid t that mght dest y h m oc
curred t l u s m d. Th Rus mght f ll
b l f w g mght b k thr u h h c n
ter h h m s l f mght be k lled by tray can
no ball. All t was poss ble In f rmer
b dles h had ly con d ed th pos b lites
f ess b t w numerabl unlucky
cha esp es ted th msel es d h exp cted

upposed to be d ected by i u u p d
on h m d from ts l ck of su cess this aff r
fo the first t me seemed to h m unnecessary
nd horr ble

On of the ge erals ode up to N pol on
d entured t ffe to lead th Old Gu rd
nto ct o Ney nd Berth er m nd g near
N poleon m chnged looks d m led c n
temptu usly t th gene al se eles offer
N p leon bowed l s head nd rema ned s l
l nt a l ng time

At eght hundr d leagues from F ce I
w ll n t h e my Guard dest yed! h d
and turn ng h s horse ode b ck to Shevârd no

CHAPTER XXXV

O TH RUG-CO ERED B NCH where P erre h d
cen him them g t h ut so h gr y
h d hang g h hea y body relax d f f
ga e n ders but only assent d t r dus
t d f m wh t th rs suggested.

Yes yes d that he repl d to v us
g posals Yes yes g dear boy and ha e a
look, h w uld y to eo nother of th se
bout h m o \ d n t w ed bette w t l

lat h m, b t th f l that h arm dr ps
po les d l m p l ke rag nd the h r r
f dabl destru u n es h m n h s
b l ples es

Th that th Russ w m tta k g
th l l f k f th Fe h army ar used th t
horr N poler Hes t l tly o camp
tool bel w th kn ll w th head bowed d
lbows h k es Berth er pp ched d
ggested th t they h uld rd l g the l e
to ascertain th post of aff rs.

ested n th mport of the w ds poken but

horse. It was Belliard. Having dismounted he went up to the Emperor with rapid strides and in a loud voice began boldly demonstrating the necessity of sending reinforcements. He swore on his honor that the Russians were lost if the Emperor would give another division.

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders and continued to pace up and down without replying. Belliard began talking loudly and eagerly to the generals of the suite around him.

You are very fiery, Belliard, said Napoleon when he again came up to the general. In the heat of a battle it is easy to make a mistake. Go and have another look and then come back to me.

Now then, what do you want? asked Napoleon in the tone of a man in a hurry.

A hurry gesture.

The adjutant bent his head affirmatively and began to report, but the Emperor turned from him, took a couple of steps, stopped, came back and called Berthier.

We must give reserves, he said, moving his arms slightly apart. Who do you think should be sent there? he asked of Berthier (whom he subsequently termed that gossling I have made an eagle).

Send Claparède's division, sire, replied Berthier, who knew all the divisions, regiments and battalions by heart.

Napoleon nodded assent.

The adjutant galloped to Claparède's division and a few minutes later the Young Guards stationed behind the knoll moved forward. Napoleon gazed silently in that direction.

No! he suddenly said to Berthier.

Convenience and delay in stopping Claparède and sending Frimont now the order was carried out exactly. Napoleon did not notice that in regard to his army he was playing the part of a doctor who hinders by his medicines—a role he so justly under-

stood. They all asked for reinforcements and all said that the Russians were holding their positions and maintaining a hellish fire under which the French army was melting away.

Napoleon sat on a campstool, wrapped in thought.

M. de Beausset, the man so fond of travel, having fasted since morning, came up to the Emperor and ventured respectfully to suggest lunch to His Majesty.

I hope I may now congratulate Your Majesty on a victory? said he.

Napoleon silently shook his head in negation. Assuming the negation to refer only to the victory and not to the lunch, M. de Beausset ventured with respectful jocularity to remark that there is no reason for not having lunch when one can get it.

Go away, said Napoleon. A beam of ecstasy shone on Beausset's face and he glided away to the other generals.

Napoleon was experiencing a feeling of depression like that of an ever lucky gambler who, after recklessly flinging money about and always winning, suddenly just when he has calculated all the chances of the game, finds that the more he considers his play the more surely he loses.

His troops were the same, his generals the same, the same preparations had been made, the same dispositions, and the same proclamation, *courte et énergique*, he himself was still the same. He knew that and knew that he was now even more experienced and skillful than before. Even the enemy was the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland—yet the terrible stroke of his arm had supernaturally become impotent.

All the old methods that had been uniformly crowned with success—the concentration of batteries on one point, an attack by reserves to break the enemy's line, and a cavalry attack by the men of iron—all the old methods had already been employed, yet not only was there no victory, but from all sides came the same news—

Forcing among the ranks.

Formerly, after he had given two or three orders and uttered a few phrases, marshals and adjutants had come galloping up with congratulations and happy faces, announcing the trophies taken, the corps of prisoners, bundles

From all sides adjutants continued to arrive at a gallop and as if by agreement all said the

"What has said to him. Wolzogen not caring for the old gentleman answered with a smile.

"I have not considered it right to conceal from your Serenity. However, what I have seen. The troops are in complete disorder.

"You have seen? You have seen?" Kutuzov shouted frowning and his quick eye went past Wolzoven.

How ill was your health, chok! and making a threatening gesture with his hand. "How dare you

Wolozhen was about to make a rejoinder but Kutuzov interrupted him.

"The enemy has been repulsed on the left and defeated on the right flank. If you have seen amiss, you do not allow yourself to say what you don't know. Be so good as to rid to General Barclay and inform him of my firm intention to attack the enemy tomorrow said Kutuzov sternly.

All were silent, and the only sound audible was the heavy breathing of the participants in the general.

"They are repulsed everywhere for which I thank God of our brave army! The enemy is beaten. Tomorrow we shall drive him from the sacred soil of Russia said Kutuzov crossing himself, and he suddenly sobbed as his eyes filled with tears.

Wolozhen, shrugging his shoulders and curling his lips, leaped silently as the marshall of the old gentleman's concealed stupidity.

Ah, here he is, my hero said Kutuzov to portly handsome dark-haired general who was just ascending the hill.

That was Raevski who had perceived the whole of the most important part of the old of Borodino.

Raevski reported that the troops were firmly holding the ground and that the French no longer entered the attack.

After hearing him, Kutuzov said in French. "Then you do not think, I think, that we must retreat?"

"I do not contravene your Highness, in decisions it is always the most stubborn who remain correct, replied Raevski and in my opinion.

Kutuzov called to his adjutant. "Sit down and write out the order of the day

for tomorrow. And you he continued addressed to the other side along the line and announce that tomorrow we attack.

While Kutuzov was talking to Raevski and dictating the order of the day Wolzogen returned from the day and said that General Barclay wished to have written confirmation of the order the field marshal had given.

Kutuzov without looking at Wolzoven gave the direction of the order to be written out which the former commander in chief took to his personal responsibility very judiciously wished to receive.

And by means of that mysterious definite bond which maintained throughout the army in the same temper known as the spirit of the arms and which constitutes the chief's new of war Kutuzov's words, his order for a battle next day immediately became known from one end of the army to the other.

It was far from being the same words of the same order that reached the farthest links of that chain. The tales passed from mouth to mouth different and of the army did not even resemble what Kutuzov had said but the sense of his words spread everywhere because what he said was in the outcome of cunning calculation but of a feeling that lay in the commander in chief's soul as in that of every Russian.

And in learning that tomorrow they were to attack the enemy and hearing from the headquarters confirmation of what they wanted to believe they exhausted, weary men felt comforted and inspired.

CHAPTER XXVI

PRINCE ALEXANDER RECENTLY WAS AMONG the reserves which till fifteen o'clock were stationed in the behind Semenovsk, under heavy artillery fire. Toward two o'clock the regiment, having already lost more than two hundred men was moved forward and trampled oat field in the gap between Semenovsk and the 1st Battalion where thousands of men perished that day and in which an intense concentrated fire from several hundred enemy guns was directed between two and two o'clock.

When moving from that spot of fire in the shot the regiment lost another third of its men. From the front and especially from the right, the unforgiving smoke the gun boomed, and out of the mysterious domain of smoke that overlaid the whole piece in front, quick hissing cannon balls and shells

rather in something else—in the expression of face and tone of voice of those who were reporting. By long years of military experience he knew and with the wisdom of age understood that it is impossible for one man to direct

others struggle
that the result

the orders of a commander in chief nor the place where the troops are stationed nor by the number of cannon or of slaughtered men but by that intangible force called the spirit of the army and he watched this force and guided it in as far as that was in his power.

Kutuzov's general expression was one of concentrated quiet attention and his face wore a strained look as if he found it difficult to master the fatigue of his old and feeble body.

At eleven o'clock they brought him news that the *frèches* captured by the French had been retaken but that Prince Bagration was wounded. Kutuzov groaned and swayed his head.

Ride over to Prince Peter Ivanovich and find out about it exactly, he said to one of his adjutants and then turned to the Duke of Württemberg who was standing behind him.

Will Your Highness please take command of the first army?

Soon after the duke's departure—before he could possibly have reached Semenovsk—his adjutant came back from him and told Kutuzov that the duke asked for more troops.

Kutuzov made a grimace and sent

the duke is not spare at such an important moment

Kutuzov smiled

What a little gentlemen said he. The battle is won and there is nothing extraordinary in the capture of Murat. Still it is better to wait before we rejoice.

But he sent an adjutant to take the news round the army.

What is it?

Kutuzov guessing by the sounds of the battle and by Scherbinin's looks that the news was bad, rose as if to stretch his legs and taking Scherbinin's arm led him aside.

Go my dear fellow, he said to Ermolov and see whether something can be done.

Kutuzov was in Gorki near the center of the Russian position. The attack directed by Napoleon against our left flank had been several times repulsed. In the center the French had not got beyond Borodino and on their left flank Uvarov's cavalry had put the French to flight.

Toward three o'clock the French attacks ceased. On the faces of all who came from the field of battle and of those who stood around

our own General Wolzogen the man who when riding past Prince Andrew had said the war should be extended widely and whom Bagration so detested rode up while Kutuzov was at dinner. Wolzogen had come from Barclay de Tolly to report on the progress of affairs on the left flank. The sagacious Barclay de Tolly seeing crowds of wounded men running back and the disordered rear of the army weighed all the circumstances, concluded that the battle was lost and sent his favorite officer to the commander in chief with that news.

Kutuzov was chewing a piece of roast chicken with difficulty and glanced at Wolzogen with eyes that brightened under their puckering lids.

Wolzogen nonchalantly stretching his legs approached Kutuzov with a half contemptuous smile on his lips scarcely touching the peak of his cap.

He treated his Serene Highness with a somewhat affected nonchalance intended to show that as a highly trained military man he left it to Russians to make an idol of this useless old man but that he knew whom he was dealing with. *Der alte Herr* (as in their own set the Germans called Kutuzov) is making him self very comfortable though Wolzogen and looking severely at the dishes in front of Kutuzov he began to report to the old gentleman the position of affairs on the left flank as Barclay had ordered him to and as he himself had seen and understood it.

All the points of our position are in the enemy's hands and we cannot dislodge them for lack of troops. The men are running away and it is impossible to stop them. He reported.

Kutuzov ceased chewing and fixed an astonished gaze on Wolzogen as if not understanding

"Look o t! came a frightened cry from a
 -- "I a b d whurring n rap d f l h t

The h rse terro infected the m

Lie down cried the adjutant throwing
 himself flat n the ground.

Pr c A drew hes tated. The mok g hell
 spun lik top between h m nd th p ostrate
 djutant, near a w rmwood plant b tween the
 field nd the mead w

Can th be death? th ight Prince An
 drew looking w th quite new en us glance
 t the grass, the w rmwood nd the tremlet
 f mok th t curled up fr m the rotau g
 black ball I ca t, I do not w h to d e I
 love life—I l e this grass th s ea th, this
 r H th ght ths nd t th ame tum
 remembered that people were looking th m
 It shame! l i he said to the djutant.

"What

He did not fi h peaking At n nd the
 sam moment cam th sound of n explo n
 hustle f pl ters as from l eak g win-
 d w fram a uffocau g smell of powder d
 Prince A drew started to n de ra ng his
 arm, d f l n his chest. Se eral off ers ran
 up to him. F om th ghts d f h bdom n
 blood was w lling t mak ng l rg ta n on
 the grass.

The mil tuamen with tr tchers who were
 called p tood behi d th ficers Pri ce An-
 drew lay n hu chest w th hu f in th grass
 breath g hea ly d n ly

"What you wat g f ? Come l ng!

The peasa us we t p and took h m by his
 shoulders d legs but li m ned p teously
 d, excha g g looks they t him down
 "a n.

P ck him up l ft him, t s all th samel
 cr ed someo

They "a took him by th h uiders and
 la d h m th trecther

Ah God My God! What is t? Th t m-
 ch? Tha means death! My God! — o es
 mo th off ers w heard say g

It flew haur b eadith past my ear sa d
 th d j t t

Th peasa s djust gth tretch to their
 boulders, tarted hurr edly al g th p th
 they had trodden down to th dressa g ta
 tion.

Keep in step! Ah those peasants
 shouted an officer seizing by their shoulders
 nd checking the peasants who w re walki g
 unevenly nd jolt g the stretcher
 Get nto step F dor I say Fed rl sa d
 the foremost peasant.

Now that s right! sa d the one beh nd joy-
 fully when he had got to tep

"Your ex ellency! Eh Princel sa d the
 trembl ng vo ce of T m k h n ho h d run up
 and was looki g down on the stretcher

Prince And ew pened his eyes and looked
 up at the speaker from the trecther tow h ch
 li s head had sunk deep and aga n his eyes d
 drooped.

The mil tuamen carr ed Prince Andrew to
 nd wh ewagons

ted
 ed
 g
 on and horses we t u were
 eatu g o ts from their mo able troughs a d
 sparr ws flew down and pecked the gra ns th t
 f ll Som crows scenting blood, fi w among
 the birch tr es caw ng mp u ntly Around
 th t nts o er m re than fi e acres blood
 stan ded men n vari u garbs tood sat o lay
 Around th wounded stood crowds of sold er
 stretche be rs w th dismal and t tent ve
 faces wh m the officers keep ng order tr ed
 vain t dri e from the sp t. Disregard ng the
 officers orders, th sold rs tood l n ng
 ga nst the stret hers d gaz g ntently as
 if try ng t comp ehend the difficult problem
 f what was tak g pl befo e them. From

vodka. Some were d hri us Prince Andrew s
 bearers stepp g er th wounded who had
 not y e been bandaged, took him as a regi-
 mental commander do up to o of th tents
 and th re t pped waiting nstruct on
 Pri ce Andrew op ed his eyes nd f r a lo g
 time could n t m k out what was go ng on
 ar und him. H remembered the mead w
 the w rmwood, the fi ld th whurl ng bl ck
 ball and hu sudden rush of pass onate l of
 life. Two tep from him lean g against a
 bra ch and talk g loudly d attracting gen-
 eral tention stood tall ha dsome, black
 haired noncommissioned officer with a ban-

whistling shells flew unceasingly. At times as if to allow them a respite a quarter of an hour passed during which the cannon balls and shells all flew overhead but sometimes several men were torn from the regiment in a minute and the slain were continually being dragged away and the wounded carried off.

With each fresh blow less and less chance of life remained for those not yet killed.

regiment
hundred
men were all the same mood
All alike were taciturn and morose. Talk was rarely heard in the ranks and it ceased altogether every time the thud of a successful shot and the cry of stretchers! was heard. Most of the time by their officers' order the men sat on the ground. One having fallen, another

was seen his palms polished his bayonet another fingered the strap and pulled the buckle of his bandolier while another smoothed and refolded his leg bands and put his boots on again. Some built little houses of the tufts in the snow.

wounded when rows of stretchers went past when some troops retreated and when great masses of the enemy came into view through the smoke no one paid any attention to these things. But when our artillery or cavalry advanced or some of our infantry were seen to move forward words of approval were heard on all sides. But the liveliest attention was attracted by occurrences quite apart from and unconnected with the battle. It was as if the minds of these morally exhausted men found relief in everyday commonplace occurrences. A battery of artillery was passing in front of the regiment. The horse of an ammunition cart put its leg over a trace. They look at the trace horse! Get her leg out! She'll fall. Ah they don't see it! came identical shouts from the ranks all along the regiment. Another time general attention was attracted by a small brown dog coming heaven knows whence which trotted in a preoccupied manner in front of the ranks with tail stiffly erect till suddenly a shell fell close by when it yelped tucked its tail between its legs and darted aside. Yells and shrieks of laughter rose from the whole regiment. But such distractions lasted only a moment and for eight hours the men had been

inactive without food in constant fear of death and their pale and gloomy faces grew ever paler and gloomier.

Prince Andrew pale and gloomy like every one in the regiment paced up and down the

bow of the
nothing for him to do and no orders to be given. Everything went on of itself. The killed were dragged from the front the wounded carried away and the ranks closed up. If any soldiers ran to the rear they returned immediately and hastily. At first Prince Andrew considering it his duty to rouse the courage of the men and to set them an example walked about among the ranks but he soon

on avoiding the contemplation of the horrors of their situation. He walked along the meadow dragging his feet rustling the grass and gazing at the dust that covered his boots. Now he took big strides trying to keep to the footprints left on the meadow by the movers then he counted his steps calculating how often he must walk from one strip to another to walk a mile then he stripped the flowers from the wormwood that grew along a boundary rub rubbed them in his palms and smelled their pungent sweetly bitter scent. Nothing remained of the previous days' thoughts. He thought of nothing. He listened with weary ears to the ever recurring sounds distinguishing the whistle of flying projectiles from the booming of the reports glanced at the tremendously familiar faces of the men of the first battalion and waited. Here it comes this

But this one he has hit! And again he started trying to reach the boundary strip in sixteen paces. A whistle and a thud! Five paces from him a cannon ball tore up the dry earth and disappeared. A whistle ran down his back. Again he glanced at the ranks. Probably many had been hit—a large crowd had gathered near the second battalion. Adjutant! he shouted. Order them not to crowd together.

The adjutant having obeyed this instruction approached Prince Andrew from the other side a battalion commander rode up

"Look o t came a frightened cry from a soldier a d, like bird whurring in rap d flight and alightin n the ground shell dropped th litle ouse w thun tw tepe of Prince Andrew and close to th battal on commander s horse. The horse first, regardless of whether t was right rong to show fear norted reared almost throwing th major and galloped as de. The horse tert r infected the men.

Li down cried th adjutant throw ng himself Bat the ground.

Prince Andrew hes tated. The sm kin shell upon like a t p between him and the prostrate d'jutant, near a wormwood plant between the field and the meadow

"Can this be death th ight Prince Andrew looking w th quite new envs us glance

keep in step! Ah those peasants shouted an officer seizi g by their shoulders and checki g the peasants who were walking unevenly nd jolt g the stretcher

Get nto tep Fedo I say F'dor! sa d the foremost peasant.

"Now th t s right! sa d the one behind joy-

aid the
I run up

Prince Andrew ope ed li eyes nd looked up at the speaker from the stretcher into wh ch his head had sunk deep and gain his eyel ds drooped.

The mil uamen carr ed Prince Andrew to the dressi g station by the wood, where wagons were stat o ed. The dressi g station cons ted of three t nts w th li ps turned li ck p tched at the edge of burch wood. In the wood, w a ons and horses were standing. The horses were eati g o ts from their mo able troughs nd sparrows flew down and pecked the gra ns that fell. Som crows scenting blood, flew mong th burch trees caw g impatiently. Arou d th tents, o er m re than fi e cres blood stained men n vari us garbs stood, sat, o lay. Around the wou ded stood crowds of sold er stretcher bearers w th dismal and attentu e faces, whom the officers keep ng order tr ed n va n to dri e from th spot. Dis regarding the officers orders, the soldiers stood lean ng

an. He thought this, a d at the same tim remembered that peopl wer looking t him.

It sham ful, sur! he said to the d'jutant. "What

He did not finish speaking. At e and th sm moment came th sound f an explos on wh d f sp ters as from b eak ng window fram uffocatu smell of powder nd Prince Andrew started to one de, rais g his arm, d fell his best. Several officers ran up to him. F m the rights de th s bdomen blood was wellin o t making large tain on the grass.

The miluam with tretchers who were called up stood beh d th ficers. Pri ce Andrew lay n his chest w th h face the grass breathing heavily d n sily

"What are you wa g f? Com lon o!

The peasants w t up and took him by his shoulders d legs but h moa ed p teously and, excha ging looks, they set him down

"Pick him p lift him, t all th same! cried someo

They ran took him by the sh ulders and had him th stretcher

Ah, God My God! What is t? The stomach. That means death! My God! — ces among th off ers were heard sa ing

It flew hary breadth past my ear said the adjutant.

Th peass u, djusti g th tretch t th wou ders, tarted hurr edly al n th p th ley had trodden down to th dressi g ta tion.

the tents cam n w l ud ngy cries and n w plaintive groans. Occas onally dressers ran out to f tch water o to po t out thos who were to be bro ght n next. Th wounded m n wanting th ir turn outs d the te is groaned, sighed, wept, creamed swo e o asked for vodka. Some were deliri us. Prince Andrew bearers, tepp g o er the wounded who had not y t been b ndaged, took him as a regimantal commander close up to o f the tents and th re st pped, awa ting unstructu ns. Pri ce Andrew p ned his eyes and f al g tum could n t make ut what was gng o around him. H remembered the meadow the w rmwood, the field th wharl g black

haved n ncommissiioned officer with a ban

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Prince Andrew pale and gloomy like every one in the regiment paced up and down the bow behind his back There was nothing for him to do and no orders to be given Everything went on of itself The killed were dragged from the front

among the ranks but he soon

platon of the horrors of their situation He walked along the meadow dragging his feet rustling the grass and grazing at the dust that covered his boots now he took big strides trying to keep to the footprints left on the meadow by the movers then he counted his steps calculating how often he must walk from one strip to another to walk a mile then he stripped the flowers from the wormwood that grew along a boundary rut rubbed them in his palms and smelled their pungent sweetly bitter scent Nothing remained of the previous day's thoughts He thought of nothing He listened with early ears to the ever recurring sounds, distinguishing the whistle of flying projectiles from the booming of the reports glanced at the first battalion and waited Here it comes this one is coming our way again he thought listening to an approaching whistle in the hidden region of smoke One another! Again! It has hit He stopped and looked at the ranks No it has gone over But this one has hit! And again he started trying to reach the boundary strip in sixteen paces A whistle! a thud! Five paces from him a cannon ball tore up the dry earth and disappeared A chill ran down his back Again he glanced at the ranks Probably many had been hit—a large crowd had gathered to see the second battalion Adjutant! he shouted! Order them not to crowd together

The adjutant having obeyed him in truth a battalion commander rode up

more conscious of life—returned to his memory not merely as something past but as something present.

The doctors were busily engaged with the wounded man the shape of whose head seemed familiar to Prince Andrew—they were lifting him up and trying to quiet him.

"Show us some. Oh, oooh. Oh! Oh, oooh," his frightened moans could be heard, subdued by suffering and broken by sobs.

Hearing those moans Prince Andrew wanted to weep. Whether because he was dying without glory or because he was sorry to part with life, or because of those memories of childhood that could not return, or because he was suffering and there were suffering and that man near him was groaning so pitifully—he felt like weeping childlike, kindly and almost happy tears.

The wounded man was shown his amputated leg stained with clotted blood and with the boot still on.

"Oh, Oh, oooh!" he sobbed, like a man.

The doctor who had been standing beside him, prevented Prince Andrew from seeing his face, moved away.

"My God! What is this. Why is he here?" said Prince Andrew to himself.

A miserable sobbing, disabled man whose leg had just been amputated, he recognized Anatol Kuragin. Men were supporting him.

Close and painfully connected with me, thought Prince Andrew, not yet clearly grasping what he saw before him. "What is this connection? I was a man with my childhood and my life," he asked himself without finding an answer. And suddenly a new unexpected memory from that calm future and of his childhood presented itself to him. He remembered Natasha as he had seen her for the first time—the tall, slender neck and arms and

his brightened happy face, ready for rapture, and love and tenderness for her stronger and more vivid than ever was his soul. He now remembered the connection that existed between himself and this man who was dimly glowing through tears that filled his swollen eyes. He remembered everything, and especially his love for that man, crowded to his happy heart.

Prince Andrew could no longer restrain himself and wept tender loving tears for his fel-

low men for himself, and for his own and their errors.

Compassion for our brothers for those who love us and for those who hate us for those of our enemies, yes, that is which God preached on earth and which Princess Mary taught me and I did not understand—that is what made me sorry to part with life, that is what remained for me had I lived. But now it is too late. I know it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE TERRIBLE SPECTACLE of the battlefields covered with dead and wounded, together with the heaviness of his head and the news that some twenty generals he knew personally had been killed or wounded and the consciousness of the impotence of his once mighty arm, produced an unexpected impression on Napoleon who usually liked to look at the killed and wounded, thereby he considered, testing his strength of mind. This day the horrible appearance of the battlefield overcame that strength of mind which he thought could not be touched by his merit and his greatness. Herod hurriedly from the battlefield and returned to the Shevardenko knoll where he sat on his campstool, his yellow face swollen and heavy, his eyes dim, his nose red, and his voice hoarse, in a low, rarely listening, with downcast eyes to the sounds of firing. With painful dejection he waited the end of this action in which he regarded himself as a participant and which he was unable to arrest. A personal, human feeling for brief moment got the better of the artificial phantasm of life he had served so long. He felt in his own person the sufferings and death he had witnessed on the battlefield. The heaviness of his head and chest reminded him of the possibility of suffering and death for himself. At that moment he did not desire Moscow or victory or glory (what need had he for any more glory?). The one thing which he wanted for was

to strengthen the fire on the Russian troops crowded in front of Knyazkovo. Napoleon had assented and had given orders that news should be brought him of the effect those batteries produced.

An adjutant came now to inform him that the first two hundred guns had been concentrated on the Russians, as he had ordered, but that they still held their ground.

aged head. He had been wounded in the head and leg by bullets. Around him eagerly listening to his talk a crowd of wounded and stretcher-bearers was gathered.

We kicked him out from there so that he chucked everything we grabbed the king himself! cried he looking around him with eyes that glittered with fever. If only reserves had come up just then lads there wouldn't have been nothing left of him! I tell you surely.

Like all the others near the speaker Prince Andrei looked at him with shining eyes and experienced a sense of comfort. But isn't it all the same now? thought he. And what will be there and what has there been here? Why was I so reluctant to part with life? There was something in this life I did not and do not understand.

CHAPTER XXXVII

ONE OF THE DOCTORS came out of the tent in a bloodstained apron holding a cigar between the thumb and little finger of one of his small bloodstained hands so as not to smear it. He raised his head and looked about him but above the level of the wounded men. He evidently wanted a little respite. After turning his head from right to left for some time he sighed and looked down.

All right immediately he replied to a dresser who pointed Prince Andrew out to him and he told them to carry him into the tent.

Murmurs arose among the wounded who were waiting.

It seems that even in the next world only the gentry are to have a chance! remarked one.

Prince Andrei

human bodies that seemed to fill the whole of the low tent as a few weeks previously on that hot August day such bodies had filled the dirty pond beside the Smolensk road. Yes it was the same flesh the same *cl air à canon* the sight of which had even then filled him with horror as by a presentiment.

There were three operating tables in the tent. Two were occupied and on the third

they placed Prince Andrew. For a little while he was left alone and involuntarily witnessed what was taking place on the other two tables.

On the nearest one sat a Tartar Cossack judge beside him and a spectacle a doctor was cutting into his muscular brown back.

Ooh ooh ooh! grunted the Tartar and suddenly lifting up his swarthy snub-nosed face with its high cheekbones and faring his white teeth he began to wriggle and stretch his body and utter piercing ringing and prolonged yells. On the other table round which many people were crowding a tall well-fed man lay on his back with his head thrown back. His curly

of his head Andrei chest and his arm down. One large white plump leg twitched rapidly all the time with a feverish tremor. The man was sobbing and choking convulsively. Two doctors—one of whom was pale and trembling—were silently doing something to this man's other gory leg. When he had finished with the Tartar whom they covered with an overcoat the spectacled doctor came up to Prince Andrew and wiping his hands

He glanced at Prince Andrew's face and quickly turned away.

Undress him! What are you waiting for? he cried angrily to the dressers.

His very first remotest recollections of childhood came back to Prince Andrew's mind when the dresser with sleeves rolled up began hastily to undo the buttons of his clothes and undress him. The doctor bent down over the wound felt it and sighed deeply. Then he made a sign to someone and the torturing pain in his abdomen caused Prince Andrew to lose consciousness. When he came to himself the splintered portions of his thighbone had been extracted the torn flesh cut away and the wound bandaged. Water was being sprinkled on his face. As soon as Prince Andrew opened his eyes the doctor bent over kissed him silently on the lips and hurried away.

After the sufferings he had been enduring Prince Andrew enjoyed a blissful feeling such as he had not experienced before.

the mere consciousness of life turned to
us memory not merely as something past
something present

The doctors were busily engaged with the
wounded man the hap of whose he deemed
familiar in Prince Andrew they were listening
him paid trying to quiet him.

"Shout me. Oh, oh! Oh! Oh, oh!
his frightened man could be heard subdued
by suffering and broken by sobs

Hear, those men Prince Andrew noted
to keep whether because he was dying with

low men for himself and for his own and
the errors.

Compassion for our brothers for those
who love us and for those who hate us love of

God reached
him me
made

me sorry to part with it
made for me had I lived. But now it is too
late. I know it

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE TERRIBLE SPECTACLE of the battlefield cov-
ered with dead and wounded, together with
the heaviness of his head and the new that
some twenty generals he knew personally had
been killed or wounded, and the consciousness
of the impotence of his so-called mighty arm, pro-
duced an unexpected impression on Napoleon
who usually liked to look at the killed and
wounded, thereby he considered testing his
strength of mind. This day the horrible ap-
pearance of the battlefield overcame that
strength of mind which he thought constituted
his merit and his greatness. He rode hurriedly
from the battlefield and returned to the She-
vardskino knoll where he sat on his campstool
his tall white sleeves and his eyes dim,
his nose red, and his voice hoarse, he only listen-
g, and his downcast eyes to the sounds

most happy tears

The wounded man was hewn his imputed
ed leg to need with clotted blood and with the
boot till on.

Oh, Oh, oh! he sobbed like a woman.
The doctor who had been talking to him,
him, paid trying to quiet him. Prince Andrew from see
his face, moved away

My God! What is this? Why is he here.
as Prince Andrew drew to himself.

I, the miserable sobbing, feeble man
whose leg had just been imputed, he recog-
nized Anatole Kuragin. Men were appointed

closely and painfully connected with me,
thought Prince Andrew not yet clearly grasp-
ing what he saw before him. "What is the con-
nection of this man with my childhood and my
life. He asked himself without finding an an-
swer. And suddenly an unexpected memory
from that realm of pure childhood
presented itself to him. He remembered An-
tisha as he had seen her for the first time with
ball in hand with her slender neck and arms and

with the shining happy face ready for rapture,
love and endearment for her stronger and
more vivid than ever woke his soul. He
now remembered the connection that existed
between himself and this man who was dimly
gazing into his eyes through tears that filled his
eyes. He remembered everything, and ec-
stasy and love for this man overflowed
his happy heart.

Prince Andrew could no longer restrain him-
self and wept tender loving tears for his fel-

felt in his own person the suffering and death
he had witnessed on the battlefield. The heaviness
of his head and chest reminded him of the
possibility of suffering and death for himself.
At that moment he did not desire Moscow or
victory or glory (what need had he for any
more glory?) The thing he wished for was
rest, tranquillity and freedom. But when he

to strengthen the fire of the Russian troops
crowded in front of the Yazykovo Napoleon had
assented and had given orders that new shells
be brought him of the effect those batteries
produced.

An adjutant came to inform him that
the fire of two hundred guns had been concen-
trated on the Russians, as he had ordered, but
that they still held their ground.

Our fire is more
still they hold

They want in Napoleon in a
horse voice

Sire? asked the adjutant who had not heard
the remark

They want more! croaked Napoleon
frowning Let them have it!

Five
did not

only by it was expected of
him was being done And he fell back into
that artificial realm of imaginary greatness and
again—as a horse walking a treadmill thinks
it is doing something for itself—he submissively
fulfilled the cruel and gloomy and inhuman
role predestined for him

And not for that day and hour alone were the
mind and conscience darkened of this man on
whom the responsibility for what was happen-
ing lay more than on all the others who took
part in it Never to the end of his life could he
understand goodness beauty or truth or the
significance of his actions which were too con-
trary to goodness and truth too remote from
everything human for him ever to be able to
grasp their meaning He could not disavow his
actions beludged as they were by half the world
and so he had to repudiate truth goodness and
all humanity

Not only on that day as he rode over the
battlefield strewn with men killed and maimed
(by his will as he believed) did he reckon as
he looked at them how many Russians there
were for each Frenchman and deceiving him-
self find reason for rejoicing in the calculation
that there were five Russians for every French-
man Not on that day alone did he write in a
letter to Paris that the battlefield was superb
because fifty thousand corpses lay there but
even on the island of St Helena in the peace-
ful solitude where he said he intended to de-
vote his leisure to an account of the great deeds
he had done he wrote

The Russian war has been the most
popular war of modern times was a war of good
sense for the interests for the tranquility and
security of all it was purely pacific and con-
servative

It was a war for a great cause the end of un-
certainties and the beginning of security A new
horizon and new labors were opening out full of
well being and prosperity for all the European
system was already united all that remained
was to organize it

Satisfied on these great points and with tran-
quillity everywhere I too should have found my

Congress and my Holy Alliance Those ideas were
stolen from me In that reunion of great sovereigns
I should have discussed our interests like one
family and have rendered account to the peoples
as clerk to master

Europe would in this way soon have been in
fact but one people and anyone who traveled
anywhere would have found himself always in the
common fatherland I should have demanded the
freedom of all navigable rivers for everybody that
the seas should be common to all and that the
great standing army should be reduced hence-
forth to mere garrisons for the sovereigns

On returning to France to the bosom of the
great strong magnificent peaceful and glorious
fatherland I should have proclaimed her frontiers
immortal for all future wars purely defensive all
aggravation ceased I should have as-
sociated my son in the Empire my daughter
would have been finished and I should have
reigned

My desire then and my only desire would have
been to live in company with the Empress and
during the royal apprenticeship of my son to
learn by visiting with our own horses and like a
true country couple every corner of the Empire

Napoleon predestined by Providence for
the gloomy role of executioner of the peo-
ples assured himself that the aim of his actions
had been the peoples welfare and that he
could control the fate of millions and by the
employment of power confer benefactions

Of his humblest and meanest creation the
style he wrote fit the role of

II
The
war
my
But Belgian men from the
Rhine
in
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in the
who took I had The Russian expedition to
ly out France less than fifty thousand men the
Russian army not retreat from Vilna to Moscow
lost in the various battles five times more

II in the
the history of
of colonial
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affairs
lystical
reached Vienna in the end only
fifty thousand men at the end less than eight
thousand

He imagined that the war with Russia came to him by his will and the horrors that occurred did not stagger his soul. He boldly took the war to himself for what happened and

than Hess and Bavarians

CHAPTER XLXIX

SEVERAL TENS OF THOUSANDS of the slaves in
these postures and as usual forms on the
fields and meadows belonging to the
family of the crown - those fields and
meadows where hundreds of years the
people of Borodó Gok Shevárd no and
the work had been the harvests and pas-

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ed to fire.

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 ar d'g

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 e v e r y o n e F w h a t f w h m m u s t i k l l
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who go erns men nd wo lds continued.

Anyo e looking at the d sorganized re r of the Russ n army would ha esad that f only the F ench m de one more sl ht effort it would d sappear and any ne looking at the r r of the French army w uld ha esad that the Russ ns need only m ke one more sl ht effort and the Fr nch would be destroyed But ne ther the Fr nch n r the Russ ns m de th eff rt, and the flame of b tile burned slowly out.

The Russians did not make that effort because they were not attacking the French. At the beginning of the battle they stood blockading the way to Moscow and they did so at the end of the battle at the beginning. But even had the aim of the Russians been to drive the French from their positions, they could not have made this mistake, for all the Russian troops had been broken up the two no part of the Russian army that had not suffered; the battle and though still holding the position they had lost over half of their army.

The French with the memory of all the sufferings during fifteen years with the assurance of Napoleon's nobility, the consciousness that they had captured the battlefield and had it only quartered their dead. They had their Guadalupe and twenty thousand fighting might easily come and that all right. The French had attacked the Russian army in order to drive it from its position ought to have made that effort to log the Russian continued to block the road to Moscow as before the memory of the French had not been attained and all the Russians and I see we are all the French did not make that effort. Some historians say that Napoleon need only have used the Old Guards who were intact, and the battle would have been won. To speak of what would have

n t g e h G ds n t because h d d n t
want to but because o ld n t b e d ne All
the gen rals, officers, d sold ers f the F nch

Our fire is mowing them down by rows but
still they hold on said the adjutant

They want more! said Napoleon in a
hoarse voice

Sire? asked the adjutant who had not heard
the remark

They want more! croaked Napoleon
frowning Let them have it!

Even before he gave that order the thing he
did not desire and for which he gave the order
only because he thought it was expected of
him was being done And he fell back into
that artificial realm of imaginary greatness and
again—as a horse walking a treadmill thinks
it is doing something for itself—he submissively
fulfilled the cruel and gloomy and inhuman
role predestined for him

And not for that day and hour alone were the
mind and conscience darkened of

As for his life could he
understand goodness beauty or truth or the
significance of his actions which were too con-
trary to goodness and truth too remote from
everything human for him to

As for his life could he
understand goodness and
all humanity

Not only on that day as he rode over the
battlefield strewn with men killed and maimed
(by his will as he believed) did he reckon as
he looked at them how many Russians there
were for each Frenchman and deceiving him-
self find reason for rejoicing in the calculation
that there were five Russians for every French-
man Not on that day alone did he write in a
letter to Paris that the battlefield was superb
because fifty thousand corpses lay there but
even on the island of St Helena in the peace-
ful solitude where he said he intended to de-
vote his leisure to an account of the great deeds
he had done he wrote

The Russian war would have been the most
profitable war of modern times it was a war of good
sense for real interests for the tranquillity and
security of all it was purely pacific and on a
large scale

It was a war for a great cause the end of un-
certainties and the beginning of certainty A new
foundation for new laws we were bringing out full of
well being and prosperity for the European
system was ready for a new all time renewal
was to organize it

Satisfied on these great points and with tran-
quil hearts everywhere it too should have had my

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great standing armies should be reduced hence
forth to mere garrisons for the sovereigns

On returning to France to the bosom of his
great family

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aggravated element and nature of I should have as
so stated my son in the Empire my death wish
I could have been finished

—

My old age would have been devoted in company with the Empress and
during the royal appointment of my son to
be surely a thing with or on horses and like a
true country couple every corner of the Empire
every complaint redressing wrongs a scat-
tering public buildings and benefactions in all
lands and everywhere

Napoleon predestined by Providence for
the gloomy role of executioner of the peo-
ples assured himself that the aim of his actions
had been the peoples welfare and that he
could control the fate of millions and by the
employment of power confer benefactions

Offered unforgotten thou art in whose hostile
territory he wrote futile of his
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a
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Rheims and Montreuil never Tans Ro-
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Dissolution of the Empire of the East and so on
I led a cavalry and infantry and forty thousand
waspish French The Russian people in the
lost France less than fifty thousand in the
Russian army in the Crimea from Varna to Mos-
cow lost in the battles for times more than
thirty and only the return of Moscow cost
the lives of hundred thousand Russian soldiers
of old and new not worth fifty thousand men
from Moscow to the Crimea Russian army
suffered from the war as it was that
lost the Russian Empire and the end of
fifty thousand a day at Kalisch less than eighteen
thousand

Book Eleven 1812

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CHAPTER I

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army knew it could not be done because the flagging spirit of the troops could not permit it

It was not Napoleon alone who had experienced that nightmare feeling of the mighty arm being stricken powerless but all the generals and soldiers of his army whether they had taken part in the battle or not after all their experience of previous battles—when after one tenth of such efforts the enemy had fled—experienced a similar feeling of terror before an enemy who after losing half his men stood as threatened not

of the battle
French a

victory which is defined by the capture of pieces of material fastened to sticks called standards and of the ground on which the troops had stood and were standing but a moral victory that convinces the enemy of the moral superiority

of his opponent and of his own impotence was gained by the Russians at Borodino. The French invaders like an infuriated animal that has in its onslaught received a mortal wound felt that they were perishing but could not stop any more than the Russian army weakened by one half could help surviving. By the impetus gained the French army was still able to roll forward to Moscow but there without further effort on the part of the Russians it had to perish bleeding from the mortal wound it had received at Borodino. The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's sense of the futility of his position.

on such at Borodino for the first time the hand of an opponent of stronger spirit had been laid

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me I have their customary pursuits hasten from one side of Europe to the other plunder and slaughter one another triumph and are plunged in despair and for some years the whole course of life is altered and presents an intensive movement which first increases and then slackens. What was the cause of this movement by what laws?

Then before men in the city of Paris calling these sayings and doings the Revolution then they give a detailed biography of Napoleon and of certain people favorable or hostile to him tell of the influence some of these people had on others and say that is why this movement took place and those are its laws.

But the mind of man not only refuses to believe this explanation but plainly says that this method of explanation is fallacious because in it a weaker phenomenon is taken as the cause of a stronger. The sum of human wills produced the Revolution and Napoleon and only the sum of those wills first tolerated and then destroyed them.

But every time there have been conquests there have been conquerors every time there has been a revolution in any state there have been great men says history. And indeed human reason replies every time conquerors appear there have been wars but this does not prove that the conquerors caused the wars and that it is possible to find the laws of a war in the personal activity of a single man. When ever I look at my watch and its hands point to ten I hear the bells of the neighboring church but because the bells begin to ring when the hands of the clock reach ten I have no right to assume that the movement of the bells is caused by the position of the hands of the watch.

Whenever I see the movement of a locomotive I hear the whistle and see the valves opening and wheels turning but I have no right to conclude that the whistling and the turning of wheels are the cause of the movement of the engine.

The peasants say that a cold wind blows in late spring because the oaks are budding and really every spring cold winds do blow when the oak is budding. But though I do not know what causes the cold winds to blow when the oak buds unfold I cannot agree with the peasants that the unfolding of the oak buds is the

cause of the cold wind for the force of the wind is beyond the influence of the buds. I see only a coincidence of occurrences such happens with all the phenomena of life and I see that however much and how ever carefully I observe the hands of the watch and the valves and wheels of the engine and the oak I shall not discover the cause of the bells ringing the engine moving or of the winds of spring. To do that I must entirely change my point of view and study the laws of the movement of steam of the bells and of the wind. History must do the same. And attempts in this direction have already been made.

To study the laws of history we must comprehend

the infinitely small elements by which the masses are moved. No one can say in how far it is possible for man to

and that as yet

commanders and ministers and propounding the historians on reflections concerning these actions

CHAPTER II

THE FORCES of a dozen European nations burst into Russia. The Russian army and people avoided a collision till Smolensk was reached and again from Smolensk to Borodino. The French army pushed on to Moscow its goal its impetus ever increasing as it neared its aim just as the velocity of a falling body increases as it approaches the earth. Behind it were seven hundred miles of hunger-stricken hostile country ahead were a few dozen miles separating it from its goal. Every soldier in Napoleon's army felt this and the invasion moved on by its own momentum.

The more the Russian army retreated the more fiercely a spirit of hatred of the enemy flared up and while it retarded the army increased and consolidated. At Borodino a collision took place. Neither army was broken up but the Russian army retired hurriedly after the collision as inevitably as a ball recoils after colliding with another ball.

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CHAPTER IV

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be taken and the chief of the hospitals asks where the wounded are to go and a courier from Petersburg brings a letter from the sovereign which does not admit of the possibility of abandoning Moscow and the commander in chief's rival the man who is undermining him (and there are always not merely one but several such) presents a new project diametrically opposed to that of turning to the Kaluga road and the commander in chief himself needs sleep and refreshment to maintain his energy and a respectable general who has been overlooked in the distribution of rewards comes to complain and the inhabitants of the district pray to be defended and an officer sent to inspect the locality comes in and gives a report quite contrary to what was said by the officer previously sent and a spy a prisoner and a general who has been on reconnaissance all describe the position of the enemy's army differently. People accustomed to misunderstand or to forget these inevitable conditions of a commander in chief's actions describe to us for instance the position of the army at Fili and assume that the commander in chief could on the first of September quite freely decide whether to abandon Moscow or defend it whereas with the Russian army less than four miles from Moscow no such question existed. When had that question been settled? At Driss and at Smolensk and most probably of all on the twenty-fourth of August at Shevardino and on the twenty-sixth at Borodino and each day and hour and minute of the retreat from Borodino to Fili.

CHAPTER III

When Kutuzov having been sent by Kutuzov to inspect the position told the field marshal that it is impossible to fight there before Moscow and that they must retreat Kutuzov looked at him in silence.

Give me your hand said he and turn me over so as to feel the pulse added. You are not well my dear fellow. Think what you are saying!

out his carriage and sat down on a bench by the roadside. A great crowd of generals gathered round him and Count Rostopchin who had come out from Moscow joined them. This brilliant company separated into several groups who all discussed the advantages and

disadvantages of the position the state of the army the plans suggested the situation of Moscow and military questions generally. Though they had not been summoned for the purpose and though it was not so called they all felt that this was really a council of war. The conversations all dealt with public questions. If anyone gave or asked for personal news it was done in a whisper and they immediately reverted to general matters. No jokes or laughter or smiles even were seen among all these men. They evidently all made an effort to hold themselves at the height the situation demanded. And all these groups while talking among themselves tried to keep near the commander in chief (whose bench formed the center of the gathering) and to speak so that he might overhear them. The commander in chief listened to what was being said and sometimes asked them to repeat their remarks but did not himself take part in the conversations or express any opinion. After hearing what was being said by one or other of these groups he generally turned away with an air of disappointment as though they were not speaking of anything he wished to hear. Some discussed the position that had been chosen criticizing not the position itself so much as the mental capacity of those who had chosen it. Others argued that a mistake had been made earlier and that a battle should have been fought two days before. Others again spoke of the battle of Salamanca which was described by Crozier a newly arrived Frenchman in a Spanish uniform. (This Frenchman and one of the German princes serving with the Russian army were discussing the siege of Smolensk and considering the possibility of defending Moscow in a similar manner.) Count Rostopchin was telling a fourth group that he was prepared to die with the city in his hands under the walls of the capital but that he still could not help regretting having been left in ignorance of what was happening and that had he known it sooner things would have been different. A fifth group discussing the profundity of their strategic perception discussed the direction the troops would now have to take. A sixth group was talking absolutely nonsense. Kutuzov's expression grew more and more preoccupied and gloomy. From all this talk he saw only one thing that to defend Moscow was a *placempossible* in the full meaning of those words that it was utterly impossible that if any senseless command were given to go orders to fight confusion would

and country order retreat.

After that the generals began to disperse with the so many and circumspect silence of people who are leaving after a funeral.

Some of the generals, in a way that seemed very different from the way they had spoken during the council, communicated secret news to their commander-in-chief.

Ulysha who had long been expected for supper climbed carefully backwards down from the roof her bare little feet catching on the projections, and slipping between the legs of the generals she darted out of the room.

When he had dismissed the general Kutuzov sat alone with his elbows on the table, thinking always of the same terrible question. When would the band of men of Moscow become established? When was that done which settled the matter? And who was to blame for it?

I did not expect this, said he to his adjutant Scherer when the latter came a late that night. I did not expect this I did not think this would happen.

"You should take some rest, your Serene Highness," replied Scherer.

But no. They shall eat horseflesh etc. like the Turks exclaimed Kutuzov without reply. "Strike the table with his podoy fist. They shall too!"

CHAPTER I

After the terrible circumstances even more important than the evacuation of Moscow Rostopchin who is usually represented as being the initiator of that event, and altogether different man from Kutuzov.

After the battle of Borodino the band of men and burn of Moscow was as never before. The retreat of the army beyond Moscow without fight.

The Russian nation has predicted it, not because of the feeling implied in each of our fathers.

The same thing that took place in Moscow had happened with the wind and the Russian soldiers began with the same with the presence of Count Rostopchin in his broadsheets. The people were excited and excited did not become excited. The feeling with the great find what would do the most difficult moment. And as the new drawn the wealthy classes went away by doing the property

while the poorer remained and burned and destroyed what was left.

The consciousness that this would be so and would always be so was and is present in the Russian mind. And a consciousness of

those who were ready in July and at the beginning of August how they expected this. Those who went away took what they could and burned the houses and half their belongings did so from the intense patriotism which expresses itself by phrases like by God on children to save the fatherland and on an unnatural explosion, but unobtrusively imply organically and therefore in the way that always produces the most powerful results.

"It is disgraceful to run away from danger," said the cowards are running away from Moscow they were told. In his broadsheets Rostopchin impressed on them that to leave Moscow was harmful. They were ashamed to be called cowards ashamed to leave but still they left, knowing it had to be done. Why did they not leave? It is impossible to suppose that Rostopchin had scared them by his accounts of horrors. Napoleon had committed in conquered countries. The first people to go away were the rich educated people who knew quite well that Vienna and Berlin had remained intact and that during the Napoleon occupation the inhabitants had spent their time pleasantly in the company of the charming Frenchmen with the Russians, and especially the Russian ladies they liked so much.

They went away because for Russia there could be no question as to whether they would go well. Under French rule in Moscow it was out of the question to be under French rule. It would be the worst thing that could happen. They went away even before the battle of Borodino and still more rapidly after it, despite Rostopchin's calls to defend Moscow to the utter cement of his intentions to take the wonderful working condition of the Iberian

Eight Napoleon said that they must go away sorry as they were to abandon their property

ed on his stomach. On the other side sat Count Ostermann Tolstoy seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts. His broad head with its bold features and glittering eyes was resting on his hand. Raevsky twitching forward the black hair on his temples as was his habit glanced now at Kutuzov and now at the door with a look of impatience. Konovnitzen's firm hand some kind and kindly face was lit up by a tender smile. His glance met Malasha's and the expression of his eyes caused the little girl to smile.

They were all waiting for Bennigsen who on the pretext of inspecting the position was finishing his savory dinner. They waited for him from four till six o'clock and did not begin their deliberations all that time but talked in low tones of other matters.

Only when Bennigsen had entered the hut did Kutuzov leave his corner and draw toward the table but not near enough.

Russia's ancient and sacred capital without a struggle or a word to defend it? A prolonged and general silence followed. There was a frown on every face and only Kutuzov's angry grunts and occasional cough broke the silence. All eyes were gazing at him. Malasha too looked at Grinddad. She was nearest to him and saw how his face puckered, he seemed about to cry but this did not last long.

"Russia's ancient and sacred capital!" he suddenly said repeating Ben-

igsen were divided and arguments were advanced for and against that project. Ermolov, Dokhturov and Raevsky agreed with Bennigsen. Whether feeling it necessary to make a sacrifice before abandoning the capital or guided by other personal considerations these generals seemed not to understand.

The generals however understood it and leaving aside the question of Moscow spoke of the direction the army should take in its retreat. Malasha

and Longcoat as she termed Bennigsen. She saw that they grew spiteful when they spoke to one another and in her heart she sided with Grinddad. In the midst of the conversation she noticed Grinddad give Bennigsen a subtle

Bennigsen suddenly reddened and paced angrily up and down the room. What so affected him was Kutuzov's calm and quiet comment on the advantage or disadvantage of Bennigsen's proposal to move troops by night from the right to the left flank to attack the French right wing.

"Gentlemen," said Kutuzov, "I cannot approve of the count's plan. Moving troops in close proximity to an enemy is always dangerous and military history supports that view. For instance, Kutuzov seemed to reflect searching for an example then with a clear naive look at Bennigsen he added: 'Oh yes take the battle of Friedland which I think the count well remembers and which was not fully successful only because our troops were rearranged too near the enemy.'

There followed a momentary pause.

Then Kutuzov said more to be said.

During one of these pauses Kutuzov heaved a deep sigh as if preparing to speak. They all looked at him.

"Well gentlemen I see that it is useless to have to pay for the broken crockery and things slowly he moved to the table. Gentlemen I have heard your view."

us an (He lurched his shabby body forward.) Such a question cannot be put it is senseless! The question I have asked these gentlemen to meet to discuss is a military one. The question is that of saving Russia. Is it better to give up Moscow without a battle or by accepting battle to risk losing the army as well as Moscow? That is the question on which I want your opinion and he sank back in his chair.

The discussion began. Bennigsen did not yet consider his game lost. Admitting the view of Barclay and others that a defensive battle at Fili was impossible but imbued with Russian patriotism and the love of Moscow he proposed to move troops from the right to the left flank during the night and attack the French right flank the following day. Of

The prince tried to comfort her but Hélène as if quite distraught, said through her tears that there was nothing to prevent her marrying that there were precedents (there were up to that time very few but she mentioned Napoleon and some other exalted personages) that she had never been her husband's wife, and that he had been sacrificed.

But the law religion said the prince, already yielded.

"The law religion? What have they been invented for if they can't arrange that?" said Hélène.

The prince was surprised that so simple an idea had not occurred to him and he applied for advice to the holy brethren of the Society of Jesus, with whom he was on intimate terms.

A few days later one of those enchanting letters which Hélène gave at her country house

rob court was presented to her and she came garden by the light of the illuminations and to the sound of music talked to her father for the time of the last of God, of Christ, of the Sacred Heart, and of the consolations the one true Catholic religion affords in this world and the next. Hélène was touched, and more than once tears rose to her eyes and those of Monsieur de Jbert and the irrevocable trembled. A dance for which her partner came to seek her put an end to her discourse with her future daughter-in-law. Science but the next evening Monsieur de Jbert came to see Hélène when she was alone, and after that often came again.

One day he took the countess to the Roman Catholic church, where he knelt down before the altar at which he was led. The enchanting, middle-aged Frenchman laid his hand on her head and, as he herself afterwards described, she felt something like a fire-breath wafted to her soul. She was explained to her that this was the grace.

After that the little brother was brought to her. She confessed to him and he absolved her from her sins. Next day he received her into the Sacred Host, which she was left to her house for her participation. A few days later Hélène learned with pleasure that she had now been admitted to the true Catholic Church and that a few days the Pope himself would hear of her and would send her certain documents.

By member of the Society of Jesus.

All that was done around her and to her at this time, all the attention devoted to her by so many clever men and expressed in such pleasant, refined ways, and the state of devoted purity she was in when (he wore only white dresses and white ribbon all that time) gave her pleasure but he pleasure did not make her forget for a moment to forget her aim. And

ous operations necessary to us and her husband should be performed. In her view the aim of every religion was merely to preserve certain proprieties while affording satisfaction to human desires. And with this aim none of her talks with her Father Confessor she ended on an answer to the question how far was she bound by her marriage.

They were sitting in the twilight by window in the drawing-room. The scent of flowers came in through the window. Hélène was wearing a white dress transparent over her shoulders and bosom. The little well-fed man with plump lean shoulders and a pleasant firm mouth and white hands weakly folded on his knees, sat close to Hélène and with a subtle smile on his lips and peaceful look of delight at her beauty occasionally glanced at her face. She explained his opinion on the subject. Hélène with an uneasy smile looked at his curly hair

part, by entering the married state without faith in the religious significance of marriage.

cut? A casual, mortal? A venial sin?

to destruction. They went away without thinking of the tremendous significance of that immense and wealthy city being given over to destruction for a great city with wooden buildings was certain when abandoned by its inhabitants to be burned. They went away each on his own account and yet it was only in consequence of their going away that the momentous event was accomplished that will always remain the greatest glory of the Russian people. The lady who, afraid of being stopped by Count Rostopchin's orders, had already in

the enormous popular tide that bore him along with it

CHAPTER VI

HELENE having returned with the court from Vflna to Petersburg found herself in a difficult position

In Petersburg she had enjoyed the special protection of a grandee who occupied one of the highest posts in the Empire. In Vienna she had formed an intimacy with a young foreign prince. When she returned to Petersburg both the magnate and the prince were there and both claimed their rights. Hélène was faced by a new problem—how to preserve her intimacy with both without offending either.

What would have seemed difficult or even impossible to another woman did not cause the least embarrassment to Countess Henkova who evidently deserved her reputation of being a very clever woman Had she attempted concealment or tried to extricate herself from her awkward position by cunning she would have spoiled her case by acknowledging her self guilty But Hélène like a really great man who can do whatever he pleases at once assumed her own position to be correct as she sincerely believed it to be and that everyone else was to blame

The first time the young foreigner allowed himself to reproach her she lifted her beautiful head and half turning to him said firmly

That's just like a man—selfish and cruel! I expected nothing else. A woman sacrifices herself for you, she suffers, and this is her reward! What right have you, monseigneur, to demand an account of my attachments and friendships? He is a man who has been more than a father to me! The prince was about to say some thing, but Hélène interrupted him.

Well yes said she it may be that he has other sentiments for me than those of a father

feelings I render account only to God and to
my conscience she concluded laying her hand
on her beautiful fully expanded bosom and
look'd up to heaven

You want design to de mean y ourself by
marrying me you said Hélène Legnin
to cry

part's servant was really simply the law, carrying out the great work which saved Russia. But Count Rostopchin, who now taunted those who left Moscow and now had the government offices removed, now distributed quite useless weapons to the drunken rabble, now had processions displaying the icons, and now forbade Father Augustin to remove icons or the relics of saints, now seized all the private carts in Moscow and on one hundred and thirty six of them removed the balloon that was being constructed by Leppich, now hinted that he would burn Moscow and related how he had set fire to his own house, now wrote a proclamation to the French solemnly upbraiding them for having destroyed his Orphanage, now claimed the glory of having hinted that he would burn Moscow and now repudiated the deed, now ordered the people to catch all spies and bring them to him and now reproached them for doing so, now expelled all the French residents from Moscow and now allowed Madame Aubert Chalmé (the center of the whole French colony in Moscow) to remain, but ordered the venerable old postmaster Alychark to be arrested and exiled for no particular offense, now assembled the people

gate now declared that in view of the fall of Moscow and now wrote French verses in albums concerning his share in the war. The man did not understand the mean-

feat and like a child he made spoils of
mentous and unavoidable ent-the-rindom
ment and burning of Moscow —an I tried with
his puny hand now to speed and now to stay

benumbed fingers. "Tell me as you would a sister what I ought to do. Which of the two?"

Bilibin wrinkled up the skin over his eyes, looked and pondered, with a smile on his lips.

"You are not taking in unwarers, you know—no! He is your friend, I have thought and thought again about your affair. You see if you marry the prince—he meant the younger man—and he crooked one finger, you never have the chance of marrying the other and you will dispense the court besides. (You know there is some kind of connection.) But if you marry the old count you will make his last days his pride and as widow of the Grand the prince would no longer be making a man sell her by marrying you, and Bilibin smoothed out his forehead.

"That true friend said Hélène beamed and again touched Bilibin's sleeve. "But I know them, you know and do not want to distress either of them. I would give my life for the happiness of them both.

Bilibin shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that not even he could help in that difficult case.

"What else for? That what is called putting things square! She would like to be married all three at the same time, thought he.

But tell me, how will your husband look on this matter?" Bilibin asked, his reputation being so well established that he did not fear to ask so naive a question. "Will he agree?"

"Oh, he loves me so," said Hélène, who for some reason imagined that Pierre too loved her. He will do anything for me.

Bilibin puckered his skin in preparation for something witty.

"Even divorce?" said he.

Hélène laughed.

Among those who ventured to doubt the possibility of the proposed marriage was Hélène's mother, Princess Kuruzina. She was continually tormented by jealousy of her daughter and now with jealous conjectures sub-

stantiated her early one morning so as to find her alone.

Having listened to her mother's objections, Hélène smiled blandly and ironical.

But she said plainly: "Whosoever shall marry her that is divorced said the old princess.

"Ah, Marianne, it is a sad business for us, a compromise. It is a matter of honor," said Hélène, who from Russia in which language she always felt that her case did not sound quite clear into French which suited her better.

But, my dear—

"Oh, Mamma, how is it you do not understand that the Holy Father who has the right to grant dispensations—"

Just then the lady companion who lived with Hélène came in to announce that His Highness was in the ballroom and wished to see her.

"Adieu, my dear," said she, "I am going to see the king."

"Adieu," said she, "I am going to see the king."

"Adieu," said she, "I am going to see the king."

"Adieu," said she, "I am going to see the king."

"Adieu," said she, "I am going to see the king."

said. The young man who had entered with no notice of her. The princess nodded to her daughter and slipped out of the room.

"Yes, she is right, thought the old princess, all her conclusion dissipated by the appearance of Her Highness. "She is right, but how is it that we in our irrecoverable youth did not know that it is so simple, she thought as she got into her carriage.

Both beginnings of August Hélène's affairs were clearly defined and she wrote a letter to her husband—who as she imagined, looked very much—informing him of her intention to marry. And of her having embraced the true faith, and asking him to carry out all the formalities necessary for divorce, which would be explained to him by the bearer of the letter.

And so I pray God have you, my friend, in His holy and powerful keeping—your friend Hélène.

"Oh, Mamma, don't talk nonsense! You don't understand anything in my position I have obligations—"

"I tell him I don't wish to see him, I am furious with him for not keeping his word to me."

"Countess, there is mercy for every sin."

And she showed her that the Gospel book (which seemed to him) plain for his remarriage with his husband is alive.

Armed with these arguments, which appeared to her unanswerable she drew to her

A married woman.

But suddenly Hélène who was getting bored said with one of her bewitching smiles But I think that having espoused the true religion I cannot be bound by what a false religion laid upon me

The director of her conscience was astounded at having the case presented to him thus with the simplicity of Columbus' egg He was delighted at the unexpected rapidity of his pupil's progress but could not restrain his face of

said and began refuting his spiritual daughter's arguments

CHAPTER VII

HÉLÈNE UNDERSTOOD that the question was very simple and easy from the ecclesiastical point of view and that her directors were making difficulties only because they were apprehensive as to how the matter would be regarded by the secular authorities

So she decided that it was necessary to prepare the opinion of society She provoked the jealousy of the elderly magnate and told him that she had told her other suitor that is she put the matter so that the only way for him to obtain a right over her was to marry her The elderly magnate was at first as much taken aback by this suggestion of marriage with a woman whose husband was alive as the younger man had been but Hélène's imperturbable conviction that it was as simple and natural as marrying a maiden had its effect on him too Had Hélène herself shown the least sign of hesitation shame or secrecy her cause would certainly have been lost but not only did she show no signs of secrecy or shame on the contrary with good natured naïveté she told her intimate friends (and these were all Petersburg) that both the prince and the magnate had proposed to her and that she loved both and was afraid of grieving either

A rumor immediately spread in Petersburg not that Hélène wanted to be divorced from her husband (had such a report spread many would have opposed so illegal an intent) but simply that the unfortunate and interesting Hélène was in doubt which of the two men she should marry The question was no longer whether this was possible but only which was the better match and how the matter could be regarded at court There were it is true some rigid individuals unable to rise to the height of such a question who saw in the project a desecration of the sacrament of mar-

riage but there were not many such and they remained silent while the majority were interested in Hélène's good fortune and in the question which match would be the more advantageous Whether it was right or wrong to remarry while one had a husband living they did not discuss for that

10 months who
had come to Petersburg that summer to see one of her sons allowed herself plainly to express an opinion contrary to the general one Meeting Hélène at a ball she stopped her in the middle of the room and amid general silence said in her gruff voice So wives of living men have started marrying again! Perhaps you think you have invented a novelty? You have been forestalled my dear! It was as though of long ago It is done in all the brothels and with these words Mária Dmitrievna turning up her wide sleeves with her usual threatening gesture and glancing sternly round moved across the room

Though people were afraid of Mária Dmitrievna she was regarded in Petersburg as a buffoon and so of what she had said they only noticed and repeated in a whisper the one coarse word she had used supposing the whole sting of her remark to lie in that word

Prince Vassili who of late very often forgot what he had said and repeated one and the same thing a hundred times remarked to his daughter whenever he chanced to see her

Hélène I have a word to say to you and he would lead her aside drawing her hand downward I have heard of certain projects concerning you know Well my dear child you know how your father's heart rejoices to know that you You are so much

But my dear child consult only your own heart That is all I have to say and concealing his unsavory emotion he would press his cheek against his daughter's and move away

Billbin who had not lost his reputation of an exceedingly clever man and who was one of the disinterested friends so brilliant a woman as Hélène always was—men friend who can never change into lovers—once gave her his view of the matter at a small and intimate gathering

Listen Billbin said Hélène (she always called friends of that sort by their surnames) and she touched his coat sleeve with her white

There was not room to be had at the inn they were all occupied. F erre went out into the yard and, coiling himself up head and all, lay down in his carriage.

CHAPTER IX

SCARCELY HAD PIERRE laid his head on the pillow before he felt himself fall asleep, but suddenly almost with the distinctness of reality he heard the boom boom boom of firing—the thud of projectiles, groans and cries.

Through the gateway splashed through the mud, and talked to the innkeeper Abo c Pierre head som prooms, disturbed by the movement he had made, nature up fluttered under the dark roof of the penthouse. The courtyard was permeated by a strong peaceful smell of stable yards, daylight to Pierre at that moment. He could see the clear starry light between the dark roofs of two penthouses.

"Thank God, there is no more of that he thought, covering his head again. Oh, what terrible thing is fear and how shamefully I yielded to it! But they they were steady and calm all the time to the end thereof."

They in F erre mind, were the soldiers, those who had been in the battery those who had given him food, and those who had prayed before the cross. They those strange men he had not previously known stood out clearly and sharply from every else.

"I be sold or just soldier thought Pierre as he fell asleep to enter communion. I feel completely to be imbued with what makes them what they are. But how cast off all the mercenary, devilish burden of outer man. There was time when I could have done it. I could have run away from my father as I was ordered to. Or I might have been sent serving as soldier for the devil and the devil knows And the memory of this day in the English Club cannot have challenged Dolkhov flashed through F erre mind, and his his remembrance. He bent fast. Torzhik And now

F erre. "Yes, he died and I did not know he was ill. I was sorry I am that he died and how glad I am that he is alive again. On one side of the table sat Anatole Dolokhov Nesvitski, Denis and others like them (in his dream the category to which these men belonged was as clearly defined in his mind as the category of those he termed *they*) and he heard those people, Anatole and Dolokhov shout and sing loudly yet through his irration the voice of his benefactor was heard speaking all the time and the sound of his words was as a mighty and uninterrupted a the booming on the battlefield but pleasant and comforting. F erre did not understand what his benefactor was saying but he knew (the categories of those his were so quite distinct in his dream) that he was talking of goodness and the possibility of being what they were. And they with their simple, kind, firm faces surrounded him benediction on his death. But though they were kindly they did not look at F erre and did not know him. Wish to speak and to attract their attention he got up but at that moment his legs grew cold and bare.

He felt ashamed, and with one arm covered his legs from which his cloak had in fact slipped. F erre ment as he was rearranging his cloak F erre opened his eyes and saw the same penthouse roofs, posts, and yard, but now there were no bluish light up and glittering with frost or dew.

In dawn thought F erre "But that not what I want. I want to hear and understand my benefactor's words. And he considered himself up with his cloak but now neither the lodger nor his benefactor was there. There were only the words clearly expressed in words, though his thoughts some were utterances so that he himself was forming it.

Afterwards when he recalled those thoughts F erre was convinced that someone outside himself had spoken them, though the impressions of that day had evoked them. He had never seemed to him been able to think and express his thoughts that when awake.

"To endure war the most difficult labor of man is freedom to the law of God," though he had said. "Simplicity is submission to the will of God you cannot escape from Him.

This letter was brought to Pierre's house when he was on the field of Borodino

CHAPTER VIII

TOWARD THE END of the battle of Borodino Pierre having run down from Raevski's battery a second time made his way through a gully to Knyazkovo with a crowd of soldiers reached the dressing station and seeing blood and hearing cries and groans hurried on still entangled in the crowds of soldiers

The one thing he now desired with his whole soul was to get away quickly from the terrible sensations amid which he had lived that day and return to ordinary conditions of life and sleep quietly in a room in his own bed. He felt that only in the ordinary conditions of life would he be able to understand himself and all he had seen and felt. But such ordinary conditions of life were nowhere to be found.

Though shells and bullets did not whistle

suffering exhausted and sometimes strangely indifferent faces the same blood the same soldiers overcoats the same sounds of firing which though distant now still aroused terror and besides this there were the foul air and the dust

Having gone a couple of miles along the Mozháysk road Pierre sat down by the road side

Dusk had fallen and the roar of guns died away. Pierre lay leaning on his elbow for a long time gazing at the shadows that moved past

and sat up. He had no idea how long he had been there. In the middle of the night three soldiers having brought some firewood set tied down near him and began lighting a fire.

The soldiers who threw sidelong glances at Pierre got the fire to burn and placed an iron pot on it into which they broke some dried bread and put a little dripping. The pleasant odor of greasy hands mingled with the smell

And who may you be? one of them suddenly asked Pierre evidently meaning what Pierre himself had in mind namely If you want to eat we'll give you some food only let us know whether you are an honest man

I I said Pierre feeling it necessary to minimize his social position as much as possible so as to be nearer to the soldiers and better understood by them. By rights I am a militia officer but my men are not here I came to the battle and have lost them

There now! said one of the soldiers

Another shook his head

Would you like a little mash? the first soldier asked and handed Pierre a wooden spoon after licking it clean

Pierre sat down by the fire and began eating the mash as they called the food in the cauldron and he thought it more delicious than any food he had ever tasted. As he sat bending greedily over it helping himself to large spoonfuls and chewing one after another his face was lit up by the fire and the soldiers looked at him in silence

Where have you to go to? Tell us! said one of them

To Mozháysk

You're a gentleman aren't you?

Yes

And what's your name?

Peter Kirilych

Well then Peter Kirilych come along with us we'll take you there

In the total darkness the soldiers walked with Pierre to Mozháysk

with the soldiers quite forgetting that his inn was at the bottom of the hill and that he had already passed it. He would not soon have remembered this such was his state of forgetfulness. Had he not halfway up the hill stumbled upon his groom who had been to look for him in the town and was returning to the inn. The groom recognized Pierre in the darkness by his white hat

Your excellency! he said. Why we were beginning to despair! How is it you are on foot? And where are you going please

Oh yes! said Pierre

The soldiers stopped

So you've found your folk? said one of them. Well good by Peter Kirilych— isn't it

Good by Peter Kirilych! Pierre heard the other voices repeat

Good by! he said and turned with his groom toward the inn

I ought to give them something! he thought and felt in his pocket. No better not! said another inner voice

There not a room t be l l at the inn
they e e l l c up ed P erre went out s t
the yard and e i h ms lf up head a d
all lay d n h s carr ge

CHAPTER IX

SCA E Y H D PIERRE l dh head on the pl
l bef e l e felt l mself f l l g asleep b t
dde ly lmost w th the d u ctness f re
ly he l a d t e b m b om b om of fr
g th l l u d f p o j e c t l e g r s n d c r e s
d smelled blood a d p o d e a d feeling
l h r r a d d ead of d a l l s e d h m l l ed

m d a d t l k e d t
l r e l a d some p g e n d t u r b e d by t l e
m m e n t h e h d a d s t t g u p f l t t e d
d r t h d k o o f f t h e p e n t h u s e T h e

h e s
Th n k G o d t h e n m o f t h t h e
t h g h t e g u p h h e d a g a n O h
h t t e r r b l e t h n g f e d h h m e
f u l l y l y e l d d t t i B t t h e y t h e y w e e
s t e d y d c a l m l l t h e t m e t t h e n d
l l g h t h e

They P erre m d w e e t h s o l d e r s
t h o s e h o h d b e t t h b i t t e r y t h w h o
h d g h m f o o d d t h o s e w h h d p r a y l
l e l e t h e c o n T h y t h e s t n g e m e n h e
h a d o t p e l y k n o t l o u t d r l y
d a h p l y f m e c r y e l

T b l l e r j u t l d e r l t h u g h t
P r r h e l l a s l e e p t o e t e r c m m u l
l l o m p l t y t b m b e d b y w h t m a k e s
d m w h t t h y r e f l t h w t o f f l l t h
p e f l d l h b u d e n f m y t r m ?
T b e w t m e w h e n l u l d h e d t l
l d h e r a y f o m m y f t h r I
t e d t l m g h t h b e e n t t r e
s o l d f t t h d e l w l D l k h

P f s o l m m e t g f t h e l d g e p m
d l l t o l m d l t w t l n g p l t
t h e E g l l C l b d m e o n n r n d d
t o h m s a t t t h m d f t h t b l e y e s t h t
h l l t m y b f c t B u t l d e d t h h t

P erre y e s h e d e d a n d l d d n o t k n o w l e
w a a l v e H o w s o r r y I a m t h t h e d e d a n l
l l w g l a d I a n t l a t l e s a l a g a i n ! O n o n e
s d e o f t h e t a b l e s a t A t o l e D o l o k l o v
N e s t i s k i D e f o a n d o t h e r s l k e t e m (n h s
d r e a m l i e c a t e g o r y t o w l d t h e s e m e n b e
l n g e d w a s e l e r l y d e f n e d i n h m n l s
t h e c a t e g r y o f t h o s e h e t e r m e d t l e y) a n d l e
h e r d t l s e p e o p l e A n t o l e a n l D l o k l o
s t u t i n g d s g i g l o l l y y e t t l r o u g h t l e r
s h u t g t h e v c e o f h s b e c f c t r w a l e a r d
s p e k i n g a l l t h e t m e n l t h e s o u n l o f h i s
w o r l w a s w e g h t y a n d u n t e r r u p t e l a t h e
b o o m n g o t h e b t i l e f e l l b u t p l e a s n t a l
c o r u f t i n g P i e r r e d d n o t u d e r s t d w l a t
l l b e n f a c t r a s s a y s l b u t h e k n e w t l e
h h t w e e a l s o q t e d s t n e t

u u =
t h u h t h e y w e r e k i d l y t h e y d d t l o o k a t
l r e a d d d n t k n w h m W s l t o
s p e r k n d t o t r a c t t h e r a t t e n t o n h e g o t u p
b u t a t t l a t m o n e t h s l e g s g r e w c l d a n d
b a r e

H e f l t l m e d a n d w t h o e r m c o e e d
h l k h d f c l l n p e d

d v
I t d a w n t h o l t P r r e B u t t h t s n o t
h t l w n t l w a t t o h e a r a d u n d e r s t a n d
m y b n e f t o s w d A g a n h e c o e r e d h m
e l f u p w t h l s l k b u t w e t h e t l e
l o d g e n o h b e n e f t r w a t h e r e T h e r e w e
n l y t h u g h t s c l e r l y e p r e s e d i n w d
t h h t t h t s o m e w a t t e g o r t h a t h e
h m e l f w s f r m l t g

A f t r d s w h e n h e c a l l e d t h t h o u g h t s
P e r r w o c e d t h t s m o e o u t s d e
h m s e l f h l p l e t h e m t h g h t h e m p e s
n f t h t d a y l d m o k e d t h e m H h d
n e t m e d t h m b e e a b l e t o t h k
d e x p e s s h t h g l t l k e t h t w h e w k e

T e d e w t h e m t d f f u l t u b o r
d t f m n f e e d m t t h l o f G o d
t h e l l l d S m p l t y s u b m n t o
t h w l o f G d y u t p e f m H m
A d i l e y m p l e T l e y d n t t l k b t c t
T h e s p k n w l l e r b u t t h e u n s p o k e n s
g l d n M c a n b e m t e o f n t h g w h l e
h e f r s d t h b t h w h d o e s n o t f t p s
s e s e s l l f t h e w e r e n u f f e g m a n w o u l d

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CHAPTER VIII

TOWARD THE END of the battle of Borodino Pierre having run down from Raevski's battery a second time made his way through a gully to Knyazkovo with a crowd of soldiers reached the dressing station and seeing blood and hearing cries and groans hurried on still entangled in the crowds of soldiers

The one thing he now desired with his whole soul was to get away quickly from the terrible sensations amid which he had lived that day and return to ordinary conditions of life and sleep quietly in a room in his own bed. He felt that only in the ordinary conditions of life would he be able to understand himself and all he had seen and felt. But such ordinary conditions of life were nowhere to be found.

Though shells and bullets did not whistle over the road along which he was going still on all sides there was what there had been on the field of battle. There were still the same suffering exhausted and sometimes strangely indifferent faces the same blood the same soldiers overcoats the same sounds of firing which though distant now still aroused terror and besides this there were the foul air and the dust.

Having gone a couple of miles along the Mozhiysk road Pierre sat down by the road side.

Dusk had fallen and the roar of guns died away. Pierre lay leaning on his elbow for a long time gazing at the shadows that moved past him in the darkness. He was continually imagining that a cannon ball was flying toward him with a terrific whizz and then he shuddered and sat up. He had no idea how long he had been there. In the middle of the night three soldiers having brought some firewood settled down near him and began lighting a fire.

The soldiers who threw sidelong glances at Pierre got the fire to burn and placed an iron pot on it into which they broke some dried bread and put a little dripping. The pleasant odor of greasy hands mingled with the smell of smoke. Pierre sat up and sighed. The three soldiers were eating and talking among themselves taking no notice of him.

And who may you be? one of them suddenly asked Pierre evidently meaning what Pierre himself had in mind namely If you want to eat we'll give you some food only let us know whether you are an honest man

I I said Pierre feeling it necessary to minimize his social position as much as possible so as to be nearer to the soldiers and better understood by them. By rights I am a militia officer

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Yes

And what's your name?

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Good by I eter Kirilych! Pierre heard the other voices repeat

Good by! he said and turned with his groom toward the inn

I ought to give them something he thought and felt in his pocket. No better not! said another inner voice

not know his limitations would not know himself. The hardest thing [Pierre went on thinking or hearing in his dream] is to be able in your soul to unite the meaning of all. To unite all? he asked himself. No, not to unite. Thoughts cannot be united, but to harness all these thoughts together is what we need! Yes, one must harness them, must harness them! he repeated to himself with inward rapture, feeling that these words and they alone expressed what he wanted to say and solved the question that tormented him.

Yes, one must harness it, it is time to harness. Time to harness, time to harness, your excellency! Your excellency! some voice was repeating. We must harness it, it is time to harness.

It was the voice of the groom trying to wake him. The sun shone straight into Pierre's face. He glanced at the dirty innyard in the middle of which soldiers were entering their lean horses at the pump while carts were passing out of the gate. Pierre turned away with repugnance and closing his eyes quickly fell back on the carriage seat. No, I don't want that I don't want to see and understand that I want to understand what was revealing itself to me in my dream. One second more and I should have understood it all! But what am I to do? Harness, but how can I harness every thing? and Pierre felt with horror that the meaning of all he had seen and thought in the dream had been destroyed.

The groom, the coachman and the innkeeper told Pierre that an officer had come with news that the French were already near Mazyk and that our men were leaving it.

Pierre got up and, having told them to harness and overtake him, went on foot through the town.

The troops were moving on, leaving about ten thousand wounded behind them. There were wounded in the yards at the windows of the houses and the streets were crowded with them. In the streets around carts that were to take some of the wounded away shouts, curses

of the death of his brother-in-law Anatole and of that of Prince Andrew.

CHAPTER X

ON THE THIRTIETH OF AUGUST Pierre reached Moscow. Close to the gates of the city he was

met by Count Rostopchin.

Well, said the particular, he asks you to come to him at once on a very important matter.

Without going home Pierre took a cab and drove to see the Moscow commander-in-chief Count Rostopchin. He had only that morning

officials who had been summoned or had come for orders. Asilichkov and Platov had already seen the count and explained to him that it was impossible to defend Moscow and that it would have to be surrendered. Though this news was being concealed from the inhabitants, the officials—the heads of the various government departments—knew that Moscow would soon fall in the enemy's hands, just as Count Rostopchin himself knew it and to escape personal responsibility they had all come to the governor to ask how they were to deal with their various departments.

As Pierre was entering the reception room a courier from the army came out of Rostopchin's private room.

In answer to questions with which he was greeted the courier made a despairing gesture with his hand and passed through the room.

While waiting in the reception room Pierre with weary eyes watched the various officials old and young military and civilian who were there. They all seemed dissatisfied and uneasy. Pierre went up to a group of men one of whom he knew. After greeting Pierre they continued their conversation.

If they're sent out and brought back again later on it will do no harm, but as things are now one can't answer for anything.

But you see what he writes! said another pointing to a printed sheet he held in his hand.

That's another matter. That's necessary for the people, said the first.

What is it, asked Pierre.

Oh, it's a fresh broadsheet.

Pierre took it and began reading.

His Serene Highness the Imperial Majesty's order to join with the troops in town. All the troops are to be posted where the enemy will not soon attack them. For the night there will be ammunition have been distributed from here. The Serene Highness says it will defend Moscow to the last drop of blood and it is even ready to fight in the streets. Don't be afraid.

Pierre dressed hurriedly and instead of going to see them, went to the back porch and out through the gate.

From that time till the end of the destruction of Moscow none of Bezukhov's household, despite all the search they made, saw Pierre again, knew where he was.

CHAPTER XII

THE ROSTOVs remained in Moscow till the first of September, that is, till the end of the enemy's entry into the city.

After Petya had joined Obolenski's regiment (Cossacks) of the Belaya Tserkva, here that regiment was formed, the countess

both of them might be killed. The sons of one of her acquaintances truck her that summer for the first time with cruel clarity. She tried to get back, but when she got herself joined Petya to go with him to some place somewhere, Petersburg, but then, if these provisions did not do so or unless he was transferred to the command of the army, which was somewhere with the army, he did not want to see his last letter, which had given a detailed account of his

Marie Th. countess did

near Moscow. Though Petya would manage the service this transfer would give the countess the consolation of seeing at least one of her sons under her guidance, he hoped to arrange matters for Petya so as to let him go, but when he could not possibly take part in the title, as if he had been in danger, the countess imagined that he had been her first-born, had he had her other children, even approached her, but when her greatest scapegrate would have been, he would have broken things up, they would make him a nuisance to everybody that annoyed Petya with his merry black eyes and fishy cheeks where soot down was just beginning to show—when he was thrown into those dreadful cruel which were full of some how some

themselves and apparently finding pleasure in it—then his mother thought she would do more much more than all her other children. The nearer the time came for Petya to return, the more easily grew the countess. She began to think she would never be able to see such happiness. The presence of Sonya of her beloved Natasha, even of her husband, irritated her. What do I want with them? I want no one but Petya, she thought.

At the end of August the Rostovs received another letter from Nicholas. He wrote from the province of Voronezh where he had been sent to procure recruits, but that letter did not let the countess ease, knowing that one son was out of danger, she became the more anxious about Petya.

Though by the twentieth of August nearly all the Rostovs' acquaintances had left Moscow and though everybody tried to persuade the countess to get away as quickly as possible, she would not hear of leaving before her twentieth. Petya returned. On the twentieth of August he married. The passionate tenderness with which his mother received him did not please the sixteen-year-old officer. Though he concealed from his mother's tent on of keeping him under her wing, Petya guessed he designed to suitably fear that he might become weak when with her—himself—he treated her coldly and

On the twentieth count customary carelessness in the gateway for their departure by the twentieth of August, and the carts that were to come from them to Ryazan and Moscow estates to emigrate, he had believed in going down to arrange all the details.

From the twentieth till the twenty-first Moscow was a bustle and movement. Every day thousands of men would be ordered to be brought in by the Donskoy gate, thousands of carts conveyed the inhabitants of the province out by the other gates. I pitied Rosoph's broodsheets because of them, independently of them, the extraordinary most contradictory rumors were current in the town. Some said that no one was to be allowed to leave the city, others on the contrary said that it could have been taken out of the churches, and everybody was to be

there was a large icon of God Almighty printed with a scepter in one hand and an orb in the other. Well, he took that icon home with him for a few days and what did he do? He found some scoundrel of a painter

CHAPTER XI

IN THE MIDDLE of this fresh tale Pierre was summoned to the commander in chief

When he entered the private room Count Rostopchin puckering his face was rubbing his forehead and eyes with his hand. A short

Rostopchin as soon as the short man had left the room. We have heard of your prowess. But that's not the point. Between ourselves *mon cher*, do you belong to the Masons? He went on severely as though there were some thing wrong about it which he nevertheless intended to pardon. Pierre remained silent. I am well informed, my friend, but I am sorry that there are Masons and Masons and I hope that you are not one of those who on pretense of saving mankind wish to ruin Russia.

Yes I am a Mason, Pierre replied.

There you see *mon cher*! I expect you know that Messrs Speránski and Magnitski have been deported to their proper place. Mr Klyucharev has been treated in the same way and so have others who on the plea of building up the temple of Solomon have tried to destroy the temple of their fatherland. You can understand that there are reasons for this and that I could not have exiled the Postmaster had he not been a harmful person. It has now come to my knowledge that you lent him your carriage for his removal from town and that you have even accepted papers from him for

munication with men of that stamp and to leave here as soon as possible.

But what did Klyucharev do wrong, Count? asked Pierre.

That is for me to know, but not for you to ask, shouted Rostopchin.

If he is accused of circulating Napoleon's

and

There you are! Rostopchin said at Pierre louder than before frowning suddenly. Vereshchagin is a renegade and a traitor who

will be punished as he deserves. But he is with the vindictive heat with which people speak when recalling an insult. But I did not summon you to discuss my actions. I ut to give you advice—or an order if you prefer it. I beg you to leave the town and break off all communication with such men as Klyucharev. And I will knock the nonsense out of anybody—but probably realizing that he is shouting at Bezuk

and I haven't time to be polite to everybody who has business with me. My head is some times in a whirl. Well, *mon cher*, what are you doing personally?

Why nothing, answered Pierre without raising his eyes or changing the thoughtful expression of his face.

The count frowned.

A word of friendly advice, *mon cher*. Be off as soon as you can. That's all I have to tell you. Happy he who has ears to hear. Good by my dear fellow. Oh by the by! he shouted through the doorway after Pierre. It is true that the countess has fallen into the clutches of the holy fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Pierre did not answer and left Rostopchin's room more sullen and angry than he had ever before shown himself.

When he reached home it was already getting dark. Some eight people had come to see him that evening: the secretary of a committee, the colonel of his battalion, his steward, his major-domo, and various petitioners. They all had business with Pierre and wanted decisions from him. Pierre did not understand and was not interested in any of these questions and only answered them in order to get rid of these people. When left alone at last he opened and read his wife's letter.

They, the soldiers at the battery, I since Andrew killed that old man. Simplicity is submission to God. Suffering is necessary, the meaning of all. One must harness my wife is getting married. One must forget and understand. And going to bed he threw himself on it without unpleasantly and immediately fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning the major-domo came to inform him that a special messenger, a police officer, had come from Count Rostopchin to know whether Count Bezukhov had left or was leaving the town.

A dozen persons who had business with Pierre were awaiting him in the drawing-room.

The es and footstep of the m ny serv
ants d of th pe us who had c me w th
the carts resou ded s they h uted to one an
other n the y rd d n the h u e The count
b d be o t n e m n ng The c untess h d
h adache br ght by li the n e and
term l d wa ly g i w n n the news tting
room w th a nega comp es on h r head.
m beh d g n to sta

hands the o di us
so) huch le had wo n ther frst Petersburg
ball.

N tasha wa ash m d f d ng noth ng when

p le young officer w l y ns de Natasha
mo ed a few step f rward nd stopped lyly
till hold ng her h ndker h ef and l ster ed to
wl at the hous keeper w s say g

"Then y u l a n body n M scow? he
w s say ng You wo ld be m re comf table
somewhe e n l u e nours f n stance
the f m ly are le ng

I d nt kno f t w uld be allowed re
pl ed the f fce n a w ak o ce Here so r
omm nd ng f fce r a k him and he
p nt ed to tout m jor who was walk g b ck
along the street p st the row of ca

Natasha gla ced w th fr ghtened eyes at the
face of the w nded officer a d at once i nt
r t meet the maj

May the w unded men stay n ou louse?
she a ked.

The mayo ra sed h l and to h s cap w th a
sm le

"Wh choned you want M am elle? s d
he screw gup h eyes a d m ng

N tash qu ctly epe ted her quest on and
he f ce and whole ma n r we e so erous
th ough h w t l h ld ng the ends of her
handke ch ef that th maj r ceased sm l ng
d after some r l t n— f co sder g n
how far th th ng was po ble—repl ed n tle
affirm t e

Th m he sa d

to be p ck d i e m u

D nyá h y up ck l Y u w ll w nt you
dea? A d when Du yá h w ll gly p m
sed to d t l l f h N tasha t d wn on
the Boo took h old ball d es nd fell to
r e qu t l d t wh t ought t
ha occup d h thoughts w She was
us d f m h e r er by th talk f th m ds
the ext oom (whuch was th rrs) d by
the sou d f th hurr d footst p g ng t
the b k po ch N tá h got p d look d
o t f the w d w A en rm usly l g w
f cars f l f w unded m n h d t pped n
th ur et

Th h usek ep th old nurse the ooks
oachme m d footm post l n nd
scull s tood t the gat ta g t th
ded.

N tash throw g clean pock t handker
h f her b nd h ld g n d of t n

off

They m y He ys they m y l wh pe ed
N tasha

Th cart n wh ch the f ficer l y was tu ned
t the Rost s y rd and do ens f cars
w th w u d d men began t th n tat of
th t w f lk to tu n into th y ds nd t
dr w up t th entra ces of the houses n Po
káy Street N tá h w ev d ntly pl d
t b de l g w th u w pe ple o t s d the d
nary un f h e l f e. She nd Má v ra kuz
min ch tr ed to get m ny of the w unded
as pos ble nt the y rd

Y ur P p must b t ld th ough sa d Má
ra k z m h

Ne er m nd never m d wh t d es t mat
te? F e d y w ca m nt th dr
g oom. They can ha ll ou h lf of t h
h use

There ow y u g l dy y u do tak th gs
t y u h d E e n f w put them t th
w th em oom o the nurs room w
m t ask perm ss n.

ordered to leave. Some said there had been an other battle after Borodino at which the French had been routed while others on the contrary reported that the Russian army had

who operated that Augustin had been forbidden to leave that traitors had been seized that the peasants were rioting and robbing people on their way from Moscow and so on. But all this was only talk in reality (though the Council of Tsar at which it was decided to abandon Moscow had not yet been held) both those who went away and those who remained behind felt though they did not show it that Moscow would certainly be abandoned and that they ought to get away as quickly as possible and save their belongings. It was felt that everything would suddenly break up and change but up to the first of September nothing had done so. As a criminal who is being led to execution knows that he must die immediately but yet looks about him and straightens the cap that is awry on his head so Moscow involuntarily continued its wonted life though it knew that the time of its destruction was near when the conditions of life to which its people were accustomed to submit would be completely un

Sonya felt that this was true that the only possibility of retrieving the Russian army by the time the

ter her grief or perhaps just because of it she took on herself all the difficult work of directing the storing and packing of their things and was as busy for whole days. The count and countess turned to her when they had any orders to give. Petya and Natasha on the contrary far from helping their parents were generally a nuisance and a hindrance to everyone. Almost all day long the house resounded with their running feet their cries and their spontaneous laughter. They laughed and were gay not because there was any reason to laugh but because gaiety and mirth were in their hearts and so everything that happened was a cause for gaiety and laughter to them. Petya was in high spirits because having left home a boy he had returned (as everybody told him) a fine young man because he was at home because he had left Bélaya Tserkov where there was no hope of soon taking part in a battle and had come to Moscow where there was to be fighting in a few days and chiefly because Natasha would lead him always followed him as in his childhood

tion at his activities. The head of the family Count Ilyá Rostov continually drove about the city collecting the current rumors from all sides and gave superficial and hasty orders at home about the preparations for their departure.

The countess watched the things being packed and as dissatisfied with everything was constantly in pursuit of Petya who was always running away from her and with

But of late Sonya had been particularly sad and silent. Nicholas letter in which he mentioned Petya

I was never pleased at Bolkonski's engagement to Natasha said the countess but I always wanted Nicholas to marry the princess and had a presentiment that it would happen. What a good thing it would be!

Archbishop of Moscow.—T.

because she had someone to adore her the adoration of others was a lubricant for the wheels of her machine needed to make them run freely—and Petya loved her. Above all they were gay because there was a war near Moscow there would be fighting at the town gates arms were being given out everybody was escaping—going away some where and in general something extraordinary was happening and that is always exciting especially to the young

CHAPTER VIII

They came out or moved about and the mirrors and pictures had been taken down. There were trunks in the rooms and they were wrapping paper and boxes were scattered about. The peasants and house servants carrying out the things were treading heavily on the parquet floors. The yard was crowded with peasant carts some loaded with goods and already corded up others still empty.

from the overroom. A third case was needed
— Servants had gone to fetch it.

"Sonia, wait a bit—wait a moment—wait a moment," said Natasha.

"You can't, Mamma, we have tried to," said the butler's assistant.

"Wait a moment, please."

And Natasha began rapidly taking out of the case the dishes and plates wrapped up per-

"The dishes must go in here—more to the carpets, said Mamma."

"With mercy if we can get the carpets done to three cases," said the butler's assistant.

"Oh, wait, please. And Natasha began rapidly and deftly sorting out the things. These aren't needed," said she putting on as de-
votedly as possible. "These—these must go among the carpets—these said Mamma to the Son—these dishes."

"Don't, Natasha, leave it alone. Wait get it all packed, urged Sonya reproachfully."

"What young lady she is," remarked the maid.

But Natasha would not give in. She turned everything out and began quickly repacking, deciding that the inferior Russian carpets and unnecessary crockery should not be taken at all. When everything had been taken out of the cases, they recommenced packing and it turned out that when the heavier things were not worth taking had all been rejected, the valuable ones really did all go into the two cases. Only the lid of the case contained the carpets would not fit it down a few more. "How much has been taken out, but Natasha used her own hands. She pressed, pressed, pressed, pressed, but let's take it down—whom she had drawn in to the business of packing—press on the lid, and mail carriers are not herself."

"That's enough, Natasha, said Sonya. I will see you wait a moment, but just take out the top one."

"I cried Natasha, with a sigh, and took out the hair that hung over her forehead while with the other she pressed down the carpets. Now press Petya. Press, push, push, hard, he cried."

The carpets, indeed, did close. Natasha, lapping her hands, screamed with delight and ears filled from her eyes. But the only hated moment—she once set on her feet and they now turned her completely. The door was not open even when they told her that Natasha had ordered an order for

hers and the servants now came to her to ask whether a cart was sufficiently loaded and whether it might be corded up. Thanks to Natasha direct on the work now went on expeditiously unnecessary things were left, and the most valuable packed as compactly as possible.

the

part

the count, has been put off the table

next morning was not to bed

Sonya and Natasha left in the sitting room without undressing.

That night another wounded man was driven down the Pototskaya and Viatra Kuzmin who was standing in the gate had brought into the Rostov's yard. Mamma

and

was

no

ng

and

He

don't expect to get him home. He is in the house of our own in Moscow but it is too far from here, and there nobody living in it.

Do us the honor to come in there a plenty of everything in the master house. Come in, said Mamma Kuzmin's. Is he evil?" he asked.

His attitude made a hopeless gesture.

"We don't expect to get him home. We must ask the doctor."

And the old servant got down from the box and went up to the cart.

All night said the doctor.

The old servant returned to the liche looked into it, shook his head disconsolately and told the driver to turn into the yard and topped bed of Mamma Kuzmin's.

O Lord Jesus Christ she murmured.

She invited them to take the wounded man into the house.

"The masters won't object," she said.

But they had no room to carry the man upstairs, and so they took him into the wing and put him in the room that had been Mamma's school.

This wounded man was Prince Andrew Bolkonski.

Well I'll ask "

to

roc

Hoffman's drops

s a smell of vinegar and

Are you asleep Mamma?

Oh what sleep— said the countess waking up just as she was dropping into a doze

Mamma darling! said Natásha kneeling by her mother and bringing her face close to her mother's I am sorry forgive me I'll never do it again I woke you up! Máva kuzmínichina has sent me they have brought some wounded here—officers Will you let them come? They have nowhere to go I knew you'd let them come she said quickly all in one breath

What officers? Whom have they brought? I don't understand anything about it said the countess

Natásha laughed and the countess too smiled slightly

I knew you'd give permission so I'll tell them and having kissed her mother Natásha got up and went to the door

In the hall she met her father who had returned with bad news

We've stayed too long! said the count with involuntary vexation The Club is closed and the police are leaving

Papa is it all right—I've invited some of the wounded into the house? said Natásha

Of course it is he answered absently That's not the point I beg you not to indulge in trifles now but to help to pack and tomorrow we must go go go!

And the count gave a similar order to the major-domo and the servants

At dinner Pétja having returned home told them the news he had heard He

and obstinate which there would be no contradicting and her plans could be spoiled and so hoping to arrange to leave before then and take Pétja with her as their protector and defender she did not answer him but after dinner called the count aside and implored him with tears to take her away quickly that very night if possible With a woman's involuntary loving cunning she who till then had not shown any alarm said that she would die of fright if they did not leave that very night Without any pretense she was now afraid of everything

CHAPTER XIV

MADAME SCHOSS who had been out to visit her daughter increased the countess's ill more by her dealer's by that st

cause of a drunken crowd rioting in front of the shop She had taken a cab and driven home by a side street and the cabman had told her that the people were breaking open the barrels at the drink store having received orders to do so

After dinner the whole Rostov household set to work with enthusiastic haste packing their belongings and preparing for their departure The old count suddenly setting to work kept passing from the yard to the house and back again shouting confused instructions to the hurrying people and flurrying themselves more

about her servants all busily about the house and yard shouting and disputing Natásha with the ardor characteristic of all she did suddenly set to work too At first her intervention in the business of packing was received skeptically Everybody expected some rank from her and did not wish to obey her but she resolutely and passionately demanded obedience grew angry and nearly cried because they did not heed her and at last succeeded in making them believe her Her first exploit which cost her immense effort and established her authority

As the walls were standing open in the ballroom one almost full up with crockery the other with carpets There was also much china standing on the tables and still more was being brought

Mama Timoféevna who had been her lady's maid before her marriage and now perfectly worn out chief gendarme said to her: "Come, my dear, let us go to the summer dresses; they will be left behind. On inquiry the countess learned that Madame Schoss was offended because her trunk had been taken down from the cart, and all the loads were being unloaded and the luggage taken to the carts to make room for the undressed in the countess's chambers. If his heart had ordered that they should take with them. The countess sent for her husband.

"What is this, my dear? I hear that the luggage is being unloaded.

"You know I intended to tell you. Countess dear, an officer came to me to ask for five carts for the undressed. After all, ours are things that can be bought but think what benefit will be to them. Really now in our own yard—we asked them to our selves and there are officers among them. You know I think, my dear, let them be taken where they hurry?"

The countess poked him as he always did when talking of money matters. The countess was accustomed to this. The precursor of news of something detrimental to the children's interests, such as the building of new galleries, conservatory, the naturalization of private theater orchestra. She was accustomed always to oppose anything undecisive in that kind to which considered her duty to do so.

She assumed her deadly solemn manner and said to her husband: "Listen to me, Count, you have many matters so that we are getting, nothing in the house and now you wish to throw away all our—all the household property. I said myself that we have a hundred thousand rubles worth of things in the house. I do consent, my dear, I do not. Do as you please, let the government's business look after the wounded they know that. Look the Lopukhins oppose they cleared out everything in days go. That what other people did only who are fools. If you have no pity on me, have some for the children.

Flourishing his arms in despair the count left the room with the epilogue.

"Papa, what you do not that I asked. Anna, who had filled him to her mother room.

"What business is it of yours?"

muttered the count angrily.

But I heard said Natásha. "Why does Mama object?"

"What business is it of yours?" cried the count.

Natásha stepped up to the window and pondered.

"Papa! Here's Berg come to see us," said he looking out of the window.

CHAPTER XVI

BEAR the Rostóv's son-in-law was already a colonel wearing the orders of Vladimir and Anna and he filled the quiet and agreeable post of assistant to the head of the staff of the assistant commander of the first division of the Second Army.

On the first of September he had come to Moscow from the army.

He had nothing to do in Moscow but he had noticed that everyone in the army was a king for leave to visit Moscow and had something to do there. So he considered it necessary to ask for leave of absence for family and domestic reasons.

Berg drove up to his friend's law's house in his spruce little trap with a pair of sleek roans exactly like those of certain prince. He looked attentively at the carts in the yard and while going up to the porch took out a clean pocket handkerchief and tied knot in it.

From the anteroom Berg ran with smooth hair drawn room.

Health is a thing like this said the uncle. Come, tell us the news of the army, business or will there be another battle.

God Almighty also can decide the fate of our fatherland. Papa said Berg. "The army is burning with patriotism of her sons and the leaders, so to say, have now assembled in council. No one knows what comes. I think general I can tell you. Papa that such a hero as patriot, the truly antiquated of the Russian army which they—which is (he corrected himself) "has shown a displayed in the battle."

the commanders far from have no to urge them on or anything of that kind, could hardly

CHAPTER XX

MOSCOW'S LAST DAY had come. It was a clear bright autumn day a Sunday. The church bells everywhere were ringing for service just as usual on Sundays. Nobody seemed yet to realize what awaited the city.

Only two things indicated the social condition of Moscow—the rattle that is the poor people and the price of common things.

The carts were mingled had gone early that morning to the Three Hills. Having waited there for Rostopchin who did not turn up they became convinced that Moscow would be surrendered and then dispersed all about the town to the public houses and cookshops. Prices too that day indicated the state of affairs. The price of weapons of gold of carts and horses kept rising but the value of paper money and city articles kept falling so that by midday there were instances of carters removing valuable goods such as cloth and receiving in payment a half of what they carted. A hulk peasant horses were fetching five hundred rubles each and furniture mirrors and bronzes were being given away for nothing.

In the Rostovs' stand old-fashioned horses.

They were all out of their huge retinue disappeared during the night but nothing was stolen and as to the value of their possessions the thirty peasant carts that had come in from their estates and which many people envied proved to be extremely valuable and they were offered enormous sums of money for them. Not only were huge sums offered for the horses and carts but on the previous evening and early in the morning of the first of September orderlies and servants sent by wounded officers came to the Rostovs' yard and wounded men dragged themselves there from the Rostovs and from neighboring houses where they were accommodated entreating the servants to try to get them a lift out of Moscow. The major-domo to whom these entreaties were addressed though he was sorry for the wounded resolutely refused saying that he dare not even mention the matter to the count. Pity these wounded men as one might it was evident that if they were given one cart there would be no reason to refuse another or all the carts and ones or in carriages as well. Thirty carts could not save all the wounded and in the general catastrophe one could not disregard oneself and

ones or in family. So thought the major-domo on his master's behalf.

On waking up that morning Count Ilya Rostov left his bedroom softly so as

to hear his gown. In the yard stood the carts ready corded. The carriages were at the front porch. The major-domo stood at the porch talking to an elderly orderly and to a pale young officer with a bandaged arm. On seeing the count the major-domo made a significant and stern gesture to them both to go away.

Well Vassilich is everything ready asked the count and stroking his bald head he looked good naturedly at the officer and the orderly and nodded to them. (He liked to see new faces.)

We can harness at once your excellency.

Well that's right. As soon as the countess wakes we'll be off. God willing! What is it gentlemen? he added turning to the officer.

Are you staying in my house?

The officer came nearer and suddenly his face flushed crimson.

Count be so good as to allow me for God's sake to get into some corner of one of your carts! I have nothing here with me. I shall be all right on a loaded cart.

Before the officer had finished speaking the orderly made the same request on behalf of his master.

Oh yes yes yes! said the count hastily. I shall be very pleased very pleased Vassilich you'll see to it. Just unload one or two carts. Well what of it? do what's necessary said the count muttering some indefinite order.

But at the same moment an expression of warm gratitude on the officer's face had already sealed the order. The count looked around him. In the yard at the gates at the window of the wings wounded officers and the orderlies were to be seen. They were all looking at the count and moving toward the porch.

Please step into the gallery your excellency said the major-domo. What are your orders about the pictures?

The count went into the house and in repeating his order not to refuse the wounded who asked for a lift.

Well never mind some of the things can be unloaded he said in a soft confident voice as though afraid of being overheard.

At nine o'clock the countess woke up and

"What the matt' w' th you? Who are
they? What d' you wa'?"

"Why th' w' unded! It' mpos'sible! M' m-
m! m' strus! N' M' m' dar! "

"ot the th' g' Please forgi' e me dar! ng
M' mma wh' t does it matter what we take

ay? O ly look wh' t s' g' n' on in the yard
M' mma! It' mpos'sible!

The count' tood by the w' d wandl' tened
th' ut t' n' " d. S' ddenly he sn' fied
a d' p' th' f' ce close t' the w' ndow.

Th' co' tess gla' ed t' he daughte' saw
" fa' e! I l' i' h me for her mother saw her

mat' d' u' derstood why her hu' band
did t' turnt' look thern' nd he gl' need
d quite duco' ceted.

Oh d' as j' u' l' kel! Am I h' der g' any
r' once

ay

Y u

k' w' d' t' u' d' rsta' d' bout' sa' ushe
dr' pp' ghereyesh' m'ef' cedly

Th' eggs' the eggs' re' teach' n' the h' n
m' itered the' t' th' ough tears of j' y
d' h' embra' ed h' s' f' wh' was gl' d' t' hude
her look' f' sh' m' n' h' beast.

P' p' l' M' mma! M' y' I' e' t' t' M' y' I' p'
asked N' t' sh' "W' w' l' l' m' l' take' l' i' the
m' t' essary th' g's.

The co' t' odded' f' r' m' t' ly and N'
d' sh' t' th' rap' d' p' c' t' wh' ch' h' us' d' t'
ru' wh' pl' y' g' t' t' g' ra' through the b' ll
room' t' th' t' eroom' d' downstairs' n' t' the
vard.

Th' r' vants gather' d' d' N' t' sh' but
co' ld' t' b' l' ev' th' t' g' r' d'ersh' b' ught
them' t' l' th' t' h' ms' l' l' m' h' w' f' e

m' f' r' med the' d' er' t' g' e' up' l' l' th'
car' ist' th' w' d' d' d' tak' th' trunks to the
t' oom' Wh' they' d' er' stood t' t' d' er

the s' er' v' s' t' t' w' k' t' th' u' ew' tak' w' th
plea' d' cal' l' l' g' er' med' trange
th' m' b' t' th' t' rary' t' e' m' d' th' o' ly

th' h' t' co' ld' b' d' just' qu' t' of
h' b' f' t' had' med' tran' t'

" h' h' w' d' d' h' l' l' be left be
" l' t' i' h' goods' cart' d' way' b' t' th' t' h' d'
seem' d' h' ly' th' d'

Tl' wh' i' h' h' l' d' as f' to' ton' f' n' t'
h' d' t' so' o' er' t' eagerly' t' k' t'
th' ew' tak' f' pl' g' th' w' ded' n' the
s' Tl' w' ded' dragg' d' them' e' l' es' z' l'
th' room' d' tood' w' th' p' l' e' b' z' happy
f' ou' d' th' carts. Th' ew' th' t' carts' w' e

to be h' d' spread to the ne' ghbo' ing hou' es
f' m' wh' ch' wounded men began to come' nto
the Ro' t' s' yard. Many of t' e' wounded

sked them' not to unl' d' the carts' but only to
let them' s' t' on the top of the th' g's. But the

work of unl' ding' once it' ried' could' n' t' be
arrest' d' It' seem' ed not to matter whether all

only h' l' f' the t' l' ngs' were left beh' nd. Cases
full of ch' n' bro' zes' p' cures' nd' m' rrors

th' t' h' d' been so carefully p' cked the' n' ght
bef' re' n' w' l' y about the yard' a' d' s' t' l' l' they

went on sea' ch' ng' f' r' and find' ng' poss' bili-
ties of unl' d' ng' this' or that and lelt' g' t' e

und' ed h' ean' ther' nd' yet an' ther' cart.
"We can' t' ke' four mor' men' sa' d' the
steward' "They can' h' e' my trap' or el' e' what

is t' become of them?
Let th' m' h' e' my wardrobe cart' sa' d' the
cou' tess. D' uny' d' ha' can' go' w' th' me' the
cart' ge

They unl' ded the ward' obe' ca' t' d' sent
t' t' t' ke' wou' ded men' f' om' a house two
doors off. The whole househ' ld' s' er' v' nts' n'

clud' d' was b' ght' and an' m' ted. N' t' sh' a was
in' t' ate of rapt' ous' e' c' tement' sucl' as he

had not know' n' f' r' al' ng' t' me
Wh' t' could' w' f' t' en' th' onto? asked th'
cr' va' s' try' n' to f' ix' trunk on the' n' rro

footbo' d' b' h' nd' a' carr' age. "We mu' t' keep
t' least o' e' cart

Wh' t' s' n' t' sked N' t' sh' a.

The cou' t' s' books.

Lea' t' Va' l' ch' w' l' l' put' t' way' l' t' not
w' t' d'

The ph' e' t' n' va' full of peopl' nd' there
w' s' d' ub' ta' to whe' Count Peter could' t'

On the bo' y' ull' ton the box' w' n' t' you
P' t' y' a? cr' ed N' t' sh' a
S' o' ny' too' w' busy' l' l' th' s' t' m' but the' m

of h' l' l' r' s' was qu' t' e' d' f' l' ere' t' f' m' N' t'
much' t' ken' way' w' th' them' as poss' ble.

CHAPTER XXII

BEFO' T' V O' O' CLO' CK' n' the aft' noon' th' Ros
t' o' s' f' ur' carr' ge' p' ck' d' full' d' th' the

" l' s' es' h' m' ess' ed' tood' t' the front' doo' One
by' th' cart' w' th' the w' und' ed h' d' m' ed

t' f' th' yard.
Th' l' e' h' n' wh' ch' Pr' ce' A' d' ew' was be-
g' tak' n' t' r' a' ted' S' o' ya' t' tent' on' as' t' p' ss' ed

th' f' nt' po' ch' W' th' th' h' p' of a' m' d' h'
was' r' r' a' g' g' t' l' the counte' s' n' th'
N' h' gh' co' ch' that stood' t' th' n' tra

restrain those those yes those exploits of antique valor he went on rapidly General Barclay de Tolly risked his life everywhere at the head of the troops I can assure you Our corps was stationed on a hillside You can imagine!

And Berg related all that he remembered of the various tales he had heard those days Natásha watched him with an intent gaze that confused him as if she were trying to find in his face the answer to some question

Altogether such heroism as was displayed by the Russian warriors cannot be imagined or adequately praised! said Berg glancing round at Natásha and as if anxious to conciliate her replying to her intent look with a smile Russia is not in Moscow she lives in the hearts of her sons! Isn't it so Papa? said he

Just then the countess came in from the sitting room with a weary and dissatisfied expression Berg hurriedly jumped up kissed her hand asked about her health and swaying his head from side to side to express sympathy remained standing beside her

Yes Mamma I tell you sincerely that these are hard and sad times for every Russian But why are you so anxious? You have still time to get away

I can't think what the servants are about said the countess turning to her husband I have just been told that nothing is ready yet Somebody after all must see to things One misses Mitenka at such times There is no end to it

The count was about to say something but evidently restrained himself He got up from his chair and went to the door

At that moment Berg drew out his handkerchief as if to blow his nose and seeing the knot in it pondered shaking his head sadly and significantly

And I have a great favor to ask of you Papa said he

He said the count and stopped

I was driving past Yusupov's house just now said Berg with a laugh when the steward and a man I know ran out and asked me whether I wouldn't buy something I went in

how we had a dispute about it (At the men

And it's such a beauty! It pulls out and has

a secret English drawer you know! And dear Vera has long wanted one I wish to give her a surprise you see I saw so many of those peasant carts in your yard Please let me have one, I will pay the man well and

Berg Only I so wanted it for dear Vera's sake

Oh go to the devil all of you! To the devil the devil the devil I cried the old count My head is in a whirl!

And he left the room The countess began to cry

Yes Mamma! Yes these are very hard times! said Berg

Natásha left the room with her father and, as if finding it difficult to reach some decision first followed him and then ran downstairs

Petya was in the porch engaged in giving out weapons to the servants who were to leave Moscow The loaded carts were still standing in the yard Two of them had been uncorded and a wounded officer was climbing into one of them helped by an orderly

Do you know what it's about? Petya asked Natásha

She understood that he meant what were their parents quarreling about She did not answer

It's because Papa wanted to give up all the carts to the wounded said Petya Vasilch told me I consider

I consider Natásha suddenly almost shouted turning her angry face to Petya I consider it so horrid so abominable so I don't know what Are we despicable Germans?

Her throat quivered with convulsive sobs and afraid of weakening and letting the force of her anger run to waste she turned and

live The count pipe in hand was pacing up and down the room when Natásha's face

"You can't possibly have ordered it!" med

Berg and the countess looked at her perplexed and frightened The count stood still at the window and listened

Mamma it's impossible see what is going on in the yard! she cried They will be left!

pulled up the door was shut, somebody was
 sent for a travel bag case and the countess
 leaned to the side what she had to say. Then
 Elim del beratel doffed his hat and began
 crossing himself. The postilion and the other
 servants did the same. Off on God's name
 said Elim, putting on his hat. "Start. The
 postilion started the horses the off-pole horse
 tugged at his collar the high spirits creaked,
 and the body of the coach swayed. The foot-
 man sprang to the box of the machine coach
 which jolted as it passed out of the yard onto
 the uneven roadway. The other horses jolted
 in their turn, and the procession of carriages
 moved in the street. In the carriages the calm
 horsemen all crossed themselves as
 they passed the church opposite the house.
 Those who were to remain in Moscow walked
 either side of the chaises seeing the travelers off.

Rarely had Natasha experienced so joyful a
 feeling as now when the carriages beside
 the countess began to move. Why could she
 wallow in such a giddy Moscow. Occasions on
 all had leaned to the carriage window and
 looked back and then forward to the train
 of horses and their drivers. Almost the
 head of the horse could see the raised hood
 of Prince Andrey. He did not know
 who was it, but each time he looked to the
 procession her eyes sought that chief. She
 knew it was right in front.

~~~~~

and carts formed two rows abreast.

As they were going round the S kharev wa-  
 ter terrace, the coachman who was quietly and  
 alert scrutinizing the people driving walk-  
 ing past, suddenly cried out in joyful surprise:  
 "Dear me, Mama, Son-a, look, that's he!"

Who? Who?

Look! Yes, in the world, the Benukh!  
 said Natasha pointing her head up of the car-  
 riage driver, tall stout man in coach-  
 man's livery, who in his manner of walk-  
 ing was evidently a gentleman in  
 dress. He was passing under the arch  
 of the S kharev tower accompanied by small,  
 yellow-faced beardless old man in fur coat.

"Yes, that tall is Benukh in coachman's  
 coat with queer looks of old boy. Really  
 said Natasha, look, look!

"Not he. How can you talk such non-  
 sense?"

Mamma screamed Natasha. I'll stake my  
 head it's he. I assure you. Stop! she cried  
 to the coachman.

But the coachman could not stop for from  
 the Meshchinskaya Street came another cart and  
 cart-axes, and the Rostovs were being sho-  
 ted at to move on and not block the way.

In fact, however though now much farther  
 off than before the Rostovs still saw Perrine—  
 someone extra-ordinarily like him—in a coach-  
 man's coat, going down the street with head  
 bent and a serious face beside a small bearded  
 less old man who looked like a footman. That  
 old man noticed Perrine thrust out of the car-  
 riage window and gazed at them and respectfully  
 touching Perrine's elbow said something to him  
 and pointed to the carriage. Perrine evidently  
 recognized in the white, could not at first under-  
 stand him. At length when he had understood  
 and looked in the direction the old man di-  
 cated he recognized Natasha and following  
 his first impulse stepped instantly and rapidly  
 toward the coach. But having taken a dash  
 he seemed to remember something and  
 stopped.

Natasha's face, leaning out of the window  
 beamed with quizzical kindness.

Fyodor Karilovich, come here. We have re-  
 cognized you. This is wonderful, she cried,  
 holding out her hand to him. "What are you

countess in a surprised and commiseration  
 tone.

"What? What. Why? Don't ask me," said  
 Perrine and looked round to Natasha whose  
 radiant, happy expression—of which he was  
 conscious with utter look in her—filled him  
 with enchantment.

Are you Emma in Moscow then?

Perrine hesitated.

In Moscow, he said in question tone.

"Yes, in Moscow. Goodbye!"

Ah, if only I were a man I'd certainly say  
 with you. He would have said to Natasha. Mam-  
 ma, I won't let me, I'll say.

Perrine glared resentfully at Natasha and was  
 about to say something, but the countess inter-  
 rupted him.

You were in the battle we heard.

"Yes, I was," Perrine answered. "There will  
 be another battle tomorrow," he began but  
 Natasha interrupted him.

Whose *calèche* is that? she inquired leaning out of the carriage window

Why didn't you know, Miss? replied the maid. The wounded prince he spent the night in our house and is going with it

skil

man

Sónya jumped out of the coach and ran to the countess. The countess tired out and already dressed in shawl and bonnet for her journey was pacing up and down the drawing room waiting for the household to assemble for the usual silent prayer with closed doors before starting. Natásha was not in the room.

Mamma said Sónya. Prince Andrew is here mortally wounded. He is going with us.

The countess opened her eyes in dismay and seizing Sónya's arm glanced around.

Natásha? she murmured.

At that moment this news had only one significance for both of them. They knew their Natásha and alarm as to what would happen if she heard this news stifled all sympathy for the man they both liked.

Natásha does not know yet but he is going with us, said Sónya.

You say he is dying?

Sónya nodded.

The countess put her arms around Sónya and began to cry.

The ways of God are just finding out! she thought feeling that the Almighty Hand hitherto unseen was becoming manifest in all that was now taking place.

Well, Mamma? Everything is ready. What is the matter? asked Natásha as with animated face she ran into the room.

Nothing, answered the countess. If everything is ready let us start.

And the countess bent over her reticule to hide her agitated face. Sónya embraced Natásha and kissed her.

Natásha looked at her inquiringly.

What is it? What has happened?

Nothing. No.

Is it something very bad for me? What is it? persisted Natásha with her quick instinct on

Sónya sighed and made no reply. The count Pétia, Madame Schoss, Mátra Kuzmínichna and Vasilchik came into the drawing room and having closed the doors they all sat down and remained for some moments silently seated without looking at one another.

The count was the first to rise and with a loud sigh crossed himself before the icons. All the others did the same. Then the count embraced Mátra Kuzmínichna and Vasilchik who were to remain in Moscow and while they caught at his hand and kissed his shoulder he patted their backs lightly with some vaguely affectionate and comforting words. The countess went into the oratory and there Sónya found her on her knees before the icons that had been left here and there hanging on the wall. (The most precious ones with which some family tradition was connected were being taken with them.)

In the porch and in the yard the men whom Pétia had armed with swords and daggers with trousers tucked inside their high boots and with belts and girdles tightened were taking leave of those remaining behind.

As is always the case at a departure much had been forgotten or put in the wrong place and for a long time no menservants stood one on each side of the open door and the carriage steps waiting to help the countess in while maids rushed with cushions and bundles from the house to the carriages, the *calèche*, the phaeton and back again.

They always will forget everything! said the countess. Don't you know I can't sit like that?

And Dunyásha with clenched teeth without replying but with an aggrieved look on her face hastily got into the coach to rearrange the seat.

Oh those servants! said the count swaying his head.

Even the old coachman who was the only one the countess trusted to drive her sat perched up high on the box and did not so much as glance round at what was going on behind him. From thirty years' experience he knew

der

him

he could be stopped once or twice more while they sent back to fetch something that had been forgotten and even after that he would again be stopped and the countess herself could lean out of the window and beg him for the love of heaven to drive carefully down the hill. He knew all this and therefore waited calmly for what would happen with a patience that the horses especially the nearest one, the chestnut Falcon who was pawing the ground and clamping his bit. At last all were seated, the carriage steps were folded and

He was a very clever man but has a weak  
gro n q te feeble as y ur ho or sees said  
Geris m. Will you step into the study? I erre  
noddod. As twassealed up so t ha ma ned,  
I t Sophia D nll n ga e orders that f any  
ne sh uld com from y u they wer m ha e  
the books

Perre went into that gloomy study which he had entered with such trepidation in his beneficent life time. The room duty and undisturbed died: the death of Joseph Bardée was a gloomier even gloomier than the butters and left

■ even gloom er  
 Geras m p ed e f the butters nd left  
 the room on uptoe p erre went rou d th  
 t d pp ched th cupboard n wh ch the  
 man scr pts were k pt d took out what had  
 e be n ■ fth m t mporta t, the holy  
 l hies fth o d r Th s was the auth ntic  
 Scotch Actus th B dt notes nd pl na  
 t H sat down t the du ty wr t g table  
 d h gl d the manu cr pts bef h m

Gerard looked cautiously out  
several times down the  
thoroughfare

t hea h m.  
l the cabma      be d: ch rg d } ur h n

Oh yes! sa d P err us h m ll nd  
 ru g hurriedly Look h re ll dded tak  
 ing Geris m by but n i his co t d look  
 g d wn t th ld man w th m st h n g  
 d ecsta yes I say d y u kn w that

to d wh t lask y u  
Yes y ur ll cy pl ed Gerásim.  
W ll y ha e som th g to eat?  
N b I w t som th I e. I want peas.  
I th d put l d Perr u ex  
f ctely bl h g  
Yes y ex ll cy sa d Gerá m lte  
I k g l m m nt.

bed mad pl h m ther  
Gerá m, be g crv t wh n h t me  
had seen m y tra geth c pted P erre s

tak ng up h s residence in the h use w thout  
 surpr se and s emed ple sed to ha e someone  
 to wait on That s me even ng—w thout e en  
 asking h mself what they were wanted for—he  
 p ocured coachm ns co t and cap for P erre  
 and prom d to get him the p stol next day  
 M kár Alexée ch came tw ce that e en ng  
 huff g al ng in h s gal shes as far as the  
 door and t pped nd looked ingrat t ngly at  
 P erre. But as soon as Pierre turned toward  
 h m he wrapped h s dressin gown ou d h m  
 w th a hamf ced and angry look and hurr ed  
 way It wa when P erre (wea ng the co ch  
 man s co t w h ch G é im had p oc red for  
 h m and had d s se ted by steam) was on his  
 way w th the old man t buy the p stol at the  
 S thare m rket that he met the R stóva.

## CHAPTER XIX

CHAPTER XIX  
KUTUZOV'S ORDER to retreat through Moscow  
to the Ryazan road was issued at night on the  
first of September

The first troop started at once and during the night they marched slowly and steadily without hurry. At daybreak however they entered the town at the D. Ogomilo bridge saw head of the masses of soldiers crossing and hurrying cross the bridge ascending on the opposite side and blocking the streets. They all rushed forward to the bridge onto the road to the fields and the barracks. Hutu himself had driven round by side streets to the other side of Moscow.

By a clock in the morning of the 1st of September only the guard remained in the Doomsday suburb where they had been placed. The main army was on the other side of Moscow beyond it.

At that very time I ten in the morning of  
the end of September Napoleon was taking  
his troops on the Poldovny Hill  
look at the panorama spread out before  
him. For the twenty of August to the  
end of September the first in the battle of  
Hodnó to the north of the French to the  
cowd with which that getting mem-  
orable week, the had been the extra di-  
nary weather that always comes as a  
surprise when the sun hangs low and gives  
more heat than in the spring when every-  
thing is so brightly in the clear atmosphere  
that the eyes smart with the brightness  
and refreshed by the fragrance of the aromatic

But what is the matter with you Count? You are not like yourself

Oh don't ask me don't ask me! I don't know myself Tomorrow But not Good by good by! he muttered It's an awful time! and dropping behind the carriage he stepped onto the pavement

Natasha continued to lean out of the window for a long time beaming at him with her kindly slightly quizzical happy smile

## CHAPTER XVIII

FOR THE LAST TWO DAYS EVER SINCE LEAVING HOME Pierre had been living in the empty house of his deceased benefactor Bazdée's This is how it happened

When he woke up on the morning after his return to Moscow and his interview with Count Rostopchin he could not for some time make out where he was and what was expected of him When he was informed that among others awaiting him in his reception room there was a Frenchman who had brought a letter from his wife the Countess Hélène he felt suddenly overcome by that sense of confusion and hopelessness to which he was apt to succumb He felt that everything was now at an end all was in confusion and crumbling to pieces that nobody was right or wrong the future held nothing and there was no escape from this position Smiling unnaturally and muttering to himself he first sat down on the sofa in an attitude of despair then rose went to the door of the reception room and peeped through the crack returned flourishing his arms and took up a book His major-domo came in a second time to say that the Frenchman who had brought the letter from the countess was very anxious to see him if only for a minute and that someone from Bazdée's widow had called to ask Pierre to take charge of her husband's books as she herself was leaving for the country

Oh yes in a minute wait or no! No of course go and say I will come directly Pierre replied to the major-domo

But as soon as the man had left the room Pierre took up his hat which was lying on the table and went out of his study by the other door There was no one in the passage He went along the whole length of this passage to the stairs and strove and rubbing his forehead with both hands went down as far as the first landing The hall porter was standing at the front door From the landing where Pierre stood there was a second staircase leading to

the back entrance He went down that staircase and out into the yard No one had seen him Put there were some carriages waiting

When being looked at he behaved like an ostrich which hides its head in a bush in order not to be seen he hung his head and quickening his pace went down the street

Of all the affairs awaiting Pierre that day the sorting of Joseph Bazdée's books and papers appeared to him the most necessary

He hired the first cab he met and told the driver to go to the Patriarch's Ponds where the widow Bazdée's house was

Continually turning round to look at the rows of loaded carts that were making their way

the joyful feeling of a boy escaping from school

Now everyone would be sent out beyond the Three Hills gates and a great battle would be fought there

Having reached the Patriarch's Ponds Pierre found the Bazdée's house where he had not been for a long time past He went up to the gate Gertum that shallow beardless old man Pierre had seen at Torzhók five years before with Joseph Bazdée came out in answer to his knock

At home? asked Pierre

Owing to the present state of things Sophia Danilovna has gone to the Torzhók estate with the children your excellency

I will come in all the same I have to look through the books said Pierre

Be so good as to step in Makár Alexéevich the brother of my late master—may the kingdom of heaven be his—his remains here but he is in a weak state as you know said the old servant

Pierre knew that Makár Alexéevich was Joseph Bazdée's half-insane brother and a hard drinker

Yes yes I know Let us go in said Pierre and entered the house

A tall bald-headed old man with a red nose

went away along the passage.

## BOOK ELEVEN

Having learned that there were many charitable institutions in Moscow he mentally decided that he would shower favors on them all. He thought that, as in Africa he had put on berboose and sat in a mosque, so in Moscow he must be beneficent like the Tsars. And in order finally to touch the hearts of the Russians—and being like all Frenchmen unable to make any sentimental without a reference to *mon Dieu*—he decided that he would place an inscription on all these establishments in large letters: "This establishment is dedicated to my dear mother. Or no, it should be simply *Mon Dieu*." He concluded: "But am I really in Moscow? Yes, here I am before me but the deputation from the city so long in waiting is wondered."

Meanwhile an arduous consultation was being carried on in whispers among his generals and marshals at the rear of his suite. Those sent to fetch the deputation had returned with the news that Moscow was empty. That every one had left it. The faces of those who were now conferring together were pale and perturbed. They were not alarmed by the fact that Moscow had been abandoned by its inhabitants (grave as that fact seemed), but by the question how to tell the Emperor—without putting him in the terrible position of appearing ridiculous—that he had been waiting the bovary so long in vain that there were drunk men who left in Moscow but no one else. Some said that deputation from some sort must be scraped together; others disputed the opinion and maintained that the Emperor should first be careful and skillful prepared, and then tell the truth.

He would have to be told all the same, said some gentlemen of the suite. But, gentlemen

The position was all the more awkward because the Emperor, meditating upon his magnificent plans, was passing patiently up and down before the outspread map occasionally glancing along the road to Moscow from under his lifted hand with bright and proud smile.

"But it is impossible," declared the gentlemen the same struggling their shoulders but not venturing to utter the expected word—*no*.

At last the Emperor tired of this expectation, his actor instinct suggesting to him that the same moment having been too long. "Dear my tender my poor mother. Home of my Mother."

drawn out was beginning to lose its sublimity gave a sign with his hand. A single report of a signaling gun followed and the troops, who were already spread out on different sides of Moscow moved into the city through the Tserkalva, and Dorogomilov gates. Faster and faster with one another they moved to the double or triple trot, vanishing amid the clouds of dust they raised and making the air ring with a deafening roar of martial shouts.

Drawn on by the movement of his troops Napoleon rode with them as far as the Dorogomilov gate but there again stopped and, dismounting from his horse paced for a long time by the Kimmor Kojéski rampart, waiting the deputation.

## CHAPTER XX

MEANWHILE Moscow was empty. There were still people in it, perhaps a fiftieth part of its former inhabitants had remained, but it was empty. It was empty in the sense that a dining queenless hive is empty.

In a queenless hive no life is left though to superficial glance it seems as much alive as other hives.

The bees circled round queenless hives in the hot beams of the midday sun as gulls as around the living hives, from distance smells of honey like the others, and bees in and out in the same way. But one has only to observe that have to realize that there is no life any life in it. The bees do not fly in the same way, the smell and the sound that meet the beekeeper are not the same. To the beekeepers tap on the wall of the sick hive, instead of the former instant unanimous humming of tens of thousands of bees with their abdomens threateningly compressed, and pro-

honey and venom, and the warm whiffs of crowded life, comes an odor of emptiness and decaying things with the smell of honey. There are no longer sentinels sounding the alarm with their abdomens raised, and ready to die in defense of the hive. There is no longer the measured quiet sound of throbbing activity like the sound of boiling water but diverse discordant sounds of disorder. In and out of the hive long black robber bees smeared with honey smell and shuttles. They do not sting, but crawl away from danger. Formerly



autumn air when even the nights are warm and when in those dark warm nights golden stars startle and delight us continually by falling from the sky

At ten in the morning of the second of September this weather still held

The brightness of the morning was magical Moscow seen from the Poklonny Hill lay spaciously spread out with her river her gardens and her churches and she seemed to be living her usual life her cupolas glittering like stars in the sunlight

The view of the strange city with its peculiar architecture such as he had never seen before filled Napoleon with the rather envious and uneasy curiosity men feel when they see an alien form of life that has no knowledge of them This city was evidently living with the full force of its own life By the indefinite signs which even at a distance distinguish a living body from a dead one Napoleon from the Poklonny Hill perceived the throb of life in the town and felt as it were the breathing of that great and beautiful body

Every Russian looking at Moscow feels her to be a mother every foreigner who sees her even if ignorant of her significance as the mother city must feel her feminine character and Napoleon felt it

*Cette ville asiatique aux innombrables églises Moscou la sainte La voilà donc enfin cette fameuse ville Il était temps* said he and dismounting he ordered a plan of Moscow to be spread out before him and summoned Lelorgne d'Iderville the interpreter

A town captured by the enemy is like a maid who has lost her honor thought he (he had said so to Tuchkov at Smolensk) From that point of view he gazed at the Oriental beauty he had not seen before It seemed strange to him that his long felt wish which had seemed unattainable had at last been realized In the clear morning light he gazed now at the city and now at the plan considering its details and the assurance of possessing it agitated and awed him

But could it be otherwise he thought Here is this capital at my feet Where is Alexander now and of what is he thinking? A strange beautiful and majestic city and a strange and majestic moment! In what light must I appear to them! thought he thinking of his troops Here she is the reward for all

That Asiaticity of the innumerable churches holy Moscow! Here it is! Here at last that I must see It was a sight to me

those frightened men he reflected glancing at those near him and at the troops who were approaching and forming up One word from me one movement of my hand and that ancient capital of the Tsars would perish But my clemency is always ready to descend upon the vanquished I must be magnanimous and truly great But no it can't be true that I am in Moscow he suddenly thought Yet here she is lying at my feet with her golden domes and crosses scintillating and twinkling in the sunshine But I shall spare her On!

which Alexander will feel most painfully I know him (It seemed to Napoleon that the chief import of what was taking place lay in the personal struggle between him self and Alexander) From the height of the Kremlin—yes there is the Kremlin yes—I will give them just laws I will teach them the meaning of true civilization I will make generations of boyars remember their conqueror with love I will tell the deputation that I did not

war that and that in Moscow I will accept terms of peace worthy of myself and of my people I do not wish to utilize the fortunes of war to humiliate an honored monarch Boyars I will say to them I do not desire war I desire the peace and the future of all my subjects However I know their presence will inspire me and I shall speak to them as I always do clearly impressively and majestically But can it be true that I am in Moscow? Yes there she lies

*Qu'on m'amène les boyars* said he to his suite

A general with a brilliant suite galloped off at once to fetch the boyars

Ten hours passed Napoleon had lunched and was again standing in the same place on the Poklonny Hill awaiting the deputation His speech to the boyars had already taken definite shape in his imagination That speech was full of dignity and greatness as Napoleon understood it

He was himself carried away by the tone of

which Russian notables and his own would mingle He mentally appointed a governor one who would win the hearts of the people

Brought the boyars to me

passages with bundles. Tradesmen and their assistants (of whom there were but few) moved about among the soldiers quite bewildered. They unlocked their shops and locked them again and themselves carried goods away with the help of their assistants. On the square in front of the Bazaar were drummers beating the muster call. But the roll of the drums did not make the looting soldiers run in the direction of the drum as if merrily but made them, on the contrary, run farther away. Among the soldiers in the shops and passages some men were to be seen in gray coats, with closely shaven heads. Two officers, one with scarf over his uniform and mounted on his dark-gray horse the other in an overcoat and on foot, stood at the corner of the Livinskaya Street, talking. A third officer galloped up to them.

"The general orders them all to be driven out to the square, with us. This is outrageous. Half the men have dispersed."

"Where are you off to? Where have you led three hundred men without muskets who hold up their skirts in their overcoats, were lapping past him on the Bazaar passage. Stop these rascals!"

But how are you going to stop them. replied another officer. "There is no getting them together. The army should push on before these bolts, that all."

How can we push on? They are stuck there wedged in the bridge and don't move. Shouldn't we put a cord round to prevent their rest from running away?"

"Come go on there and drive them out!" shouted the second officer.

The officer in the scarf dismounted, called up the drummer and went with him to the arcade. Some soldiers started running away in groups. A shopkeeper with red pimples on his cheek near the nose of calm, persistent, calculating expression on his plump face, hurriedly and enthusiastically approached the officer waving his arms.

"Your honor said so. Be so good as to protect us. We won't grudge trifles you are welcome to anything—we shall be delighted. Pray, I'll fetch precisely what you need for such honorable gentlemen or even two hundred with pleasure. For we feel how it is but what if this—sheer robbery! If you please could not guards be placed only to let us close the shop."

Prisoners who had been released from jail—

Several shopkeepers crowded round the officer.

"Eh, what twaddle!" said one of them at this, "tern looking man. 'When one's head goes on one doesn't weep for one's hair! Take what any of you like. And flourish no harm energetically he turned sideways to the officer."

"It is all very well for you! In St. Petersburg, to talk, said the first tradesman sternly. Please step aside your honor!"

"I like indeed," cried the third one. "In my three shops here I have a hundred thousand rubles worth of goods. Can they be seized when the army has gone? Eh, what people! Against God's might our hands can't fight."

Come inside your honor! repeated the first tradesman bowing.

The officer stood perplexed and his face showed indecision.

It is not my business, he exclaimed and strode on quickly down one of the passages.

From one open shop came the sound of blows and vituperation and just as the officer came up to the man in gray coat with a shaven head was flung out of the shop.

This man bent double rushed past the tradesman and the officer. The officer pounced on the soldiers who were in the shops, but at that moment fearful screams reached them from the huge crowd on the Moskva bridge and the officer ran out into the square.

screams came.

The officer mounted his horse and rode after him. When he reached the bridge he saw two unumbered guns, the military cross on the bridge, several overturned carts, and frightened and laughing faces among the troops. Behind the cannon a cart was standing in which two horses were harnessed. Four borzoi with collars were pressing close to the wheels. The cart was loaded high, and the very top beside the child's chair with its legs in the air sat a peasant woman uttering piercing and desperate shrieks. He was told by his fellow officers that the screams of the crowd and the shrieks of the woman were due to the fact that General

crushed one of the upsetting carts and

only bees laden with honey flew into the hive and they flew out empty now they fly out laden. The beekeeper opens the lower part of the hive and peers in. Instead of black glossy bees—tamed by toil—clinging to one another's legs and drawing out the wax with a ceaseless hum of labor—that used to hang in long clusters down to the floor of the hive drowsy shriveled bees crawl about separately in various directions on the floor and walls of the hive. Instead of a neatly glued floor swept by the bees with the fanning of their wings there is a floor littered with bits of wax excrement dying bees scarcely moving their legs and dead ones that have not been cleared away.

The beekeeper opens the upper part of the hive and examines the super. Instead of serried rows of bees sealing up every gap in the combs and keeping the brood warm he sees the skillful complex structures of the combs but no longer in their former state of purity. All is neglected and foul. Black robber bees are swiftly and stealthily prowling about the combs and the short home bees shriveled and listless as if they were old creep slowly about without trying to hinder the robbers having lost all motive and all sense of life. Drones bumblebees wasps and butterflies knock awkwardly against the walls of the hive in their flight. Here and there among the cells containing dead brood and honey an angry buzzing can sometimes be heard. Here and there a couple of bees by force of habit and custom cleaning out the brood cells with efforts beyond their strength laborously drag away a dead bee or bumblebee without knowing why.

intent. In a third place a crowd of bees crushing one another attack some victim and fight and smother it and the victim enfeebled or killed drops from above slowly and lightly as a feather among the heap of corpses. The keeper opens the two center partitions to ex-

mystery of generation he sees hundreds of dull listless and sleepy shells of bees. They have almost all died unawares sitting in the sanctuary they had guarded and which is now no more. They reek of decay and death. Only a few of them still move rise and feebly fly to settle on the enemy's hand lacking the spirit

to die stinging him the rest are dead and fall as lightly as fish scales. The beekeeper closes the hive chalks a mark on it and when he has time tears out its contents and burns it clean.

So in the same way Moscow was empty when Napoleon weary uneasy and morose paced up and down in front of the *Kammer Koll's* ski rampart awaiting what to his mind was a necessary if but formal observance of the proprieties—a deputation.

In various corners of Moscow there still remained a few people aimlessly moving about following their old habits and hardly aware of what they were doing.

When with due circumspection Napoleon was informed that Moscow was empty he looked angrily at his informant turned away and silently continued to walk to and fro.

My carriage! he said.

He took his seat beside the aide de camp on duty and drove into the suburb. Moscow deserted! he said to himself. What an incredible event!

He did not drive into the town but put up at an inn in the Dorogomilov suburb.

The *coup de théâtre* had not come off.

## CHAPTER XXI

THE RUSSIAN TROOPS were passing through Moscow from two o'clock at night till two in the afternoon and bore away with them the wounded and the last of the inhabitants who were leaving.

The greatest crush during the movement of the troops took place at the Stone Moskva and Lauza bridges.

While the troops dividing into two parts when passing around the Kremlin were thronging the Moskva and the Stone bridges a great many soldiers taking advantage of the passage and congestion turned back from the bridges and slipped stealthily and silently past the church of Vassili the Beatiſied and under the Borovitski gate back up the hill to the Red Square where some instinct told them they could easily take things not belonging to them. Crowds of the kind seen at *clé p sales* filled all the passages and alleys of the Bazaar. But there were no dealers with voices of ingratiating affability inviting customers to enter there were no hawkers nor the usual motley crowd of female purchasers—but only soldiers in uniforms and overcoats though without muskets entering the Bazaar empty-handed and silently making their way out the other

she bo gas he wh m ut.  
 S y gh he d d sm ling as f amused  
 t h mself th flice ran almo t t tr t  
 th gh the deserted trects tow rd tle Ya za  
 h d t rtake h regment

known y ung offc r

## CHAPTER XXIII

FRO t AN FI IS TED HOU E n th V rā ka  
 the gr d floo f wh h was a dramsh p  
 ~ O h hes

er dru k nd p e O e a t a t a  
 ha d d cl n blue t was tand g  
 er th thers H f ew th is fine straght  
 ose ld h b en h dsome h d t not  
 be f h th mpes d twich g lps  
 d d ll gloomy f d yes E d tly poss-  
 essed by som d h tood o m those who  
 w g g d solem ly d jerk ly f  
 h d bo t h dsl wh te rm w th the

I th m d st f th so g c r es were hea d d  
 fight g d blows n th passag nd po fi  
 Th tall lad w ed h arm.

Stop t he ex l med perempto ly  
 "Ther fight lads! A d t ll ll guphus  
 leev h went t to the po ch.

Th factory ha ds f ll wed h m. These  
 me wh n der th leadersh p f the tall l d  
 wer dr k g th dramsh p that m rn  
 had b ght th p bl can som kins fom the  
 f c r y d f this had had dr k crved them.  
 Th bl ck sm ths fr m ghbo g smnhy

hea ng the sounds of re elry in the ern  
 and s ppos ng it h e been br ken into  
 shed to force the way n too and a f ht in  
 the porch had resulted

The publ can w s fight ng o e of the sm ths  
 t the door a d wh n the v kmen ne out  
 d the sm th wre ch ng himself free from the  
 ta er k eper fell face d wnward on the pa m nt.

An ther m th tried t ente the doorway  
 p es ng aga n t the publ can with h s ch st  
 The lad w th the tu n d up lee e ga e the  
 sm th a blow m the f ce nd cr ed w ldly  
 "They re fight! gu l d

At th t mome t the frst sm th g t up and  
 scratd gh bru ed face t make t ll ed  
 h uted n te rful ce P lce Mu d r l  
 They ek lled ma lads!

Oh grac us me a n an beat n to death—  
 k lled cr amed a wom n com n t of  
 gat clos by

A crowd g ther d round the blood ta ned  
 sm th

H n t y u robbed people en ough—t k  
 ng the l t h ts? d o e d d es ng  
 th publ can Wh t h e y u k lled m n  
 f y u th ef?

The tall l d stand g n the p h tu ed  
 hus blea ed eyes f m the publ can to the sm th  
 and b ck g n as if cons deri g whom he  
 o ght t fight now

M de er he h ted sudde ly to tle  
 publ can B nd h m l dsl

I d es y y u w ld l k to b d mel  
 l ut d the p bl can push ng away the men  
 dvanci go h m d n tch gh s cap from  
 hu he d h f t th gro nd

As f th ct n h d me mysteri us a d  
 men ca g n ficance th w kmen urround  
 g the publ can p ued n ndecis n

I kn w the l w ery well mates! I ll take  
 th matter to th capta n of pol ce Y u th k  
 I w t g t to h m R bbery is n t per t d  
 to ybod y n waday! houted th publ can  
 p k up his cap

Com al g th l Come al n the the  
 publ can d th tall yo g f ll w repe ted  
 o e fter the other d they mo ed up tle  
 t ect together

Th bloodsta d m th went bes de them.  
 The factory ha ds d other f llowed b

shouting and squeezing desperately had cleared off the bridge and the troops were now moving fort and

## CHAPTER XXII

MEANWHILE the city itself was deserted. There was hardly anyone in the streets. The gates and shops were all closed; only here and there round the taverns solitary shouts or drunken songs could be heard. Nobody drove through the streets and footsteps were rarely heard. The Povarskaya was quite still and deserted. The huge courtyard of the Rostovs' house was littered with wisps of hay and with dung from the horses and not a soul was to be seen there. In the great drawing room of the house which had been left with all it contained were no people. They were the yard porter Ignát and the pageboy Mishka. Vasilich's grandson who had stayed in Moscow with his grandfather Mishka had opened the clavichord and was strumming on it with one finger. The yard porter, his arms akimbo, stood smiling with satisfaction before the large mirror.

Isn't it fine eh, Uncle Ignát? said the boy suddenly beginning to strike the keyboard with both hands.

Only fancy! answered Ignát, surprised at the broadening grin on his face in the mirror.

Impudencel! Impudencel! they heard behind them the voice of Mávla Kuzmínichna who had entered silently. How he's grinning for the fat mug! Is that what you're here for? Nothing's cleared away down there and Vasilich is worn out. Just you wait a bit!

Ignát left off smiling, adjusted his belt and went out of the room with meekly downcast eyes.

Aunt I did it gently said the boy.

I'll give you something gently, you monkey you! cried Mávla Kuzmínichna, raising her arm threateningly. Go and get the samovar to boil for your grandfather.

Mávla Kuzmínichna flicked the dust off the clavichord and closed it and with a deep sigh left the drawing room and locked its main door.

Coming out into the yard she paused to consider.

She heard the sound of quick footsteps in the quiet street. Someone stopped at the gate and the latch rattled as someone tried to open it.

Mávla Kuzmínichna went to the gate.

Who do you want?

The count—Count Ilyá Andréévich Rostov.

And who are you?

An officer I have to see him, I came the reply in a pleasant well-bred Russian voice.

Mávla Kuzmínichna opened the gate and an officer of eighteen with the round face of a Rostov entered the yard.

They have gone away, sir. Went away yesterday at vesper time, said Mávla Kuzmínichna cordially.

The young officer standing in the gateway as if hesitating whether to enter or not, clicked his tongue.

At last—

He sympathetically examining the familiar Rostov features of the young man, placed his rattled coat and trodden-down boots.

What did you want to see the count for? she asked.

Oh well, it can't be helped, said he in a tone of vexation and placed his hand on the gate as if to leave.

He again paused in indecision.

You see, he suddenly said, I am a kinsman of the count's and he has been very kind to me. As you see, (he glanced with an amused air and good-natured smile at his coat and boots) my things are worn out and I have no money, so I'm going to ask the count.

Mávla Kuzmínichna did not let him finish. Just wait a minute, sir. One little moment, said she.

And as soon as the officer let go of the gate handle she turned and hurrying away on her old legs went through the back yard to the servants' quarters.

While Mávla Kuzmínichna was running to her room the officer talked about the yard gazing at his worn-out boots with love and hate and a faint smile on his lips. What a pity! He missed Uncle! What a nice old woman! Where has she run off to? And how am I to find the nearest way to overtake my regiment which I must by now be getting near the Rogozhsk gate? thought he. Just then Mávla Kuzmínichna appeared from behind the corner of the house with a frightened yet resolute look carrying a rolled-up check-kerchief in her hand. While still a few steps from the officer she unfolded the kerchief and took out of it a white twenty-five ruble assignat and hastily handed it to him.

If it is excellency has been at home as a

hearing the sounds of revelry in the tavern  
and supposing that to have been broken to  
wished to follow the way and a fight in  
the porch had resulted

The publican was fighting one of the men this  
time the door and when the workmen came out  
the man with the hammer himself from the  
tavernkeeper himself came down the porch

ment.  
Another smith tried to enter the doorway  
pressing against the publican with his chest

The man with the turned up sleeve came to  
the man blow in the face and cried wildly  
They fight him!

At that moment the first man got up and,  
grating his bruised face to make it bleed  
shouted a fearful oath. Police! Murder!

They killed him!  
Oh grace to me man! ten to death—  
killed a criminal man come out of  
gate close by

A crowd gathered round the bloodstained  
man

He sent you robbed people enough—  
killing their late husbands! a once dead  
the publican! What have you killed man  
for you?

The tall man, standing on the porch turned  
his bleared eyes from the publican to the man  
and back again as if considering whom he  
ought to fight

Murderer! he shouted suddenly to the  
publican. Bind him!

I dare you could lick the big man!  
He told the publican push away the men  
and then the man dashed in the cap from  
his head and fell on the ground

As if this curious had some mysterious aid  
men came on the way the workmen surround  
the publican and used violence on him.

I know the law very well mates! I'll take  
the matter to the captain of police! You think  
I won't get it! My robbery is permitted  
to nobody now! He uttered the publican  
picking up his cap

Come on then! Come to then the  
publican and then the tall man fell weeping  
in after the other and they moved up the  
street together

The bloodstained man went beside them.  
The factory hands and others followed be-

the boy and he saw him

Saying his head and smiling as if amused  
himself the face ran all the way

used  
only  
acted  
the

unknown young officer

### CHAPTER XXIII

FROM A CAFE IN THE HOUSE in the Varvarka  
the ground floor of which was a dramshop

great excitement in the house because they were  
to see him because they wanted to see him they  
were drunk and on the tall fair  
haired lad called blue coat, was standing  
with them. He was with the fight  
one would have been had in the  
been finally then compressed with grips  
dull gloomy fixed eyes. Evidently pos-  
sessed by some deadly mood or those who  
were in the solemnly and jerkily flour-  
ished beneath their heads! white man with the  
leaves turned up the elbow try again  
tall people and the factory girls. The first  
of his coat kept slipping down and he always  
carefully rolled up his gown with his left hand  
as if it were most important that the  
blue man was flourishing his hand be-  
cause the maddest of the song cries were heard, and  
fighting blows the passage and porch  
The tall man waved his arm.

Stop! he exclaimed peremptorily  
There's fight, lads! And all the guff was  
sleeve, he went on to the porch.

The factory hands fell upon him. These  
men who under the leadership of the tall man  
were drinking in the dramshop that morning  
had brought the publican some drink from the  
factory and thus had had drunk served them.  
The blacksmiths from the neighborhood smithy

were out, gloomy faced bootmakers, wearing

straggly beard was saying

he said the crowd that he brought us to this point he made off

On seeing the crowd and the bloodstained man the workman ceased speaking and with eager curiosity all the bootmakers joined the moving crowd

Where are all the folks going?

Why to the police of course!

I say it is true that we have been beaten?

And what did you think? Look what folks are saying

Questions and answers were heard. They

He was attracting general attention to himself. It was around him that the people chiefly crowded expecting answers from him to the questions that occupied all their minds

He must keep order keep the law that's what the government is there for. Am I not right good Christians? said the tall youth with a scarcely perceptible smile. He thinks there's no government! How can one do without government? Or else there would be plenty who'd rob us

Why talk nonsense? rejoined voices in the crowd. Will they give up Moscow like this? They told you that for fun and you believed it! Aren't there plenty of troops on the march? Let him in indeed! That's what the government is for. You'd better listen to what people are saying said some of the mob pointing to the tall youth

By the wall of China Town a smaller group of people were gathered round a man in a frieze coat who held a paper in his hand

An ukase they are reading an ukase! Reading an ukase! cried voices in the crowd and the people rushed toward the reader

The man in the frieze coat was reading the broadsheet of August 31. When the crowd collected round him he seemed confused but at the demand of the tall youth who had pushed his way up to him he began in a rather tremulous voice to read the sheet from the beginning

Early tomorrow I shall go to his Serene Highness he read (Sirin Higliness said the

tall fellow with a triumphant smile on his lips and a frown on his brow) to consult with him to act and to rid the army to exterminate these scoundrels. We too will take part the reader went on and then paused. Do you see?

going to

in destruction

tors to the ukase. I will come back to dinner and we'll set to work. We will do completely do and undo these scoundrels

The last words were read out in the midst of complete silence. The tall had hung his head gloomily. It was evident that no one had understood the last part. In particular the words

I will come back to dinner evidently displeased both reader and audience. The people's minds were tuned to a high pitch and this was too simple and needlessly comprehensible—it was what any one of them might have said and therefore was what an ukase emanating from the highest authority should not say

They all stood despondent and silent. The tall youth moved his lips and swayed from side to side

We should ask him that's he himself

Yes ask him indeed! Why not? We'll explain voices in the rear of the crowd were suddenly heard saying and the general attention turned to the police superintendent's trap which drove into the square attended by two mounted dragoons

The superintendent of police who had gone that morning by Count Rostopchin's orders to burn the barges and had in connection with that matter acquired a large sum of money which was at that moment in his pocket on seeing a crowd bearing down upon him told his coachman to stop

What people are these? he shouted to the men who were moving singly and timidly in the direction of his trap

What people are these? he shouted again receiving no answer

Your honor replied the shopman in the frieze coat your honor in accord with the proclamation of his highest excellency the count they desire to serve not sparing their lives and it is not any kind of riot but as his

or

say

his victim

The crowd halted pressing around those who had heard what the superintendent had

and d look g at the d parting trap

The super te de t of pol ce turned round  
t that moment w th a sca ed look said some-  
thin to his coachm and hushorses creased  
th ir speed.

It a fra d, lads! Le d the way to him  
himsel sh ted the tall youth Don t let  
him go lads Let h m nswer us keep h ml  
shouted differ nt vo ces, nd the people dashed  
in pursuit f th trap

F ll in the superint ndent of pol ce nd  
talki gl dly the crowd went n the d rect on  
f the Lubj ka Stre t.

"Ther n w th gentry nd merchants h ve  
go way d left us to per n Do they think  
we re doo?" es n the crowd were heard  
saying more d more frequently

## CHAPTER XXIV

O THE EVE L C of the first f September after  
his intern w w th h tuzo Count Rostopchin  
had re turned n Moscow m n fied d f  
fended because h had n t be n n ted to t  
tend th co cil f war d because Kutuzo  
had paid t t n to his offer t take part  
th defense f the city amazed also t the  
novel look eveled to h m at the camp  
which treated the tra quill ty f th cap ital  
d up in u serv as tmer ly ec ndary  
b t q n r r leva du mportant matters.  
D tressed offended a d surprised by ll this

repeatedly says th t l e wa d en actu ted by  
two mpo tant cons derat ons to ma nta  
tranqu ll ty n Moscow and expedite the de  
p rture of the nhabitants If one cepts th s  
t on appea ir

m ed? lose

n do ly adm t th t  
act n

we e  
a qu f

tants we e lea g t and the retr t b uooy  
we e fill ng it. Why h uld that cause the  
masses to r t?

Ne ther in Moscow nor anywhe e in Rus a  
d d anyth ng resembl g n nsurrect n ever  
occur when the nemy entered a town M re

rov This l ter eq ested the count to nd  
pol ffers to gu d th troop thro h th  
town as the rny was retreati g to th Ryazin  
oad bey d Moscow This was n t n ws to  
Rostopchi He had known that M scow  
ould be band ed tmerely nce his n  
tern ew th p ev us d y w th Kutuzo on the  
P kl y Hill b t er th b t ul of  
Borodu d f ll th s rals who came t  
Mosc w ster thz battl had sa du m usly  
thz t was imposs bl t fight ther battl  
d th the go ernm t p operty had  
been emo ed every ght nd half the hab  
ta t h d l f the c y w th Rost pchin own  
perm so V ll th sam thz f rmati n  
hed d r rated th co ming as  
d d the f r m f mple n w th n  
der from h so nd rece ed tn ght break  
n n hu bea ty keep

When la er his mem rs Co t Ros-  
topchin expl ed h tion t ths t m h

ll ts had tak n st p to rem n ll the h ly  
el cs, the gu ll wder mu t on nd m ey  
nd h d told th popul t w pl nly th t the  
town w uld b ll d ed.

h d n mag t on been pl y n the role of  
d ector f th pop la f el ng of the heart of  
Russ a. N to ly d d t eem t h m (as to all  
dm is rat rs) that h co trolled th t m f  
ctu n of Moscow nh b tants but he also



overalls and long tattered coats

He should pay folks off properly a thin workman with frowning brows and a straggly beard was saying

But he's sucked our blood and now he thinks he's quit of us He's been misleading us all the week and now that he's brought us to this pass he's made off

On seeing the crowd and the bloodstained man the workman ceased speaking and with eager curiosity all the bootmakers joined the moving crowd

Where are all the folks going?

What

I

What? Look what folks are saying

Questions and answers were heard The

drop

the

once

on the

The questions that occupied all their minds

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order

super

his excellency

The crowd halted pressing around those who had heard what the superintendent had

Lately tomorrow I shall go to his Serene Highness he read (Sinn Highness said the

look at the departing trap

repeatedly says that he was then actuated by  
no more than considerations to maintain  
the

the ped.

Its friends! Lead the way to him  
himself had the tall youth Don't let  
him go! Let him answer us! Keep him!  
shouted different and the people dashed  
in pursuit of the trap

Full of the spirit of the people and  
talk gladdly the crowd went in the direction  
of the Lubyanka Street.

Then now the gentry and merchants here  
they all left us to perish Do they think  
re does the crowd were heard  
they go and do so frequently

#### CHAPTER XXIV

ON THE EVE of the first of September after  
his return with his Count Rostopchin  
had returned to Moscow in the field and of  
faded because he had not been needed to at  
tend the civil war and because Kut  
had paid out the offer to take part  
in the defense of the city and so the  
whole took revealed to him the camp  
he treated the tranquility of the capital  
and up in the ferns as a timer by secondary  
but to trouble and unimportant matters.  
Distressed and offended and urged by all this  
Rostopchin had turned to Moscow After

To preserve the tranquility of the  
we are bundles

mo de la etc  
Count Rostopchin One need only admit that  
public tranquility is in danger and any action  
finds a justification

All the horrors of the Russian terror were  
based only on solicitude for public tranquility

On which then was Count Rostopchin in a fear  
for the tranquility of Moscow was seen in 1812?

masses to the

He then in Moscow anywhere in Russia  
did anything resembling insurrection ever  
occur when the enemy entered to the Moscow

The letter requested the count to send  
police officers to guide the troops through the  
as the army was retreating to the Ryazan  
road beyond Moscow This was not news to  
Rostopchin He had known that Moscow  
would be besieged and merely in his in-  
terview with the Swedish ambassador the  
Klövsky but ever since the battle of  
Borodino the Russian general had come to  
Moscow and that battle had done him much  
harm as impossible to fight both battles  
and the the German troops had  
been entered by night and half the inhab-  
itants had fled the city with Rostopchin's own  
permission Yet all this time this of course  
was understood and tasted the count, coming  
and the Russian people with  
der from his road and in the night break  
the beauty leap

When later his memory Count Ros-  
topchin explained his two thoughts

he had taken steps to ensure the safety of  
the city and money  
and had left the population peacefully  
and would be besieged.

had no more than been playing the role of  
deceit of the people of the heart of  
Russia. Not only did it seem to him (to all  
traitors) that the controlled eternal  
actions of Moscow his inhabitants but also

thought he controlled their mental attitude by means of his broadsheets and posters written in a coarse tone which the people despise in their own class and do not understand from those in authority Rostopchin was so pleased with the fine role of leader of popular feeling and had grown so used to it that the necessity of relinquishing that role and abandoning Moscow without any heroic display took him unawares and he suddenly felt the ground slip away from under his feet so that he positively did not know what to do Though he knew it was coming he did not till the last moment wholeheartedly believe that Moscow would be abandoned and did not prepare for it The inhabitants left against his wishes If the government offices were removed this was only done on the demand of officials to whom the count yielded reluctantly He was absorbed in the role he had created for himself As so often the case with those gifted with an ardent imagination

mentally to this new position of affairs

All his painstaking and energetic activity (in how far it was useful and had any effect on the people is another question) had been only directed on his own feeling

But when the French assumed their true historical character when expressing hatred for the French in words proved insufficient when it was not even possible to express that hatred by fighting a battle when self confidence was of no avail in relation to the one question before Moscow when the whole population streamed out of Moscow as one man abandoning their belongings and proving by that negative action all the depth of their national feeling then the role chosen by Rostopchin suddenly appeared senseless He unexpectedly felt himself ridiculous weak and alone with no ground to stand on

When awakened from his sleep he received that cold peremptory note from Kutuzov he felt the more irritated the more he felt himself to blame All that he had been specially put in charge of the state property which he should have removed was still in Moscow and it was no longer possible to take the whole of it away

Who was to blame for it? Who has let things come to such a pass? he ruminated Not I of course I had everything ready I had Moscow firmly in hand And this is what they have

let it come to! Villains! Traitors! he thought, without clearly defining who the villains and traitors were but feeling it necessary to hate those traitors whose names he could not bring to blame in which

All that night Count Rostopchin issued orders for which people came to him from all parts of Moscow Those about him

He sent for instructions from the Consistory from the Senate from the University from the Foundling Hospital the Suffragan has sent asking for information What are your orders about the Fire Brigade? From the governor of the prison from the superintendent of the lunatic asylum All night long such announcements were continually being received by the count

To all these inquiries he gave brief and angry replies indicating that orders from him were not now needed that the whole affair carefully prepared by him had now been ruined by somebody and that that somebody would have to bear the whole responsibility for all that might happen

Oh tell that blockhead he said in reply to the question from the Registrar's Department that he should remain to guard his documents Now why are you asking silly questions about the Fire Brigade? They have horses let them be off to Vladimir and not leave them to the French

Your excellency the superintendent of the lunatic asylum has come what are your commands?

My commands? Let them go away that's all And let the lunatics out into the town When lunatics command our armies God evidently means these other madmen to be free

In reply to an inquiry about the convicts in the prison Count Rostopchin shouted angrily at the governor

Do you expect me to

sons-in-law

leave them

Your

prisoners

shot

## CHAPTER XXX

TOWARD NINE O'CLOCK in the morning when the troops were already moving through Moscow nobody came to the count any more I

instructions. Those who were able to get away were going to the town accord, those who remained behind decided for themselves what they must do.

The colonel ordered his carriage that he might drive to Sokolniki and sit in his study with his books and his morose tall and taciturn adjutant and untroubled times it seems to every day that it is only by his influence that the whole population is under his rule. And this consciousness of being

the French, and they shouted something about treachery. But this turbulent crowd of your excellency—I hardly managed to get away from it. Your excellency I entreat to suggest.

"You may go. I don't need you to tell me what to do," exclaimed Rostopchin.

He stood by the balcony door looking at the crowd.

"This is what they have done with Russia. This is what they have done with me. The whole is full of an irrepressible fury that welled up within him. Wasn't the same old crowd that has

often seen this object

on which to rest. Here is what about the dress of the people. He thought a hand gave at the crowd. This rabble they have ruined by the folly. They want to make him thought a hand looked at the tall and flourishing arm. And then it hit occurred to him just because he himself desired something on which to rest his fate.

Is the carriage ready? he asked again. "Yes, your excellency. What are your orders about Vereshchagin? He waits in the porch and the adjutant."

He exclaimed Rostopchin. I must by now expect to recollect.

And rapidly penning the document he went resolutely out onto the balcony. The talk in the

ly and it was said. I came out to you in my mind but we must first settle with the illness. We must push the will in who has caused the ruin of Moscow. What if me.

And the count stepped back into the room and slammed the door behind him.

saying as if reproaching himself for the lack of confidence.

A few minutes later an officer came hurriedly out of the front door gave an order and the dragoons formed up again. The crowd moved eagerly from the balcony toward the porch. Rostopchin came out there with quick grey steps, looked hastily round as if seeking someone.

"Where is he?" he quired. A dash, a poke he saw a young man coming round the corner

as it arises of the sea between to use a

suddenly the adjutant instead of appearing ruler of a source of power becomes an useless, feeble man.

Rostopchin felt this, and it was this which exasperated him.

The persistence of police whom the crowd had opposed, was not enough to the same time as the adjutant who remained the cost that the harnesses were harnessed. They were both pale and the upper tendency of police reports that he had executed the instructions had received from the adjutant that the immense crowd had collected in the courtyard wished to see him.

Without saying a word Rostopchin rose and walked hastily into his study. He was drawing room. On the balcony took hold of the hand let go and went to the window from which he had better view of the hotel and the tall and wide tangle in front of him. He said something to the man looking. The bloodstained mud and bed him with gloomy face. A drop of voices as audible through the closed window.

In the carriage read the Rostopchin stepped back from the window.

It is, your excellency explained the adjutant.

Rostopchin gave on the balcony door.

"What do they want?" he asked the persistent police.

"Your excellency they say they have got ready to receive your orders, to go against

of the house between two dragons. He had a long thin neck and his head that had been half shaved was again covered by short hair. This young man was dressed in a threadbare blue cloth coat lined with fox fur that had once been smart and dirty hempen convict trousers over which were pulled his thin dirty trodden-down boots. On his thin weak legs were heavy chains which hampered his irresolute movements.

Ah! said Rostopchin hurriedly turning away his eyes from the young man in the fur lined coat and pointing to the bottom step of the porch. Put him there.

The young man in his clattering chains stepped clumsily to the spot indicated holding away with one finger the coat collar which chafed his neck, turned his long neck twice this way and that sighed and submissively folded before him his thin hands unused to work.

For several seconds while the young man was taking his place on the step the silence continued. Only among the back rows of the people who were all pressing toward the one spot could sighs groans and the shuffling of feet be heard.

While waiting for the young man to take his place on the step Rostopchin stood frowning and rubbing his face with his hand.

Lads! said he with a metallic ring in his voice. This man Vereshchagin is the scoundrel by whose doing Moscow is perishing.

The young man in the fur lined coat stooping a little stood in a submissive attitude his fingers clasped before him. His emaciated young face disfigured by the half shaven head hung down hopelessly. At the count's first words he raised it slowly and looked up at him as if wishing to say something or at least to meet his eye. But Rostopchin did not look at him. A vein in the young man's long thin neck swelled like a cord and went blue behind the ear and suddenly his face flushed.

All eyes were fixed on him. He looked at the crowd and rendered more hopeful by the expression he read on the faces there hesitated sadly and timidly and lowering his head shifted his feet on the step.

He has betrayed his Tsar and his country he had gone over to Bonaparte. He alone of all the Russians has disgraced the Russian name he has caused Moscow to perish said Rostopchin in a sharp even voice but suddenly he glanced down at Vereshchagin who continued to stand in the same submissive atti-

tude. As if inflamed by the sight he raised his arm and addressed the people almost shouting.

Deal with him as you think fit! I hand him over to you.

The crowd — closer and closer to another sphere to — and to stir and to await some thing unknown — ble was becoming in front taken place.

open eyes and mouths straining with all their strength and held back the crowd that was pushing behind them.

Beat him! Let the traitor perish and not disgrace the Russian name! shouted Rostopchin. Cut him down! I command it.

Hearing not so much the words as the angry tone of Rostopchin's voice the crowd moaned and heaved forward but again paused.

Count! — voice of Verementary sides. Count! One God is above us both. He lifted his —

He did not finish what he wished to say.

Cut him down! I command it! shouted Rostopchin suddenly growing pale like Vereshchagin.

Draw sabers! cried the dragoon officer drawing his own.

Another still stronger wave flowed through the crowd and reaching the front ranks carried it swaying to the very steps of the porch. The tall youth with a stony look on his face and rigid and uplifted arm stood beside Vereshchagin.

Salute him! the dragoon officer almost whispered.

And one of the soldiers his face all at once distorted with fury struck Vereshchagin on the head with the blunt side of his saber.

Ah! cried Vereshchagin in meek surprise looking round with a frightened glance as if not understanding why this was done to him. A similar moan of surprise and horror ran through the crowd. O Lord! exclaimed a sorrowful voice.

But after the exclamation of surprise that had escaped from Vereshchagin he uttered a plaintive cry of pain and that cry was fatal. The barrier of human feeling strained to the

utmost that had held the crowd n check sud  
denly b ke The cr me had begun and must  
now be completed The pl nt em n of re  
proach wa drowned by the threaten a d  
ry roar f th crowd Lik the s enth nd  
l twa e that shatt r s a h p th t l t r s t  
ble a e b rst from the rear nd reached the  
fro t r s k carry g th m off the r feet nd  
enough th m all The dragoon was bout  
r peat his bl w Ve eshchag n w th cry of  
h rror co er h shead w th h nd ruled  
t ard the crowd The tall y th a n t  
wh m he st mbled m ed h s th n neck th  
husha ds nd ell w ldly fell w th m un  
der th feet of th press n struggl n crowd  
Some beat nd t t l resh l d n others  
t the tall y th And th scream of those  
that e b grampled nd of those who  
tried t rescue the ill d only ncrea ed the  
fury f th crowd It a l ng t me bef re  
th lragoo co ld extr cate the bleed ng  
th beate lmost to death And f a l ng  
t m desp te the seve hl te th w h ch the  
m b tried t e d th w k th h d been be  
gu those wh e h t a throul g d  
tear g t l est h d w re u ble to k ll  
h m f the crowd pressed from ll s des  
g as e mass w th n m th ce te  
lre ler g t mpos ble f r them th r to  
k ll h m leth m g

O l w n t h t m e a d t s t r u g g l e n d  
l i c r e s h l t l d r a w n m e u e d  
l e a t h r a t t l l t h c r o w l r o d l p r o s  
t r a t b l e d g e o r p s c b e r s a j d l y t c h g e  
p l e s E a h e c a m p g l c e d t w l t h d  
b e e n l o l t h h r r e p o d n d a s  
l o m t p l e d b k a m

O Lord The people e l k w l d be a t s l  
H w l d h be l e c e s n t h c r o w d  
a l d be h e a r d g Q n y u g l l w  
n o t h a b e n m c h t s o W h t  
m e d t h y s a y l e t h r i g h t n e  
H w t t h t n ? O Lord A l  
t h e r h a b e e n b e a t n t o o - t l c y s a y  
h c a l d e i r O t h p e o p l e  
A t t h e f r a d l g ? d t h e  
s a m m o b w l o o k g w t h p a e d d i s t r e s s a t  
h d e a d b o d y w t h t s l g u l n h l f - s e e d  
e c k d t s l d i f f e t a e d w t h b l o o d d  
d z

A police officer considered the presence of a corpse in his cellency court.

yard unseemly told the dragoons to take it  
Two dragoons took it by its tail and started legs  
and dragged it along the ground. The gory  
head with its long

hurr ed steps a d be t head not k ow  
here an l w y al the p ssage le d g to  
the rooms on the ground floo The count s  
f ce was wh te nd f e could not control the  
fe e h tw id gof h l w r j w  
Th s way you e c e l e y Where are  
Th e w please s a d a

d cated. At the back entrance stood his

h u e su

When they reached the Myanik Street  
and could no longer hear the shout of the  
multitude counter-revolutionaries He remem-  
bered with satisfaction the motto and  
feeling he had betrayed before his board mates.  
The most terrible doubt assailed to  
himself. "Fellow 'Tories are like lions hom-  
ing but flesh can give in." Count One  
God! how could I—? Yes, old answers  
suddenly occurred to him and were readable  
in the railing which he clanked. But this was only a  
momentary feeling and the Count Rostopchin  
smiled loudly at himself. "I do other  
duties than this," he thought. "The people had to be  
propagated. My thousands have perished  
and are perishing for the public good—and  
he betrays the king for his social duties and  
family duties to the contrary of him and  
himself—himself—himself." Theodore Vasil'yev-  
ich Rostopchin (he recalled that Theodore  
Vasil'yevich Rostopchin was sacrificed him-  
self for the public good) but his life's ge-  
neral presentment of the contrary of  
the Tsar. He had been simply Theodor Vasil'yevich  
my course! It would have been  
quite different but it was my duty to se-  
cure my life and duty to command  
himself.

Ligh tly sway gon a d e f \ ble sp gs fh  
 cam e e and n lo ger hear g the terrible

of the house between two dragoons. He had a long thin neck and his head that had been half shaved was again covered by short hair. This young man was dressed in a threadbare blue cloth coat lined with fox fur that had once been smart and dirty hempen convict trousers over which were pulled his thin dirty trodden-down boots. On his thin weak legs were heavy chains which hampered his irresolute movements.

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The young man in his clattering chains stepped clumsily to the spot indicated holding away with one finger the coat collar which chafed his neck, turned his long neck twice this way and that sighed and submissively folded before him his thin hands unused to work.

For several seconds while the young man was taking his place on the step the silence continued. Only among the back rows of the people who were all pressing toward the one spot could sighs groans and the shuffling of feet be heard.

While waiting for the young man to take his place on the step Rostopchin stood frowning and rubbing his face with his hand.

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All eyes were fixed on him. He looked at the crowd and rendered more hopeful by the expression he read on the faces there he smiled sadly and timidly and lowering his head shifted his feet on the step.

He has betrayed his Tsar and his country he had gone over to Bonaparte. He alone of all the Russians has disgraced the Russian name. It is caused Moscow to perish said

tude. As if inflamed by the sight he raised his arm and addressed the people almost shouting.

Deal with him as you think fit! I hand him over to you.

The crowd remained silent and only pressed closer and closer to one another. To keep one another back to breathe in that stifling atmosphere to be unable to stir and to await something unknown uncomprehended and terrible was becoming unbearable. Those standing in front who had seen and heard what had taken place before them all stood with wide open eyes and mouths straining with all their strength and held back the crowd that was pushing behind them.

Beat him! Let the traitor perish and not disgrace the Russian name! shouted Rostopchin. Cut him down! I command it.

Hearing not so much the words as the angry tone of Rostopchin's voice the crowd moaned

above us both. He lifted his head and again the thick vein in his thin neck filled with blood and the color rapidly came and went in his face.

He did not finish what he wished to say.

Cut him down! I command it shouted Rostopchin suddenly growing pale like Vereshchagin.

Draw sabers! cried the dragoon officer drawing his own.

Another still stronger wave flowed through the crowd and reaching the front ranks carried it swaying to the very steps of the porch. The tall youth with a stony look on his face and rigid and uplifted arm stood beside Vereshchagin.

Sater him! the dragoon officer almost whispered.

— — — — —

not understanding why this was so. A similar moan of surprise and horror ran through the crowd. O Lord! exclaimed a sorrowful voice.

But after the exclamation of surprise that had escaped from Vereshchagin he uttered a plaintive cry of pain and that cry was fatal. The barrier of human feeling strained to the

Troops ere still er wd n<sup>o</sup> t the Ya za  
 It wa h t. kut 2 dejected and  
 lo m<sup>o</sup> sat o be ch by the b d e toy  
 with his h p the sa d wh n a lèche

The interp eter addressed n old porter and  
 ked f it was f to the k émlin The porter

onl th rmy rema ed.

"Th<sup>o</sup> would h e b e n d ffe t f your  
 Sere e H h ess had n t t l d m th t you  
 would t b d n M w w th t other  
 battle all ths ould tha e happe ed he  
 sad.

h t looked t R t pchín as f not  
 gra p h t was sa d to h m h was try g  
 to eadsom th gpecul wr ue t th t mo-  
 ment the f ce f th m n address g h m.  
 Rost pch grew co lus d nd became s le t.  
 K l hily hook h he d d not tak  
 h p trat gaze f m Rost pchín s  
 fa m itered sof d

\ I shall n g n e up Moscow w th t a  
 battl

Wh th h t wa th k gofsometh  
 enurely d ffer t wh h pok th w rds  
 tered th m purpos ly k w them to  
 be mes less t rate Rost pchín made  
 repl d h t l v l f th m. And tra ge t  
 m h c

cars th t blocked the way

## CHAPTER XXVI

T and 12 o'clock n the sternoo Mur  
 t troops e ten g Moscow Infr trode  
 t tache t f W rtemberg hussars d be-  
 hind them rode th k g of N ples h mself  
 comp ed by a mer us u te.

About th m d d f th A bát Street nea  
 th Church f th M racul us Icon of St.  
 N h las M rathal ed t a t new from th  
 d ed det chment s the co d n n  
 wh th they had f d th ctad l. l A ml  
 r d M rat gathered group of those  
 ho had ema ed in Mosc w They all tared  
 m d bew lderment t th tra e lo g  
 ha ed omma der dressed up feathers d  
 gold.

I th h Tia h mself? H t had  
 lw m ld be f e a say g

A erp er rod p e the gr p  
 "T k h y cap y cap! These  
 wo ds went from to ther n the cr wd.

M rat pp o ched th terp eter and told  
 h m to k he the Russ n rmy was One  
 f the R n u derstood wh t w asked  
 nd several ces at once began an wri  
 th terp ter A F e ch office et m g  
 from the d nced detachm t. rode up to  
 Murat a d r po ted that th gates of the ta  
 d l

u ge uemen n h s u te, ordered four l ght  
 gun t be mo ed f rward to fire at the gates

Th gu emerged at a tr t from the column  
 f llow g Murat d ad nced up the Arbát.  
 When they eached the end of the V o d f then  
 ka Street they halted a d drew up n the Square  
 Sev ral F ch f fers per te ded the pl c  
 ng of the gu d looked t the k rémlin  
 throu h field glasses

Th bell n the k réml n were n gung f r  
 ex pters nd this sou d tr ubled the Fr nch.  
 They m m

ous go t from u der the gate  
 as soon as n officer nd men began to run  
 towa d t. A general who was tand g by the  
 guns sh ued some w rds f command to the  
 ffc a d the latter ran back ga n w th his  
 m

Th e so d of th ee mo e hous came from  
 the gate

O shot truck a F ench sold er s foot, and  
 fr m beh d the screen came the strange  
 sou d f a f w o ces l i u t l standly as  
 a w d of comma d the exp ess on of cheerful  
 seren ty o th f es f th F nch general of  
 f fers and men cha ged t o m of determ ned  
 co e trated ead ness f t r fe nd uffern g  
 To ll of them fr m the marshal to the least  
 soldier th t pl ce was n t th V d uhenka  
 M khavý k táf Street, n the T o-  
 isa G t (pl es f m l ar m Moscow) b t a  
 new battlefield wh ch w uld prob bly pr  
 sz u ry A d all mad eady f th t b ttle  
 Th cr es f m the gates ceased Th gu  
 were d a ed the r ll rym bl w th ash  
 f th r l m stocks nd an officer ga e th word  
 Fire! This was f ll wed by two whistling



sounds of the crowd Rostopchin grew physically calm and as always happens as soon as he became physically tranquil his mind devised reasons why he should be mentally tranquil too. The thought which tranquillized Rostopchin was not a new one. Since the world began and men have killed one another no one has ever committed such a crime against his fellow man without comforting himself with this same idea. This idea = *le bien public* the hypothetical welfare of other people.

To a man not swayed by passion that welfare is never certain but he who commits such a crime always knows just where that welfare lies. And Rostopchin now knew it.

Not only did his reason not reproach him for what he had done but he even found cause for self-satisfaction in having so successfully contrived to avail himself of a convenient opportunity to punish a criminal and at the same time pacify the mob.

Vereshchagin was tried and condemned to death thought Rostopchin (though the Senate had only condemned Vereshchagin to hard labor) he is a traitor and a spy. I could not let him go unpunished and so I have killed two birds with one stone to appease the mob. I give them a victim and at the same time punish a miscreant.

Having reached his country house and begun to give orders about domestic arrangements the count grew quite tranquil.

Half an hour later he was driving with his fast horses across the Sokolniki field no longer thinking of what had occurred but considering what was to come. He was driving to the Yruza bridge where he had heard that Kutuzov was. Count Rostopchin was mentally preparing the angry and stinging reproaches he meant to address to Kutuzov for his deception. He would make that foxy old courtesier feel that the responsibility for all the calamities that would follow the abandonment of the city and the ruin of Russia (as Rostopchin regarded it) would fall upon his dotting old head. Planning beforehand what he would say to Kutuzov Rostopchin turned angrily in his *calèche* and gazed sternly from side to side.

The Sokolniki field was deserted. Only at the end of it in front of the almshouse and the lunatic asylum could be seen some people in white and others like them walking singly across the field shouting an I gesticulating.

One of these was running to cross the path of Count Rostopchin's carriage and the count himself his coachman and his dragoons looked

with vague horror and curiosity at these reversed lunatics and especially at the one running.

Let

tic was a

Rostop

with something in a hoarse voice and making signs to him to stop. The lunatic's solemn gloomy face was then and yellow with its beard growing in uneven tufts. His blackigate pupils with saffron yellow whites moved restlessly near the lower eyelids.

Stop! Pull up! I tell you! he cried in a piercing voice and again shouted something breathlessly with emphatic intonations and gestures.

Coming abreast of the *calèche* he ran beside it.

Thrice have they slain me thrice have I risen from the dead. They stoned me crucified me. I shall rise shall rise!

He

was

in

the

middle

of

the

crowd

he cried

the

horses

Rostop

screams

growing

fainter

in the

distance

at

Recent

as that

mental

picture

was

Rostop

chin

already

felt

that

it

had

cut

deep

into

his

heart

ly that not pa ory wo ever mo uently and painfully to the end of his life. He seemed still to hear the sound of his own words. Cut him down! I command it.

Why did I utter those words? It was by some

as was late of the dragon and he dealt the blow the look of silent timid reproach that boy in the fur lined coat had turned upon him. But I did not do it for my own sake. I was bound to act that way. The mob the traitor the public welfare thought he

retreats from the Kremlin into which they had first marched. The cavalry on entering met a house that had been abandoned and found there stable more than sufficient for their horses went all the same to the next house which seemed to them better. Many of them appropriated several horses and chafed their names to them, and quarreled and even fought with other companies for them. Before they had had time to secure quarters the soldiers ran out into the streets to see the city and, hearing that everything had been bandied, rushed to places where valuables were to be had for the taking. The officers followed to check the soldiers and were involuntarily drawn into doing the same. In Carriage Road carriages had been left in the shops, and general stores there to select for their and coaches for themselves. The few nobles who had remained invited commanding officers to their houses, hoping thereby to secure themselves from being plundered. There were masses of wealth and there seemed no end to it. All around the quarters occupied by the French were other regions still unexplored and occupied where they thought yet greater riches might be found. And Moscow engulfed the army ever deeper and deeper. Whichever water is pulled on dry ground both the dry ground and the water disappear and mud results and in the same

square and cook themselves meals twice a day. In peacetime it is only necessary to billet troops in the villages of any district and the number increases.

where foreign troops are quartered in a separate town. The barbarity of the French were not to blame in the matter. Moscow was set on fire by the soldiers' pipes, kitchens, and campfires, and by the carelessness of enemy soldiers occupying houses they did not own. Even if there was any arson (which is very doubtful, for no one had any reason to burn the houses— in any case a troublesome and dangerous thing to do) arson cannot be regarded as the cause, for the same thing would have happened without incendiarism.

However tempting temptation befell the French to blame Rostopchin's ferocity and for Russians to blame the scoundrel Bonaparte or later on to place an heroic torch in the hands of their own people, it is impossible not to see that there could be no such direct cause of the fire. For Moscow had to burn as every village, factory or house must burn which is left by its owners and in which strangers are allowed to live and cook the porridge. Moscow was burned by its inhabitants, its truth but by

L. wealth at

The French attributed the fire of Moscow to the Russian ferocity and the barbarity of the French. In reality however it was not, and could not be possible to explain the burning of Moscow by making any dual or y group of people responsible for it. Moscow was burned because found itself in position in which it was built of wood was bound to burn, quite apart from whether it had, had not, humiliated and thirty ferocious engines. Deserted Moscow had to burn as inevitably as heap of rubbish has to burn on which parks continue to lie for several days. A town built of wood, however many day passes without conflagrations when the house owners are in attendance and police force present, cannot help burning when its inhabitants have left it and is occupied by soldiers who make pipes, make campfires of the Senate's chairs in the Senate

T. Rostopchin's ferocious patriotism.

inhabitants abandoned it and did not well come the French with bread and salt nor bring them the keys of the city.

## CHAPTER XXVII

THE ASSURANCE of the French before Moscow that the absorption of the French by Moscow was quating starwise as it did, finally reached the quarter where Perron was staying by the evening of the second of September.

After the last two days spent in solitude and unusual circumstances Perron was in a state bordering on insanity. He was completely obsessed by one persistent thought. He did not know how or when this thought had taken such possession of him, but he remembered nothing of the past, understood nothing of the present, and all he saw and heard appeared to him like a dream.

He had left home in order to escape the nutritional glories of life demands that it enmeshed him, and which in his present condition he was unable to unravel. He had gone to Joseph Alexeevich's house with a plea of sorts that

sounds of canister shot one after another. The shot rattled against the stone of the gate and upon the wooden beams and screens and two wavering clouds of smoke rose over the square.

A few instants after the echo of the reports resounding over the stone built Kremlin had died away the French heard a strange sound above their head. Thousands of cr

came a solitary human cry from the gateway and amid the smoke appeared the figure of a bareheaded man in a peasant's coat. He grasped a musket and took aim at the French. Irel repeated the order once more and the reports of a musket and of two cannon shots were heard simultaneously. The gate was again hidden by smoke.

Nothing more stirred behind the screens and the French infantry soldiers and officers advanced to the gate. In the gateway lay three wounded and four dead. Two men in peasant coats ran away at the foot of the wall toward the Znaménka.

Clear that away! said the officer pointing to the beams and the corpses and the French soldiers after dispatching the wounded threw the corpses over the parapet.

Who these men were nobody knew. Clear that away! was all that was said of them and they were thrown over the parapet and removed later on that they might not stink. Thiers alone dedicated a few eloquent lines to their memory. "These wretches had occupied the sacred citadel, having supplied themselves with guns from the arsenal and fired (the wretches) at the French. Some of them were sabred and the Kremlin was purged of their presence."

Murat was informed that the way had been cleared. The French entered the gates and began pitching their camp in the Senate Square. Out of the windows of the Senate House the soldiers threw chairs into the square for fuel and kindled fires there.

Other detachments passed through the Kremlin and encamped along the Morosyáka, the Iubyánka, and Pokróvka Streets. Others quartered themselves along the Vozvishchenka, the Nikólski, and the Tverskói Streets. No masters

It was a weary and famished but still a fighting and menacing army. But it remained an army only until its soldiers had dispersed into their different lodgings. As soon as the men of the various regiments began to disperse among the wealthy and deserted houses the army was lost forever and there came into being something nondescript, neither citizens nor soldiers but what are known as marauders. When five weeks later these same men left Moscow they no longer formed an army. They were a mob of marauders, each carrying a quantity of articles which seemed to him valuable or useful. The aim of each man when he left Moscow was no longer as it had been to conquer but merely to keep what he had required. Like a monkey which puts its paw in to the narrow neck of a jug and having seized a handful of nuts will not open its fist for fear of losing what it holds and therefore perishes the French when they left Moscow had inevitably to perish because they carried their loot with them yet to abandon what they had stolen was as impossible for them as it is for the monkey to open its paw and let go of its nuts. Ten minutes after each regiment had entered a Moscow district not a soldier or officer was left. Men in military uniforms and Hessian boots could be seen through the windows laughing and walking through the rooms. In cellars and storerooms similar men were busy among the provisions and in the yards unloading or breaking open coach house and stable doors, lighting fires in kitchens and kneading and baking bread with rolled up sleeves and cooking, or frightening, amusing or caressing women and children. There were many such men both in the shops and houses—but there was no army.

Order after order was issued by the French commanders that day forbidding the men to disperse about the town, sternly forbidding any violence to the inhabitants or any looting and announcing a roll call for that very evening. But despite all these measures the men who had till then constituted an army flowed

It rushes around until as soon as it reaches rich pastures so did the army disperse all over the wealthy city.

Though tattered, hungry, worn out and reduced to a third of their original number, the French entered Moscow in good marching or

No residents were left in Moscow and the soldiers—like water pouring through a hole—spread irresistibly through the city in all di-

replied his presence on a short sofa without  
bed in—all this kept him taste of the  
ment bordering on sanity

It was twelve o'clock in the afternoon. The  
French had already entered Moscow. Pierre  
knew this, but he read for the only thing  
about his departure, going to the station

of  
the  
young  
and

"Yes! For the sake of life I must do it  
or perish! He thought. "Yes! I will approach  
the sudden! The pistol of dag-  
ger. But that is all the same! It is not I but  
the hand of Providence that pushes thee. I  
half say the other man, with whom  
I have killed Napoleon. Well then take  
me, dear God, in my heart, speaking to  
himself, bowed his head with sadness but  
firmly expressed

What Pierre stood in the middle of the  
room, was talking to himself thus way the  
he had led to

seeing Pierre had grown confused at first, but  
not a moment's embarrassment in Pierre's face im-  
mediately grew bold and staggered on his  
thin legs down to the middle of the  
room.

"They frightened him said so hide tally  
to me. I say I won't surrender I  
say Am I not here.

He paused and then suddenly seeing the  
pistol on the table and with the expected  
rapid draught of the iron

Gerassim, the porter who had followed  
Mikhail Alexeevich, tapped him on the chest  
and tried to take the pistol from him. Pi-  
erre came out to the corridor looked  
with pity and despair at the half-crazy old  
man. Mikhail Alexeevich frowned with exas-  
peration at the pistol and screamed his resis-  
tance, suddenly with some other fancy in his  
head.

"Arms! Bow down! No one has to get  
up here!" he yelled.

"This will please that wild man! The  
good one—please! He says! Please  
please Gerassim, try to get away from me! Mi-  
khail Alexeevich by the bows back to the door

What is your? Bon partel shouted  
Mikhail Alexeevich.

"Come to your room!"

the porter said

this heated Mikhail Alexeevich

the porter bowed them

Catch hold! whispered Gerassim to the  
porter

They seized Mikhail Alexeevich by the arm  
and dragged him to the door

The exit door was filled with the desperate  
sounds of a struggle and of a noisy rise

Suddenly a fresh sound, a piercing scream, a  
scream, reiterated from the porch and the  
cook came running to the exit door.

At that moment Gracous heard the sound  
of them rising and she cried

Gerassim and the porter let Mikhail Alexeevich  
go and in the now silent corridor the  
sound of several hands knocking at the front  
door could be heard.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Pierre, having decided that until he had ca-  
ried out his design he would do no other  
business nor business of French stood  
at the half-open door of the corridor intend-  
ing to conceal himself soon as the French  
entered. But the French entered and still Pierre  
did not return—his irresistible curiosity kept  
him there

There were two of them. One was a officer  
—a tall soldierly handsome man—the other

the entrance and loud voice of command  
ordered them to put up the horses. He

and in that, the officer lifted his bow with a  
smart gesture struck his mustache and hit  
lightly to check his hat.

But I am engaged said he gallily  
mildly looking about him.

No one gave any reply  
Ious dies! he the officer asked  
Gerassim.

Gerassim gazed at the officer with an alarmed  
and quivering look.

Good day everybody.  
Are you the master here.

deceased's books and papers only in search of rest from life's turmoil for in his mind the memory of Joseph Alexéevich was connected with a world of eternal solemn and calm thoughts quite contrary to the restless confusion into which he felt himself being drawn. He sought a quiet refuge and in Joseph Alexéevich's study he really found it. When he sat with his elbows on the dusty writing table in the deathlike stillness of the study calm and significant memories of the last few days rose one after another in his imagination particularly of the battle of Borodino and of that vague sense of his own insignificance and in sincerity compared with the truth simplicity and strength of the class of men he mentally classed as they. When Gerásim roused him from his reverie the idea occurred to him of taking part in the popular defense of Moscow which he knew was projected. And with that object he had asked Gerásim to get him a peasant's coat and a pistol confiding to him his intentions of remaining in Joseph Alexéevich's house and keeping his name secret. Then during the first day spent in inaction —

Pierre knew all the details of the attempt on Bonaparte's life in 1809 by a German student in Vienna and knew that the student had been shot. And the risk to which he would expose his life by carrying out his design excited him still more.

Two equally strong feelings drew Pierre irresistibly to this purpose. The first was a feeling of the necessity of sacrifice and suffering in view of the common — that

when thick clouds and had now caused him to run away from his home and in place of the luxury and comfort to which he was accustomed to sleep on a hard sofa without undressing and eat the same food as Gerásim. The other was that vague and quite Russian feeling of contempt for everything conventional artificial and human—for everything the majority of men regard as the greatest good in the world. Pierre had first experienced this strange and fascinating feeling at the Slobódskaya —

its worth was so only by reason of the joy with which it can all be renounced.

It was the feeling that induces a volunteer recruit to spend his last penny on drink and a drunken man to smash mirrors or glasses for no apparent reason and knowing that it will cost him all the money he possesses the feeling which causes a man to perform actions which from an ordinary point of view are —

From the very day Pierre had experienced this feeling for the first time at the Slobódskaya Palace he had been continuously under its influence but only now found full satisfaction for it. Moreover at this moment Pierre was supported in his design and prevented from renouncing it by what he had already done in that direction. If he were now to leave Moscow —

the present Moscow would all become not merely meaningless but contemptible and ridiculous and to this Pierre was very sensitive.

Pierre's physical condition as is always the case corresponded to his mental state. The unaccustomed coarse food the vodka he drank during those days the absence of wine and cigars his dirty unchanged linen was almost

once vaguely presented itself. But the idea that he *L'russe Besuhof* was destined to set a limit to the power of the Beast was as yet only one of the fancies that often passed through his mind and left no trace behind.

When having bought the coat merely with the object of taking part among the people in the defense of Moscow Pierre had met the Rostóvs and Natasha had said to him: "Are you remaining in Moscow?" How splendid! the thought flashed into his mind that it really would be a good thing even if Moscow were taken for him to remain there and do —

in any way behind them Pierre went to the Three Hills gate. But when he returned to the house convinced that Moscow would not be defended he suddenly felt that what before had seemed to him merely a possibility had now become absolutely necessary and inevitable. He must remain in Moscow concealing his name and must meet Napoleon and kill him and either perish or put an end to the misery of all Europe—a wish it seemed to him was solely due to Napoleon.

"You will be called when you are wanted" —  
to him.

The soldiers went out on the order  
but he had meanwhile had time to visit the  
kitchen, came up to his officer.

"Captain, there is soup and a lot of mutton  
in the kitchen," said he. "Shall I serve them  
up?"

"Yes, and some wine," answered the cap-  
tain.

## CHAPTER XXV

When the French officer went into the room  
with Pierre the latter again thought this duty  
to assure him that he was not French and  
needed to go was but the officer would not  
hear of it. He was so very polite, amiable, good

the first room he entered. To Pierre as-  
surances that he was not Frenchman the  
circumstances evident not understanding how any  
one could decline so flattering an appellation,  
shrugged his shoulders and said that if Pierre  
absolutely insisted on passing for a Russian  
let it be so, but for all that he would be for-  
ever bound to Pierre by gratitude for saving  
his life.

Had this man been endowed with the slightest  
capacity for perceiving the feelings of others  
and had he all understood what Pierre's  
feelings were, he would probably have  
left him, but the man's innate obtuseness  
to everything other than himself disarmed  
Pierre.

A Frenchman or Russian prince might  
also, said the officer looking at Pierre, find  
through dirty linen and the sin on his finger  
I owe my life to you and offer you my  
friendship. A Frenchman never forgets their  
debt for service. I offer you a friendship.  
That is all I can do.

There was so much good nature and nobility  
in the Frenchman's (his word) in the officer  
once, in the expression of his face and in his  
gestures, that Pierre unconsciously smiled in  
response to the Frenchman. Pierre pressed the  
man's hand out to him.

Captain Ramball of the 31st Light Re-  
giment, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for  
the 2nd time on the seventh of September in-  
troduced himself, self-satisfied, unrepres-  
sible, puckering his lips under his mustache.  
"Will you now be so good as to tell me with  
whom I have the honor of conversing so pleas-

ant and instead of being in the ambulance with  
that man's bullet in my body."

Pierre replied that he could not tell him  
his name and blushing began to try to invent  
something about his reason  
for concealing it, but the Frenchman hastily  
interrupted him.

"Oh, please," said he. "I understand your  
reasons. You are no officer, a superior officer  
perhaps. You have borne arms and so it is.  
This is not my business. I owe you my life.  
That is enough for me. I am quite at your service.  
You belong to the gentry, he concluded  
with a shade of inquiry in his tone. Pierre bent  
his head. "Your baptismal name, if you please.  
That is all I ask. Monsieur Pierre, you say  
Excellent. That is all I want to know."

When the mutton and an omelet had been  
served and samovar and vodka brought, with  
some wine which the French had taken from

Russian cellar and brought with them. Ram-  
balle invited Pierre to share his dinner and  
himself began to eat greedily and quietly.

Health and hungry man, munching his food  
rapidly with his strong teeth, continually  
smacking his lips, and repeating — Excellent  
Delicious. His face grew red and was covered  
with perspiration. Pierre was hungry and  
shared the dinner with pleasure. Moreau, the  
orderly brought some hot water in a saucerpan  
and placed a bottle of claret on the table. He also  
brought a bottle of kvass, taken from the kitchen.

The Frenchman was looking

at Pierre's hunger and the wine rendered  
the captain still more relaxed and he chatted in-  
cessantly all through dinner.

"Yes, my dear Monsieur Pierre, I owe you a  
fine bottle of claret for saving me from that  
maniac. You see I have bullets enough in  
my body. Read here is on I got it in my arm  
(he touched his side) and second I smothered  
— he showed a scar on his cheek — and  
this leg which as you see does not want to  
march. I got that on the seventh of the great  
battle of the Moskwa. See, Dieu! It was plen-  
tiful. That deluge of fire was worth seeing. It

Quartier quartier logement! said the officer looking down at the little man with a condescending and good natured smile. *Les français sont de bons enfants. Que diable! Voyons! Ne nous fâchons pas mon vieux* added he

looking around and meeting Pierre's eyes Pierre moved away from the door

Again the officer turned to Gerasim and asked him to show him the rooms in the house

Master not here—don't understand me you said Gerasim trying to render his words more comprehensible by contorting them

Still smiling the French officer spread out his hands before Gerasim's nose intimating that he did not understand him either and moved limping to the door at which Pierre was standing Pierre wished to go away and conceal himself but at that moment he saw Makár Alexéevich appearing at the open kitchen door with the pistol in his hand With a

turned round and at the same moment Pierre threw himself on the drunkard Just when Pierre snatched at and struck up the pistol Makár Alexéevich at last got his fingers on the trigger there was a deafening report and all were enveloped in a cloud of smoke The Frenchman turned pale and rushed to the door

Forgetting his intention of concealing his

You are not wounded? he asked

I think not answered the Frenchman feeling himself over But I have had a lucky escape this time he added pointing to the

curled said Pierre rapidly quite forgetting the part he had intended to play He is an unfortunate madman who did not know what he was doing

The officer went up to Makár Alexéevich and took him by the collar

Makár Alexéevich was standing with parted

Quartiers quarters look go! The French are good fellows Well the devil! There don't let us be cross of I tell you

lips saying as if about to fall asleep as he leaned against the wall

Brigand! You shall pay for this said the Frenchman letting go of him We French are merciful after victory but we do not pardon traitors he added with a look of gloomy dignity and a fine energetic gesture

Pierre continued in French to persuade the officer not to hold that drunken imbecile to account The Frenchman listened in silence with the same gloomy expression but suddenly turned to Pierre with a smile For a few seconds he looked at him in silence His hand some face assumed a melodramatically gentle expression and he held out his hand

You have saved my life You are French said he

For a Frenchman that deduction was indubitable Only a Frenchman could perform a great deed and to save his life—the life of M Ramballe captain of the 13th Light Regiment

felt it necessary to disillusion him

I am Russian he said quickly

Tut tut tut! Tell that to others said the officer waving his finger before his nose and smiling You shall tell me all about that presently I am delighted to meet a compatriot Well and what are we to do with this man he added addressing himself to Pierre as to a brother

Even if Pierre were not a Frenchman having once received that loftiest of human appellations he could not renounce it said the officer's look and tone In reply to his last question Pierre again explained who Makár Alexéevich was and how just before their arrival that drunken imbecile had seized the loaded pistol which they had not had time to recover from him and begged the officer to let the deed go unpunished

The Frenchman expanded his chest and made a majestic gesture with his arm

You have saved my life! You are French. You ask his pardon? I grant it you Let it at man away! said he quickly and energetically and taking the arm of Pierre whom he had promoted to be a Frenchman for saving his life he went with him into the room

The soldiers in the yard hearing the shot came into the passage asking what had happened and expressed their readiness to punish the culprits but the officer sternly checked them

\* You will be called in when you are wanted  
best d.

The soldiers went to get him and the order  
was to shoot him while he came to get the  
bullet. When he came up to the officer  
he was shot in the leg of mutton.

Let her come up to the officer  
 Capt. the e s so p a d a leg of mutton  
 n the k tche s d h Sh II I s rve them

Yes, and me w n answered the cap-  
tion.

## CHAPTER XXIX

CHAPTER XXIX  
 WHEN THE FRENCH OFFICER went into the room with Perreth, little again thought his duty to assure him that he was not French and hated the Germans but the officer would not hear it. Hewa so ery polite in his good

th first oom they e tered lo l rres as-  
ura ces that he wa ot a Fenchm the  
captai de tyn tunderst d ghows y  
e co lddedl e so fltte n pp l t  
shrugged h sho lders and ad th t f Perre  
bsol tely ted n p g fo R n  
let t be so b t f r l that he w ld be f r  
ever bound t Perre b grat tude f r s v g  
h life

H d this man been d wed w th th lght  
 escap city f y ce gth feelngs of oth  
 ers, d h d h t ll nd rstood wh t P rre s  
 feel s were the l tte w uld p bably ha e  
 l t hum b t th m m ted obtus esa  
 P err

A f chm n Russ a p i c e ncog  
to d the r look t P err s f i  
th h dirty i d t l g on h fin  
ger l w my l f t y u a d off y u my  
lne d hup A f chm n er f gets th  
nsul r c e l off y u my f nd h p  
Th t is all I ca say

This was so much good to and n bly  
 (th French se (thew d) ntl fice  
 the p ess n fh f e d n h  
 gest res, that P rr u usly mlg  
 expo se to th F m n m le p essed th  
 li d held to m

Capta n R. m i f t h 3th Light Rev  
ment Che l f t h L e v u f f i f  
t h l l t h e x t h f S e p t m b l i  
trod ced him self sat fied rep ess bl  
m i p k e g h u s l i p u d r h m u t l i  
W l y w b e s o g o o d t t l m w t h  
h m l h a e t h h o f c o n e r s o p l e a s

LEVEN  
a tly   stead of be ng in the ambulance w th  
th t man   s bullet n my body?  
                  he could not tell h m

Ferre replied that he could not tell him  
 I mean I blushing began to try to in ent  
 an me d to say som thing about his re son  
 so to cealng t but the Frenchman h st ly  
 I interrupted him

Oh please! said he I understand your reasons. You are an officer a superior officer perhaps. You have borne arms against us. That is not my business I owe you my life. That is enough to me I am quite at your service. I believe that the gentry? he concluded his stone Pierre be-  
22

When the mutt n a d an omelet i u been  
served nd a samo ar nd vodka bou ht w th  
me w ne wh cl the Fre ch h d t ken f m  
Russ n c ll ra d bro ght w th t em Ram  
balle n ted Perre t h re h s d n er nd  
h mself began to eat greed ly and qu kly like  
he lthy and hu gry man munch ng i s food  
rap dly w th h strong teeth co t u ally

h red the d ner with plea u e M rel the  
ord rly brou ht some h tw ter in a saucepan  
d pl ced bottle f cl ret n L He also

f t n of h hu ger d the w rendered  
the capta st il mo el el ya d h chatted n  
ess ely all thro gh inner

Yes my dear M. au Perre I owe you  
fi ot e ca dle f s ng m from that

th leg wh ch as y u see does not want to  
m ch I got th t on th th t the gr t  
h title fl M k wa S cre D It was plen  
dd Th t del g of fi wa w rth se ng It



Quartier quartier logement! said the officer to  
de  
sat  
Ne  
chly

— and silent Gerásim on the shoulder. Well does no one speak French in this establishment? he asked again in French looking around and meeting Pierre's eyes. Pierre moved away from the door.

Again the officer turned to Gerásim and asked him to show him the rooms in the house.

Master not here—don't understand me, you said Gerásim trying to render his words more comprehensible by contorting them.

Still smiling the French officer spread out his hands before Gerásim's nose intimating that he did not understand him either and moved lumping to the door at which Pierre was standing. Pierre wished to go away and conceal himself but at that moment he saw Makár Alexéevich appearing at the open kitchen door with the pistol in his hand. With a madman's cunning Makár Alexéevich eyed the Frenchman, raised his pistol and took aim.

Board them! yelled the tinsy man trying to press the trigger. Hearing the yell the officer turned round and at the same moment Pierre threw himself on the drunkard. Just when Pierre snatched at and struck up the pistol Makár Alexéevich at last got his fingers on the trigger there was a deafening report and all were enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The Frenchman turned pale and rushed to the door.

Forgetting his intention of concealing his knowledge of French Pierre snatching away the pistol and throwing it down ran up to the officer and addressed him in French.

You are not wounded? he asked.

I think not answered the Frenchman feeling himself over. But I have had a lucky escape this time! he added pointing to the arm of a bed.

curieu said Pierre rapidly quite forgetting the part he had intended to play. He is an unfortunate madman who did not know what he is doing.

The officer went up to Makár Alexéevich and took him by the collar.

Makár Alexéevich as standing with parted

Quarters quarters lodgings! The French are good fellows! What the devil! Here don't let us be cross of fellow!

lips swaying as if about to fall asleep as he leaned against the wall.

Brigand! You shall pay for this said the Frenchman letting go of him. We French are merciful after victory but we do not pardon traitors he added with a look of gloomy dignity and a fine energetic gesture.

Pierre continued in French to persuade the officer not to hold that drunken imbecile to account. The Frenchman listened in silence with the same gloomy expression but suddenly turned to Pierre with a smile. For a few seconds he looked at him in silence. His handsome face assumed a melodramatically gentle expression and he held out his hand.

You have saved my life. You are French said he.

For a Frenchman that deduction is as indubitable. Only a Frenchman could perform a great deed and to save his life—the life of M. Ramballe captain of the 13th Light Regiment—is as undoubtedly a very great deed.

But however indubitable that conclusion and the officer's conviction based upon it Pierre felt

to others said the officer waving his finger before his nose and smiling. You shall tell me all about that presently. I am delighted to meet a compatriot. Well and what are we to do with this man he added addressing himself to Pierre as to a brother.

Even if Pierre were not a Frenchman having once received that softest of human appellations he could not renounce it said the officer's look and tone. In reply to his last question Pierre again explained who Makár Alexéevich was and how just before their arrival that drunken imbecile had seized the loaded pistol which they had not had time to recover from him and begged the officer to let the deed go unpunished.

The Frenchman expanded his chest and made a majestic gesture with his arm.

You have saved my life! You are French. You ask his pardon? I grant it you. Let it be a man as yet! said he quickly and energetically and taking the arm of Pierre whom he had promoted to be a Frenchman for saving his life he went with him into the room.

The soldiers in the yard hearing the shot came into the passage a king what had happened and expressed the real lines of punishment the culprits but the officer sternly checked them.

## BOOK ELEVEN

The captain had their sen or sergeant called in, and in turn once asked him to what regiment he belonged, who was his commanding officer, and by what right he allowed himself to claim quarters that were already occupied. The German who knew little French, answered the first question by giving the names of his regiment and of his commanding officer, but in reply to the third question which he did not understand, said "I understand broken French to his own German, that he was the quartermaster of the regiment, and his commander had ordered him to occupy all the houses one after another. Perrin, who knew German translated what the German said to the captain and gave the captain a reply. The Wurttemberg Hussar in German. When he had understood what was said to him, the German bowed and took his men elsewhere. The captain went into the porch and gave some orders to the cook.

When he returned to the room Perrin was sitting at the same place before with his head in his hands. He himself expressed after a while that he was suffering from that moment. When the captain went in and he was left alone, suddenly he came to himself and realized the position he was in. He was in that Moscow had been taken, that the happy conquerors were masters in and were pursuing the German. Perrin

glasses. He had drunk and with this good-natured man had destroyed the mood of entranced gloom in which he had spent the last few days and which was ex-

hausted. He felt that he would not carry out his intentions. He struggled against the loss of his weakness but dimly felt that he could not overcome it and that his former gloomy frame and cold stern vengeance, kill and self-sacrifice, had been dispersed like dust by contact with the first man he met.

The captain turned to the room, limp and slightly dazed by the tune.

The Frenchman, that he which had previously mused, Perrin was repelled him. The tune was whistled by his gun, and the gesture

with which he walked his musket all now seemed often. "I will go away immediately. I won't say another word to him. He told me this but still sat in the same place. A strange feeling of weakness and he met the spot he wished to get up and go away but could not do so.

The captain on the other hand seemed very cheerful. He picked up and down the room twice. He even showed his mustache twisted as if he were smiling to himself at some amusing thing.

The first of those Wurttembergers, a delightful, he suddenly said. He is German but once fell with the same. He is a German. He said with a laughing Perrin. By the way you know German then.

Perrin looked at him in silence.

"What is the German for, Herr?"

"Shelter," Perrin repeated. "The German for shelter, Unterh."

"How do you say it, the captain asked quickly and doubtfully.

"Under," Perrin repeated.

"O.K.," said the captain and looked at Perrin for some seconds with a questioning eye. "These Germans are first-rate fools, don't you think so?"

"Well let us see," he said. "I will warm up the bottle of this Moscow. Bo deaux, half we Moscow will warm up the bottle. Moscow he called out gayly.

"I brought a bottle of wine," the captain looked at Perrin by the candle. "It was a very good truck, but the bottle is empty. It is a Ramballé."

"Perrin. Perhaps that is it."

Perrin did not answer but looked cordially at the Frenchman, whose expression of sympathy was pleasant to him.

He sat without speaking of what he owed to the feeling of friendship. "You can do something for me? Dispose of me. It is life and death. I say with my hand and my heart said he, striking his chest.

"Thank you," said Perrin.

The captain gazed intently at him as he had done when he learned that he was a German. He suddenly brightened.

Well, in that case I drink to our friend

was a tough job you set us there my word! You may be proud of it! And on my honor in spite of the cough I caught there I should be ready to begin again I pity those who did not see it

I was there said Pierre

Bah really? So much the better! You are certainly brave foes The great redoubt held out well by my pipe! continued the Frenchman And you made us pay dear for it I was at it three times—sure as I sit here Three times we reached the guns and three times we were thrown back like cardboard figures Oh it was beautiful Monsieur Pierrel Your grenadiers were splendid by heaven! I sat them close up their ranks six times in succession and march as if on parade Fine fellows! Our king of Naples who knows what's what cried Bravo! Ha ha! So you are one of us soldiers! he added smiling after a momentary pause

So much the better so much the better Monsieur Pierrel Terrible in battle gallant with the fair (he winked and smiled) that's what the French are Monsieur Pierre aren't they?

The captain was so naively and good humorously gay so real and so pleased with himself that Pierre almost winked back as he looked merrily at him Probably the word gallant turned the captain's thoughts to the state of Moscow

Apropos tell me please is it true that the women have all left Moscow? What a queer idea! What had they to be afraid of?

Would not the French ladies leave Paris if the Russians entered it? asked Pierre

Ha ha ha! The Frenchman emitted

some

she

P

Paris—the capital of the world Pierre finished

it

ga

Well if you hadn't told me you were Russian I should have imagined that you were Parisian! You have that I don't know what that

he

he

said Pierre

Oh yes one sees that plainly Paris! A man who doesn't know Paris is a savage You can tell a Parisian two leagues off Paris is Talma la Duchénou Potier the Sorbonne the

boulevards and noticing that his conclusion was rather than what had gone before he added quickly There is only one Paris in the world You have been to Paris and have remained Russian Well I don't esteem you the less for it

Under the influence of the wine he had drunk and after the days he had spent alone with his depressing thou his Pierre involuntarily enjoyed talking with this cheerful and good natured man

To return to your ladies—I hear they are lovely What a wretched idea to go and bury themselves in the steppes when the French army is in Moscow What a chance those girls have missed! Your persons now—that's another thing but you civilized people you ought to know us better than that We took Vienna Berlin Madrid Naples Rome Warsaw all the world's capitals We are feared but we are loved We are nice to know And then the Emperor he began but Pierre interrupted him

The Emperor Pierre repeated and his face suddenly became sad and embarrassed is the Emperor?

The Emperor? He is generosity mercy justice order genius—that's what the Emperor is! Is it?

you

ther

I was at the battle when I saw that

you

and I

monstrous the greatest man of the ages past or future

Is he in Moscow? Pierre stammered with a guilty look

The Frenchman looked at his guilty face and smiled

No he will make his entry tomorrow he replied and continued his talk

Their conversation was interrupted by the cries of several voices at the gate an Italian Morel who came to say that some Wurtemberg hussars had come and wanted to put up the horses in the yard where the captain's horses were This difficulty had arisen chiefly because the hussars did not understand what was said to them in French

The famous aged actress Du chén the comedienne Potier—The

something path ete ad touchin in all this.

He in fished h tale about the en hant  
 Polish lady th captai n asked P erre f  
 he had ever experienced a s milar mpulse to  
 sacrifice himself for l e and a feel n of en y  
 of the leonate hush nd

Challen ed by this quest n P erre raised h s  
 head ad f l eed t e press the thoughts  
 that filled his mu d. He began t expl n that  
 he understood l n f r a women somewh t  
 differently. He said th t all h s l f he h d  
 loved a d till l ed onl one woman nd that  
 she could ever be his.

T m said the captai

At the gate stood Gerás m the cook, and  
 two Frenchmen. The r l ighter and the r mu  
 tually incomprehensible remarks n two l n  
 gu ges could be heard. They were look g at  
 the glow seen in the town.

Th re was n l g terrible in the one small  
 d sta t fir n the immense city.

Ga e t the l gh tarry sky at the moon  
 at the comet a d s the gl w from the fire,  
 P erre expe enced a joyf l emot on. There  
 n w how good t is, what more does one need  
 thou ht he. And suddenly remembering h s  
 nt nt n he grew d try a d felt so fa nt that  
 l le ned a a nst the fence to sa e h mself  
 from fall ng.

Wh th ut tak ng lea e of h new frie d  
 P erre left the gat w th unstead steps nd re-  
 turn n t h s room lay d wn on the sofa nd  
 muned tely fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XXX

The glow of the first fire that began on the  
 second of September was watched from the  
 ar us roads by th fug t e Mu co tes nd  
 by the s treatu g troops w th many d fferent  
 feel gs.

The Rostó p rty s pe t hen ht at Myt l h  
 ch fourteen miles from Moscow. The had  
 started so l te on the first f September the  
 road had bee so blocked by h clea d troops,  
 so m ny th g h d be n f rotten f wh h  
 erra u were ent back that they h d decided  
 t spend th t n ght n pl c three miles out  
 of Moscow. The ne t morn g they woke l te  
 nd wer aga n delayed so lte that they o ly

pecially therf abo h mself.

Wh he had ea bed thus po L P erre asked  
 th captai wh ther he understood that.

The captai mad ges ur gn ly g that  
 even f he d d t u derstand t he begged  
 Pierre to co u e.

Plato l re cloud h muttered.

Wh tuer t wa the w e h had dru k, r  
 mpulse f frank ess the th u ht that  
 this man d not d ever would kn w any  
 f those who pl yed p t n h try o  
 whether wa ll these th s together some-  
 thing loose ed P erre t gue. Speak g th ch  
 ly d w th larawa look n h sh n n eyes,  
 f ld the wh le tory f h l f h marn g  
 tasha l f h bes fr nd her betrayal  
 f him d all his wn mpl l t n w th  
 her Urged by R mball q es o h ho  
 told ha h had t first co ealed--his own po-  
 suto and e n h am

P erre t r v the

nd cam o t to th porches

h R A K d t t

l f t ch t l t ema ed ther m ceal  
 gh m d ta n

When t was l n ght they w nt out to-  
 gether int th street. The n ht was warm and  
 l ght. Th l f f th l l use n th P k r k  
 fire g ed--th first of those that wer be  
 g Moscow. Th ght d h l p  
 th ly wa th kl of th wan ng moon  
 d oppos te to t hu that bright com t  
 wh h was co ected n P erre heart w th h

the first n ht n the same yard s th Rostó  
 Th co tes said sh had been un ble to close  
 her eyes on co nt of his moan ng nd t  
 My tshch he mo ed to w rse h mply  
 t be farther w y from the wo ded ma

In the da k ess of the n ht o e of th err  
 us n t ced, bo th lugh body of co th  
 ta d n bef re the po ch, the small glow of

ship! he cried gaily filling two glasses with wine

Pierre took one of the glasses and emptied it. Ramballe emptied his too again pressed Pierre's hand and leaned his elbows on the table in a pensive attitude.

Yes my dear friend he began such is fortune's caprice. Who would have said that I should be a soldier and a captain of dragoons in the service of Bonaparte as we used to call him? Yet here I am in Moscow with him. I must tell you *mon cher* he continued in the sad and measured tones of a man who intends to tell a long story that our name is one of the most ancient in France.

And with a Frenchman's easy and naive frankness the captain told Pierre the story of his ancestors his childhood youth and manhood and all about his relations and his financial and family affairs *ma pauvre mère* playing of course an important part in the story.

But all that is only life's setting the real thing is love—love! Am I not right Monsieur Pierrre? said he growing animated. Another glass!

Pierre again emptied his glass and poured himself out a third.

Oh women women! and the captain looking with glistening eyes at Pierre began talking of love and of his love affairs.

There were very many of these as one could easily believe looking at the officer's handsome self-satisfied face and noting the eager enthusiasm with which he spoke of women. Though all Ramballe's love stories had the sensual character which Frenchmen regard as the special charm and poetry of love yet he told his story with such sincere conviction that he alone had experienced and known all the charm of love and he described women so alluringly that Pierre listened to him with curiosity.

It was plain that *l'amour* which the Frenchman was so fond of was not that low and simple kind that Pierre had once felt for his wife nor was it the same as the love which the Frenchman worshipped consisted principally in the unnaturalness of his relation to the woman and in a combination of incongruities giving the chief charm to the feeling.

Thus the captain touchingly recounted the story of his love for a fascinating marquise of

thirty-five and at the same time for a charming innocent child of seventeen daughter of the bewitching marquise. The conflict of magnanimity between the mother and the daughter ending in the mother's sacrificing herself and offering her daughter in marriage to her lover even now agitated the captain though it was the memory of a distant past. Then he recounted an episode in which the husband played the part of the lover and he—the lover—assumed the role of the husband.

so-and-seat sauerkraut and the young girls are too blonde.

Finally the latest episode in Poland still fresh in the captain's memory and which he narrated with rapid gestures and glowing face was of how he had saved the life of a Pole (in general the saving of life continually occurred in the captain's

trusted to his *de cœur*) while in service. The captain was happy the enchanting Polish lady wished to elope with him but prompted by magnanimity the captain restored the wife to the husband saying as he did so I have saved your life and I save your honor! Having repeated these words the captain wiped his eyes and gave himself a shake as if driving away the weakness which assailed him at this touching recollection.

Listening to the captain's tales Pierre—as often happens late in the evening and under the influence of wine—forgot all that was told him understood it all and at the same time followed a train of personal memories which he knew not why suddenly arose in his mind. While listening to these love stories his own love for Natasha unexpectedly rose to his mind and going over the pictures of that love in his imagination he mentally compared them with Ramballe's tales. Listening to the story of the struggle between love and duty Pierre saw before his eyes every minutest detail of his last meeting with the object of his love at the Sukharev water tower. At the time of that meeting it had not produced an effect upon him—he had not even once recalled it. But now it seemed to him that that meeting had had in it something very important and important.

Peter Kirilovich come here! We have recognized you! he now seemed to hear the words she had uttered and to see before him her eyes her smile her traveling hood and a stray lock of her hair and there seemed to him

something pathetic and to him in all this.  
Having finished his tale about the enchanting Polish lady the captain asked Pierre if he had ever experienced a similar impulse to sacrifice himself for and feel no of envy of the legitimate husband.

Challenged by this question Pierre related his head and felt need to express the truth as his tale ended his mind. He began to explain that he understood the few women somewhat differently. He said that in all his life he had loved a still and only on woman and that she could never be his.

"True," said the captain.

Pierre then explained that he had loved this woman from his earliest years but that he had not dared to think of her because he was too young and because he had been an illegitimate son without name. Afterwards when he had retrieved name and wealth he dared not think of her because he loved her too well placing his faith above everything in the world, and especially therefore to himself.

When he had reached this point, Pierre asked the captain whether he understood that.

The captain made gesture signifying that even if he did not understand, he begged Pierre to continue.

Platon's love, said the captain, muttered.

Whether it was the wine he had drunk, or an impulse of frankness, or the thought that this man did not, and never would, know any of those who played part in his story or whether it was all these things together something loosened Pierre's tongue. Speaking thickly and with faraway look in his shining eyes, he told the whole story of his life, his marriage, his love for his best friend, her betrayal of him, and all his own amplex relations with her urged by Rastol. Questions he also told what he had first concealed—his own position and even his name.

More than anything else in Pierre's story the captain was impressed by the fact that Pierre was very rich, had two mansions in Moscow and that he had abandoned everything and not left the city but remained here concealing his name and station.

When it was late at night they went out together into the street. The night was warm and light. The light of the house on the Pokrovskaya glowed—the first of those that were beginning in Moscow. To the right and high up in the sky was the white of the waning moon and opposite to it hung the bright comet which was connected in Pierre's heart with his

lo. At the gate stood Gerasim the cook and the groom. The first of the room was at

the glow seen in the

There was in the terrible in the one small dust a fire in the immense city

Coming to the high hazy sky to the moon at the comet, and to the glow from the fire Pierre experienced a joyful emotion. "There now is good it! what more does one need," thought he. And suddenly remembering his intent in he grew dizzy and felt so faint that he leaned against the fence and he himself from fall.

Without taking leave of his new friend Pierre left the gate with unsteady steps and returned to his room lying down on the sofa and mumbled to himself a leap.

## CHAPTER XX

The glow of the first fire that began on the second of September was watched from the various roads by the sentries Muscovites and by the retreating troops with many different feelings.

The Rostov party spent the night at Myishcha fourteen miles from Moscow. The had started so late on the first of September the road had been so blocked by the destruction, so many things had been forgotten so which

and were again delayed so often that they only got as far as Great Myishcha. At ten o'clock that evening the Rostov family and the wounded men lying with them were distributed in the yards and huts of that large village. The Rostovs servants and coachmen and the medical men of the wounded officers, after attending to their matters, had supper fed the horses, and came out into the porches.

In the neighborhood of the Rostovs was a adjutant with a fractured wrist. The awful pain of

the first night in the same yard as the Rostovs. The countess said she had been unable to close her eyes because of his moaning, and the Myishcha he moved to worse his complaint to be further from the wounded man.

another fire. One glow had long been visible and everybody knew that it was Little Mytishchi burning—set on fire by Mamono's Cossacks.

But look here, brothers, there's another fire! remarked an orderly.

All turned their attention to the glow.

But they told us Little Mytishchi had been set on fire by Mamono's Cossacks.

But that's not Mytishchi, it's farther away.

Look, it must be in Moscow!

Two of the givers went round to the other side of the coach and sat down on its steps.

It's more to the left, why? Little Mytishchi is over there and this is right on the other side.

Several men joined the first two.

See how it's flaring, said one. That's a fire in Moscow, either in the Sushchivski or the Rogozhski quarter.

Then  
flashed

(as much the count's valet (as he was called) came up to the group and shouted at Mishka:

What are you staring at? You good for nothing? The count will be calling and there's nobody there, go and gather the clothes together.

I only ran out to get some water, said Mishka.

But what do you think, Daniel Teréntich? Doesn't it look as if that glow were in Moscow? remarked one of the footmen.

Daniel Teréntich made no reply and again for a long time they were all silent. The glow spread, rising and falling farther and farther still.

God have mercy! It's windy and dry, said another voice.

Just look! See what it's doing now! O Lord! You can even see the crows flying! Lord have mercy on us sinners!

They'll put it out, no fear!

Who's to put it out? Daniel Teréntich.

His voice faltered and he gave way to an old man's sob.

And it was as if they had all only waited for this to realize the significance for them of the glow they were watching. Sighs were heard, words of prayer, and the sobbing of the count's old valet.

## CHAPTER XXXI

THE VALET returning to the cottage informed the count that Moscow was burning. The count donned his dressing gown and went out to look. Sonya and Madame Schoss, who had not yet undressed, went out with him. Only Natasha and the countess remained in the room. Letya was no longer with the family, he had gone on with his regiment which was marching for Troitsa.

The countess, on hearing that Moscow was on fire, began to cry. Natasha, pale with a fixed look, was sitting on the bench under the icons, just where she had sat down on arrival, and paid no attention to her father's cry. She was listening to the ceaseless moaning of the fire.

Now she said to her cousin evidently wishing to distract her mind.

But Natasha looked at her as if not understanding what was said to her and again fixed her eyes on the corner of the stove. She had been in this condition of stupor since the morning when Sonya, to the surprise and annoyance of the countess, had for some unaccountable reason found it necessary to tell Natasha of Prince Andrew's wound and of his being with their party. The countess had said: "It has been so angry with anyone as she was with Sonya. Sonya had cried and begged to be forgiven and now, as if trying to atone for her fault, paid unceasing attention to her cousin."

Look, Natasha, how dreadfully it is burning! said she.

What's burning? asked Natasha. Oh, yes, Moscow.

And as if in order not to offend Sonya, in order to get rid of her, she turned her face to the window, looked out in a hazy way that it was evident that she could not see anything and again settled down in her former attitude.

But you don't see it!

Yes, really! I'll! Natasha replied in a voice that played like the left in peace.

Both the countess and Sonya understood that naturally neither Moscow nor the burning of Moscow nor anything else could seem of importance to Natasha.

The count returned and lay down behind the partition. The countess went up to her daughter and touched her head with the back of her hand as she was wont to do when Nat-

was ill th n t ched her f ehe d w th her  
Lps ft feel wh ther she was fe er h, a d  
fnall kissed her

"I re cold. \ u re trembl ng all o er  
I d bett r l e d wn sa d th countess.

Lie do ? All r ght, I w ll l l l e down at  
once sa d \ t ha

When \ tasha had been t ld th t m rn ng  
that Prince A dr w a serously w u ded  
and was tra el w th th r party she had t  
her wa h go

still be t ld th sam All the way he had sat  
mo less in corner of the co ch w th w de-  
ope eres, d the p ess on n them wh ch  
th co tess knew so well d fea ed so m h  
d ow h sat the same way on the bench  
here h h d seated herself on arr ng Sh  
was pl someth g nd ther dec d g  
or had al eady decided someth g n her m d.  
Th co tes knew th but wh t t m ght be  
sh did not k d th larmed a d to  
m ted her

"\ tasha, dress darl g l d wn on my  
bed.

A bed had bee mad w bedstead f th  
countess ly M dame Schos d the two g l s  
were to leep som hay on the floor

"M mma I w ll e d wn here the  
floo \ tasha epl ed r r bly d h w t  
to th d w d p e d t. Th u h th  
ope d w the moans f the d jutant could  
be heard mo e d t cily Sh p ther head out  
into the damp ght r nd the co tess saw  
her l m eck shak w th sob s d thr bb  
against the w d w fram \ t h k ew t  
was not Pn e A dr w h w was m g Sh  
knew Pn ce A drew was in the sam ya d as  
themsel es d in part l th hut cross the  
passa e b th dreadf l esa t m g  
mad her sob Th countess excha ged look  
th So ya.

L d wn darl g l e d wn my p t said  
co tess softly touching N tasha h ul  
ders. Come, lie d n

Oh, yes l l l d wn ce sa d N  
tasha. d be a hurr edl undres tugg g  
t th tapes f her pet oat.

Wh h h d thro n off her dress nd p t  
on dress j ck c sh sat d wn w th fier

foot u ler her on the bed that h d been made  
up n the floor j e ked l er th n and ratl er  
l front and began re

hab t but he eyes it t t j  
fiedly before he When her to let for the  
n ht was fin hed she sank gently onto the  
heet pread o er the hay n the s de nea est  
the doo

\ tasha jo d better l e t the m d l e  
sa d Sónya.

I ll stav here muttered \ tasha Do l e  
d wn she a ded crossly nd bu ed her f ce  
n the p l l w

The cou tess M dame Schos nd Só ya  
undres ed h t ly nd l y down Th small  
l mp n front of the con was th o ly l ght

the n e of people h ut t t a ern Ma  
mó Cossacks h d t up across the treet  
d the d jutant s uncea g moans could st ll  
be hea d.

F al game \ tasha l tened t tent ely  
to the sou d th t reached her f m s de and  
outs de th room d d d not m e. First she  
hea d her mothe pray g d sh g and th  
cre lung f her bed u de h r then Madame  
Sci ss f m l ar wh t ng o nd Só as  
g t l b eath g Th n the co tes called to  
N tasha. Natasha d d n t swer

I th k she s asleep M mm sa d Só ya  
sof ly

Afie h r t s l e ce the co tess spoke a g n  
but this time no o e repl ed

Soo ft r th t N tasha l d h m the  
e n b eath g N tasha d d n t m e th gh  
her l tle b foot, t ust o t from u d th  
qu lt, was grow cold on th ba floo

A f co celebrate t r y o er ev rybody  
cr k t ch rped n crack n the w ll. A cock  
crowed f off and ther repl ed nea by  
The h t g th m rn h d died dow  
ly th m n g of th d jutant as heard.  
N tash sat up

So ya re j u leep? M mm sh whis-  
pered.

N epl ed N tasha os l wly d care-  
fully crossed h r s l f a d teppe d cau usly  
on th cold nd d ty floo th her sl m sup-  
pl bar f t. Th boards f the floo cre ked.  
St pp cau ly f mo foot t th other  
sh ran l ke k t n th few step t th doo



and grasped the cold door handle

It seemed to her that something heavy was beating rhythmically against all the walls of the room—it was her own heart sinking with alarm and terror and overflowing with love

She opened the door and stepped across the threshold and onto the cold damp earthen floor of the passage. The cold she felt refreshed her. With her bare feet she touched a sleeping man, stepped over him, and opened the door into the part of the hut where Prince Andrew lay. It was dark in there. In the farthest corner on a bench beside a bed on which something was lying stood a tallow candle with a long thick and smoldering wick.

From the moment she had been told that morning of Prince Andrew's wound and his presence there Natasha had resolved to see him. She did not know why she had to, she knew the meeting would be painful, but felt the more convinced that it was necessary.

All day she had lived only in hope of seeing him that night. But now that the moment had come she was filled with dread of what she might see. How was he maimed? What was left of him? Was he like that incessant moan-  
ing

When she saw an indistinct shape in the corner and mistook his knees raised under the quilt for his shoulders, she imagined a horrible body there and stood still in terror. But an irresistible impulse drew her forward. She cautiously took one step and then another and found herself in the middle of a small room containing baggage. Another man—Timókhin—was lying in a corner on the benches beneath the icons, and two others—the doctor and a valet—lay on the floor.

The valet sat up and whispered something. Timókhin kept awake by the moan-  
ing

The valet's sleepily frightened exclamation. What do you want? What's the matter? made Natasha approach more softly to what was lying in the corner. Horribly unlike a man as that body looked, she must see him. She pressed the valet, the snuff fell from the candle wick, and she saw Prince Andrew clearly with his arms outside the quilt and such as she had always seen him.

He was the same as ever, but the feverish color of his face, his glittering eyes rapturously turned toward her, and especially his neck, delicate as a child's, revealed by the turn-down

collar of his shirt, gave him a peculiarly innocent childlike look, such as she had never seen on him before. She went up to him and with a swift flexible youthful movement dropped on her knees.

He smiled and held out his hand to her.

## CHAPTER XXXII

SEVEN DAYS HAD PASSED SINCE PRINCE ANDREW'S WOUND.

The first night after the battle, the injured were in the doctor's opinion sure to carry him off. But on the seventh day he ate with pleasure a piece of bread with some tea, and the doctor noticed that his temperature was lower. He had regained consciousness that morning. The first night after the battle

was to be taken out and given some tea. The pain caused by his removal into the hut had made him groan aloud and again lose consciousness. When he had been placed on his camp bed he lay for a long time motionless with closed eyes. Then he opened them and whispered softly, "And the tea?" His remembering such a small detail of everyday life astonished the doctor. He felt Prince Andrew's pulse, and to his surprise and dissatisfaction found it had improved. He was dissatisfied because he knew by experience that if his patient did not die now, he would do so a little later with greater suffering. Timókhin, the red-nosed major of Prince Andrew's regiment, had joined him in Moscow and was being taken along with him, having been wounded in the leg at the battle of Borodino. They were accompanied by a doctor, Prince Andrew's valet, his coachman, and a valet.

They gave Prince Andrew some tea. He drank it eagerly, looking with feverish eyes at the door in front of him as if trying to understand and remember something.

"I don't want any more. Is Timókhin here?" he asked.

"Timókhin is here."

"Mine sir? All right. But I'm about you?" Prince Andrew again pondered as if trying to remember something.

"Could I not get a book?" he asked.

"What book?"

"The Gospels. I haven't one."

The doctor promised to procure it for him.

and bega t a k how he was feel ng Pr nce  
A drew a w red llh quest ons relucta tly  
b reaso bly and the ad he nted a

he d of the bed and around the candle beside  
h m th w ck of wh ch was charred and had  
h ped itself l ke a mushroom.  
H s m d was not in a normal state A

lity g flesh th t came from the w

46

"Th e t got u Ple get t f me nd  
p t t d me f ramom t he ple ded n  
pteous ce  
Th d cto we t nto the p ssaget w h h s  
ha ds.

"You fell w l u concien dh so  
the valet wh was pou g w t r e h s  
ha ds Fo just em ment I d d t look ft  
ery lt ch p n y u k w that I  
d h wh can be t.

"By the Lord Jesus Ch t l tho ght we h d  
p t som th gu d h ml d the al t

The first t m P n e And ew u derstood  
he be as d what w the m tte w th  
h m d emembe d b g w d d d how  
when h k d t be carr ed t the hut  
ter h l e h h d t pp d t My t h h Aft  
er gr g c f ed f m p while be g

quence of th h s or eve ts on wh h t t  
l whol attent o A he lity man can te r  
l mself away from the deepest reflect n to  
say a c l v ord to someone who comes n nd  
can th n return gant h s own t l u h t  
But Prince A d ew m d as n t t a m l  
state n th t respect All the powers of h m d  
were m re ct e a d clearer t l n e er but  
they cted apart f om h w l Mo t l erse  
th ghts and mages occup ed l m multa u  
ou ly At t mes h s bra n uddenly beg n to  
w k th a go le rnes nd depth it had  
ne e re ched w hen he w s n h lth but s l  
de ly n the m d st of its o k t w uld tu n to  
some u e p t d dea d he h d not the  
tre ght t u t h a k a g a n

Yes a new h pp ess w s revealed to me of  
wh ch man can t be d pri ed he th ught  
as be l y th sem l rk ess of the qu et l ut  
ga ght edly bel e h m w d se erush w de  
op n eyes A h pp ness ly ng bey nd m e l  
f ces o s de th m te l nflu ces t at act  
o m n— h pp ess of the soul also e tle  
h pp es of l g Every m n can under  
ta d t b t to co e e t a d enj t was  
p ssile o ly for God. B t how d d God en  
j n th t l w t A d why w the Son ?

A d s d de ly the equ c f these thoughts  
l ke off d Pr ce A d ew h d (w th t  
kn w g w h ther it w s a delu m or real ty)

the mb lan st u n whe t th sght f  
the fle gs of m h d l k ed th n w  
th h s h d me t h m wh ch p m sed  
h m h pp ess. A d those th ghts th gh  
gu d defi e a possess d h s  
so l. He m mb d th t h h d w new  
w

h f bo e the ery m d dle of t some  
tr ge ry truct e was be gere t d t of  
sle d n dles o pl ters to th so d of  
th wh p d mu c. He felt that he h d to  
b l e ca f lly (th gh t was d fficult) so  
th t th r ystru t re h uld ot coll p e but

h m d turned h m er ga n nfus d h  
th ghts d he h cam to h mself th d  
t m t as th mplt t l l ess f th  
ght. E rybody l m a l p g A  
cr ket ch ped f r m cr ss th p ss g som  
wa h u l l g the t eet  
cochr ches rustled n th table o the con  
and the wall d b g fly flopped t the

W While l t g t th s wh p nd  
f el g t l n t of th s draw g out d  
th stru t of th edifi f n dle he  
bo saw by gl mp es red h lo r d the  
ca dle d he d the rustle f the cockr ches

and the buzzing of the fly that flopped against his pillow and his face. Each time the fly touched his face it gave him a burning sensation and yet to his surprise it did not destroy the structure though it knocked against the very region of his face where it was rising. But besides this there was something else of importance. It was something white by the door—the statue of a sphinx which also oppressed him.

But perhaps that's my shirt on the table he thought and that's my legs and that is the door but why is it always stretching and drawing itself out and *piti piti piti* and *ti ti* and *piti piti piti*? That's enough please leave off! Prince Andrew painfully entreated someone. And suddenly thoughts and feelings again swam to the surface of his mind with peculiar clearness and force.

Yes—love he thought again quite clearly. But not love which loves for something for some quality for some purpose or for some reason but the love which I—while dying—first experienced when I saw my enemy and yet loved him. I experienced that feeling of love which is the very essence of the soul and does not require an object. Now again I feel that bliss. To love one's neighbors to love one's enemies to love everything to love God in all His manifestations. It is possible to love someone dear to you with human love but an enemy can only be loved by divine love. That is why I experienced such joy when I felt that I loved that man. What has become of him? Is he alive?

When loving with human love one may pass from love to hatred but divine love can not change. No neither death nor anything else can destroy it. It is the very essence of the soul. Yet how many people have I hated in my life? And of them all I loved and hated none as I did her. And he vividly pictured to himself Natasha not as he had done in the past with nothing but her charms which gave him delight but for the first time picturing to himself her soul. And he understood her feelings her sufferings shame and remorse. He now understood for the first time all the cruelty of his rejection of her the cruelty of his rupture with her. If only it were possible for me to see her once more! Just once looking into those eyes to say

*Piti piti piti* and *ti ti* and *piti piti piti* boom! flopped the fly. And his attention was suddenly carried into another world a world of reality and delirium in which some-

thing particular was happening. In that world some structure was still being erected and did not fall something was still stretching out and the candle with its red halo was still burning and the same shirtlike sphinx lay near the door but besides all this something creaked there was a whiff of fresh air and a new white sphinx appeared standing at the door. And that sphinx had the pale face and shining eyes of the very Natasha of whom he had just been thinking.

Oh how oppressive this continual delirium is thought Prince Andrew trying to drive that face from his imagination. But the face remained before him with the force of reality and drew nearer. Prince Andrew wished to return to that former world of pure thought but he could not and delirium drew him back into its domain. The soft whispering voice continued its rhythmic murmur something oppressed him and stretched out and the strange face was before him. Prince Andrew could not

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was to look to her eyes.

Those eyes, filled with happy tears, gazed at him amidst compass and with joyous love. Natasha's thin pale face with its swollen lips, was more than plain—it was dreadful. But Prince Andrew drew did not see that he saw her eyes which were beautiful. They heard the sound of voices behind them.

Peter the valet, who was now wide awake, looked at them and did not

exchange a stock which Gerassim had replaced on the writing table. He remembered where he was and what lay before him that every day

Am I not too late? he thought. No probably he won't make his entry into Moscow before noon.

Perraud did not allow himself to reflect on what lay before him, but hastened to act.

After arranging his clothes he took the pistol and was about to go out. But he then occurred to him for the first time that he certainly could not carry the weapon in his hand through the streets. It was difficult to hide such baggage even under his wide coat. He could

his bed. Please go away madam.

At that moment a maid sent by the countess who had educated her daughter in his absence knocked at the door.

Like someone aroused from her sleep, Natasha went out of the room and, returning to her husband, fell sobbing on her bed.

From that time during all the rest of the Ross's journey, every hour his place and wherever they passed, Natasha never forgot the wounded Bolikonski and the doctor had admitted that he had expected from young girl's extraordinary firmness such skill in nursing wounded men.

Dreadful as the countless mangled it would be should Prince Andrew die in her daughter's arms during the journey—as, doing by what the doctor said, it seemed might easily happen—she could not oppose to him the truth which the intimacy was established between the wounded man and Natasha that should occur that should have occurred their former engagement could be renewed in one—leaving of all Natasha and Prince Andrew spoke of this unsettled question of life and death which hung over Bolikonski's life over all Russia, and that all other considerations.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

ON THE THIRD SEPTEMBER Peter woke late. His head was full of the clothes in which he had slept without dress. It felt uncomfortable. His head of his mind had a dim consciousness of something harmful had done the day before. This something harmful was his yesterday's conversation with Captain Ramball.

It was eleven o'clock but it seemed peculiar dark out of doors. Perraud rose, rubbed his eyes, and saw the pistol with an

when playing his design. He had once come to the conclusion that the chief mistake made by the student in 1809 had been to try to kill Napoleon with a dagger. But as

blunt jagged dagger in green sheath which he had bought at the S. Kharev market with

meeting the captain and passed out into the street.

The confusion which he had looked at so much and difference there before had greatly increased during the night. Moscow was on fire in several places. The building in Carrage Row across the river in the Bazaar and the Pokrovsky as well as the barges on the Moskva River and the timber yards by the Doroznitsa Bridge were all ablaze.

Perraud walked through the street to the Pokrovsky from there to the church of St. Nicholas on the Arbat, where he had before decided that the deeds should be done. The gates of Moscow of the houses were locked and the shutters up. The streets and lanes were deserted. There was full of smoke and the smell of burning. The wind then brought Russian with anxious and timid faces, and French men with air of the city but of the camp walking in the middle of the streets. Both the Russian and the French looked at Perraud with surprise. Besides his height and stoutness and the strange moose look of suf

and the buzzing of the fly that flopped against his pillow and his face. Each time the fly touched his face it gave him a burning sensation and yet to his surprise it did not destroy the structure, though it knocked against the very region of his face where it was rising. But besides this there was something else of importance. It was something white by the door—the statu of a sphinx, which also oppressed him.

"But perhaps that's my shirt on the table," he thought, "and that's my legs and that is the door but why is it always stretching and drawing itself out, and *puu pitu pitu* and *tu* and *puu pitu pitu*." "That's enough please leave off!" Prince Andrew painfully entreated someone. And suddenly thoughts and feelings again swam to the surface of his mind with peculiar clearness and force.

"Yes—I now thought again quite clearly "But not love which loves for something for some quality for some purpose or for some reason but the love which I—while dying—first experienced when I saw my enemy and yet loved him. I experienced that feeling of love which is the very essence of the soul and does not require an object. Now again I feel that bliss. To love one's neighbors to love one's enemies to love everything, to love God in all His manifestations. It is possible to love someone dear to you with human love but an enemy can only be loved by divine love. That is why I experienced such joy when I felt that I loved that man. What has become of him? Is he alive?"

"When loving with human love one may pass from love to hatred, but divine love can not change. No neither death nor anything else can destroy it. It is the very essence of the soul. Yet how many people have I hated in my life? And of them all I loved and hated none as I did her." And he vividly pictured to himself Natasha, not as he had done in the past with nothing but her charms which gave him delight, but for the first time picturing to himself her soul. And he understood her feelings her sufferings shame, and remorse. He now understood for the first time all the cruelty of his rejection of her the cruelty of his rupture with her. "If only it were possible for me to see her once more just once looking into those eyes to say—"

"*Puu-puu-puu* and *tu-tu* and *puu-puu-puu* boom" repeated the fly. And his attention was suddenly carried into another world, a world of reality and delirium in which some-

thing particular was happening. In that world some structure was still being erected and did not fall something was still stretching out and the candle with its red halo was still burning and the same shirtlike sphinx lay near the door but besides all this something creaked, there was a whiff of fresh air and a new sphinx appeared, standing at the door. And that sphinx had the pale face and shining eyes of the very Natasha of whom he had just been thinking.

"Oh, how oppressive this continual delirium is!" thought Prince Andrew trying to drive that face from his imagination. But the face remained before him with the force of reality and drew nearer. Prince Andrew wished to return to that former world of pure thought, but he could not, and delirium drew him back into its domain. The soft whispering voice continued its rhythmic murmur something oppressed him and stretched out, and the strange face was before him—

all his strength he tried ringing in his ears a dimness in his eyes, and like a man plunged into water he lost consciousness. When he came to himself Natasha, that same living Natasha whom of all people he most longed to love with this new pure divine love that had been revealed to him was kneeling before him. He realized that it was the real living Natasha and he was not surprised but quietly happy. Natasha motionless on her knees (she was unable to stir) with frightened eyes riveted on him was returning her looks. Her face was pale and rigid. Only in the lower part of it something quivered.

Prince Andrew smiled with relief, smiled, and held out his hand.

"You said. How fortunate!"

With a rapid but careful movement Natasha drew nearer to him on her knees and taking his hand carefully bent her face over it and began kissing it just touching it lightly with her lips.

"Forgive me!" she whispered raising her head and glancing at him. "Forgive me."

"I love you," said Prince Andrew.

"Forgive me!"

"Forgive what, I asked."

"Forgive me for what I have done. I loved Natasha in a scarcely audible broken whisper and began kissing her hand with my lips just touching it with my lips."

"I love you more better than before," said Prince Andrew. I lunged her face with his hand

engra ed stock which Gerá m had replaced  
in the wr ing table he rem mbered where he

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f e noon

He did not allow himself to reflect on what lay before him but he decided to act.

After arranging his clothes I took the pistol and was about to go out. But it then occurred to him for the first time that he certainly could not carry the weapon in his hand through the streets. It was difficult to hide such a big pistol under his coat. He could — and his belt or under!

lu bed Plea ego way m d mi  
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when planning his design, he had in mind to come to the conclusion that the chief merit of the design was that it was a design to try to kill Napoleon with a dagger. But...

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**RUSS**    b e i m f l o t h e c o n d r a t n

## CHAPTER XXVIII

O t t h r d o s p t e r p r e w k e l t e  
h d w a s c h h e d t h e s n w h c h h e  
h d l p t w t d e s s n f l t u m f t  
t l h u b o d y d h m d h d d m n  
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t h d a y b e f T h t s o m t h g h m e f l w a s  
h y e s t e r d y c o e r s t w t h C p t a i R a m  
b l l

It w leve by th l k b t t em d  
pecul ly d k ut f doors P rr  
rubbed h yes d see g th p t l w th n

gaze n Carr g Row acr th r er n the  
Baza nd the lo risko y as w ll as the b ges  
on th M k 4 R e nd th t mber y ds by  
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Parr yld th gh de st e t to t le  
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N ch l s the A bát wh hel d l be  
f d cated th t the d h l d b d Tl  
gate f most of the l l ues w e l ked d  
th hutt r s up Tl street nd l es wer  
dese ted. Th w full f m k d the  
m ll f burn ng N w nd th n he met Rus-  
n w thax v nd m d f ces and French  
m w thax a t f the cty but of the  
camp w lk g n th middl of the st e s  
B th the Russ d d F h looked t  
P err w th surp s Bes de h h ht nd  
t ut ess d the tra n o o s look of ut

fering in his face and whole figure the Russians stared at him because they could not make out to what class he could belong. The French followed him with astonishment in their eyes chiefly because Pierre unlike all the other Russians who gazed at the French with fear and curiosity paid no attention to them. At the gate of one house three Frenchmen who were explaining something to some Russians who did not understand them stopped Pierre asking if he did not know French.

Pierre shook his head and went on. In another side street a sentinel standing beside a green caisson shouted at him but only when the shout was threateningly repeated and he heard the click of the man's musket as he raised it did Pierre understand that he had to pass on the other side of the street. He heard nothing and saw nothing of what went on around him. He carried his resolution within himself in terror and haste like something dreadful and alien to him for after the previous night's experience he was afraid of losing it. But he was not destined to bring his mood safely to his destination. And even had he not been hindered by anything on the way his intention could not now have been carried out for Napoleon had passed the Arbat more than four hours previously on his way from the Dorogomilov suburb to the Kremlin and was now sitting in a very gloomy frame of mind in a royal study in the Kremlin giving detailed and exact orders as to measures to be taken immediately to extinguish the fire to prevent looting and to reassure the inhabitants. But Pierre did not know this. He was entirely absorbed in what lay before him and was tortured—as those are who obstinately undertake a task that is impossible for them not because of its difficulty but because of its incompatibility with their natures—by the fearsomeness and the decisive moment and so losing his self-esteem.

Though he heard and saw nothing around him he found his way by instinct and did not go wrong in the side streets that led to the Pavarsky.

As Pierre approached that street the smoke became denser and denser—he even felt the heat of the fire. Occasionally curly tongues of flame rose from under the roofs of the houses. He met more people in the streets and they were more excited. But Pierre though he felt that something unusual was happening around him did not realize that he was approaching the fire. As he was going along a footpath across

a wide-open space adjoining the Pavarsky on one side and the gardens of Prince Gruzinski's house on the other Pierre suddenly heard the desperate weeping of a woman close to him. He stopped as if awakening from a dream and lifted his head.

By the side of the path on the dusty dry grass all sorts of household goods lay in a heap featherbeds, armchairs, icons and trunks. On the ground beside the trunks sat a thin woman no longer young with long prominent upper teeth and wearing a black cloak and cap. This woman swaying to and fro and muttering something was choking with sobs. Two girls of about ten and twelve dressed in dirty short frocks and cloaks were staring at their mother with a look of stupefaction on their pale frightened faces. The youngest child a boy of about seven who wore an overcoat and an immense cap evidently not his own was crying in his old nurse's arms. A dirty bare footed maid was sitting on a trunk and having undone her pale colored plait was pulling it straight and sniffing at her singed hair. The woman's husband a short round shouldered man in the undress uniform of a civilian of field with sausage shaped bushkers and showing under his square set cap the hair smoothly brushed forward over his temples with expressionless face was among the trunks which were placed one on another and was dragging some garments from under them.

As soon as she saw Pierre the woman almost threw herself at his feet.

Dear people good Christians save me help me dear friends help us somebody she muttered between her sobs. My girl My daughter! My youngest daughter is left behind. She's burned! Ooh! Was it for this I nursed you Ooh!

Don't Mary Nikolaevna! said her husband to her in a low voice evidently only to justify himself before the stranger. Sister must have taken her or else where can she be? he added.

Monster! Villain! shouted the woman angrily suddenly ceasing to weep. You have no heart you don't feel for your children. An other man would have rescued her from the fire. But this is a monster and neuter man nor a father! You honored us are a noble man she went on addressing Pierre rapidly between her sobs. The fire broke out along side and blew out with the main I called out Fire! and we rushed to collect our things. We ran out just as we were. This is what we

his e brought away The con and my  
dowry bed all the rest is lost. We se red the  
hildre B t n t k a u e l O h! O Lor li

d → he began to sob My ch ld my dear  
on ! B rned b rned

But here was she left asked Pierre  
From the express on f h n m ted f ce  
th oman saw th t th m n m ght help her  
Oh, dear x l e c r e d, o n g h m by the  
legs. "My be efact r et my hea t t ease  
Anksa, oo yo h r r d g l h w h m the way l  
sh c r e d t h e m d a n o t i l o p e n g h e r  
mouth d i l l a r t h r e p o n h i n g  
teeth.

Show me th way how m l l l d t  
gaped P e r r e r a p d l y

Th dirty maidservant repped from beh nd  
the tru k p t up he pl t s o h e d, nd went  
her sh r t, b f e t l g t h e p t h P e r r e  
felt as f h e h a d c o m e b c k t l f e f e r h e a v y

do ds f b l k s m k e To gues of f l me here  
and there broke th ou h t h t c l o d A great  
umber of people c r w d e d f t o f t h e n  
l g r a u l t h m d d i f t h s t r e t t o o d  
f c h g r a l s a y g s o m e t h t t h e  
w o d h u m P e r r e c c o m p e d b y t h m d  
as d a c u t t h p o t w h e r t h g n e r a l  
s t o o d b t t h e F e h l d e r s t p p e d h m.

O p a s s p a s c r e d c e.

"Thus ay u l e, e r e d t h e g l W e l l p a s s  
t h r o u g h t h d e t r e e t, b y t h e A k u l l

P e r r e t u r n e d b k g g p m w n d  
t h t k p u p w t h h e r S h r a n c r o s s t h e  
t r e e t, t u r n e d d w n d t e e t t o t h l e f t  
d p a s s g t h r e l u s e s t m e d t y a d  
t h n h.

I t s h e r c l o s e b y s a d h e d r u  
c r o s s t h y a d p e d g a t e o o d n  
f e n c e d, t o p p p o t e d t t h m s m l l  
o o d e f t h f l u s e w h c h w a s b u r g  
b h t l y d f e r r l y O f u s d e s h d f l l n  
t h e r w a s f i r d b h f l a m e s s u e d  
f r o m t h e p g s f t h v i d w s d f r m  
d e r t h o o f.

A P e r r e p a s s e d t h r o g h t h f e g a t h e  
l p e d b y h n d l u t l y

t p p e d  
W h c h i s t W h c h y o h o u e t h e  
a s k e d.

O o h l a l e d t h g l p o g t t h w g  
"T h a t t, t h a t a s u r l o d g i n g Y o u b u r n e d  
c a n t p u s

to death our tre sure kat e my precious little  
m s s y O o h l l a m e n t e d A n k s a w h o a t t h e  
g h t o f t h e f r e f l t h t t h e t o o m u t g i e c r  
o e s s o t o h e r f e e l n g s.

the roof nd arou d wh cl swarmed a crowd  
of Fren hmen At first Pierre d l n t r e a l e  
w h t t h e s e m e n w h o c r e d r a g g n g s o m e t h  
o u t w e e b o u t b u t s e e n g b e f o r e h i m a  
F r e n c h m n h u t a p e a s a n t w t h a b l u n t s a  
b e r a n d t r y t o t a k e f r m h m a f o f u r c o a t  
h e a g u e l y u n d e r s t o o d t h a t l o o t w a s g o n e  
n t h e e b u t h e h a d n o t m e t d e l l o n t h a t  
i d e a

The ounds of crackl ng d d e d n o f f l l  
n g w a l l s a d c e l g s t h e w l t l e d h f  
t h e f l m e s t h e e x c i t e d s h o u t s f t h e p e o p l e  
a d t h s g h t o f t h e s w a y g i m k e n w g a t h e r

gold n fish scales creep ng l g t l e w a l l s)  
n d t h e f e s t a d m o k d r a p d t y o f m o  
t p r o d c e d o P e r r e t h u s u l a m a t n

s t i l t d g w h e n j u s t b o e l l e r l h e  
h e a r d e e r a l o c c a s i o n t g a d t h e a c r a k  
o s o u n l n d t h e r i n f o m e t h g l e a y  
f l l g c l s e b e s d e h m

P e r r e l o o k e d u p a n d a s w t w d o w o f t h e  
l r g f l u s e s m e F r e c h m e n v l o h a l j t  
t h w n o u t t h e d r a w e r o f a l e s t f i l l e d w t h  
m t l r t c l e s O t h e r F e n h l d r s t a l g  
b e l w e n t p t t e d r a w e r

"W h t d o e s t h f l l o w w a n t h t e d o n  
f t h m f e r r g t P e r r e

"T h e r e c h i l d n t h t h o u s e H e n t y o u  
n c i l d c r e d P e r r e.

" k h c

n t h d r a w m o e d t h t e g l y t a r d  
h u m.

A c h l d h u t e d F e h m f m b o e  
l d l h s o m t h g s q l n g n t h e g a r d n  
P e r h a p t h i s b r a t t h a t t h e f l l w l o o k



ing for After all one must be human you know

Where is it? Where? said Pierre

There! There! shouted the Frenchman at the window pointing to the garden at the back of the house Wait a bit—I'm coming down

And a minute or two later the Frenchman a black-eyed fellow with a spot on his cheek in shirt sleeves really did jump out of a window on the ground floor and clapping Pierre on the shoulder ran with him into the garden

Hurry up you others! he called out to his comrades It's getting hot

When they reached a gravel path behind the house the Frenchman pulled Pierre by the arm and pointed to a round graveled space where a three-year-old girl in a pink dress was lying under a seat

There is your child! Oh a girl so much the better! said the Frenchman Good by Fatty We must be human we are all mortal you know! and the Frenchman with the spot on his cheek ran back to his comrades

Breathless with joy Pierre ran to the little

yell and run away Pierre however seized her and lifted her in his arms She screamed desperately and angrily and tried with her little hands to pull Pierre's hands away and to bite them with her slobbering mouth Pierre was

to throw the child down and ran with her to the large house It was now however impossible to get back the way he had come the maid Aniska was no longer there and Pierre with a feeling of pity and disgust pressed the wet painfully sobbing child to himself as tenderly as he could and ran with her through the garden seeking another way out

#### CHAPTER XXXIV

HAVING RUN through different yards and side streets Pierre got back with his little burden to the Gruzinski garden at the corner of the Povarskóy He did not at first recognize the place from which he had set out to look for the

here from the fire with their uniforms were several French soldiers in a variety of clothing Pierre took no notice of them He

hurried to find the family of that civil servant in order to restore the daughter to her mother and go to save someone else Pierre felt that he had still much to do and to do quickly Clinging with the heat and from running he felt at that moment more strongly than ever the sense of youth animation and determination that had come on him when he ran to save the child She had now become quiet and clinging with her little hands to Pierre's coat sat on his arm gazing about her like some little wild animal He glanced at her occasionally with a slight smile He fancied he saw something pathetically innocent in that frightened sickly little face

He did not find the civil servant or his wife where he had left them He walked among the crowd with rapid steps scanning the various faces he met Involuntarily he noticed a Georgian or Armenian family consisting of a very handsome old man of Oriental type wearing a new cloth covered sheepskin coat and new boots an old woman of similar type and a young woman That very young woman seemed to Pierre the perfection of Oriental beauty with her sharply outlined arched black eyebrows and the extraordinarily soft bright color of her long beautiful expressionless face Amid the scattered property and the crowd on the open space she in her rich satin cloak with a bright lilac shawl on her head suggested a delicate exotic plant thrown out onto the snow She was sitting on some bundles a little behind the old woman and looked from under her long lashes with motionless large almond-shaped eyes at the ground before her Evidently she was aware of her beauty and fearful because of it Her face struck Pierre and hurrying along by the fence he turned several times to look at her When he had reached the fence still without finding those he sought he stopped and looked about him

With the child in his arms his figure was now more conspicuous than before and a group of Russians both men and women gathered about him

Have you lost anyone my dear fellow? You're of the gentry yourself aren't you? Whose child is it? they asked him

Pierre replied that the child belonged to a woman in a black coat who had been sitting there with her other children and he asked whether anyone knew where she had gone

I can  
casual  
cry!

played his customary bass.

"The Anfero \ said the woman "They  
kirt in the mornin' That must be either Mary  
Vloketna o th Ivi o I

H says voma d M ry \ k Mvna  
a lady remarked house elf.

"Do you know her Sh thun with lo -  
utth, said P erre.

"That M ry \ k Mvna They went n-  
ed L garden when these wol es swooped  
down, said the woman po ing in the Fre ch  
siders.

"O Lord, ha e mercy added the deacon.

"Go over that way they e there. It he  
She kept lamentin and cry - co unued  
the woman. It sbe. Here this way!

B- M erre was not listening t th w man  
H had for some seco ds been tently watch-  
er what was going on few steps way He  
was lookin t the Armenis f mly d at  
two French soldiers who had g n p to them.  
On of these numbl little ma was wear g  
bue cat tied round th waist w th rope.  
H had ightcap on his head d his feet  
were bare. Th ther whose ppearance p r  
ticularly struck P err was l lank, u d  
shouldered, fair ha red ma l w his m e-  
ments and with a d i t expres n of i ce.  
H wor woman loose gown f fineze bl e  
trousers, and larve torn Hessian boots. The  
l barefooted Frenchman n th bl co t  
wen p t the Arm nia d, as some-  
thing immediat ly seized the old ma by h  
lows and L id man began pullin off  
his boots. The ther in the frier gown topped  
m fro t f the bes uful Armenia girl d  
with his hands hu pockets tood tan g at  
her foot less d jena.

Here, take the child, said P erre peremp-  
toill and hurried to th woman hand o  
L. Lnd girl t her Gs her back t them  
gs her back h almost h uied, p m g the  
child, wh began scream o th gr nd  
d d ai looki g t th F chman and the  
Armenian family

The ld man was alresd tuing barefoot.  
Th lnd F enchman had secured his second  
boot and was slappn e boot "ain t th  
other Th ld ma as say g someth na  
ce broken b sobb, but P erre caught but  
glimpse f this his whol t t n was di-  
rected to th F enchman n th frier gown  
to mean hill swavin l w from d t  
d had drawn nearer t h oun woman  
nd takin hu ha ds fr m his pockets had  
seized her by th eck.

Th beaut f Armenia still sat motionless  
a d n the same titude w th her lo l f es  
droop n- a if she d d not see r feel what the  
sold er wa do to her

Whle P erre was runn - the few steps that  
separated li m from th e Frenchman the t ll  
mara der n the fr ere gown was l e dy tea  
g from her neck the eckl ce the vo n  
Armenian was wearin a d th o r- wom  
an clut h g t her neck screamed p etc  
ingly

Let that woman al e exclamed P erre  
hoarsely in furi us vo ce seen the sold er  
by his ro nd shoulders nd throw l m  
as d

The sold er fell got up a dran wa li t  
his comrade throw li wn the boot d  
draw his sword mo ed threaten l to-  
ward P erre.

"Oyo pas d bles!" he cried.

P erre was su h tran port of ra e that  
he rem mbered oth n d his st en-nd  
creased te f ld. He rushed t the ba efooted  
Frenchma d bef re the latter had t me to  
draw his swo d, h ocked h m off h s feet d  
hammered h m w th h s f i s. Sho is f ap-  
pro al were h rd from the crowd aro n l d  
t the sam moment mou ted pair lol Fre h  
Uhl ppeared from round the corner T  
Uhl an came up t a trot to P erre d the  
F en human d urro ded them. P erre e-  
membered n th n of what happened lter  
that. He only emembered beat someo  
nd be beaten d f lly feel - that his  
hands were bound d that er wd of F en h  
sold ers tood around h m d were search o  
him.

Laeuten nt, h has dagger were the  
first wo ds P err m derstood.

Ah, weapo said th officer d turned  
to th ba efooted sold er who had been ar-  
res ed w th P erre. All right, you can tell all  
bo t t t th court mart l. Then he turned  
to P erre Do u peak F ench

P erre looked ar d h m w th bloodsh t  
eves and did not repl H f probabl looked  
ery terr ble f the off cer m d someth  
a whi per d f ur m e Uhl an l ft the  
ranks d pl ed themsel es on both s des f  
P err

"Do you peak French the officer ked  
"ain keep g t distance from P erre Call  
the interpreter

Al tle ma n Rus n ci ilan d thes rod  
o f from th ranks nd by his d thies nd

Look here no nonsense

manner of speaking Pierre at once knew him to be a French salesman from one of the Moscow shops

He does not look like a common man said the interpreter after a searching look at Pierre

Ah he looks very much like an incendiary remarked the officer And ask him who he is he added

Who are you? asked the interpreter in poor Russian You must answer the chief

I will not tell you who I am I am your prisoner—take me! Pierre suddenly replied in French

Ah ah! muttered the officer with a frown Well then march!

A crowd had collected round the Uhlans nearest to Pierre stood the pockmarked peasant woman with the little girl and when the patrol started she moved forward

Where are they taking you to you poor dear? said she And the little girl the little girl what am I to do with her if she is not theirs? said the woman

What does that woman want? asked the officer

Pierre was as if intoxicated His elation in

creased at the sight of the little girl he had saved

What does she want? he murmured She is bringing me my daughter whom I have just saved from the flames said he Good by And without knowing how this aimless he had escaped him he went along with resolute and triumphant steps between the French soldiers

The French patrol was one of the

incendiaries who according to the general opinion which had that day originated among the higher French officers were the cause of the conflagrations. After marching through a number of streets the patrol arrested five more Russian suspects a small shopkeeper two seminary students a peasant and a house serf besides several looters But of all these various suspected characters Pierre was considered to be the most suspicious of all When they had all been brought for the night to a large house on the Zubov Rampart that was being used as a guardhouse Pierre was placed apart under strict guard

# Book Twelve 1812

\*

## CHAPTER I

IN PETERBURGH at that time multiplied  
trouble brought new with great  
the death let be between all  
parties for my desire the French Mary Fe  
do the French and the needed  
us by the gulf coast of us But  
the calm in our life of Petersburg con  
ceded by about phantoms and rest in  
fall if we then us idly a dream de  
had except by great effort to feel the  
dover the difficult position of the Rus  
sian people. The French in receipt of  
debts the French threat the me  
re interests of the interests and in  
trouves us only in the very highest ex  
treme of the  
were  
esses  
The  
— in e f

the child will be emended has  
the girl bel these new us had  
read be picked up The Empress Elisabeth  
has been which led what in truth in she  
would be pleased to see her character  
the Russian people had replied that he  
would no doubt in our rate in in  
the fact that was the first of the so ex  
brought the personal was earned h  
would be the last to quit Petersburg

At A. M. I was on the twenty-sixth of  
August the evening of the battle of Borodino  
there as source, the chief fear of which  
was to be the ending of the French in His Lord  
ship the Bishop when sending the Emperor  
the General Sergeus I was  
gained the word of ecclesiastical pious  
locution Prince Vasili himself famed for his  
locution was to read it. (He used to read  
the Empress) The art of his ending was up  
posed to be in carrying out the words quite in  
dependence of the words, in loud and

the great general to get even a despair  
all and tender in murmur that the  
will sell you to at ran lo on one word and the  
— on in their This reading was all

ex  
hal  
ih  
r A  
but  
Ann Pál in not yet e from  
he wanted a hard working room and I not let  
the end began but was a duplicate of  
general concerns in

The news of the day in Petersburg was the  
loss of Countess Berkhova. She had fallen  
unexpectedly a few days previously had  
missed several gatherings of which he was  
usually the moment was a distant bereave  
in no one and read of the celebrated Pe  
tersburg doctor with us in the dead her hand  
entrusted herself to some Italian doctor who  
was treating her in some new and unusual  
way

They all knew very well that the end of  
countess loss arose from a common cause  
result from marriage two husbands at the  
same time that the Italian success con  
tained emotion such a new one but in  
Anna Pavlovna's presence she daunted  
the knowledge of the appearance

"They say the poor countess is very ill. The  
doctor says it is very poor to

A grin. Oh that terrible illness  
"They say that the illness is cured  
that is to the end of the world  
was repeated with great satisfaction

"The doctor is positive they say He cured  
the child with the doctor told him the case  
was dangerous.

Oh how would be terrible loss has in en  
chanting a man

"You are peak of the poor countess  
said Anna Pál I am going up just then I  
sent to ask for news and hear that he is

the better. Oh, she is certainly the most charming woman in the world! she went on with a smile at her own enthusiasm. We belong to different camps, but that does not prevent my being very un-

Anna Pávlovna was somewhat lifting the veil from the secret of the countess's malady in unwary young men ventured to express surprise that she knew the matter.

Your information may be better than mine. Anna Pávlovna suddenly and venomously retorted on the inexperienced young man, but I know on good authority that this doctor is a very learned and able man. He is private physician to the Queen of Spain.

And having thus demolished the young man, Anna Pávlovna turned to another group where Bilbin was talking about the Austrians having wrinkled up his face he was evidently preparing to smooth it out again and utter one of his mottoes.

I think it is delightful, he said referring to a diplomatic note that had been sent to Vienna with some Austrian banners captured from the French by Wittgenstein—the hero of Petropoli—as he was then called in Petersburg.

What? What is that? asked Anna Pávlovna securing silence for the moment which she had heard before.

And Bilbin repeated the actual words of the diplomatic dispatch which he had himself composed.

The Emperor returns these Austrian banners and Bilbin, friendly banners gone astray and found on a wrong path and his brow became smooth again.

Charming, charming! observed Prince Váslav.

The path to Warsaw, perhaps? Prince Hippolyte remarked loudly and unexpectedly. Everybody looked at him not understanding what he meant. Prince Hippolyte himself glanced around with amused surprise. He knew no more than the others what his words meant. During his diplomatic career he had more than once noticed that such utterances were received as very witty and at every opportunity he uttered in this way the first words that entered his head. It may turn out very well, he thought, but if not they will know how to arrange matters. And really, during the awkward silence that ensued that insufficiently pa-

triotic person entered whom Anna Pávlovna had been waiting for and wished to convert and she smiling and shaking a finger at Hippolyte invited Prince Váslav to the table.

The gracious Sovereign and Emperor! Prince Váslav sternly declaimed looking round at his audience as if to inquire whether anyone had anything to say to the contrary. But no one said anything. Moreover, the ancient capital of the Jerusalem receives the Christ—he placed a still more emphasis on the word Christ—a pious mother receives her zealous sons into her arms and through the gathering mists foreseeing the still angrier of thy rule—ings in evaluation. Ho, Anna! blessed is he that cometh!

Prince Váslav pronounced these last words in a terrible voice.

Bilbin attentively examined his nails and many of those present appeared intimidated as if asking in what they were to blame. Anna Pávlovna whispered the next words in advance like an old woman muttering the prayer at Communion. Let the bold and insolent Goliath—she whispered.

Prince Váslav continued.

Let the bold and insolent Goliath from the borders of France enter the realms of Russia and I will learn to tumble. First the sling of the Russian Diva shall be lent to the least.

Verily, I grieve that my way is so remote to Heaven the Majesty.

What force! What a style! said the latter.

It is so on the battle to be fought in a few days.

You will see, said Anna Pávlovna, that tomorrow on the Emperor's birthday we shall receive news. I have a favorable presentiment!

## CHAPTER II

ANNA PÁVLOVNA'S presentiment was not fulfilled. Next day during the service at the church in honor of the Emperor's birthday Prince Volkonsky called out of the church and received a dispatch from Prince Kutuzov.

# BOOK TWELVE

539

wa kutōro report riter from Tatari  
h d of the battle kutōr write  
Hēhē e Beriklo a hal s il lenly lel of the  
terr ble nal ly t hal been so agree d l  
ment o Officially at l rge g u l e r g e e r  
o i e s a l l t C n t e s s Berik h a l a l l e d f  
l terr ble att k of a g n a p e c t n l t u n n  
t t t e c r i e s l e t a l w e e s i e n t e d l l  
t t e r h y s i s o f t h e Q e r i s q

l  
l they t r y m t i t t e l i t l a t e r l i n t o v l  
o o d (t l a t w r e t c h e d p o s s g a t e l e r r e) l l i t r  
e e n  
spoke i n p o l e o n s h n g b e e t l e d o f  
h d e p o t o n l o f t e e c h c e o f e t l r l r n e v a  
l r F r a n e p n t e l l i b a t t l e t u r l l l l e d  
l t e r r e s f r o m t h e u f t n t e l e c t l  
l t e r e l s t e o t h n l e o j l e t e s s m l t h e  
m m l c e e

m h n t h e f c t t h t h e n w s l i a t t  
t h E m p r o b r i t l y o n t h e f c t o f t h e  
r b l e l W l t p t a t r u e l l  
n l k i t r o s a t r a t r l l r e v l l  
l r g t h e s t s o f c o n l i c e c l l l l o f  
d f t h e f f a g a l n t l y e n t e r l  
r o u d g l l t k d y d t l E  
r y b o d y k e w l m t h e E p r o l k e d h m n l  
h e y g n l t e s t g T h t l y e e y  
e m e t t h u w l  
W h t a w d f l n e d l j t l g  
t h e r v B t w h i l s s k d y l l h w  
s o r r y l a m

l l l g e l e f r m a b l l n l l e j l l  
m n v c o l l  
f i l l g e r m u c a t n s r e c e t i o  
C o n l o t p d i n  
l l k t l t t t h b r o g l t m l l  
l e t g n p o l e o  
B t i d y e v r r e d f r t l y  
d t h p b l m o o l g r u T l e  
t r s u f f e e d b e c a u f t l f l e g t h e  
u p c a e d l L m p r o r  
F c y t l L j p o t l l t h y  
l d f t l l k t t l y l l  
l l d y b f l y c o d e m d l a s  
w r d g f e v r y t l g c n l e d t  
m a k l i t r b g t y d y  
t e r b l e p e c e f w l d e d C o n t e s s  
l l M i h l l l l l l s c e t l t t y

the better. Oh, she is certainly the most charming woman in the world. She went on with a smile at her own enthusiasm. We belong to different camps, but that does not prevent my very un-

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But no one said any thing. Moreover, our ancient capital the New Jerusalem, he placed a golden eagle on the cross — a mother received her zealous son into her arms and through the gathering of the foreseen gathered till the glory of thy rule sings in exultation. No, Anna Pavlovna decided to sit at cometh.

Prince Vassili pronounced these last words in a fearful voice.

Billbin attentively examined his nails and many of those present were asking

like an old

like an old man, muttering the prayer of Communion. Let the bold and insolent Coliath, she whispered.

Prince Vassili continued

Let the bold and insolent Coliath

What force! What a style! was uttered

What force! What a style! was uttered

Next day during the service at the place church in honor of the Emperor's birthday Prince Volkonski was called out of the church and received a dispatch from Prince Kutuzov.

## CHAPTER II

Anna Pavlovna's presentiment was in fact fulfilled. Next day during the service at the place church in honor of the Emperor's birthday Prince Volkonski was called out of the church and received a dispatch from Prince Kutuzov.

others more than my enemies suppose, said the Emperor growling more and more angrily. But he should never be ordered by D—

means that my comma-d-i shall eat of it. I grow here (he pointed halfway down his chest) dig deep potatoes with the meanest of peasants rather than give the disgrace of my country to my beloved people whose sacrifices I know how to appreciate.

He uttered these words in a guttural voice. The Emperor suddenly turned away and hid from the Emperor the tears that rose to his eyes. He went the further end of his study. He stood there a few moments he strode back to the chair and pressed his arm between his elbow with a furious motion. The Emperor smiled and his face was flushed and his eyes gleamed with revolt and anger.

Colonel M had done it for what I say you here perhaps we may recall with pleasure some day. Napoleon I said the Emperor to the his best. "We can only over both rivers whether I have learned to know him, and he will tell me more."

And the Emperor paused, with a frown.

When he heard these words and saw the expression of firm resolution in the Emperor's eyes, he said—*g g i ger russ d uru i d'm*—that solemn moment felt himself enraptured by all that he had heard (he used afterwards said) and gave expression to his own feelings and those of the Russian people whose representative he considered himself to be, in the following words:

"Sure said he. Your Majesty is this moment given to glory for this and the salvation of Europe."

With an inclination of the head the Emperor dismissed him.

## CHAPTER IV

It is fatal for us who were not living in those days to imagine that when half Russia had been conquered and the inhabitants were

themselves as their first duty to weeping over its downfall. The tales and descriptions of that time which except in speaking on

ly of the self-sacrifice and the devotion displayed by the heroism of the Russians. But it was not really so. It appears so to us because we see only the general historical interest of that time and do not see all the personal human interests that people had. Yet in reality those personal interests of the moment so much transcend the general interests that they always prevent the public interest from being felt or even noted. Most of the people at that time paid no attention to the general progress of events but were guided only by the private interests and they were the very people whose activities at that period were most useful.

Those who tried to understand the general course of events did not take part in it by self-sacrifice and heroism were the most useless members of society they saw everything up-side down and all they did for the common good turned out to be useless and foolish—like Peter and Monks' regiments which looted Russian villages and the latter the year had been prepared and that never reached the woods, and so on. Even those of us of intellect I talk and of expressing their feelings, who discussed Russian positions at the time in luncheon introduced to the conversation a thread of pretense and falsehood or useless condemnation and anger directed against people accused of actions no one could possibly be guilty of. In historical events the rule forbidding gusty eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is specially applicable. Only one consolation it bears fruit and he who plays a part in a historic event never understands its significance. If he tries to realize these efforts at fruitless.

The most closely man was engaged in the event is then taken place in Russia the less did he realize their significance. In Petersburg and in the provinces at a distance from Moscow ladies and gentlemen in military uniforms, wept for Russia and in capital and talked of self-sacrifice and so on but in the my which endured beyond Moscow there was little talk of thought of Moscow and when they caught sight of a burned Russian no one swore to be ended the French but they thought about their next path next quarter is of M. Treshka the a dière, and like matters.

At the war had caught him in the service which has Rost took close and prolonged part in the defense of his country but did so casually without any aim at self-sacrifice and he therefore looked at what was going on in



ninth of August I have received no communication from you yet on the first of September I received from the commander in chief of Moscow via Yaroslavl the sad news that you with the army had left yourself me and am sending

Leninski to call on you the situation of the army in the reasons that have induced you to take this melancholy decision

### CHAPTER III

NINE DAYS after the abandonment of Moscow a messenger from Kutuzov reached Petersburg with the official announcement of that event. This messenger was Michaud, a Frenchman who did not know Russian but who was *quelque étranger russe de cœur et d'âme* as he said of himself.

The Emperor at once received this messenger in his study at the palace on Stone Island. Michaud, who had never seen Moscow before the campaign and who did not know Russian yet felt deeply moved (as he wrote) when he appeared before *notre très gracieux souverain* with the news of the burning of Moscow *dont les flammes éclairaient sa route*.

Though the source of M. Michaud's chagrin must have been different from that which caused Russians to grieve, he had such a sad face when shown into the Emperor's study that the latter at once asked:

Have you brought me sad news, Colonel?

Very sad, sire, replied Michaud, lowering his eyes with a sigh. The abandonment of Moscow.

Have they surrendered my ancient capital without a battle? asked the Emperor quickly, his face suddenly flushing.

Michaud respectfully delivered the message Kutuzov had entrusted to him, which was that it had been impossible to fight before Moscow and that the only remaining choice was to evacuate the army as well as Moscow, or leaving Moscow alone, the field marshal had to choose the latter.

The Emperor listened in silence, not looking at Michaud.

Has the enemy entered the city? he asked. Yes, sire, and Moscow is now in ashes. I left it all in flames, replied Michaud in a decided tone, but glancing at the Emperor he was frightened by what he had done.

Though a foe gains Russia in the end, I would our most gracious sovereign  
Whom flames still menace, I go to

The Emperor began.

It is

from

the

first

time

that

I

am

ready

to

submit

myself

in

all

things

to

His

will,

but

tell

me,

Michaud,

how

did

you

leave

the

army

when

it

saw

my

ancient

capital

abandoned

without

a

battle?

Did

you

not

notice

discouragement?

Seeing that his most gracious ruler was calm once more, Michaud also grew calm, but was not immediately ready to reply to the Emperor's direct and relevant question which required a direct answer.

Sire, will you allow me to speak frankly as befits a loyal soldier? he asked in a grim time.

Colonel, I always require it, replied the Emperor. Conceal nothing from me. I wish to know absolutely how things are.

Sire! said Michaud with a subtle scarcely perceptible smile on his lips, having now prepared a well-phrased reply, sire, I left the whole army from its chiefs to the lowest soldier without exception in desperate and agonized terror.

How is that? the Emperor interrupted him, frowning sternly. Would misfortune make my Russians lose heart? Never.

Michaud had only waited for this to bring

to be persuaded to make peace. They are burning for the combat, declared this representative of the Russian nation, and to prove to Your Majesty by the sacrifice of their lives how devoted they are.

Ah! said the Emperor, reassured and with a kindly gleam in his eyes, he little Michaud on the shoulder. You set me at ease, Colonel.

He bent his head and was silent for some time.

Well, then go back to the army, he said, drawing himself up to his full height and addressing Michaud with a gracious and majestic gesture, and tell our brave men and I all my good wishes, however you go, that I, as I have not a soldier left, I shall put myself at the head of my beloved nobility and my good people and so on, etc. I, resources of my empire, I still

meeting on the weather and mutual acquaintance, now turned to Moscow the sun and the moon.

The society gathered together to the governor's was the best in the province.

There were great many ladies and some of the Moscow acquaintances but there were no men who could talk with the count. At St. George the hustar remount officer, good natured and well beloved Count Rostov, among the men was an Italian prisoner and officer of the French army and Nicholas felt that the presence of that prisoner enhanced his own importance as a Russian hero. The Italian was a war trophy, Nicholas felt that it seemed him that everyone regarded the Italian as the same but he treated him as a comrade, though with dignity and esteem.

As soon as Nicholas entered his hustar room, the women around him, fragrance of perfume and wine and had uttered the words "er lat" never heard them repeated several times by their people clustered around him, all eyes turned to him, and he felt once that he had entered into his proper position in the province—that of an official officer, very pleasant position, and intoxicating! so after his long privations. A post of stations, and in the landowner's magnificent maidservants had been flattered by his notice and here on the governor's party there were (it seemed to Nicholas) an inexhaustible number of pretty young women married and unmarried, impatient waiting his notice. The women and girls flirted with him and from the first day old people concerned themselves together, the undared devil of an unmarried and settled down. Anna Githose was the governor's wife herself, who welcomed Rostov, her relation and called him Nicholas.

Catherine Petrovna did small play values and the music and dancing began with which Nicholas still further captivated the provincial society by his agility. He particularly free man or dancing even surprised them all. Nicholas was himself rather used to the waltz he danced the evening. He had never danced like this in Moscow and would even have considered such very free and easy man as improper and in bad form, but he felt it incumbent on him to stifle down all by something unusual, something they would have to expect, regular thing. The captain though new to the province.

All the evening Nicholas paid tribute to a

blue-eyed, plump and pleasant little blonde the wife of one of the provincial officers. With the maintenance of you men a merry mood that other men were created for them, Rostov did not like the idea and treated her husband as a friend and conversational style. With the speaking of it, they knew how capital Nicholas and the lady would get on together. The husband however did not seem to share that opinion and tried to behave morose with Rostov. But the latter good natured in itself was so bold that sometimes even he involuntarily yielded to Nicholas good humor. Toward the end of the evening however as the wife's face grew more flushed and animated the husband became more and more melancholy and solemn as though there were but ground mount of an argument between them and the wife had increased the husband's mind.

## CHAPTER V

Nicholas sat leaning his head forward in an armchair bend closely over the blonde lady and paying her most chivalrous compliments with

outlines of his legs in their well hung Hessian boots, Nicholas told the blonde lady that he wished to run away with a certain lady here in the province.

"Which lady?"

A charming lady and one of her eyes (Nicholas looked this partner) like her mouth coral and very her form (he glanced at her shoulders) like Diana's.

The husband came up and sullenly asked him what he was talking about.

"Ah, Nikita! in the end cried Nicholas to him

The husband smiled gloomily the wife got up. The governor's good natured wife came up with a look of disapproval.

Anna Ignatievna was to see you, Nicholas, said he pronouncing the name so that Nicholas once understood that Anna Ignatievna was a very important person. Come, Nicholas, you know our letter call on so.

"Oh, yes, Anna! Who?"

Anna Ignatievna Malinina. She has heard from her niece how you rescued her. Can you guess?"

— the state of Russia he could have said that it was not his business to think about it that Kutuzov and others were there for that purpose but that he had heard that the regiments were to be made up to their full strength that fighting would probably go on for a long time yet and that things being so it was quite likely he might be in command of a regiment in a couple of years time

As he looked at the matter in this way he learned that he was being sent to Voronezh to buy remounts for his division not only without regret at being prevented from taking part in the coming battle but with the greatest pleasure—which he did not conceal and which his comrades fully understood

A few days before the battle of Borodino Nicholas received the necessary money and warrants and having sent some men

months continuously in an atmosphere of campaigning and war—can understand the delight Nicholas felt when he escaped from the region covered by the

at camp—he saw villages with peasants and peasant women gentlemen's country houses fields where cattle were grazing posthouses with stationmasters asleep in them he rejoiced as though seeing all this for the first time What for a long while specially surprised and delighted him were the women young and healthy without a dozen officers making up to each of them women too who were pleased and flattered that a passing officer should joke with them

In the highest spirits Nicholas arrived at night at a hotel in Voronezh ordered things he had long been deprived of in camp and next day very clean shaven and in a full dress uniform he had not worn for a long time went to present himself to the authorities

The commander of the militia was a civilian general an old man who was evidently pleased with his military designation and rank He received Nicholas brusquely (imagining this to be characteristically military) and questioned him with an important air as if considering the general progress of affairs and approving and disapproving with full right to do so Nicholas was in such good spirits that this merely amused him

From the commander of the militia he drove to the governor The governor was a brisk little man very simple and affable He indicated the stud farms at which Nicholas might procure horses recommended to him a horse dealer in the town and a landowner fourteen miles out of town who had the best horses and promised to assist him in every way

You are Count Ilyá Rostov's son? My wife was a great friend of your mother's We are at home on Thursdays—today is Thursday so please come and see us quite informally said the governor taking leave of him

Immediately on leaving the governor's Nicholas hired post horses and taking his squadron quartermaster with him drove at a gallop to the landowner fourteen miles

— his state of mind everything went well and easily

The landowner to whom Nicholas went as a bachelor an old cavalryman a horse fancier a sportsman the possessor of some century-old brandy and some old Hungarian wine who had a snuggerly where he smoked and who owned some splendid horses

In very few words Nicholas bought seven teen picked stallions for six thousand rubles—to serve as he said as samples of his remounts After dining and taking rather too much of the Hungarian wine Nicholas

— a most abominable roads in the brightest frame of mind continually urging on the driver so as to be in time for the governor's party

When he had chugged poured water over his head and scented himself Nicholas arrived at the governor's rather late but with the phrase better late than never on his lips

It was not a ball nor had dancing been announced but everyone knew that Catherine Petrovna would play viols and the *écossaise* on the clarinet and that there would be dancing and so everyone had come as to a ball

Provincial life in 1812 went on very much as usual but with the difference that it was livelier in the towns in consequence of the arrival of many wealthy families

— a gift of a pound—whereas spirit and the cavalrymen all talk instead of

see I never told this to anyone and never will, only to you.

The governor wil pressed his elbow gratefully.

"You know So va my cousin I love her and promised to marry her and will do so. So you see there can be no question about—said Nicholas unconsciously and bluish—"

"My dear boy what was to look at? You know So va has nothing and on yourself as your Papa's affairs are in a very bad way. And what about your mother? It would kill her that or Lina. And what sort of life would it be for So va—life is going with heart? Your mother in despair and you all ruined. No, my dear boy and So va ought to understand that."

Nicholas remained silent. It comforted him to hear these arguments.

"All the same, Aunt, it is impossible he rejoined with a short pause. Besides, would the princess have me? And besides, she is now in my power. How can one think of it?"

"But you don't suppose I am going to get you married to once? There is always another way I don't think you will go to the governor's wife."

"What matchmaker are you, Aunt?" said Nicholas, kissing her plentifully till she died.

## CHAPTER VI

ON REACHING Moscow after her meeting with Rostov Princess Mary had found her nephew there with his tutor and letter from Prince Andrew giving her instructions how to get to her Aunt Malintseva. A no exh. That feeling like a temptation which had threatened her during her father's illness since his death, and especially since her meeting with Rostov was smothered by arrangements for the young princess to bow her brother's scolding in a new house, meeting new people and ending to her education. She was said. Now for a month passed in quiet surroundings. I'll more and more deeply the loss of her father which was smothered in her mind with the ruin of Russia. She was excited and incessantly tortured by the thought of the dangers which her brother the only nephew person now remained, so her was exposed. She was worried too by her nephew's education for which she had always felt herself incompetent, but she depths of her soul felt peace—peace from conscious life, having stuffed those personal dreams and hopes that had been on the point

of awakening with her and were related to her meeting with Rostov.

The day after her private interview with the governor she came to see Malintseva and, after discussing her plans with the aunt, remarked that though under present circumstances formal betrothal was, of course, not to be thought of all the same the young people might be brought together and could get to know one another. Malintseva expressed approval and the governor's wife began to speak of Rostov in Mary's presence praising him and telling how he had

— — —  
tranquillity was destroyed, and desires doubts, self reproach, and hopes reawoke.

During the two days that elapsed before Rostov called, Princess Mary continually thought of how she ought to behave to him. For she decided not to come to the drawing room when he called to see her until that it would not be proper for her in her deep mourning to receive visitors, though he thought this would be rude after what he had done for her. Then it occurred to her that her untidiness and her goings and comings would have no concern for herself and Rostov—their looks and words at times seemed to confirm this impression—then he told herself that if he with her full nature could think this of them they could not forget that twined as he was, while still wearing deep mourning, such matchmaking would be a insult to her and to her father's memory. Assuming that she did go down to see him, Princess Mary imagined that the word he would say to her and what he would say to her, and

But when on Sunday after church the footman announced in the drawing room that Count Rostov had called, the princess bowed no confusion, only a slight blush suffused her cheeks and her eyes lit up with new and radiant light.

"You have met him, Aunt," said she in a calm voice unable herself to understand that she could be outwardly so calm and untroubled.

When Rostov entered the room the princess dropped her eyes for an instant, as if to give him a moment to greet her and then just

Nicholas turned to her she raised her head and met his look with shining eyes. With a

I rescued such a lot of them' said Nicholas.

Her niece Princess Bolkónskaya she is here in Vorónezh with her aunt. Oh! How you blush. Why are you?

Not a bit! Please don't, Aunt!

Very well, very well! Oh, what a fellow you are!

The governor's wife led him up to a tall and very stout old lady with a blue headress who had just finished her game of cards with the most important personages of the town. This was Mary Intseva, Princess Mary's aunt on her mother's side, a rich childless widow who always lived in Vorónezh. When Rostov approached her she was standing settling up for the game. She looked at him and screwing up her eyes sternly continued to upbraid the general who had won from her.

Very pleased *mon cher*, she then said holding out her hand to Nicholas. Pray come and see me.

At first he did

knew of Prince Andrew who also was evidently no favorite of hers, the important old lady dismissed Nicholas after repeating her invitation to come to see her.

Nicholas promised to come and blushed

stand

When he had parted from Mary Intseva Nicholas wished to return to the dancing, but the governor's little wife placed her plump hand on his sleeve and saying that she wanted to have a talk with him led him to her sitting room from which those who were there immediately withdrew so as not to be in her way.

Do you know, dear boy? began the governor's wife with a serious expression on her kind little face, that really would be a match for you, would you like me to arrange it?

Whom do you mean, Aunt? asked Nicholas.

I will make a match for you with the prin-

What a charming girl she is, really! And she is not at all so plain, either.

Not at all, replied Nicholas as if offended at the idea. As he is a soldier, Aunt, I don't force myself on anyone or refuse anything, he

said before he had time to consider what he was saying.

Well then, remember, this is not a joke!

Of course not!

Yes, yes, the governor's wife said as if talking to herself. But my dear boy, among other things you are too attentive to the other, the blonde. One is sorry for the husband, really.

Oh no, we are good friends with him, said Nicholas in the simplicity of his heart. It did not enter his head that a pastime so pleasant to himself might not be pleasant to someone else.

But what nonsense I have been saying to the governor's wife! thought Nicholas suddenly at supper. She will really begin to arrange a match, and Sonya? And on taking leave of the governor's wife when she again smilingly said to him, Well then remember! he drew her aside.

But see here to tell you the truth, Aunt.

What is it, my dear? Come, let's sit down here, said she.

Nicholas suddenly felt a desire and need to tell his most intimate thoughts (which he would not have told to his mother, his sister or his friend) to this woman who was almost a stranger. When he afterwards recalled that impulse to unsolicited and inexplicable frankness which had very important results for him, it seemed to him—as it seems to everyone in such cases—that it was merely some silly whim that seized him, yet that burst of frankness together with other trifling events, had immense consequences for him and for all his family.

You see, Aunt, Mamma has long wanted me to marry an heiress, but the very idea of marrying for money is repugnant to me.

Oh yes, I understand, said the governor's wife.

But Princess Bolkónskaya—that's another matter. I will tell you the truth. In the first place I like her very much. I feel drawn to her, and then, after I met her under such circumstances—so strangely the idea often occurred to me, "This is fate." Especially if you remember that Mamma had long been thinking of it, but I had never happened to meet her before, somehow, it had always happened that we did not meet. And as long as my sister Natasha was engaged to her brother it was of course out of the question for me to think of marrying her. And it must needs happen that I should meet her just when Natasha's engagement had been broken off, and then everything. So you

and he fite tho ght bout her **I** t he  
th ght bo ther she h d th ight of  
m m

Nicholas mmed ately rec gnized **P** rncess  
Mary not so much by the pr fle he saw under  
h t by the feel ng f sol c tude ti

bef e lea : g the enu u

**N** chol looked at her f e th surp e It  
w the s m f t e he l ad seen before t lere

ie y r

o ol rrow payer and h pe in it As h d  
o curr d before w l en she w s prese t **N** cho-  
la went up t her w th ut wait ng to be  
la m w fe and n t ask

## CHAPTER VII

b t l f B d n o

g p both her sorrow and he joy  
The e u s th ng I wanted t tell you

d o ly f m the G t d h u  
d fi t ew f h m p p d (so **N** chol s  
h d h d n t n he ga l mself) to et  
ff sear h f P n A dew

Wh h e ed th n w of the b tile f  
Bo od o d th b d nme t of M sc w  
Rost o was t se d w th desp g r the  
des e f g y f l g f l t  
k d, b t everyth n **V** o o e h dd nly  
seemed t h m d l l d u esom d h e  
per en d d fi t f l g f h m d  
kward Th co s s n h heard  
t w h w

G t a h s col l

The p ncess looked t h m not grasp g  
wh th wass y ng but chee ed by th e pres-  
n of regretful symp thy on his f ce

And l h e known som y cases f a pl n  
te wound (the G ett s d it wa shell)  
e the p g f tal at on o be g v ery  
slight cont nued h h l s We must hope  
f th be t a d l msue

**P** rncess Mary t rrupted h m

Oh th t w uld b so d e d he began  
d p e nt d by g car o f m f i l l g he  
b t he head w th mo eme t as gra el las  
ev ryth ng he d d h p e se ce d look  
g up at h m gratef lly w nt o t f l low g  
he unt

Th t even g h ch las d d not g ut but  
tay d t hom t settle some acc ts w th  
th b rse d l rs Wh n he had fnish d th t  
bus es t was l dy too l t e t go yw he  
but t l l too ly t g to bed and f l g  
t m che p d up dd wn the oom e f t  
ing on h l f e a th her ely d d

**P** rncess Mary h d made m greceable im-  
p ss n n h m when h h d m th er n Smo-  
lé k pr vince His ha g cou ter d her  
n l l pt n l cumsta ces and his  
m ther ha m n t m m nt oned her to  
h mas good m t h h d d w n his p rt cul  
tt t n to her Wh n h met her gain in

gry th h servant dsqu dr n qu terna-  
t

A few days bef l l dep rtur a p cial  
th k s wh h **N** h las was p es nt,  
beld th cath dra f th Rus n c  
tory l l tood l t l beh d the g n nd  
h l d l mself w th m l t ry d corum th gh  
th crv e med t gr t ar ty of  
bj ts. Wh n th crv wa the go  
ern f be k ed h m to h

H y u see he p ess? he k d  
d cat g w h m ment f her he d l dy  
ta d g th ppos e d bey nd the  
h

movement full of dignity and grace she half rose with a smile of pleasure held out her slender delicate hand to him and began to speak in a voice in which for the first time new deep womanly notes vibrated Mademoiselle Bourienne who was in the drawing room looked at Princess Mary in bewildered surprise Herself a consummate coquette she could not have maneuvered better on meeting a man she wished to attract

Further black is particularly becoming to her or she really my having not and grace! the

Had Princess at that moment

surprised than Mademoiselle Bourienne at the change that had taken place in herself From the moment she recognized that dear loved face a new life force took possession of her and compelled her to speak and yet apart from her own will From the time Rostov entered her face became suddenly transformed It was as if a light had been kindled in a carved and painted lantern and the intricate skillful artistic work on its sides that previously seemed dark coarse and meaningless was suddenly shown up in unexpected and striking beauty For the first time all that pure spiritual inward travail through which she had lived appeared on the surface All her inward labor her dissatisfaction with herself her sufferings her strivings after goodness her meekness love and self sacrifice—all this now shone in those radiant eyes in her delicate smile and in every trait of her gentle face

Rostov saw all this as clearly as if he had known her whole life He felt that the being before him was quite different from and better than anyone he had met before and above all better than himself

Their conversation was very simple and unimportant They spoke of the war

change the

ing the conversation as soon as her aunt mentioned Andrew Evidently she could speak of Russia's misfortunes with a certain artificiality but her brother was too near her heart and she neither could nor would speak lightly of him Nicholas noticed this as he noticed every shade of Princess Mary's character with an ob-

ordinary being Nicholas blushed and was confused when people spoke to him about the princess (as she did when he was mentioned) and even when he thought of her but in her presence he felt quite at ease and said not at all what he had prepared but what quite appropriately occurred to him at the moment

When a pause occurred during the conversation Nicholas asked whether he would like to be an Hussar He took the boy

boy she loved in the arms of the man she loved Nicholas also noticed that look and as if understanding it flushed with pleasure and began to kiss the boy with good natured playfulness

As she was in mourning Princess Mary did not go out into society and Nicholas did not think it the proper thing to visit her again but all the same the governor's wife went on with her matchmaking pressing on to Nicholas the flattering things Princess Mary said of him and vice versa and insisted on his declaring himself to Princess Mary For this purpose she arranged a meeting between the young people at the bishop's house before Mass

Though Rostov told the governor's wife that he would not make any declaration to Princess Mary he promised to go

As at Tilsit Rostov had not allowed himself to doubt that what everybody considered right was right so in his own sense of reason to circumstances he chose the latter and yielded to the power he felt within

to declare his feelings to Princess Mary And he knew that he would never act basely But he also knew (or rather felt at the bottom of his heart) that by resigning himself not to the force of circumstances and to those who were guiding him he was not only doing nothing wrong but was doing something very very important—more important than anything he had ever done in his life

After meeting Princess Mary though the course of his life went on externally as before all his former amusements lost their charm for

I would be too ill to think that I  
might be cause sorrow disco'd th' f'm  
if this has been so good to me (h' wrote) d  
m' love has no umb't th' happiness f' those I  
love so ch' I beg y' con'der y' self  
free and t' be ass'ed th' t' p' f' everyth' g  
on ca' lov' y' m' tha' does  
y' x S6

Both letters were written fr m Trótsa The  
oth' from th' countess described th' la t  
days Moscow th' d p'rture th' fire and  
the destruct' n of ll their pr'erty In this  
letter th' co'tes also ment'ed that P' ce  
I drew a mo' the w'unded tra'el g  
with them ll state was ery cr'ical but the  
docto' said th' re was w'mo e h p' S6 ya  
d\ tásha were urs n h m  
Next day \ h la took his m' ther l t t

Nichola sudd' y uel' e  
th' the p' n' es as if they were r' l' t' ns  
Th' ll w' day h' saw Pr' cess \ ry f'  
m her journey to \aroslá l' d few days  
later l' t' jo n his regim' nt.

# CHAPTER VIII

So YAS LETTER WRIT'EN f' m Tótsa which  
had come as n' w'rt \ hol' prayer was  
prompted by th' th' th' u'ght of gett' \ h  
la married to he es occup'ed the old  
oun'ess m' d'm nd'm Sh' knew that  
ll ya wa th' chu' f' b'ta l' : th' happen  
nd S' va l' f' the cou' es h' use h' d  
grown ha' der d' harder especially after th' y  
had receiv'ed l' f' m \ ch' las t' ll g' of  
h' meet' g' w' th Pr' cess \ Mary n Boru háro-  
Th' co'tes l' t' no occas' l' p' of mak'  
humil' g' cru' l' ll' u' ons o' Sónya.

P' few day bef' they l' f' Moscow  
mov'ed d' excited by ll th' t' was g'  
she call'ed S6 to her d' lead f' e  
p' o' h' nd mak' dem' ds her ea'  
full impl'ed her o' sacr' fi' herself d'  
pay all that h' l' m' ly had d' f' her by  
ll eaks ll her engagem' t' w' d' \ h' las  
I hall be peace till up' muse m  
thus.

S6 burst to h' t' cal' tears d' repl'ed  
hrou' h' her sob's that h' w' ld d' anyth' g'  
d' p' p' ed for y' th' bus' n'  
ctual p' m' se d' co' ld n' br' herself to  
d'ed d' what wa' dem' ded of her She  
m' ll sacr' fi' l' herself th' fam' ly that had  
ea' ed d' bro' ht her p' To sacr' fi' her

self f' r others was Sónya s' hab' t' Her pos' t' on  
m the house was such that o' ly by sacr' f' ce  
could she how' he w' r' l' and she wa' cus-  
tom'ed to th' s' and lo' ed do' ng t' B' t' n' all her  
f' rmer a' ts f' self-sacrifice h' h' d been hap-  
her ra' sed her m' l' er own

de h' r  
dm re

th' n' nyth' g' t' c' w' ll ey  
w' t' d' h' r to sacr' f' m the ery th' that con-  
st' tuted the whol' reward for her self-sacr' f'ice  
nd th' w' ol' mean' m' of her l' l' e And for the  
first t' me he felt b' terness aga' n' t' those w' l' o'  
ll d' been her benef' ct' r' s o' ly to t' r' tu' e her  
them m' rep' unfull' she f' l' t' jealous of \ tá ha  
who h' d never exper' enced nyth' ng of th' s'  
sort had never need'ed to sacr' f'ice herself but  
mad' others sacr' f'ice them' sel' es f' r her l'  
yet was bel' ed by every body And f' r the first  
t' me S6 y' felt that out of her pure qu' et l' e  
f' \ ch' las pass' te feel g' was be' m' n'  
n' ng t' grow up wh' ch wa' str' ger than p'  
c'ipl' r' t' e o' relig' n Under th' e f' l' e e  
of this feel g' S6 y' whosel' e of d' pe d' e  
had ta' ght her l' t' ar ly t' be secr' t' e  
ha' n' w'ered th' u' tes n' va' ou' e g' eral  
l' d' mol' el

he heard of P' And ew p' essence n' th

N' tásh' lo' ed n' o' e but Pri' c' And ew a' d  
had never ceas'ed to l' h' m. Sh' k' ew that  
be' thrown to' e' t' her o' a' under u' l' ter-  
rible cumsta' ces they w' uld o' a' fall n'  
l' w' th' o' noth' er d' that \ h' las would  
the n' t' be ble to marry P' es \ ry as  
they w' uld be w' th n' th' p' l' b' ted de' r' es  
of aff' ty Desp' t' ll t' l' terr' of what had  
h' p' p' ed d' those last da' d' d'  
the first day of the jo' rney th' feel' t' that  
P' o' v' de' ce was t'erv' n' m' n' her person l'  
aff' rs cheer'ed So y'

At th' Tótsa m' n'astery the Rost' s' first  
ll k' th' r' j' urney f' wh' l' day

Three la' g'ooms were as' g'ned to them n'  
the m' n' tery l'ost l'ry of wh' ch was oc-  
cup'ed by Pr' n' Andrew The w' u' ded man



Vorónezh the impression she made on him was not merely pleasing but powerful. Nicholas had been struck by the peculiar moral beauty he observed in her at this time. He was however preparing to go away and it had not entered his head to regret that he was thus depriving himself of chances of meeting her. But that day's encounter in church had he felt sunk deeper than was desirable for his peace of mind. That pale sad refined face that radiant look—those gentle graceful gestures—in

an expression of a higher spiritual life (that was why he did not like Prince Andrew) and he referred to it contemptuously as philosophy and dreaminess—but in Princess Mary that very sorrow which revealed the depth of a whole spiritual world foreign to him was an irresistible attraction.

She must be a wonderful woman. A real angel, he said to himself. Why am I not free? Why am I in such a hurry with Sonya? And he involuntarily compared the two—the lack of spirituality in the one and the abundance of it in the other—a spirituality he himself lacked and therefore valued most highly. He tried to picture what would happen were he free. How he would propose to her and how she would become his wife. But no—he could not imagine that. He felt awed and no clear picture presented itself to his mind. He had long ago pictured to himself a future with Sonya and that was all clear and simple just because it had all been thought out and he knew all there was in Sonya but it was impossible to picture a future with Princess Mary because he did not understand her but simply loved her.

Reveries about Sonya had had something merry and playful in them but to dream of Princess Mary was always difficult and a little frightening.

How she prayed! he thought. It was plain that her whole soul was in her prayer. Yes that was the prayer that moves mountains and I am sure her prayer will be answered. Why don't I pray for what I want? he suddenly thought. What do I want? To be free released from Sonya. She was right—he thought remembering that the governor's wife had said

God! release me from this dreadful inextricable position! he suddenly began to pray. Yes prayer can move mountains but one must have faith and not pray as Natasha and I used to as children—that the snow might turn into sugar—and then run out into the yard to see whether it had done so. No but I am not praying for trifles now—he thought as he put his pipe down in a corner and folding his hands placed himself before the icon. Softened by memories of Princess Mary he began to pray as he had not done for a long time. Tears were in his eyes and in his throat when the door opened and Lavrushka came in with some papers.

Blockhead! Why do you come in without being called? cried Nicholas quickly changing his attitude.

From the governor said Lavrushka in a sleepy voice. A courier has arrived and there's a letter for you.

Well all right thanks. You can go!

Nicholas took the two letters—one of which was from his mother and the other from Sonya. He recognized them by the handwriting and opened Sonya's first. He had read only a few lines when he turned pale and his eyes opened wide with fear and joy.

No it's not possible! he cried aloud.

Unable to sit still he paced up and down the room holding the letter and reading it. He glanced through it then read it again and then again and standing still in the middle of the room he raised his shoulders stretching out his hands with his mouth wide open and his eyes fixed. What he had just been saying for with confidence that God would hear him had come to pass—but Nicholas was as much astonished as if it were something extraordinary and unexpected and as if the very fact that it had happened so quickly proved that it had not come from God to whom he had prayed but by some ordinary coincidence.

This unexpected and as it seemed to Nicholas quite voluntary letter from Sonya freed him from the knot that fettered him and from which there had seemed no escape. She wrote that the last unfortunate events—the loss of most of the role of the Rostovs—were property—and the counts respectively expressed a wish that Nicholas should marry Irina Ilyichna Ilyinskaya together with his niece in consideration of her half contribution to make her able to release him from his promise and set him completely free.

Besides I don't love her—not as I should. O

th mister ou fulfillm nt he had ju t een of  
her is. n. \ what she k ew that there al  
f \ tisha rel t s w th P rnce \ d w  
f \ tisha rel t s w th P rnce \ d w

Erre l ke the others was quest ed s to who  
he was where he had been w th what object,  
a d so on

These quest ns l ke questio s put at tri l  
gen rally left the esse ce of the mister s de  
h t ut the poss bly of that essence s be ng  
revealed nd were des gned only to f rm  
h n el throu h wh ch the judges wished the  
m ers of the crused to fl w so s t lead to

manan mous deed— nt rrupted se t mcs  
by the tears that d mmed her l ty bl ck  
eres—the te that t uch letter the r al  
f luch had so mazed \ ch las.

## CHAPTER IX

THE O FICER A. D. SOLONKES wh had arrested  
P erre treated him w th hosil ty but yet w th  
respect, in the guardh s t wh h h was  
taken. I th ir tutude t ward h m could st ll  
bel t both ncerta nty as to who h m ht be  
—perhaps ery importa t person— nd hosil  
ty as a result of th ir ece t personal confl ct  
w th him.

B t hen th uard was rel eyed next morn  
P erre felt that so th new guard—both  
officers and men—h as t terest g as  
h had bee t his capt rs nd n f ct th  
guard f th seco d da d d ot recon e  
this b, rto tman peasant co t the o  
on person wh had f ght so desperat ly w th  
the marauder nd th co oy d had uttered  
those solemn w rds bout sa chld they  
saw in him nly o. of the captured Rus  
sa s arrested d d tas ed f some reason  
f rder f the H her Command. If they  
noted anvth rema kabl bout P erre t  
was l his unab shed med tat con entra  
to d th htl l es, d th way he pok  
Fre ch, which tru k them wrpn gly  
good. I pt f thus he was pl ced th day  
w th th ther arrested suspects, the ep  
ta room he had occup ed was equred by an  
acter

All the Russians confined w th P erre were  
men f th lowest cl ss nd recon n s hum  
as gentlmen they all o ded h m m es  
pecially he pok French. P erre f l t sad t  
bearing them make f n of him.

The eve he learned hat ll thes pris  
oners (h probably amo th m) w re to be  
tried f endiam m. On th third day h  
was taken w th th others t h use wher  
F enchge eral w th wh mu tach sa w th  
two lo f d th F chmen w thselves  
th arma. W th th prec n d d f t  
et cus mary n dd ess n p so rs, d  
wh h n pposed to p ed d human frailty

m ed nd the w re could flow tow e. e e  
f lt more e what the accu ed alwa s feel t  
their trial perplex ty as to why these quest n  
w re put to h m. He h d feel n th t it was  
only out of condescen n or a k d f c lly  
that th s dev ce f pl cng a chann l was em  
pl yed. He knew he wa n these men s power  
that only by force had they bro ght h m there  
that f ree al ne ga n them the r ht to de  
mand nswers to the quest ns, a d th t the  
sole object of that ssembly was t i culp te  
h m. And so as they had th power and wish  
t nculp t h m, the expedi nt of an nqu ry  
a d trial seemed un ecessary. It was e de t  
that ny nswer would l d to con cuon  
When asked what he was d ng when he was  
arrested P erre pl ed in rather tragic man  
ner that he was estori g t us p re ts a ch ld  
h had sa ed f om th flames. Why had he  
sought the marauder? P erre answered th t he  
was protect g w man d that to pro  
tect woman who was be g ulted was the  
duty f every man that They terrupted  
him f th was not t th po nt. Why was he  
n the yard of burn ng hous where w tnesses  
h d een him. H repl ed that he had gone  
out to see what was happen n Moscow  
Again they interrupted him they h d n t  
asked where h was go g but why h wa  
fo nd near the fire. Who was he? they asked,  
epta their first quest n which he had de  
l ed t n w A n he repl ed th t he  
could ot nsw r t.

Put th t d wn that s bad very bad,"  
nly rema ked th general w th the white  
mustach d red flushed f

■ the f urth day fires broke out on the  
Zubo ka rampart

P erre d thirteen others were mo ed to  
th coach house of a mtrcha s house near  
the Crimea brdwe. On h way throu h the  
treets P erre felt tilled by th smoke wh ch  
seemed to han crth whole city F res were

was much better that day and Natásha was sitting with him. In the next room sat the count and countess respectfully conversing with the prior who was calling on them as old acquaintances and benefactors of the monastery. Sónya was there too, tormented by curiosity as to what Prince Andrew and Natásha were talking about. She heard the sound of their voices through the door. That door opened and Natásha came out looking excited. Not noticing the monk who had risen to greet her and was drawing back the wide sleeve on his right arm, she went up to Sónya and took her hand.

Natásha: what are you about? Come here! said the countess.

Natásha went up to the monk for his blessing and he advised her to turn for aid to God and His saint.

he

the

Sónya will he live? she asked. Sónya how happy I am and how unhappy! Sónya: do everything as it is used to be. If only he lives! He cannot because because of and Natásha burst into tears.

Yes! I knew it! Thank God! murmured Sónya. He will live.

Sónya was not less agitated than her friend by the latter's fear and grief and by her own personal feelings which she shared with no one. Sobbing, she kissed and comforted Natásha. If only he lives! she thought. Having wept, talked and wiped away their

e

the open door

Prince Andrew was lying raised high on three pillows. His pale face was calm, his eyes closed, and they could see his regular breathing.

O Natásha! Sónya suddenly almost screamed, catching her companion's arm and stepping back from the door.

What? What is it? asked Natásha.

It's that that said Sónya with a white face and trembling lips.

Natásha softly closed the door and went with Sónya to the window, not yet understanding what the latter was telling her.

You remember said Sónya with a solemn and frightened expression. You remember when I looked in the mirror for you at Otrádnoe at Christmas? Do you remember what I saw?

Yes yes! cried Natásha opening her eyes wide and vaguely recalling that Sónya had told her something about Prince Andrew whom she had seen lying down.

You remember? Mamma

and that he had his eyes closed and was covered just with a pink quilt and that his hands were folded. She concluded convincing herself that the details she had just seen were exactly what she had seen in the mirror.

She had in fact seen nothing then but had mentioned the first thing that came into her head, but what she had invented then seemed to her now as real as any other recollection. She not only remembered what she had then said—that he turned to look at her and smile and was covered with something red—but was firmly convinced that she had then seen and said that he was covered with a pink quilt and that his eyes were closed.

Yes yes it really was pink! cried Natásha who now thought she too remembered the word pink being used and saw in this the most extraordinary and mysterious part of the prediction.

But what does it mean? she added meditatively.

Oh I don't know it is all so strange replied Sónya, clutching at her head.

A few minutes later Prince Andrew ran and Natásha went to him, but Sónya feeling unusually excited and touched, remained at the window, thinking about the strangeness of what had occurred.

They had an opportunity that day to send letters to the army and the countess was sitting to her son.

Sónya said the countess, raising her eyes from her letter as her niece passed. Sónya won't you write to Nicholas? She spoke in a soft, tremulous voice and in the very eyes that looked over her spectacles Sónya recalled at the countess' meeting to convey with these words. Those eyes expressed entire confidence in having to risk fear of a refusal.

Yes Mamma I will write said she. Sónya reassuredly excited and excitedly all that had occurred that day especially by

of uring d To h m Da out was not  
mer ly F h g n al b t a man t rous  
f r his cru lly Look g t h s old f e a he  
sat like term l oolm st r who was p ep red  
to wait hile f r ns c P r r felt that  
every: ta t of del y n ght cost h m h l fe  
but he d d t k w h t to y He d l  
ture to repeat wh t h d s a d t l first  
ex m t y t t d s c l h r a k d pos  
u a da g us d embarrass || So he

h m nd h s reg me t and the street where the  
house v s

You a e n t wh t you say returned Da  
vo t

I a trembl ng falter g ce P erre bega  
addu ng p ools of the truth of h s s t tement  
But t th t moment m l j tant entered and  
repo ted someth ng to D vo t

D out br ht ened p t the news t l e d  
jut nt br ught d began butt ng up h s  
un f rm It seemed that he had q te forgotten  
P rre

When the adjutant em nded l m of the  
priso er he j rked h head n P erre a d c  
t w th frown a d o dered him to be led  
way || t w l re they ere to take l m P erre

P err  
Th chl l that had b e ru g d wn  
P rre b k ow e ed his head as n a v e  
"I ca t k w m General I ha e nev  
er seen y u

He s Russ n py D out interrupted  
dress s th g eral wh was p ese t  
b t h m P r r h d n t t eed

|| t t rned y W th an unexp ted  
everberat h c P erre sap d ly be  
ga

N m se gneu h s a d udde ly e-  
member g l t D t wa d k N m n  
se m ur y ca t l known me l m  
mul u ffer d h n t qu itted Mo w  
l mer sked D i

Benikh

F eld

He turned his head d saw th t the adju  
t nt w putt ng a d l e r q est on to D o t

"Yes of course! epl ed D out b t what  
th yes meant P erre d d u t kn

P err co ld n t fterwa ds remembe h w  
h we t whel r t w fa o v h ch d ec  
t n H f cult es wer qu te numbed, he  
st p fied nd n t cing n th g a u d l s

the m d commiss n t l l d frst  
m ed l m-n t ne of t l e m l d led to  
n ev de tly l d h e d e t l t not  
D ut who f d looked at l m s o luman a  
w y l a ther moment D ut w uld h  
l ed th th was do g wro g b t just then  
th d j t t l d come n a d n t r r p ied h m  
Th l j t t l so had e de tly l d no e l  
te t th gh he m ht ha e re f r a d f m  
c m g T l en who v a s e cut g h m k l l  
g l m dep g h m of l l e-l m P erre  
w th all h mem es pr at ns l pes and  
th g l t? Whow d g l And P rre felt  
th t t w s o e

It was tem- concurr f c a cum  
t n es

A s j t m of som sort w k l l g l m-  
P erre-dep g h m f l l e of e eryth  
ann h l t g h m.

## CHAPTER XI

Fro Pr S cher Aron h use the pris-  
o ers we led t ght d th V rgn F eld  
t d l e f t of the nery as f as kitch n

d th l w k a ed P e. Apart f m d  
t f d l w th t look est bl hed hu  
ma rel b t e th tw m At th t  
m m t m mber of th s p ed  
d m l l h both t l m d d they re  
e d t l w b t l d l d r n of h  
ty d er b d s  
At l first gl wh D t h d ly  
ra sed l head from l e p p s wher h m  
aff n d l m e l cated by umbers  
P err m l cum ta d D ut  
co ld ha h t l m w t l t bu d l s  
co se ew th e l d eed but w l w  
n h m h m be H r f l t d f mo-  
m t

H ca y h m th t y u t l l  
th truth s a d D t l d ly  
P erre remembered R mb l l nd med

visible on all sides. He did not then realize the significance of the burning of Moscow and looked at the fires with horror.

He passed four days in the coach house near the Crimean bridge and during that time learned from the talk of the French soldiers that all those confined there

frightened people who tried to hide when they saw the French.

It was plain that the Russian nest was ruined and destroyed but in place of the Russian order of life that had been destroyed Pierre unconsciously felt that a quite different from French order had been established.

The marshal evidently for them represented a very high and rather mysterious power.

These first days before the eighth of September when the prisoners were had up for a second examination were the hardest of all for Pierre.

## CHAPTER X

ON THE EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER an officer—a very important one judging by the respect the guards showed him—entered the coach house where the prisoners were. This officer probably someone on the staff was holding a paper in his hand and called over all the Russians there naming Pierre as the man who does not give his name. Glancing indolently and indifferently at all the prisoners he ordered the officer in charge to have them decently dressed and tidied up before taking them to the marshal. An hour later a soldier of

the escorting him and the other criminals he felt it in the looks of an important French official in a carriage and purdriven by a soldier whom they met on the way. He felt it in the merry sounds of regimental music he heard from the left side of the field and felt and realized it especially from the

with dozens of other men and it seemed that they might have forgotten him or confused him with the others. But no the answers he had given when questioned had come back to him in his designation as the man who does not give his name and under that appellation which to Pierre seemed terrible they were now leading him somewhere with unhesitating assurance on their faces that he and all the other prisoners were exactly the ones they wanted and that they were being taken to the proper place. Pierre felt himself to be an insignificant chip fallen among the wheels of a machine whose action he did not understand but which was working well.

He and the other prisoners were taken to the right side of the Virgin's Field to a large white house with an immense garden not far from the convent. This was since Shcherbatov's house where Pierre had often been in other days and such as he learned from the talk of the soldiers was now occupied by the marshal the Duke of Eckmühl (Davout).

They were taken to the entrance and led in to the house one by one. Pierre was the sixth to enter. He was conducted through a glass gallery an anteroom and a hall which were familiar to him into a long low study at the door of which stood an adjutant.

Davout spectacles on nose sat bent over a table at the further end of the room. Pierre went close up to him but Davout evidently consulting a paper that lay before him did not look up. Without raising his eyes he said in a low voice:

Who are you?

Pierre was silent because he was incapable

low as on the day when Pierre had been taken from the guardhouse on the Zubovskii rampart but rose through the pure air in columns. No flames were seen but columns of smoke rose on all sides and all Moscow as far as Pierre could see was one vast charred ruin. On all sides there were vast spaces with only stoves and chimney sticks still standing and here and there the blackened walls of some brick houses. Pierre gazed at the ruins and did not recognize districts he had known well. Here and there he could see churches that had not been burned. The bells

guttered brightly and its bells were ringing particularly clearly. These bells reminded Pierre that it was Sunday and the feast of the Nativity of the Virgin. But there seemed to be no one to celebrate this holiday every where were blackened ruins and the few Russians to be seen were tattered and

Perre was n lo ger ble to turn way and  
 clos. h s eves H s curios ty and gita n l i ke  
 tha f th whol cro d eached th h ghest  
 p tch t this fifth murder Like th others this  
 fifth man seemed calm he wrapped h loose  
 cloak loser and rubbed o e b foot w th  
 th ther

Wt they bega to bl ndf ld h m he h m  
 self djusted the k t wh ch hurt the b ck of  
 his head then h they p pped him wa t  
 the bloodsta d post, h lea ed back nd not

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

movement.

P bably ord f comma d was g en nd  
 was f llowed by th eports of ht musk t  
 b ttry ash w uld P erre c ld n t fterwards  
 remember h heard the l ghtest sou d of  
 th b t s. H ly saw h d w kman d  
 deni sa k d wn on th co ds that h ld h m.  
 bow blood h wed itself tw pl ces h w  
 th ropes la kened nder the w ht of the  
 han body d h w th w km nsat d wn  
 b head ha gun turally nd ne le be t  
 der hum. P erre ran p to the post. No o  
 h dered hum. P le fri ht ed peopl w  
 do som th ar d th wo kman Th  
 lower j f ld Fre chman w th th ck  
 mista he trembled h u t ed the pes. The  
 bod ll psed. Th sold ers dragged t wk  
 d fr m the post d be an pu h t n  
 t th p

They all pl ly nd certa nly knew that  
 they ere cr m l who must h d the traces  
 f th rgu lt qu kly poss ble

Perre l ed t th p t d saw that the  
 fact ry lad as ly g w th his k ees close up  
 t h head d h ld h gher than th  
 ther That bo lder ros d f l h thymical  
 l nd co uls ly b t p d ful of earthwer  
 lead be th w o er the whole body  
 O f th sold ers, ev d tly uffers o h ted  
 grum d gnl t Perr to go h ck. B t  
 Perr did t u d rca d h m d ema ned  
 ca th post, d o dro h m way

Wh th p th d bee filled p comm d  
 wa g Perr was take b k t his pl ce  
 d th f troops n both des f the  
 post made half turn d w nt past t t  
 meaured p ce Th twe ty f ur h rpsshooters  
 th discharged muskets and th cen  
 ter f th curd ra b k to th pl es as the  
 comp es p sed by

Perr ga ed n w th dazed eyes t thes

sharp loot rs who ran in couples out of the  
 cir le All but one r jo ed the r compan es.

"That w ll teach them to start fires, sa d  
 one of the Fren hmen

P erre gl ed round at the speaker and saw  
 th t t was a sold er who was try ng to find  
 some l e fter what had been d n but was  
 not able t do so W thout fi sh ng what he  
 had begun t say he mad a h peless mo e  
 ment w th his arm nd went way

## CHAPTER XII

AFTER TH EXECUT V P erre wa separated  
 from th rest of the p son rs d pl ced alo e  
 sm ll ruined, d bef uled d u ch

T wa d en g n ncommiss oned off e  
 e tered w th two sold ers nd t ld h m th t the  
 h d bee p rd ed d w uld now go to th  
 barra k f r the p so ers of war W thout un  
 derstand o wh t was sa d to h m P erre got  
 up nd went w th the sold ers They took him  
 to the uppe d of the f eld where there were  
 someshed b lt f charred pl ks beam and  
 b tt ns, nd led h m to o f them In th  
 d knes sometwe t d ffer e time surround  
 ed P rr He looked t them w th ut under  
 sta d who they were why they were ther  
 m wh t they wanted of h m. H heard what  
 they sa d but d d not understa d the mean ng  
 of the w ds and mad o k d of ded m  
 from o ppl cat on of th m He repl ed  
 quest n they p t to hum b t d d n t n d  
 er wh was l t g t his epl es n h w  
 th y w uld dersta d them He looked t  
 th r fa es a d figu es b t they ll seemed to  
 li m equ lly me less.

From the mome t P erre h d w t essed thos  
 terr bl m ders comm tted by me who d d  
 n tw h m comm t them twa as if th ma  
 of h ll on wh h e eryth d  
 pended d wh ch m de er ryth p pea  
 l had udd ly bee wr nched out and  
 everyth gh d coll p ed t heap of mean  
 les rubb h. Tho h h d d t ckn w l  
 edg t to h mself h f th n th right order

garden in which a post had been set up Beyond that post a fresh pit had been dug in the ground and near the post and the pit a large crowd stood in a semicircle The crowd consisted of a few Russians and many of Napoleon's soldiers who were not on duty—Germans, Italians and Frenchmen in a variety of uniforms To the right and left of the post stood rows of French troops in blue uniforms with red epaulets and high boots and shakos

The prisoners were placed in a certain order according to the list (Pierre was sixth) and were led to the post Several drums suddenly began to beat on both sides of them and at that sound Pierre felt

that what was about to happen should happen quickly Pierre looked round at his fellow prisoners and scrutinized them

The two first were convicts with shaven heads One was tall and thin the other dark shaggy and sinewy with a flat nose The third was a domestic serf about forty five years old with grizzled hair and a plump well nourished body The fourth was a peasant a very handsome man with a broad light brown beard and black eyes The fifth was a factory hand a thin sallow faced lad of eighteen in a loose coat

Pierre heard the French consulting whether to shoot them separately or two at a time In couples replied the officer in command in a calm voice There was a stir in the ranks of the soldiers and it was evident that they were all hurrying—not as men hurry to do something they understand but as people hurry to finish a necessary but unpleasant and incomprehensible task

A French official wearing a scarf came up to the right of the row of prisoners and read out the sentence in Russian and in French

Then two pairs of Frenchmen approached the criminals and at the officer's command took the two convicts who stood first in the row The convicts stopped when they reached the post and while sacks were being brought looked dumbly around as a wounded beast looks at an approaching huntsman One crossed himself continually the other scratched his back and made a movement of the lips resembling a smile With hurried hands the soldiers blindfolded them drawing the sacks over their heads and bound them to the post

Fifteen sharpshooters with muskets stepped out of the ranks with a firm regular tread and

halted eight paces from the post Pierre turned away to avoid seeing what was going to happen Suddenly a crackling rolling noise was heard which seemed to him louder than the most terrific thunder and he looked round There was some smoke and the Frenchmen were doing something near the pit with the faces and trembling hands Two more prisoners were led up In the same way and with similar looks these two glanced nervously at each other

What was going to happen to them They could not believe it because they alone knew what their life meant to them and so they neither understood nor believed that it could be taken from them

Again Pierre did not wish to look and again turned away but again the sound of a frightful explosion struck his ear and at the same moment he saw smoke blood and the pale scared faces of the Frenchmen who were again doing something by the post their trembling hands impeding one another Pierre breathing heavily looked around as if asking what it meant The same question was expressed in all the looks that met his

On the faces of all the Russians

A flash of light flashed for an instant through his mind

Sharpshooters of the 86th forward shouted someone The fifth prisoner the one next to Pierre was led away—alone Pierre did not understand that he was saved that he and the rest had been brought there only to witness the execution With ever growing horror and no sense of joy or relief he gazed at what was taking place The fifth man was the first to lay in the loose cloak The moment they laid hands on him he sprang aside in terror and clutched at Pierre (Pierre shuddered and shook himself free) The lad was unable to walk They dragged him along holding him up under the arms and he screamed When they got him to the post he grew quiet as if he suddenly understood something Whether he understood that screaming was useless or whether he thought it increased the chance that men should kill him at any rate he took his stand at the post waiting to be blindfolded like the others and like a wounded animal looked around him with glittering eyes

what sin I dded quickly and as

But tis all the same no I erre coul I not  
help say no

Ah, my dear fellow rejoiced karatiev  
never de ne a pr son or a beggar s sack

He eated h m e l f m o e comfortably and  
coughed e lently prepa g to t l l lon

your house"

No, I went to look t the fire and they  
arrested m there d tried me n ncend  
art

"Where were I there nju uc put in  
the lird man.

I d have ou been here! n P erre ked  
sh m ched th last of the potat

I it wa la t Su l v they took me out of  
hosp ital Moscow

"Wh are you soldier th n

"Yes, we are sold rs of th lps h ron reem-  
ment. I wa dyi of fever W w nt told

end d w h g t make t eas er for I  
to ddress h m. They call me l t l f lcon n  
the reem t. H w e to clp feel g sad  
l ou n-sh th mother f ctes. H can  
on see l l th nd n t feel sad B t the m  
grt gna th cabbage y t d es frst th t  
hat th l d f l k u ed to t l l u he dded  
rapidl

"What, What d l you say ked P erre.

"Who I sa d kara d v I say th ngs h p-  
pen not w pl n but God jud-es h e-  
ple d, th k tha l l wa repeat what he  
had sa d bef re. d mmed t l co t nued

"W l d you ha you f m l estat ur?  
A d hou So you ha e bund m th n?  
A d house! And u l d par nts, re  
ther t l l ung h ked

And tho h wa too dark f P erre to see,  
b f l ha ppessed m l of kundl ess  
m ckered he sold l p l l put hese  
i c s ions. H seemed gr e d th a P erre had

pa t s, espec l l th a h h d n m ther  
A w f r nsel m ther n law f wel  
com b d ere dea as o e wn  
mother sa d h W l d ha you l ttle  
ones h w o l a r

A a P err ne- au n wer seemed to  
d tash m nd h h ed dd

N er mind y re yo n f l k yet nd  
please God m y tll ha some. Th great  
thing l n harmo y

"Well my dear fellow I was t l l n at  
home l l began "We h d a well to-do hom  
tead plenty of land we peas nt l ed well  
d ou house wa one to th nk God f r When  
Fathe nd e went out mow m there were  
seven of us. We l ed well We we e real peas  
ts. It so h ppened

A d Pl t n k ratie v t l d a l ng st ry of  
l he h d none to someone s copse to take  
wood how he h d been cau ht by the keeper  
had been tr ed flogged nd sent to serve a a  
sold e

"W l l d nd a sm l ch ged the ton of  
h o e wetl u ht t wa a m f r tunc but  
t turned out bless If t had not been f r  
mys n my brothe w uld ha e had to go a  
sold r But he my you ger brother had fi  
l ttle o s while I you see only left w l e  
beh nd. W h d a l tle g l but God took h  
bef re I w nt sold I come home on

brothers way earn g wages nu u y u l  
th ounest t home. F ther h says All my  
ch l dren are the sam m me t hurs the same  
wha bever l l er g t s b u t n. But f Pl t n  
h d t been h ed f a sold er M d el  
wo l d h e h d to go. He called us l l to h m  
and w l l you be l eve t pl red us n f nt of  
the cons. M d el he says, come here d  
bow down to his feet and you, youn wom n  
you bow d wn too d you gra dch l dren  
also bow d wn bef e h m! Do you under  
ta d h says. That l l w t is, dear fellow  
F t e looks f head. But w are always ju l  
g that not w l l—that m t r ght! Our l l  
is l k water n dragnet you pull t t nd  
t bul-es, but when you m drawn t out t s  
empty! That s how t s.

And Platon shifted his seat n the traw  
After short len e he rose.

"Well, I th k you must be sleepy sa d he  
and bega rap dly cross n e himself nd repeat  
g

Lord Jesus Chri t holy S nt N ch la  
Frola nd La ral Lord Jesus Chri t h ly Saint  
N h las, Frol and Lavra Lord Jesus Chri t  
ha m rcy on us d sa us h co cluded,



ing of the universe in humanity in his own soul and in God had been destroyed. He had experienced this before, but never so strongly as now. When similar doubts had assailed him before, they had been the result of his own wrongdoing, and at the bottom of his heart he had felt that relief from his despair and from those doubts was to be found within himself. But now he felt that the universe had crumbled before his eyes and only meaningless ruins remained, and this not by any fault of his own. He felt that it was not in his power to regain faith in the meaning of life.

Around him in the darkness men were standing and evidently something about him interested them greatly. They were telling him something and asking him something. Then they led him away somewhere and at last he found himself in a corner of the shed among men who were laughing and talking on all sides.

Well then mates, that very prince *who*  
some voice at the other end of the shed  
is crying with a strong emphasis on the word  
1 / 2

Sitting silent and motionless on a heap of straw against the wall Pierre sometimes opened and sometimes closed his eyes. But as soon as he closed them he saw before him the dreadful face of the factory lad—especially dreadful because of its simplicity—and the faces of the murderers even more dreadful because of their disquiet. And he opened his eyes again and stared vacantly into the darkness around him.

Beside him in a stooping position sat a small man of whose presence he was first made aware by a strong smell of perspiration which came from him every time he moved. This man was doing something to his legs in the darkness and though Pierre could not see his face he felt that the man continually glanced at him. On grovelling used to the darkness Pierre saw that the man was taking off his leg bands and the way he did it aroused Pierre's interest.

Having unbound the string that tied the band on one leg he carefully coiled it up and immediately set to work on the other leg glancing up at Pierre. While one hand hung up the first string the other was already unwinding the band on the second leg. In this way having carefully removed the leg bands by deft circular motions of his arm following one another uninterruptedly the man hung the leg bands up on some pegs fixed above his head. Then he took out a knife cut something

closed the knife placed it under the head of his bed and seating himself comfortably clasped his arms round his lifted knees and fixed his eyes on Pierre. The latter was conscious of something pleasant comforting and well rounded in these deft movements in the manner well — and eve the manner

You've seen a lot of trouble sir eh the little man suddenly said

And there was so much kindness and simplicity in his singsong voice that Pierre tried to reply but his jaw trembled and he felt tears rising to his eyes. The little fellow, giving Pierre no time to betray his confusion instantly continued in the same pleasant tones.

Lh bñ don't fret! said he in the tender  
singsong caressing voice old Russian peasant  
women employ Don't fret friend— suffer an  
hour live for an age! that s how it is my dear  
fellow And here i e live thank heaven with  
out offense Among these folk too there are  
good men as well as bñ said he and still  
speaking he turned on his knees with a supple  
movement got up coughed and went off to  
another part of the shed

— I! *you rascal!* Pierre heard the same kind voice saying it the other end of the shed. So you're come you rascal? She remembers. No, no, that I do!

And the soldier pushing away a little dog that was jumping over him returned to his place and sat down. In his hands he had something, a ripped in a rag.

Here eat a bit sir said he resumed his former respectful tone as he unwrapped and offered Pierre some baked potatoes. We had soup for dinner and the potatoes are grand

Perre had not eaten all day and the smell of the potatoes seemed extremely pleasant to him.

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He took a potato, drew out his clay knife, cut the potato into two equal halves on the palm of his hand, split it some six inches from the right and handed it to Pierre.

The potatoes are grand! he said once more. For some like this!

I never thought he'd never create anything  
that taste better

was life he called his presence  
 They erbed his talk was full were  
 of the most part the course of indecent  
 as soldiers multiply but the folk young

could be got out of the He did not and could  
 not understand the meaning of words apart  
 from their context Every word and action of

that he had said a piece of us once on yet  
 both would be his He liked to talk and he  
 talked in his respect how with terms of  
 endearment and with folk young and old  
 that he had not dreamed of but the chief  
 charm of his talk lay in the fact that the com-  
 monest things—sometimes just the simple  
 had been said with a touch of the noble  
 as when he related a speech a character of  
 solemn fitness He liked to hear the folk tales  
 of the solders used to tell of the young  
 (they called them the sons of the  
 folk) that he had heard of in his life He would  
 smile joyfully when he got such tales

taken separately

## CHAPTER XIV

WHEN PRINCESS MARY heard from Nicholas  
 that her brother was with the Rostovs at Yaroslavl  
 she at once prepared to go there in spite  
 of her husband's efforts to dissuade her—did not  
 mean to give herself up to take her place  
 with the Wiethe tower difficult to occupy  
 possible to occupy she did not ask a word  
 of what to know it was her duty to obey  
 herself to be near her brother who was perhaps  
 dying but to do everything possible to take his

was with the two when he happened  
 to be ill and he

Few  
 P  
 t  
 in  
 sa

in  
 sa

ter  
 h

When Mary did them errands But  
 the Perre he himself made his hand  
 seemed that first his usefulness  
 did not help so far from the part  
 of his duty that  
 Placed in the heart of his heart ex-  
 cept his prayer which he bore

He  
 F  
 in the belief that he would permit  
 to Perre the world of his  
 a double his duty that he carried on  
 to be his part of his own

It was the  
 journey that had too dangerous for her  
 and he

In few days Princess Mary was ready to  
 start Her equipages were the best

1

Ryazn Vladimir took the L. P. uk  
 and his promises were not easily ob-  
 tained by difficult and dear Ryazn where  
 the F. C. was said to have with himself  
 was a good guess

D  
 B  
 nts  
 of p  
 th n  
 her T

then bowed to the ground got up sighed and sat down again on his heap of straw "Thru's the way Lay me down like a stone O God and raise me up like a loaf" he muttered as he lay down pulling his coat over him

What prayer was that you were saying? asked Pierre

Eh? murmured Platón who had almost fallen asleep What was I saying? I was praying Don't you pray?

Yes I do said Pierre But what was that you said Frola and Lavra?

Well of course replied Platón quickly the horses saints One must pity the animals too Eh the rascal! Now you've curled up and got warm you daughter of a bitch! said Karátsev

So a low screaming came from somewhere in the distance outside and flames were visible through the cracks of the shed but inside it was quiet and dark For a long time Pierre did not sleep but lay with eyes open in the darkness listening to the regular snoring of Platón who lay beside him and he felt that the world that had been shattered was once more stirring in his soul with a new beauty and on new and unshakable foundations

## CHAPTER XIII

TWENTY THREE SOLDIERS three officers and two officials were confined in the shed in which Pierre had been placed and where he remained for four weeks

When Pierre remembered them afterwards they all seemed misty figures to him except Platón Karátsev who always remained in his mind a most vivid and precious memory and the personification of everything Russian kindly and round When Pierre saw his neighbor next morning at dawn the first impression of him as of something round was fully confirmed Platón's whole figure—in a French overcoat girdled with a cord a soldier's cap and bast shoes—was round His head was quite round his back chest shoulders and even his arms which he held as if ever ready to embrace something were rounded his pleasant smile and his large gentle brown eyes were also round

Platón Karátsev must have been fifty judging by his stories of campaigns he had been in told as by an old soldier He did not himself know his age and was quite unable to determine it But his brilliantly white strong teeth

which showed in two unbroken semicircles when he laughed—as he often did—were all sound and good there was not a gray hair in his beard or on his head and his whole body gave an impression of suppleness and especially of firmness and endurance

His face despite its fine rounded wrinkles had an expression of innocence and

such as what he had said or was going to say and consequently the rapidity and justice of his intonation had an irresistible persuasive

His physical strength and agility during the first days of his imprisonment were such that he seemed not to know what fatigue and sickness meant Every night before lying down he said Lord lay me down as a stone and raise me up as a loaf and every morning on getting up he said I'll be

He could do everything for some work just as children are ready to play directly they awake He could do everything not very well but not badly He baked cooked sewed planned and mended boots

He talked evidently giving vent to the sounds in the same way that one stretches one's self or talks about to get rid of stiffness and the sounds were always high pitched mournful delicate and almost feminine and his face at such times was very serious

Having been taken prisoner and allowed his

former peasant habits

A soldier on leave—a shirt outside breeches he would say

He did not like talking about his life as a soldier though he did not complain and often mentioned that he had not been flogged once during the whole of his army service When he related anything it was generally something old and evidently precious memory of his

The peasants wear the light-colored tunic and trousers whereas a soldier wears the dark uniform

drawing room where Sonya was talking to Mademoiselle Bourienne. The countess caressed the boy and the old count came and welcomed the princess. He had changed cry

ed face when she ran into the entrance of the boundless love for him for her and for all that was near the man she loved and of pity suffering for others and passionate desire to give herself entirely to help him. It was plain that at that moment the countess was in Natasha's heart no thought of herself or of her own relations with Prince Andrew.

Princess Mary with her acute sensibility understood all that was the first glance at Natasha's face and wept in her shoulder with sorrowful pleasure.

Come come to him Mary said Natasha leading her into the other room.

Princess Mary raised her head dried her eyes, and turned to Natasha. She felt that from her she would be able to understand and learn everything.

How he began her question but stopped short.

She felt that it was impossible to ask or to answer new words. Natasha's face deepened and she looked at her all more clearly and profoundly.

Natasha was gazing at her but seemed afraid and in doubt whether to say if he knew or not he seemed to feel that before those luminous eyes which penetrated into the very depths of his heart, it was impossible not to tell the whole truth which he said. And suddenly Natasha lips twitched, only wrinkles

in life.

In spite of her desire to see her better as soon as possible and to exact that at the moment when he wanted was to see him they should be trying to entertain him pretending to admire her nephew the princess noticed that was going on around her and felt the necessity of submitting for a time to this new order of things which he had entered. She knew it was necessary and though it was hard for her he was not used to these people.

"This is my niece," said the countess, introducing Sonya—"Yudnikhna where Princess."

Princess Mary turned to Sonya and trying to still the hostile feeling that arose in her toward the girl, kissed her. But he felt oppressed by the fact that the mood of everyone around her was so far from what was in her own heart.

When he asked gaddess gave them all.

He descended stairs with him answered Sonya flush gave him an answer to ask. I think you must be tired Princess.

Tears fell from his eyes and he wept himself. Princess Mary eyes. She turned away and went out to ask the countess gave him an answer to go to him, when he hit impetuously seemed by Sonya to answer heard the door. They looked round and saw Natasha coming almost running—she told Natasha when he had liked so little to meet in Moscow before.

But he did had the princess looked at Natasha before he called that her was called married by grandfather and consequently for did. She ran to meet he embraced her and began to cry in his shoulder.

As soon as Natasha touched his head for Prince Andrew bed, heard for Princess Mary when she softly left his room and hastened to

herself did not trust.

But how his wound. What is his general condition?

You, you will see was all Natasha could say.

They sat in the whole downstairs near the room till they had left everything and were able to go to him with calm faces.

He was his whole illness in the love of his grew worse? When did this happen? Princess Mary quailed.

Natasha told her that first there had been danger from his fever but then it did not pass on. He offered her to tell her that he had passed the doctor had been afraid of gangrene. That danger had also passed. When they reached Yaroslavl the wound had begun to fester. Natasha knew all about this.

been the happiest of her life. Her love for Ros-  
tóv no longer tormented or agitated her. It  
filled her whole soul and became an integral  
part of herself and she no longer struggled  
against it. Latterly she had become convinced  
that she loved and was beloved though she  
never said this definitely to herself in words.  
She had become convinced of it at her last in-  
terview with Nicholas when he had come to  
tell her that her brother was with the Rostóvs.  
Not by a single word had Nicholas alluded to  
the fact that Prince Andrew's relations with  
Natásha might if he recovered be renewed,  
but Princess Mary saw by his face that he knew  
and thought of this.

Yet in spite of that his relation to her—con-  
siderate, delicate and loving—not only re-  
mained unchanged but it sometimes seemed  
to Princess Mary that he was even glad that  
the family connection between them allowed  
him to express his friendship more freely. She  
knew that she loved for the first and only  
time in her life and felt that she was beloved  
and was happy in regard to it.

But this happiness on one side of her spir-  
itual nature did not mean—

the more possible for her to give full play to  
her feeling for her brother. That feeling was  
so strong at the moment of leaving Voronezh  
that those who saw her off as they looked at  
her careworn, despairing face felt sure she  
would fall ill on the journey. But the very dif-  
ficulties and preoccupations of the journey

any thought only of the journey itself for  
getting its object. But as she approached Yaró-  
slávl the thought of what might await her  
there—not after many days but that very eve-  
ning—again presented itself to her and her agi-  
tation increased to its utmost limit.

The courier who had been sent on in ad-  
vance to find out where the Rostóvs were stay-  
ing in Yaróslávl and in what condition Prince  
Andrew was when he met the big coach just  
entering the town gates was appalled by the  
terrible pallor of the princess' face that looked  
out at him from the window.

I have found out everything, your excel-  
lency, the Rostóvs are staying at the merchant  
Brónnikov's house in the Square not far  
from here, right above the Vólga, said the  
courier.

Princess Mary looked at him with frightened  
inquiry, not understanding why he did not  
reply to what she chiefly wanted to know, how  
was her brother? Mademoiselle Bourienne put  
that question for her.

How is the prince? she asked.

His excellency is staying in the same house  
with them.

Then he is alive, thought Princess Mary  
and asked in a low voice, How is he?

The servants say he is still the same.

What still the same might mean Princess  
Mary did not ask, but with an unnoticed glance  
at little seven-year-old Nicholas, who was sit-  
ting in front of her looking with pleasure at the  
town, she bowed her head and did not raise it  
again till the heavy coach, rumbling, shaking  
and swaying came to a stop. The carriage steps  
clattered as they were let down.

The carriage door was opened. On the left  
there was water—a great river—and on the right  
a porch. There were people at the entrance,  
servants and a rosy girl with a large plait of  
black hair smiling as it seemed to Princess  
Mary in an unpleasantly affected way. (This  
was Sónya.) Princess Mary ran up the steps.

This way, this way! said the girl with the  
same artificial smile and the princess found  
herself in the hall facing an elderly woman of  
Oriental type who came rapidly to meet her.

*et vous connais depuis longtemps.*

Despite her excitement Princess Mary re-  
alized that this was the countess and that it was  
necessary to say something to her. Hardly  
knowing how she did it she contrived to utter  
a few polite phrases in French in the same tone  
as those that had been addressed to her and  
asked, How is he?

The doctor says that he is not in danger,  
said the countess, but as she spoke she raised  
her eyes with a sigh and her gesture conveyed  
a contradiction of her words.

Where is he? Can I see him?—can I? asked  
the princess.

One moment, Princess, one moment my  
dear! Is this his son? said the countess turn-  
ing to little Nicholas who was coming in  
with Desaltes. There will be room for every  
body, this is a big house. Oh, what a lovely  
boy!

The countess took Princess Mary into the

My husband and you will have known you  
to get it.

## BOOK TWELVE

The conversation was cold and did not connect  
and continually broke off  
"Mary came by way of Ryazan," said Natá

He looked at her attentively  
"I told you about N. Chol's?" he asked.  
Princess Mary nodded her head, weeping  
"Mary, you know the Gospel," but he  
broke off

"What did you say?  
Nothing. You mustn't cry like this," he said,  
looking at her with the same cold expression

Really, he asked.  
"They told her that all Moscow has been  
burned down," said she

"Nonsense," he replied. "It was impossible to talk.  
It was plain that the war was making itself felt to the  
point that could not be so."

"Yes, they say it's burned," he said. "It's a  
great pity," said he, gazing straight before him  
absolutely took his mind from the conversation.

"And so you have met Count N. Chol's?"  
"Mary? Prince A. drew suddenly and went  
by, whispering a few pleasant words to them. He  
was here, then, took a great liking to you  
but simply and calmly and easily un-  
derstand all the complex feelings  
his words had for the people. If you talked  
him too, it would be good for you, but  
get married, he added rather more quickly  
as if pleased that his friend's words had

... and cry under  
his heart  
for their  
sake and  
What a great thing it was  
from the point of view

... and cry under  
his heart  
for their  
sake and

"I feel glad that I see you," he said.  
"To us, it is necessary. We cannot understand  
it, can we? And he remained silent."

was even He

... and cry under  
his heart  
for their  
sake and

glad that N. Chol's

N. Chol's who felt his gladness did not look  
at her. All this was so natural.

"I drew would you like?" Princess Mary  
suddenly said to him. "Would you  
like to see the N. Chol's? He always talks  
so."

"Prince A. drew me led just perceptibly and  
forth first, but Princess Mary, who knew  
him so well, saw that his words did not  
smile to his pleasure. He affected his son  
with his great grief, because his heart  
was so full of his beloved, that he  
could not find words to say to him."

"Yes, I shall be glad to see him," said  
the young man.

"What did N. Chol's bring to Prince  
A. drew? I saw him looking at her with his  
fringed eyes, but did not cry because he  
knew that Prince A. drew kissed him and  
said to him, 'What is it, my son?'"

"What N. Chol's had been told, Prince  
Mary was to tell her brother, kissed him  
and said to her, 'What is it, my son?'"  
began to cry

... and cry under  
his heart  
for their  
sake and

When Princess Mary had left Prince A.  
drew, he fully understood what N. Chol's face  
was like.

soul to the Eternal and Universal, whose  
presence before the divine man was now so close  
to him.

as festering) and the doctor had said that the festering might take a normal course. Then fever set in but the doctor had said the fever was not very serious.

said  
kno

"Is it a punner?" asked the princess.  
"No, it's not that but worse. You will see. O Mary, he is too good, he cannot live because

## CHAPTER XV

WHEN NATASHA opened Prince Andrew's door with a familiar movement and let Princess Mary pass into the room before her, the princess felt the sobs rising in her throat. Hard as she had tried to prepare herself and now tried to remain tranquil, she knew that she would be unable to look at him without tears.

The princess understood what Natasha had meant by the words: two days ago this suddenly happened. She understood those words to mean that he had suddenly softened and that this softening and gentleness were signs of approaching death. As she stepped to the door she already saw in imagination Andrew's face as she remembered it in childhood, a gentle, mild, sympathetic face which he had rarely shown and which therefore affected her very strongly. She was sure he would speak soft, tender words to her such as her father had uttered before his death, and that she would not be able to bear it and would burst into sobs in his presence. Yet sooner or later it had to be and she went in. The sobs rose higher and higher in her throat as she more and more clearly distinguished his form and her short-sighted eyes tried to make out his features and then she saw his face and met his gaze.

He was lying in a squirrel fur dressing gown on a divan surrounded by pillows. He was thin and pale. In one thin, translucent white hand he held a handkerchief, while with the other he stroked the delicate mustache he had grown, moving his fingers slowly. His eyes gazed at them as they entered.

On seeing his face and meeting his eyes, Princess Mary's pace suddenly slackened, she felt her tears dry up and her sobs ceased. She suddenly felt guilty and grew timid on catching the expression of his face and eyes.

In the deep gaze that seemed to look at

He kissed his sister, holding her hand in his as was their wont.

"How are you, Mary? How did you manage to get here?" said he in a voice as calm and aloof as his look.

Had he screamed in agony that scream would not have struck such horror into Princess Mary's heart as the tone of his voice.

"And have you brought little Nicholas?" he asked in the same slow, quiet manner and with an obvious effort to remember.

"How are you now?" said Princess Mary herself surprised at what she was saying.

"That, my dear, you must ask the doctor," he replied, and again making an evident effort to be affectionate, he said with his lips only (his words clearly did not correspond to his thoughts):

*Afterci cl être amie d'être venue*

Princess Mary pressed his hand. The pressure made him smile just perceptibly. He was silent and she did not know what to say. She now understood what had happened to him two days before. In his words his tone and especially in that calm, almost antagonistic look could be felt an estrangement from everything belonging to this world, terrible in one who is alive. Evidently only with an effort did he understand anything living, but it was obvious that he failed to understand not because he lacked the power to do so but because he understood something else—something the living did not and could not understand—and which wholly occupied his mind.

"There, you see how strangely fate has brought us together," said he, jerking the silence and pointing to Natasha. "She looks after me all the time."

Princess Mary heard him and did not understand how he could say such a thing. He felt sensitive, tender. Prince Andrew, however, would say that before her when he looked at her, he told himself he expected to live, he could not have said those words in that offensively cold tone. If he had not known that he was dying, how could he have failed to protest and how could he speak like that in her presence? The only explanation was that he was in different because something else was more important, had been revealed to him.

Thank you for everything, my dear

## BOOK TWELVE

The conversation was cold and disconnected and conversationally broke off.

"Mary came by way of Ryazan," said Nicholas.

Prince Andrew did not notice that he called his sister Mary and only after calling her so in her presence did Nicholas turn to himself.

Really he asked.

"They told her that all Moscow has been burned down," and that

Nicholas stopped. It was impossible to talk. It was plain that he was making an effort to listen, but he could not do so.

... ..

wrote her that he took great pleasure in simply and calmly expressing himself, unable to understand all the complex significance his words had for living people. If you liked him too, it would be good that you should get married, he added rather more quietly, as if pleased to have found words he had long been seeking.

Princess Mary heard his words but they had no meaning for her except as proof of how far away now was from everything good.

"Why talk of marriage," he said quietly and glanced at Nicholas.

Nicholas, who felt her glance, did not look at her. All three were again silent.

A drew would you like, Princess Mary suddenly said in trembling voice, would you like to see the old Nicholas? He is always talking to you.

Princess Mary drew smiled just perceptibly and for the first time, but Princess Mary who knew his face so well saw with horror that he did not smile with pleasure, affection, or his so ill-when quiet, gentle iron because he thought it was trying what he believed to be the last means for saving himself.

"Yes, I shall be very glad to see him. Is he quite well?"

When Nicholas was brought into Prince Andrew's room he looked at his father with frightened eyes, but did not cry because no one else was crying. Prince Andrew kissed him and even did not know what to say to him.

When Nicholas had been led away Princess Mary again went up to her brother, kissed him, and endeavored to restrain her tears any longer before to cry.

He looked at her tentatively.

"About Nicholas?" he asked.

Princess Mary nodded her head, weeping. Mary, you know the Gospel, but he

broke off.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. You must not cry here," he said, looking at her with the same cold expression.

When Princess Mary began to cry he understood that she was crying at the thought that little Nicholas would be left without a father. With great effort he tried to return to life and to see things from the proper point of view.

"Yes to them," he must seem said he thought. But how simple it is.

"The Father of the Father, now, neither do they reap yet your Father feedeth them," he said to him. If he had wanted to say to Princess Mary, but they will take the crown way they want to understand. They can't understand that all those feelings they prize so—our feelings, those ideas that seem so important to us, even Mary, we can't understand on other and he remained silent.

Prince Andrew's little son was seven. He could scarcely read, did know nothing. After that day he had through many things gained knowledge, observation, and experience but had he possessed the faculties he afterwards acquired, he could not have had a better or more profound understanding of the meaning of the scene he had witnessed between his father

who had come out with him and looked up at her with his beautiful thoughtful eyes then he uplifted, rose, upper lip trembled and leaned his head against her, began to cry.

After that he added Desaltes and the ones who caressed him, the other sat alone. He came timidly to Princess Mary, and to Nicholas of whom he seemed even fiercer than of his aunt, and clung to them quietly and happily.

When Princess Mary had left Prince Andrew he fully understood what Nicholas's face had told her. She did not speak any more to Nicholas, for he was of saving his life. She took

presence before the dying man was now so evident.



## CHAPTER XVI

NOT ONLY did Prince Andrew know he would die but he felt that he was dying and was already half dead. He was conscious of an aloofness from everything earthly and a strange and joyous lightness of existence. Without haste or agitation he awaited what was coming. That inexorable eternal distant and unknown—the presence of which he had felt continually all his life—was now near to him and by the strange lightness he experienced almost comprehensible and palpable.

Formerly he had feared the end. He had twice experienced that terribly tormenting fear of death—the end—but now he no longer understood that fear.

He had felt it for the first time when the shell spun like a top before him and he looked at the fallow field, the bushes and the sky and knew that he was face to face with death. When he came to himself after being wounded and the flower of eternal unfettered love had instantly unfolded itself in his soul as if freed from the bondage of life that had restrained it, he no longer feared death and ceased to think about it.

As if by the penetration into the new principle of eternal love revealed to him, the more he unconsciously detached himself from earthly life. To love eternally.

As if imbued he became with that principle of love, the more he renounced life and the more completely he destroyed that dreadful barrier which—in the absence of such love—stands between life and death.

At night in Mytishchi when half delirious he had seen her for whom he longed appear before him and having pressed her hand to his lips had shed gentle happy tears of love for a particular woman again crept unobserved into his heart and once more bound him to life. And joyful and agitating thoughts began to occupy his mind. Recalling the moment at the ambulance station when he had seen Kuragin he could not now regain the feeling he then had but was tormented by the question whether Kuragin was alive. And he dared not inquire.

His illness pursued its normal physical course but he said two days the last struggle between life and death in which death gained.

It was evening. As usual after dinner he was slightly feverish and his thoughts were preternaturally clear. Sonya was sitting by the table. He began to doze. Suddenly a feeling of happiness seized him.

Ah she has come! thought he. And so it was in Sonya's place sat Natasha who had just come in noiselessly.

Since she had begun looking after him he had always placed his feet on the stockings she had learned to knit stockings.

There is something in the thoughtful profile of her drooping face. She moved.

With a supple and exact movement picked up the ball and regained her former position.

He looked at her without moving and saw that she wanted to draw a deep breath after stooping but refrained from doing so and breathed cautiously.

At the Troitsa monastery they had spoken of the past and he had told her that if he lived he would always thank God for his wound which had brought them together again but after that they never spoke of the future.

Can it or can it not be? I know that it is as he looks at her and listened to the click of the steel needles. Can fate have brought me to her so strangely only for me to die? Is it possible that the truth of life has been revealed to me only to show me that I have spent my life in futility? I love her more than anything in the world. But what am I to do if I love her? he thought and he involun-

trily groaned, from a habit acquired du g  
his sufferings.

O hear g th t sound N tisha put d wn  
th stock n lean d nearer t him nd sud  
de ly n tci h s hun ngeyes stepped lght  
lv p to him and bent o er h m.

"Uar n t aslep

" t ual ng tme  
that  
that  
h ne

lhrapturous j y

N tisha i lo you too much! More than  
anything in th ld.

And I! —She turned way f r an instant.  
"Wh too much she asked.

"Why too m ch? W ll hat d you  
th k h t d y feel n y u soul j ur

so t m em t.

H rema ed lent whl

H good t w uld bel nd taking her  
l m dh kissed t.

N tisha f l t happy d stated b t t  
e emembered th t th w uld n t d and  
th th had to b qu ct.

B t you ha n t lept. h sa d repress-  
no her j "Try t leep pleas l

H p essed her h d nd rele sed t. nd  
h tba kt th candle d t d n "ain  
her f rmer pos ti n. Tw h turned nd  
looked h m, nd l er eyes met his beam  
her Sh set h rself task n her ocka  
d esol ed t t turn rou d t ll t was fin  
hed.

death. H lcl himself exart t.

Lo Wha l h thou ht.

Lo H derv dca h lo ex l se. All every  
th g that l derv dca. I understand o ly  
because l l c. E eryth m everyth n ex  
t. ly because l l c. E eryth s un ed  
by l c. Lo s God. d to d s mean that  
l parude f lo hall re unt th general  
d eternal source. These thou hts seemd to  
h m comf rung B t they wer o ly th ghts.  
Somethin— was lack g them, they were n t  
clear they wer too ones dedly personal and

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wa not n t me to lock t. He went and tr ed

me f d to m ea dle

not

He

ear

wa s ed by n d,  
w the f ar of death. It tood b h nd the door

But just wlen he wa clums ly creep g to-  
ward the door th t dre df l someth ng on the

othe d wa lready press ng "a nst it  
d f c s way n Someth g not hu

m n—d ath—wa break g n through that  
doo d had to be k pt out. He e ed the

doo m k g final eff rt i hold t b k—to  
lock t was no l "er poss ble—b t h eff rts

wer weak d l msy nd the door pushed  
fr m b hund by that t rror ope ed d closed

"a n

On c aga n t pushed from uts de His fast  
uperhum n ff rts we e "ain nd both hal es

f l e doo nois lessly op ned It entered a d  
t was de th nd Pr n e A drew d ed.

But t the nt n l died Prin e A drev s  
m embered that h was asl p a d t l cry

nsant he died, ha ng made n eff t h  
a n ke.

"Yes t was death! I died— nd w k up  
yes, death s n wak gl And llat t

j

hum.

Wh w k g cold persp rat h  
mov d on th d N tish w nt up nd

asked him what wa th m tter He did n t  
nswer and looked therstra g ly n t under

sta d g  
Th t was wh t had h ppe ed to him two  
days bef re Princess Mary arr al. From that

day as the doctor expressed it the wasting fever assumed a malignant character but what the doctor said did not interest Natásha she saw the terrible moral symptoms which to her were more convincing

From that day an awakening from life came to Prince Andrew together with his awakening from sleep And compared to the duration of life it did not seem to him slower than an awakening from sleep compared to the duration of a dream

There was nothing terrible or violent in this comparatively slow awakening

His last days and hours passed in an ordinary and simple way Both Princess Mary and Natásha who did not leave him felt this They did not weep or shudder and during these last days they themselves felt that they were not attending on him (he was no longer there he had left them) but on what remained of him

And when he died they felt that they could not express in words what they understood

They both saw that he was sinking slowly and quietly deeper and deeper away from them and they both knew that this had to be so and that it was right

He confessed, and received communion everyone came to take leave of him When they brought his son to him he pressed his lips to

the boy's and turned away not because he felt it hard and sad (Princess Mary and Natásha understood that) but simply because he thought it was all that was required of him but when they told him to bless the boy he did what was demanded and looked round as if asking whether there was anything else he should do

When the last convulsions of the body which the spirit was leaving occurred Princess Mary and Natásha were present

Is it over? said Princess Mary when his body had for a few minutes lain motionless growing cold before them

Yes, said Princess Mary, which reminded her most nearly of him—his body

Where has he gone? Where is he now?

When the body washed and dressed lay in the coffin on a table everyone came to take leave of him and they all wept

Little Nicholas cried because his heart was rent by painful perplexity The countess and Sonya cried from pity for Natásha and because he was no more The old count cried because he felt that before long he too must take the same terrible step

Natásha and Princess Mary also wept now but not because of their own personal grief they wept with a reverent and softening emotion which had taken possession of their souls at the consciousness of the simple and solemn mystery of death that had been accomplished in their presence

# Book Thirteen 1812

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## CHAPTER I

Man can grasp the causes of events in their completeness, but he does not find those causes in the soul of man. And who too often the multitude of causes taken separately may seem to be the cause he searches for the first principle in a cause. Last seems to him intelligible. Thus the cause of historical events (where the two factors are the subject of observation) the first and most prominent approximate to present itself was the will of the gods and afterwards the will of those who took part in the most prominent episodes—the heroes of history. But we gradually penetrate to the essence of any historical event—which lies in the activity of the general mass of men who take part in it—be convinced that the will of the historical hero does not control the course of the mass but is itself usually controlled. It may seem to be matter indifferent whether we understand the meaning of historical events thus or that, yet there is the same difference between man who says that the people of the West modelled the East because Napoleon wished to do so and man who says that this happened because it had to happen as there between those who declared that the earth was round and those who admitted that they did not know what shaped the earth but knew their laws directed its movement and that of the other planets. There is, and can be no cause of historical events except the one cause of all causes. But there are laws directing events, and some of these laws are known to him who is conscious of them; we cannot comprehend. The discovery of these laws is only possible when we have quite abandoned the empirical method of finding the cause in the will of some man, just as the discovery of the laws of the motion of the planets was possible only when men abandoned the conception of the fixity of the earth.

The historian considers that, next to the battle of Borodino and the occupation of Moscow by the enemy and the destruction by fire the most important episode of the war of 1812 was the movement of the Russian army from the Ryazin to the Kaluga road and to the Turtuk camp—the so-called flank march across the Krasnaya Pakhra River. They ascribe the glory of that achievement of genius to different men and dispute as to whom the

military writers, and following them out consider the flank march to be the profoundest conception of some man who saved Russia and destroyed Napoleon. In the first place it is hard to understand what the profundity and genius of this movement lay in not much mental effort was needed to see that the best position for an army which is not being attacked is where there are most provisions and even a dull boy of thirteen could have guessed that the best position for an army after retreat from Moscow in 1812 was on the Kaluga road. So it is impossible to understand by what reasoning the historians reach the conclusion

flank march had been preceded, accomplished or followed by their circumstances, might have proved ruinous to the Russians and salutary for the French. If this position of the Russian army really began to improve from the time of that march, it does not tell for what that march was the cause of it.

The flank march might not only have failed to give any advantage to the Russian army but might under other circumstances have led to its destruction. What would have happened had Moscow not been burned down? If Murat had lost sight of the Russians? If Napoleon had

not remained inactive? If the Russian army at Krasnaya Pakhra had given battle as Bennigsen and Barclay advised? What would have happened had the French attacked the Russians while they were in the position of

attacked them at Smolensk? What would have happened had the French moved on Petersburg? In any of these eventualities the flank march that brought salvation might have proved disastrous.

The third and most incomprehensible thing is that people studying history deliberately avoid seeing that this flank march cannot be attributed to any one man: that no one ever foresaw it and that in reality like the retreat from Fili it did not suggest itself to anyone in its entirety but resulted—moment by moment step by step—event by event—from an endless number of most diverse circumstances and was only seen in its entirety when it had been

Russian commanders was the one naturally suggesting itself: namely a direct retreat by the Nizhni road. In proof of this there is the fact that the majority of the council voted for such a retreat and above all there is the well known conversation after the council between the commander in chief and Lanskoï who was in charge of the commissariat department. Lanskoï informed the commander in chief that

for the most  
Tula and Py  
treated on Nizhni

from its supplies by the broad river Oká which cannot be crossed early in winter. This is the first indication of the necessity of deviating from what had previously seemed the most natural course—a direct retreat on Nizhni Novgorod. The army turned more to the south along the Ryazan road and nearer to its supplies. Subsequently the inactivity of the French (who even lost sight of the Russian army) concern for the safety of the arsenal at Tula and especially the advantages of drawing nearer to its supplies caused the army to turn still further south to the Tula road. Here

by a few  
Pakhra

remained at our risk and had no thought of the Tarutino position but innumerable circumstances and the reappearance of French troops

who had for a time lost touch with the Russians and prospects of giving battle and above all the abundance of provisions in Kaluga province.

to the so

Kaluga

between the roads along which those supplies lay. Just as it is impossible to say when it was decided to abandon Moscow so it is impossible to say precisely when or by whom it was decided to move to Tarutino. Only when the army had got there as the result of innumerable and varying forces did people begin to assure themselves that they had desired this movement and long ago foreseen its result.

## CHAPTER II

THE FAMOUS FLANK MOVEMENT merely consisted in this: after the advance of the French had ceased the Russian army naturally re-  
vaders des

If instead of imagining to ourselves commanders of genius leading the Russian army we picture that army without any leaders it could not have done anything but make a return movement toward Moscow describing an arc in the direction where most provisions were to be found and where the country was richest.

That movement from the Nizhni to the Ryazan-Tula and Kaluga roads is so natural that even the Russian marauders moved in that direction and demands were sent from Petersburg for Kutuzov to take his army that way. At Tarutino Kutuzov received what was almost a reprimand from the Emperor for having moved his army along the Pyázan road and the Emperor's letter indicated to him the very position he had already occupied near Kaluga.

Having rolled like a ball in the direction of the impetu given by the whole camp and by the battle of Borodino the Russian army—when the strength of it met with exhaustion and no fresh supplies were received—assumed the position natural to it.

Kutuzov's merit lay not in any strategic maneuver of genius as it is called but in the fact that he alone understood the nature of what had happened. He alone then understood the meaning of the French army's retreat; he alone continued to retreat to the battle of Borodino; he alone decided to retreat—who as

commander in chief might expect to be eager to attack - employed his sole strength to restrain the Russian army from useless attempts.

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here the flee h nter h d left h m but  
wh ther he was st ll al he the he was  
stro g d me ly ly g low the hunter d d  
h k w S ddenly the b t wa heard to

The m of th t w m ded be st (the  
French army) wh ch m trayed to col m tu  
to d to a th e d g f Laur t n to hu  
- f n ac

th    bth y we    m an    gles

M L E P A J C F K U T U Z I M d g

Moscow October 9 1941

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them t f y sort. S h the p t  
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D g th m th th t th F ch t o ps  
 e p l l g i g M scow and the Russ n  
 troops were q etly camped t T rut n a  
 ch ge had tak pl e th el t estr gth  
 f the t m es—both p t d n num  
 ber— es l f wh ch th up ty l d  
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 self by t l s s g s Th n e  
 La t m th b d of p o  
 t T rut the cp m m g f m  
 ll des f the t ty nd d der of th  
 F ch th fl w f cr s t s g m m  
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t the French st t oned at Tarut no the news  
of e sy ucces gained by pea ants a d guer  
rilla troops o cr the Fr nch the envy oused  
by th s the des re f rre enge th t l y in the  
fl a t of every Ru s n as lo as the French

as substance in the  
and in dance had become a table in  
t once as clock began to strike and cl me  
a soon as the m n te h nd h s c mpleted a  
full circle the cha ge was shown by an n  
creed a t ty wh rring and ch mng in the  
h gler pheres

### CHAPTER III

The Russian army was commanded by Kutu

4

still n u h n d s t w a s a p p r o e d b y t h e  
s t f f d c p t e d a b a s s f o c t o h u t  
v l y r p l e d t h t m o m e t t a r r a e d  
f m d t a e w e a l y s d f i c u l t e c c u t e  
S f e s h n t u c t n s w e s t f o t h s o l u  
t n f d f i c u l t e s t h a t m i g h t b e c o u t e d  
s w i l f e h p e o p l e w l w e r e t o w t c h h u  
t s t o n s a n d r e p t u p o n t h m

B s d ths the whole t ff of the Ru n  
rny wa n w reorgan ed The posts left  
t by B gr t on ho h d been killed a d  
by B cly who h d gone away n d dgeon  
h d t be filed Very se u n d t n  
w g n t dequest n wheth r w ll be  
B uert put A n B spl e d B D u n  
the c n t ryt put D n A pl nd n-  
s f nyth gm eth A III s t f ton  
d pend g n th

As a result of the hostility between the two  
and Benjamin the Chief of Staff the presence  
of the representatives of the Emperor  
planned to play a part in the  
the staff of the army. As a result of the  
the war was being conducted on a large  
the combination of the two  
the plan to use the force of the new  
rally the chief of the whole  
the new plan to direct the  
the new plan to go on directly

as it had to go that it never in the way people devised but flowing always from the essential attitude of the masses. Only in the highest spheres did all these schemes, crossings and interminglings appear to be a true reflection of what had to happen.

Prince Michael Ilarionovich (wrote the Emperor on the second of October in a letter that reached Kutuzov after the battle at Tarút no). Since September 2 Moscow has been in the hands of the enemy. Your last reports were written on the twentieth and during all this time not only has no action been taken against the enemy or for the relief of the ancient capital but according to your last report you have even re-

is moving on the Petersburg road. Another corps of several thousand men is moving on Dmitrov. Another has advanced along the Vladimir road and a fourth rather considerable detachment is stationed between Riazan and Mozhaisk. Napoleon himself was in Moscow as late as the twenty-fifth. In view of all this information when the enemy has scattered his forces in large detachments and with Napoleon and his Guards in Moscow it is possible that the enemy's forces confronting you are so considerable as not to allow of your taking the offensive. On the contrary he is probably pursuing you with detachments or at most with an army corps much weaker than the one which seems that awaits you might add and treat of it the

in the interior. You will be responsible if the enemy is able to direct a force of any considerable Petersburg to threaten the capital in which it has not been possible to retain many troops for the army entrusted to you and acting with resolution and energy you have ample means to avert this fresh calamity. Remember that you have still to answer to our offended country for the loss of Moscow. You have experienced my readiness to reward you. The

and justify us in expecting

But by the time this letter which proved that the real relation of the forces had already made itself felt in Petersburg was dispatched Kutuzov had found himself unable any longer to restrain the army he commanded from at-

tacking and a battle had taken place.

On the second of October a Cossack Shapovalov who was out scouting killed one hare and wounded another. Following they wounded hare he made his way far into the forest and came upon the left flank of Murat's army encamped there without any precautions. The Cossack laughingly told his comrades how he had almost fallen into the hands of the French. A cornet hearing the story informed his commander.

The Cossack was sent for and questioned. The Cossack officers wished to take advantage of this chance to capture some horses but one of the superior officers who was acquainted with the higher authorities reported the incident to a general on the staff. The state of things on the staff had of late been exceedingly strained. Ermolov had been to see Bennigsen a few days previously and had entreated him to use his influence with the commander in chief to induce him to take the offensive.

If I did not know you I should think you did not want what you are asking for. I need only advise anything and his Highness is sure to do the opposite," replied Bennigsen.

The Cossack's report confirmed by horse patrols who were sent out was the final proof that events had matured. The tightly coiled spring was released, the clock began to tick and the chimes to play. Despite all his supposed power, his intellect, his experience and his knowledge of men, Kutuzov—having taken into consideration the Cossack's report, a note from Bennigsen who sent personal reports to the Emperor, the wishes he supposed the Emperor to hold, and the fact that all the generals expressed the same wish—could no longer check the inevitable movement and gave the order to do what he regarded as useless and harmful—gave his approval that is to the accomplished fact.

#### CHAPTER IV

BENNINGSEN'S NOTE and the Cossack's information that the left flank of the French was guarded were merely final indications that it was necessary to order an attack and it was fixed for the fifth of October.

On the morning of the fourth of October Kutuzov signed the dispositions. Toll recalled them to Ermolov, asking him to attend to the further arrangements.

All right—all right. I have no time just now, replied Ermolov, and left the hut.

The dispositions drawn up by Toll were very

good. As in the Austerlitz disposition it was written - the house in German this time

The First Column will march here and here the Second Column will march there and so on per these columns arrived at the places at the appointed time and destroyed the enemy. Everything had been admirable though it was as usual in disposition, as is always the case not as before when reached the place at the appointed time.

When the necessary number of copies of the disposition had been prepared, an office was summoned and sent to deliver them to Ermolov to deal with. A young officer of the H. R. Guards, Kitzosordly, pleased with the importance of the mission entrusted to him went to Ermolov's quarters.

The officer of the Marine Guards went to a general in whom Ermolov was known to be found.

The officer mounting his horse rode off to  
someone else

gone o t

"If they don't make me responsible for this delay. What nuisance it is though that the officer should be around the whole camp. One man said he had seen Ermolov and put with some other generals others said he must have returned home. The officer searched till six o'clock then even without even stopping to eat. Ermolov was in where it befuddled and no one knew where he was. The officer searched for food to comrades and rode to the guard to find Milridich. Milridich too was away but her husband was told that he had gone to ball. General Milridich and that Ermolov was probably there too."

"B" where is it?

"Wh there, o er t Echkn sad Cos-  
tick oEcer po t t cou try house in the  
fird 12

"What, is it, ur l e?"

"They ep it two eg m tsas utposts nd  
they ha ing uch p ee ther t wfull  
T o ba u d three sets of gers

Th offe rode n t bev nd our l nes t  
Eckhn While still t d ta h heard a  
h rode the merry so nds f soldier dance  
wn proceed from th h use

heard, compounded by what I heard  
I forbade drowned every word then by

shouts These sounds made his spirits rise but at the same time he was afraid that he would be blamed for not having executed sooner the important order entrusted to him. It was already past eight o'clock He dismounted and went up to the porch of a large country house which had remained intact between the Russian and French forces. In the refreshment room and the billiard room were bustling

Ernöl b impones figure. They all d  
the room buttoned and were standing in a  
sem circle with flushed and mated faces  
laughing loudly in the middle of the room  
shirt handsome general with a ed face was  
dancing the step with much spirit and agility

И ha ha! Bra vo \ cholas Iványchi! H  
ha ha

Th ficer felt that by arri ng with mpo  
tant orders at such a moment h was doubly to  
blam a d h would ha e preferred to a t  
but o e of the generals esp ed h m and hea  
ng what h had come about, nf rmed Ermó-  
lo

Ernól came forward with frown on his face and hearing what the officer had to say took the papers from him without a word.

You think he was off just by chance said comrade who was on the staff that even the officer of the House Guards referring to Ermol. It was a trick. It was designed on purpose to get Konstantin to trouble. You'll see what mess there'll be tomorrow.

## CHAPTER V

NEXT AT THE decrep i kutizo having gi en  
orders to be called early said his prayers  
dressed. d w th n unpleas t consciou ness  
of ha to dect battle he d n t pp o e  
of got nto his c / li d dro from Leta  
shó ka ( vill ve three nd half miles from  
Tarusun ) t th pl ce wher th attack  
column were to meet. He sat n th / h

u noticed ca lrymen lead the r h rses  
to water cross th ro d al wh ch he was  
dri g h t ro looked t them search n ly



stopped his carriage and inquired what regiment they belonged to. They belonged to a column that should have been far in front and in ambush long before then. It may be a mistake, thought the old commander in chief. But a little further on he saw infantry regiments with their arms piled and the soldiers only partly dressed, eating their rye porridge and carrying fuel. He sent for an officer. The officer reported that no order to advance had been received.

How! Not received? Kutuzov began but checked himself immediately and sent for a senior officer. Getting out of his *calèche* he waited with drooping head and breathing heavily, pacing silently up and down. When Ezhov, the officer of the general staff whom he had summoned, appeared, Kutuzov went purple in the face, not because that officer was to blame for the mistake, but because he was an object of sufficient importance for him to

threatening him with his hands, shouting and jostling him with gross abuse. Another man, Captain Brózin, who happened to turn up and who was not at all to blame, suffered the same fate.

What sort of another blackguard are you? I'll have you shot! Scoundrels! yelled Kutuzov in a hoarse voice, waving his arms and reel- ing.

He was suffering physically. He, the commander in chief, a Serene Highness, whose every body said possessed powers such as no man had ever had in Russia, to be placed in this position—made the laughingstock of the whole army! I needn't have been in such a hurry to pray about today, or have kept awake thinking everything over all night, thought he to himself. When I was a chief of an officer, no one would have dared to mock me so, and now! He was in a state of physical suffering as if from corporal punishment and could not avoid expressing it by cries of anger and distress. But his strength soon began to fail him, and looking about him, conscious of having said much that was amiss, he again got into his *calèche* and drove back in silence.

His wrath once expended did not return and blinking feebly he listened to excuses and self justifications. (Ermolov did not come to

cutted next day. And once more Kutuzov had to consent.

## CHAPTER VI

NEXT DAY the troops assembled in their appointed places in the evening and advanced during the night. It was an autumn night with dark purple clouds but no rain. The ground was damp but not muddy, and the troops advanced noiselessly, only occasionally a gun of the artillery could be faintly heard. The men were

their pipe

to prevent

of the music heightened its charm and they marched gaily. Some columns, supposing they had reached their destination, halted, piled arms and settled down on the cold ground, but the majority marched all night and arrived at places where they evidently should not have been.

Only Count Orlów Denisov, with his Cosacks (the least important detachment of all) got to his appointed place at the right time. This detachment halted at the outskirts of a forest on the path leading from the village of Stromilova to Dmitrowsk.

Toward dawn Count Orlów Denisov, who had dozed off, was awakened by a deserter from the French army being brought to him. This was a Polish sergeant of Ionintovsk's corps who explained in Polish that he had come over because he had been slighted in the service, that he ought long ago to have been made an officer, that he was braver than any of them, and so he had left them and wished to pay them out. He said that Murat was spending the night less than a mile from where they were, and that if they could let him have a convoy of a hundred men he would capture him alive. Count Orlów Denisov consulted his fellow officers.

The offer was too tempting to be refused. Everyone volunteered to go and everybody decided making the attempt. After much discussing and arguing, Major General Grékov with two Cossack regiments decided to go with the Polish sergeant.

Now remember said Count Orlów Denisov to the sergeant at parting, if you have been lying, I'll have you changed like a dog, but if it's true you shall have a hundred gold pieces!

appeared into the forest, and Count Orlov  
 Denso had seen Grék off returned  
 shen from the freshness of the early dawn  
 excited by what he had undertaken on his  
 own responsibility and began looking at the  
 horse.

directed both the column would be  
 better able to fight if they were not to be  
 seen. It seemed to the count that things were  
 better to us in the French camp and his  
 keen-eyed adjutant confirmed this.

Oh, it is really too late, said Count Orlov  
 looking at the camp.

As it happens when someone we have  
 trusted is deceived before our eyes, it suddenly  
 seemed quite clear to him that  
 the servant was impossible that he had lied  
 and that the whole Russian attack would be  
 ruined by the absence of those two regiments  
 which would lead wayhead. Only knew  
 here. How could one capture commander  
 in chief from among the mass of troops!

I am sure that rascal was lying, said the  
 count.

They can still be called back, said one of  
 his men, while Count Orlov felt distrustful  
 of the adjutant when he looked at the  
 camp.

Eh, Really, what do you think? Should  
 we let them go now?

"Will he ever fetch back?"  
 Fetch them back, fetch them back, said  
 Count Orlov with added distrust. Upon look-  
 ing at his watch, it will be too late. It is quite  
 late.

And the adjutant galloped through the  
 forest after Grék. When Grék returned  
 Count Orlov Denso excited both by the  
 bold step and by the usual wait and see  
 of the column that still did not appear as  
 it by the promise of the enemy resolved  
 to drive. All his men felt the same excite-  
 ment.

Must he command now when per The  
 man took their places and crossed themselves.

"Forward, with God!"  
 Hurrah! he reverberated in the forest.  
 And the Cossack companies raised their  
 voices and a cargo of another as it  
 poured itself such a hedgelay across the  
 brook toward the camp.

Oh, desperate, frightened, all of them, first  
 French soldiers who saw the Cossacks, and then

who were in the camp undressed and only just  
 waking up ran off in all directions, abandon-  
 ing cannons, muskets and horses.

Had the Cossack pursued the French with  
 out heed now what was behind and round  
 them they would have captured Murat and  
 everything there. That was what the officers  
 desired. But it was impossible to make the Cos-  
 sacks bud when once they had got booty and  
 prisoners. None of them listened to orders.  
 Fifteen hundred prisoners and thirty-five  
 guns were taken on the spot, besides standards  
 and (what seemed most important to the Cos-  
 sacks) the dead horses.

themselves—did it was on this that the Cos-  
 sacks all busied themselves.

The French could be farther pursued be-  
 gan to recover themselves as they formed into  
 detachments and began firing Orlov De Iso  
 till was that for the other column to arrive  
 advanced no further.

Meantime a second of the dispositions  
 which said that the First Column will march  
 and so on the frontier of the belated column  
 commanded by Baron von directed by Toll  
 had started due order and as always he  
 prepared to get somewhere, but not to the rap-  
 ported places. Always happens the man  
 starting cheerfully began to halt murmurs  
 were heard there was a sense of confusion and  
 finally backward movement. Adjutants  
 galloped about, hurried, grew angry,  
 quarreled, and they had come quite wrong and  
 we let go the vent a little busied and  
 I thought of it up and sent two to supply to  
 get somewhere. We shall get somewhere o-  
 ther. And they did indeed get somewhere  
 though not to their right places. Few en-  
 tially even got to the right place but too  
 late to be of any use. Only time it was  
 fired. The whole of the battle played the  
 part of Wrother's Austriaz, galloped as-  
 dually from place to place finding one cry  
 than up and down everywhere. Thus he tum-  
 bled in Bago's corps in a wood when it was  
 already broad daylight. The corps should  
 have been joined by Orlov Denso. Ex-  
 cited and excited by the failure, it supposed  
 that someone must be responsible for it. Toll

also upset by all the delay confusion and cross purposes fell into a rage to everybody's surprise and quite contrary to his usual character and said disagreeable things to Toll.

I prefer not to take lessons from anyone but I can die with my men as well as anybody he said and advanced with a single division.

Coming out onto a field under the enemy's fire this brave general went straight ahead leading his men under fire without considering in his agitation whether going into action now with a single division would be of any use or no. Danger cannon balls and bullets were just what he needed in his angry mood. One of the first bullets killed him and other bullets killed many of his men. And his division remained under fire for some time quite uselessly.

## CHAPTER VII

MEANWHILE ANOTHER COLUMN was to have attacked the French from the front but Kutuzov accompanied that column. He well knew that nothing but confusion would come of this battle undertaken against his will and as far as was in his power held the troops back. He did not advance.

He rode silently on his small gray horse indolently answering suggestions that they should attack.

The word *attack* is always on your tongue but you don't see that we are unable to execute complicated maneuvers said he to Milorá

can be done now! he replied to someone else.

When Kutuzov was informed that at the French rear—where according to the reports of the Cossacks there had previously been nobody—there were now 10 battalions of Poles he gave a sidelong glance at Ermólov who was behind him and to whom he had not spoken since the previous day.

You see! They are asking to attack and making plans of all kinds but as soon as one gets to business nothing is ready and the enemy forewarned takes measures accordingly.

Ermólov screwed up his eyes and smiled faintly on hearing these words. He understood that for him the storm had blown over and that Kutuzov would content himself with that hint.

He's having a little fun at my expense said Ermólov softly nudging with his knee Raévski who was at his side.

Soon after this Ermólov moved up to Kutuzov and respectfully remarked:

It is not too late yet your Highness—the enemy has not gone away—if you were to order an attack! If not the Guards will not so much as see a little smoke.

Kutuzov did not reply but when they reported to him that Murat's troops were in retreat he ordered an advance though at every hundred paces he halted for three quarters of an hour.

The whole battle consisted in what Orlov-Donsov's Cossacks had done—the rest of the army merely lost some hundreds of men uselessly.

In consequence of this battle Kutuzov received a diamond decoration and Bennigsen some diamonds and a hundred thousand rubles.

the staff

That's how everything is done with us all topsy-turvy! said the Russian officers and generals after the Tarutino battle letting it be understood that some fool there is doing things all wrong but that we ourselves should not have done so just as people speak today. But people who talk like that either do not know what they are talking about or deliberately deceive themselves. No battle—Tarutino Borodino or Austerlitz—takes place as those who planned it anticipated. That is an essential condition.

A countless number of free forces (for nowhere is man freer than during a battle where it is a question of life and death) influence the course taken by the fight and that course never can be known in advance and never coincides with the direction of any one force.

If many simultaneously and variously directed forces act on a given body the direction of its motion cannot coincide with any one of those forces but will always be a mean—what in mechanics is represented by the diagonal of a parallelogram of forces.

If in the descriptions given by historians especially French ones we find their wars and battles carried out in accordance with previously formed plans the only conclusion to be drawn is that those descriptions are false.

The battle of Tarutino obviously did not attain the aim Toll had in view—to lead the troops into action in the order prescribed by the dispositions nor that which Count Orlov-Donsov may have had in view—to take Murat prisoner nor the result of immediately de-



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1

1 " " " a single division

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The " " "

but you c  
complic

dovich v no asked permission to advance

We couldn't take Murat prisoner this morning or get to the place in time and nothing can be done now! he replied to someone else.

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ta e f the camp ■ It s o ld be d ficult  
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tta d th u t on fr m r tre t to  
d a ex po u f th we lnes of the  
Fe h d the dm n t at o of th t sh ck  
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begn ts fight

## CHAPTER VIII

N po o NTERS Mo ow fte the brill nt  
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n M ■ tll O t ber letting the tro p  
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Pus W d n t kn v f rta n n how  
f h g u w as g u e Egypt— he e  
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ge u n Austr Prus f we h e to  
d wou nf rm t n f m F h G rm n  
d the mpr hen ble urr der  
f wh l p w th t fight g nd f for  
tr e w th ut ■ mut cl e Germ n  
to ■ h g u s the only e pl t on  
f the w carr ed n n Germ y B t ve  
th nk God h n need to ec gn e h gen

ius in order to hide our shame. We have paid for the right to look at the matter plainly and simply and we will not abandon that right.

His activity in Moscow was as amazing and as full of genius as elsewhere. Order after order and plan after plan were issued by him from the time he entered Moscow till the time he left it. The absence of citizens and of a depopulation and even the burning of Moscow did not disconcert him. He did not lose sight either of the welfare of his army or of the doings of the enemy or of the people of Russia.

Paris or of

concerning the terms of the anticipated peace.

## CHAPTER IX

WITH REGARD to military matters Napoleon immediately on his entry into Moscow gave General Sabastiani strict orders to observe the movements of the Russian army sent army corps out along the different roads and charged Murat to find Kutuzov. Then he gave careful directions about the fortification of the Kremlin and drew up a brilliant plan for a future campaign over the whole map of Russia.

With regard to diplomatic questions Napoleon summoned Captain Yákovlev, who had been robbed and was in rags and did not know how to get out of Moscow, minutely explained to him his whole policy and his magnanimity and having written a letter to the Emperor Alexander in which he

your municipality or city government. It will take care of you of your needs and of your welfare. Its members will be distinguished by a red ribbon worn across the shoulder and the mayor of the city will wear a white belt as well. But when on duty they will only wear a red ribbon on the left arm.

The city police is established on its former footing and better order already prevails in consequence of its activity. The government has appointed two commissaries general or chiefs of police and twenty commissaries or captains of wards have been appointed to the different wards of the city. You will recognize them by the white ribbon they will wear on the left arm. Secular churches of different denomination are open and divine service is performed in them unhindered. Your fellow citizens are returning every day to their homes and others have been given that they should find in them the help and protection due to their misfortunes. These are the measures the government

relieve  
need  
should it possible forget the music you have suffered. I would entertain the hope of a less cruel fate should I be certain that inevitable and ignominious death awaits those who make any attempt on your persons or on what remains of your property and finally that you should not doubt that these will be safeguarded since such is the will of the greatest and most just of monarchs. So I entrust it to those of whatever nation you may like to reestablish

city and its streets and your tears will soon cease to flow!

With regard to supplies for the army Napoleon decreed that all the troops in turn should enter Moscow *à la maraude* to obtain provisions for themselves so that the army might have its future provided for.

With regard to religion Napoleon ordered the priests to be brought back and services to be again performed in the churches.

With regard to commerce and to provision the army the following was placarded every where:

## PROCLAMATION

You peaceful inhabitants of Moscow! I am

ment issued

## INHABITANTS OF MOSCOW!

Your misfortunes are cruel! His Majesty the Emperor and King desires to arrest their course

chosen from among yourselves will form

As looters

men that they are respected. A

lence t them  
hrel His

He visited the Foundling Hospital and all within the orphanage was crowded by him to kiss his white hands graciously crowded with Tutolmin. Then as Thiers eloquently recounts he ordered his soldiers to be paid the forged Russian money which he had prepared. Rank the use of these means by an act worthy of himself and of the French army he let relief be distributed to those who had been burned out. But his food was too precious to be given to foreigners who were for the most part enemies. Napoleon preferred to supply them with money with which to purchase food from outside and his paper rubles distributed to them. With efficiency to my discipline orders were continually being issued to inflict severe punishment if the non-performance of military duties led to suppression of robbery.

## CHAPTER X

BUT STRANGE TO SAY all these measures efforts discipline which were not at all worse than others issued in similar circumstances did not affect the essence of the matter but like the hands of clock detached from the mechanism about in a library and a mess way with utter gagging the cogwheels.

With reference to the military department the plan of campaign which was the foundation of which Thiers makes the history of the

fiftenth of October—that plan never war could be executed for it was quite out of

lief) was to have been raised to the ground by edict unless the management of the Kremlin only hoped to have fulfilled Napoleon's wish that it should be blown up when he left Moscow—as Churchill wants the floor on his head hurt himself to be beaten. The pursuit of the Russian army about which Napoleon was so concerned produced no unhindered result. The French generals let it march with the Russian army fighting us and men could get Thiers was only eventually found, like Louis Bonaparte killed—dyingly the gesture of Murat.

With reference to discipline all Napoleon's arguments to his magnanimity are just as both Tutolmin did to Alexander (whose chief concern was to obtain great o

neighbourhood of Moscow money with the yards given bring their people from the districts was proposed markets for the use of the Mikhaylovskaya Street the Provisional Market (S)

Wednesday each week reappointed the high mark the district divisions of the troops will be stationed in the high ground. Tuesday and Saturday the divisions from the town as to the districts (4) Small measures will be taken to prevent the carts from being met with the draught horses. (5) Small measures will be taken to re-establish the railway. Inhabitants of the district will get the

Lay to expect the hidden the fee did no delay with us

With the object of raising the spirits of the troops and of the people the Emperor ordered the high the troops to comfort the habitations, despite the occupation with the Russian army. If needed the theaters should be established by the Emperor.

I heard that the people of the great test of the crown and heads of the police should be in power. He caused the death of the man who was credited with the tale that the other by means of the devil himself in the with the majestic benevolence of the monarch.



conveyance) proved useless Alexander did not receive these envoys and did not reply to their embassy

W 1

cut  
Mo

With regard to administrative matters the establishment of a municipality did not stop the robberies and was only of use to certain people who formed part of that municipality and under pretext of preserving order looted Moscow or saved their own property from being looted

With regard to religion as to which in Egypt matters had so easily been settled by Napoleon's visit to a mosque no results were achieved Two or three priests who were found in Moscow did try to carry out Napoleon's wish but one of them was slapped in the face by a French soldier while conducting the service

Up the church That night the doors were again broken open the padlocks smashed the books mutilated and other disorders perpetrated

With reference to commerce the proclamation to industrious workmen and to peasants evoked no response There were no industrious workmen and the peasants caught the commissaries who ventured too far out of town with the proclamation and killed them

As to the theaters for the entertainment of the people and the troops these did not meet with success either The theaters set up in the Kremlin and in Posnyakov's house were closed again at once because the actors and actresses were robbed

Even philanthropy did not have the desired effect The genuine as well as the false paper money which flooded Moscow lost its value The French collecting booty cared only for gold Not only was the paper money valueless such Napoleon so graciously distributed to the unfortunate but even silver lost its value in relation to gold

But the most amazing example of the ineffectiveness of the orders given by the authorities at that time was Napoleon's attempt to stop the looting and re-establish discipline

This is what the army authorities were reporting

Looting continues in the city despite the decrees against it Order is not yet restored and not a single merchant is carrying on trade in a lawful manner The sutlers alone venture to

trade and they sell stolen goods

The neighborhood of my ward continues to be pillaged by soldiers of the 3rd Corps who not satisfied with taking from the unfortunate inhabitants hiding in the cellars the little they have left even have the ferocity to wound them with their sabres as I have repeatedly witnessed

Nothing new except that the

10 13 1812 1000-October 11

The Emperor is extremely displeased that despite the strict orders to stop pillage parties of marauding guards are continually seen returning to the Kremlin Among the Old Guard disorder and pillage were renewed more violently than ever yesterday evening last night and today The Emperor sees with regret that the picked soldiers appointed to guard his person who should set an example of discipline carry disobedience to such a point that they break into the cellars and stores containing army supplies Others have disgraced themselves to the extent of disobeying sentinels and officers and have abused and beaten them

The Grand Marshal of the palace wrote the governor complains bitterly that in spite of repeated orders the soldiers continue to commit nuisances in all the courtyards and even under the very windows of the Emperor

That army like a herd of cattle run wild and trampling underfoot the provender which might have saved it from starvation disintegrated and perished with each additional day it remained in Moscow But it will not go away

It began to run away only when suddenly seized by a panic caused by the capture of transport trains on the Smolensk road and by the battle of Tarutino The news of that battle of Tarutino unexpectedly received by Napoleon at a review evoked in him a desire to punish the Russians (Thiers says) and he issued the order for departure which the whole army was demanding

Fleeing from Moscow the soldiers took with them everything they had stolen Napoleon too on the army yet all the

reminded that it was every good thing that these vehicles could be used to carry people so the sick and the mended.

The plight of the whole army resembled that of a mended man which feels it peculiar and doesn't know what it is doing. To

karate said he had edged with string round the ankles for warmth and peasant coat and cap. Physically he had changed much during the war. He no longer seemed stout though he

rattle rushes through the hills to the sergeant forward back was a dash at his own end. The poleo derperesur from the whole army did the same thing. The rule of the battle of Tandu for the first time beat a retreat rushed forward to the hunter gun reloaded him turned back, dully—J. K. ny wild beast—back to the most distant a ta geous d d gerous path where the old content was familiar.

Dur gth while fishtrap rod N poleon bo seems to us the eb n the led of all the men is—the figure had of hip may seem to be a es gu de the es el— cited like child who held a couple of straws and carries a thinks he is doing it.

## CHAPTER XI

EARLY THE 21 of the 19th of October

legs that jumped about him. This little dog led in the irished, leep bes d karate's t hit t some times m d excurs n into the town but I says t med n n P b bly t had er had n wner nd t ill bel nged to body d h d n m Th F e ch called t Azor th soldier wh told t es call d t Fem o k h r a d e d th rs called t Gray son umes ill bb l s l c k f mast name, eve f b ed y d f i t col r did t seem tr bl th ill -gray dog n th lea t. Its furry tail ood up firm d und plume is b d legs crved iso ill th t uld it gra full i f e ill d leg nd run ery easily d qu kly th legs as f disda t se ill E ryth g pleased t Now t w uld ill ts b k, y lp g w th del ht, w b k th n w th th u hful f mporta d n w f l bou ply w th ch p f wood raw P r r t by n w co ted of d rty torn hurt (the ly exm n of hu f rmer clothin) p r f soldi tr us rs wh ch by

calm and immediately I was Th former I kness which had hown itself even in the es was now epl ced by n ener get c ead ness for act on nd res stance His fe t were bare.

Perre first looked down the field across which ch ches nd horsemen we e pass th t m rn ng then t the d tance across the r er then t the doo who was pretend g to be

Every time he looked th b re t e e I mated n l s a f t on litted across his face The ght t them rem nded h m of the h d exp e nced nd learned dur g these weeks nd thus ecoll ct n wa pleasant in him

For some days the weather had been calm nd clea w th sl ght frosts n the morn n— what call d n old w es summ

In the sunsh n th w warm d th t warmth wa p ucul ly pleasant th the n g rat f e sh ess of the m rn g f ost still n the ir

O eryth g—far nd ea —y the m c cry tal g t e e n only t that time of utumn The Sparro Hill we s bl n the distance w th the ll e the church nd th l rgew h te ll u The bare trees the s d the b cks d oofs f the houses th gre n hu ch p re nd th corners of the wh h use n the d t ce

h r t p p n h i mouth came f m b h d corn of th hed nd ppro ch d P err th fr dly w nk.

What unsh M n ur karill! (Th

name for Pierre) Eh? Just like spring!

And the corporal leaned against the door and offered Pierre his pipe though whenever he offered it Pierre always declined it.

To be on the march in such weather he began

Pierre inquired what was being said about leaving and the corporal told him that nearly all the troops were starting and there ou

lov or

was d. The corporal told the corporal that something should be done about him. The corporal replied that Pierre need not worry about that as they had an ambulance and a permanent hospital and arrangements would be made for the sick and that in general every thing that could happen had been foreseen by the authorities.

Besides Monsieur Kiril you have only to say a word to the captain you know. He is a man who never forgets anything. Speak to the captain when he makes his round he will do anything for you.

(The captain of whom the corporal spoke often had long chats with Pierre and showed him all sorts of favors.)

You see St. Thomas he said to me the other day Monsieur Kiril is a man of education who speaks French. He is a Russian seigneur who has had misfortunes but he is a man. He knows what's what. If he wants anything and asks me he won't get a refusal. When one has studied you see one likes education and well bred people. It is for your sake I mention it Monsieur Kiril. The other day if it had not been for you that affair would have ended ill.

And after chatting a while longer the corporal went away. (The affair he had alluded to had happened a few days before—a fight between the prisoners and the French soldiers in which Pierre had succeeded in procuring his comrades.) Some of the prisoners who had heard Pierre talking to the corporal immediately asked what the Frenchman had said. While Pierre was repeating what he had been told about the army leaving Moscow a thin, scrawny, tattered French soldier came up to the door of the shed. Rapidly and timidly raising his fingers to his forehead by way of greeting he asked Pierre whether the soldier Platón to whom he had given a shirt to sew was in that shed.

A week before the French had had boots, leather and linen issued to them which they

had given out to the prisoners to make up into boots and shirts for them.

Ready, ready, dear fellow! said Karatáyev coming out with a neatly folded shirt.

Karatáyev on account of the warm weather and for convenience at work was wearing only trousers and a tattered shirt as black as soot. His hair was bound round in a Turkish fashion with a wisp of lime tree bast and his round face seemed rounder and pleasanter than

—

Is

smiling using the shirt he had sewn.

The Frenchman glanced around uneasily and then as if overcoming his hesitation rapidly threw off his uniform and put on the shirt. He had a long greasy flowered silk waistcoat next to his scrawny thin bare body but no shirt. He was evidently afraid the prisoners looking on would laugh at him and thrust his head into the shirt hurriedly. None of the prisoners said a word.

See it fits well! Platón kept repeating pulling the shirt straight.

The Frenchman having pushed his head and hands through without raising his eyes looked down at the shirt and examined the seams.

"You see dear man this is not a sewing shop and I had no proper tools and as they say one needs a tool even to kill a mouse and Platón with one of his round smiles obviously pleased with his work.

It's good quite good thank you said the Frenchman in French but there must be some linen left over.

It will fit better still when it sets to your body said Karatáyev still admiring his handiwork. You'll be nice and comfortable.

Thanks thanks old fellow. But the bits left over said the Frenchman again and smiled. He took out an assignat on ruble note and gave it to Karatáyev. But give me the pieces that are over.

Pierre saw that Platón did not want to understand what the Frenchman was saying, and he looked on without interfering. Karatáyev thanked the Frenchman for the money and went on admiring his own work. The Frenchman insisted on having the pieces returned that were left over and asked Pierre to translate what he said.

What does he want that for said Karatáyev. They'll make fine legging for us. Well never mind!

And Karatáyev with a suddenly changed and

th t had fo merly seemed so important. It d d  
n woccur t h m to th k of Russ a or the

dw to L

"There look at that m d Karatsev w y' g  
hus head. People sa d they we n t Ch st ans  
b i they too h es ul Its h t the old folk  
used t say As e u g hand n op n ha d,  
a dry h ds cl se Hes n ked but yet hes  
g e t back.

karat m l d th ughtfully d wa lent  
hale look t the p eces

B t d eyll make gra d leg b ds dear  
fne d, he aud nd went back t the shed

## CHAPTER XII

F t a xks h d p used s ce P erre h d been  
taken pri er d tho h ile F encl h d f  
lered t mo e him from the me s t the of  
f ers hed, b h d tayed the shed where he  
was first p t.

In burned a d devastated M cow P err  
espene ed lm t th extrem l m is of pri  
ra io m ca dure but th k to his  
ply cal tre gth d he lth f wh ch h h d  
till the b u co sci us d th nks espec l  
ly t the f ct th t th pr t n came so  
gradually that t was mpo bl to y when  
they bega h e du ed h p n t nly  
l hily b j y lly A d just t th t m he  
bta d th tra quill ry nd ea f m d he  
had f rmerly t t m ch He h d  
lo so ght d ff t w y th t tra q lly  
f m d, that er harm y w ch h d so m  
p esed h m th sold ers t the b tll of Bo-  
rod o f h d so ht t pl l thr py n  
Freemaso ry th d s p t ns of t wn l fe  
w her seats f f cr fi nd n  
roma t l ef N t d h h d h t by  
easo g- d all thes qu is de p  
ments h d fa led h m A dn w w th t th k  
g bo t t he had f d that pe ce nd n  
er h m y o ly thro gh th h rr f death  
thr h p u n d th o h wh th  
oon ed K ratd

Those d ead f l m m ts l had l ed  
through t th execut nsh d as t w f  
ever washed way f m h m g t d  
memory th g tat g tl t us d f l gs

ngles and e en rid culous H a get w l s  
w fe and n ety that h s name sho ld not be  
sm rched n w seemed n t merely tri l but  
e en mus ng Wh t concern as t of h that  
s m l ere or other that woma s lead ng  
th l fe she preferred Wh t d d t matter to  
nybody a d espec ally to h m whethe m not  
they fo d out that th r pr sone s n me w s  
Count B rukho ?

He n w often remembe ed h s con ers t on  
w th P ce Andrew a d quite agreed with  
h m though he u derstood Prince A d ew s

anyment l reservat o The bse ce of fle

p ess Here a d o so th first time l ef lly  
ppe ted the joy me to eat g when l e  
w ted t e t d k g w l n he wanted to  
d k sleep g h n he wanted m l ep of  
w rmth when he wa cold of talk g to a f l  
l w ian when h w hed to talk d to hea  
li man Th s t f m n o f es needs—  
good food lea l ness a d f ed m—now th m  
he was d p ed of l l th m med to P erre t  
co t tute pe fect h pp es d the cho e f  
o cup t th t f h w y o f l f—now th t  
th t ch m was so estr t d—s med t h m  
uch neasym t th t f rgot th t up  
fl ty f th comfo ts of l fe destroys all joy n  
t fy g n n eds whle gre t f feed m n  
th ch of oc p t n—ch fr ed m s  
h s w lth h s ed c t n and h so l po  
t n h d g en h m l own l fe—s just  
w l t m k th ch ce of o up t n n  
solubly difficult and destr ys the des re nd

possibility of having an occupation

All Pierre's daydreams now turned on the time when he would be free. Yet subsequently and for the rest of his life he thought and spoke with enthusiasm of that month of captivity of those irrecoverable strong joyful sensations and chiefly of the complete peace of mind and inner freedom.

and saw the cupolas and crosses of the New Convent of the Virgin still dark at first the hoarfrost on the dusty grass the Sparrow Hills and the wooded banks above the winding river vanishing in the purple distance when he felt the contact of the fresh air and heard the noise of the crows flying from Moscow across the field and when afterwards light gleamed from the east and the sun's rim appeared solemnly from behind a cloud and the cupolas and crosses the hoarfrost the distance and the river all began to sparkle in the glad light—Pierre felt a new joy and strength in life such as he had never before known. And this not only stayed with him during the whole of his imprisonment but even grew in strength as the hardships of his position increased.

That feeling of alertness

at the shed. With his knowledge of languages the respect shown him by the French his simplicity his readiness to give anything asked of him (he received the allowance of three rubles a week made to officers) with his strength which he showed to the soldiers by pressing nails into the wall the

his own seemed to them incomprehensible) he appeared to them a rather mysterious and superior being. The very qualities that had been a hindrance if not actually harmful to him in the world he had lived in—his strength his disdain for the comforts of life his absent-mindedness and simplicity—here among these people gave him almost the status of a hero. And Pierre felt that their opinion placed responsibilities upon him.

## CHAPTER XIII

THE FRENCH EVACUATION began on the night between the sixth and seventh of October. Kitchens and sheds were dismantled carts loaded and troops and baggage trains started

At seven in the morning a French convoy in marching trim wearing shakos and carrying muskets knapsacks and enormous sacks stood in front of the sheds and animated French talk mingled with curses sounded all along the lines.

In the shed everyone was ready dressed belted shod and only awaited the order to start. The sick soldier Sokolov pale and thin with dark shadows round his eyes alone sat in his place barefoot and not dressed. His eyes prominent from the emaciation of his face gazed inquiringly at his comrades who were paying no attention to him and he moaned regularly and quietly. It was evidently not so much his sufferings that caused him to moan (he had dysentery) as his fear and grief at being left alone.

Pierre girt with a rope round his waist and wearing shoes Karatiev had made for him from some leather a French soldier had torn off a tea chest and brought to have his boots mended with went up to the sick man and squatted down beside him.

You know Sokolov they are not all going away! They have a hospital here! You may be better off than the others said Pierre.

O Lord! Oh it will be the death of me! O Lord! moaned the man in a louder voice.

I'll go and ask them again directly said Pierre rising and going to the door of the shed.

Just as Pierre reached the door the corporal who had offered him a pipe the day before came up to it with two soldiers. The corporal and soldiers were in marching kit with knapsacks and shakos that had metal straps and these changed their familiar faces.

The corporal came according to orders to shut the door. The prisoners had to be counted before being let out.

Corporal what will they do with the sick man? Pierre began.

But even as he spoke he began to doubt whether this was the corporal he knew or a stranger so unlike himself did the corporal seem.

The corporal frowned at Pierre's words and uttering some meaningless oaths slammed the door. The shed became semidark and the sharp rattle of the drums on two sides drowned the sick man's groans.

There it is! It again! said Pierre to himself and an involuntary shudder ran down his spine. In the corporal's change of face in

The sound of his voice in the start and deafening noise of the drums he recognized that tremendous, callous force which compelled people against their will to kill their fellow-men—without the effect of which he had witnessed during the executions. To fear or to try to escape that force to address entreaties or exhortations to those who served as its tool was useless. Pierre knew this now. One had to wait and endure. He did not mean to go to the sick man, nor turn to look at him, but stood frowning by the door of the hut.

When that door was opened and the prisoners crowded against the threshold flock of sleep-saturated to the exit, Pierre pushed his way forward and approached the first captain as the corporal had assured him was ready to do anything for him. The captain was also in marching kit, and on his cold face appeared that same thing which Pierre had encountered in the corporal's words in the roll of the drums.

"Pass, pass," the captain reiterated, frowning sternly at looking at the prisoners who thronged past him.

Pierre went up to him, though he knew his attempt would be vain.

"What now?" the officer asked with cold look as if recognizing Pierre.

Pierre told him about the sick man.

"He'll manage to walk, devil take him," said the captain. "Pass on, pass on! he consumed without looking at Pierre.

"But he is dying," Pierre again began.

"Be so good," he told the captain, frowning again.

Drum-d-d-dam drum-d-m-d-m rattled the drums, and Pierre understood that this mysterious order completely controlled these men and that it was now useless to say anymore.

The six prisoners were separated from the soldiers and told to march in front. There were about thirty officers, with Pierre among them, and about three hundred men.

The officers who had come from the other regiments were all strangers to Pierre and much better dressed than he. They looked at him and at his shoes mistrustfully as he went. Not far from him walked a major with sal low blouse, a young fellow who was wearing a Russian dress grown tired and worn with snow and blood. He enjoyed the respect of his fellow prisoners. He kept one hand in which he clasped his tobacco pouch, and the bosom of his dress gown held the stem of his pipe firmly with the other. Panting and puffing,

the major grumbled and growled at everybody because he thought he was being pushed ahead that they were all hurrying when they had nowhere to hurry to and were all surprised at something when there was nothing to be surprised at. Another thin little officer was peering to every new conjecture where they were now being taken and how if they would get that day. An official in felt boots and wearing a commissar's uniform rounded from side to side and gazed at the ruins of Moscow loudly announcing his observations as to what had been burned down and what this or that part of the city was that they could see. A third officer who by his accent was Polish stepped

as St. Nicholas or St. Blasius you see; walked down and there's an end of it. What are you pushing for? Isn't the road wide enough? said he turning to a man behind him who was not pushing him at all.

Oh oh, he thought. What has they done the prisoners on one side and the other were heard saying as they gazed on the charred ruins. "All beyond there and Zborova and the Kremlin! Just look! There not half of left! Yes I told you—the whole quarter beyond the river and so it is.

"Well, you know it burned so what's the use of talking?" said the major.

As they passed near church in the Khamovniki (one of the few unburned quarters of Moscow) the whole mass of prisoners suddenly started to stand and exclaim in horror and disgust were heard.

Ah the villa! What the things! Yes dead, dead, so he is. And meared with something.

Pierre too drew near the church where the

dead half and that this was the body of man, set upright against the palings with its face meared with soot.

Go on! What the devil! Go on! Thirty thousand devils! the company guards began cursing and the French soldiers, with fresh violence drove away with their words the crowd of prisoners who were gazing at the dead man.

## CHAPTER XIV

THROUGH THE CROSS STREETS of the Khamónnik quarter the prisoners marched followed only by their escort and the vehicles and wagons belonging to that escort but when they reached the supply stores they came among a huge and closely packed train of artillery mingled with private vehicles

At the bridge they all halted waiting for those in front to get across From the bridge they had a view of endless lines of moving baggage trains before and behind them To the right where the Kaluga road turns near Nesluchny endless rows of troops and carts stretched away into the distance These were troops of Beauharnois corps which had started before any of the others Behind along the riverside and across the Stone Bridge were Ney's troops and transport

Detached troops in whose charge were the prisoners were crossing the Crimean bridge and some were already debouching

Now and reached the Kaluga road when the vanguard of Ney's army was already emerging from the Great Ordynka Street

When they had crossed the Crimean bridge the prisoners moved a few steps forward halted and again moved on and from all sides vehicles and men crowded closer and closer together They advanced the few hundred paces that separated the bridge from the Kaluga road taking more than an hour to do so and came out upon the square where the streets of the Transmoskva road and the Kaluga road converge and the prisoners jammed close together had to stand for some hours at that crossway From all sides like the roar of the sea were heard the rattle of wheels the tramp of feet and incessant shouts of anger and abuse Pierre stood pressed against the wall of a charred house listening to that noise which mingled in his imagination with the roll of the drums

Look there those are furs they exclaimed Just see what the blackguards have looted There! See what that one has behind in the cart Why those are settings taken from some icons by heaven! Oh the rascals!

See how that fellow has loaded himself up he can hardly walk! Good lord the

That's right hit him on the snout—on his snout! Like this we shan't get away before evening Look look there Why that must be Napoleon's own See what horses! And the monograms with a cross! It's like a portable house That fellow dropped his sack and doesn't see it Fighting again A woman with a baby and not bad looking either! Yes I dare say that's the way they'll let you pass.

Just look there's no end to it Russian wenches by heaven so they are! In carriages—see how comfortably they've settled themselves!

Again as at the church in Khamónnik a wave of general curiosity bore all the prisoners forward onto the road and Pierre thanks to his stature saw over the heads of the others what so attracted their curiosity In three carriages involved among the munition carts closely squeezed together sat women with round faces dressed in glaring colors who were shouting something in shrill voices

From the moment Pierre had recognized it

It was not these women hurrying away nor the turn of events in Moscow All that he now renewed scarcely made an impression on him—as if his soul marking ready for a hard struggle refused to receive impressions that might weaken it

The women's cries died away Behind them came more carriages more soldiers

Pierre did not see the people as individuals but saw their movement

All these people and horses seemed driven forward by some invisible power During the hour Pierre watched them they all came flowing from the different streets with one and the same desire to get on quickly they all jostled one another began to grow angry and to fight white teeth gleamed from their faces ever the same words of abuse flew from their mouths and all the faces bore the same awfully resolute and cruel expression on their faces struck Pierre that morning the corps of the Imperial Guard were marching

It was not till nearly evening that the officer commanding the escort collected his men and

th h is a d q arrels forced h way in  
am the b ggage tra ns nd the p s ners  
banned n lls des emerged onto the ka  
l'aro d

They marched very qu ckly w thout est ng  
d halted nly he th un began to at  
Th baggage carts d ew up cl se together and  
th me began to p epare f r the r n ght srest.  
They ll ppe ed rry a d duss t fied Fo  
lo g time o this gry h is a d f l t  
could be heard f m lls des A carr ge th t  
f llowed the esco t ra s to one of th carts  
d k ocked hol n tw th is pole Se eral  
soldiers ra t wa d the cart from d fferent  
s des some beat the carr ge h rses on their  
heads, turn them d others f ight  
m g them l m d P erre aw th t one  
Germ w s b dly ded n the head by  
s d.

am feel of u pleasa t waken g f m  
the hurry d eag rness t push on th t h d  
se ed them t th tart. O ce t a st ndst'll  
they ll seem d t u dersta d th t they did n t  
y ik here they we eg g d th t much  
that asp f land d fli ult wa ted them on  
th journey

Dun g th h lt the esco t tre ted the p s  
ers e w rse th n th y had d e at the  
tart lt was h that th p us ers f the first  
time c ed h rselfesh f th me t rat n  
F m the ffer down t th l west lde  
they ll h ed wh t m d lke perso l p te  
ga t ch f the p so ers, n u pected  
tra t to the f rmer f dly l t s

This p t crea d t l l m e he on call  
ing er th ll p so rs twa f nd that  
n th bustl fle g M wo e Ru n  
sold er b h d p t ded t suffer f m l c,  
had escap d. P erre saw F hma be t  
Russ sold er cru lly f tray m too far  
fr m th d d heard h f d the cap-  
ta ep m d d th t n t t m t l  
comm s sed flier n o t f he  
escape f the R T th omm d  
flier excus th t t l p so er wa ll d  
ould t walk d f f pl ed th t the  
der to hoot t los who l g d b l d  
P rre f t that h s f tal f wh ch h d  
crusl ed h m dur g th ex cut bu wh ch

st engthened n h s soul a power of l fe inde-  
pendent of it.

He t h s supper of bu kwheat soup with  
h rs flesh and chatted w th h s comrades

Ne th r P erre nor any of the others spoke  
of v h t they h d seen n Moscow r of the  
o ghness of the r t tment by tle French or  
of the order to shoot them wh cl h d bee an  
nou ced to them As if n re ct on a nst tle  
worsen g of the pos t on they we e all par  
tucula ly an mat d d gay They sp ke of pe  
son l r m cnes of mus g cenes they  
ll d w tnessed d r g the camp n and avo d  
ed all t lk of the r p sent s tuat on

swayed tra gely n the gray ha e lt grew g t  
The even g wa end g but the n ght had not  
yet come P erre got up a d left h new com  
p n ns cross g bet eed camp es to the  
othe de of th ro d wh e he had bee told  
the commo sold er p so ers we e st t oned  
ll v ted to talk t them On ther ad he w  
stopped by a F end sent el wh o de ed l m  
ll k.

P erre t rned b ck not to h scompan by  
th camp fre b t t n u harnessed cart

l ghte could mean

H h h l l ughed P erre A d he d  
l d to h mself The sold e d d not l t me  
p ss They took me and shut me up They h ld  
m capt m What m ? M ? My mm tal soul?  
H h h l l h h l d he l ughed till  
tears tarted to h eyes

A m n got up d came to see wh t th s  
queer b g fell w wa l ugh g t ll by h m  
ll P erre stopped l u lu g got up v t  
farth vay f om th qu tve m nd  
looked u d h m

Th h g dles b c that h d p evi  
ly sou ded w th the crackl g f campfies  
a d the es f m ny men h d grown q t,  
th ed campfires were gr w p l d dy  
g d wn H gh up the l ght ky hu g the  
f ll moon F ests d f elds b nd tle camp  
un een b f wer now vs bl n th d s



rance And farther still beyond those forests and fields the bright oscillating limitless distance lured one to itself Pierre gazed at the sky and depths of me and it. And they caught all that and put it into a shed boarded up with planks! He smiled and went and lay down to sleep beside his companions

## CHAPTER XX

IN THE EARLY DAYS of October another envoy came to Kutuzov with a letter from Napoleon proposing peace and falsely dated from Moscow though Napoleon was already not far from Kutuzov on the old Kaluga road. Kutuzov replied to this letter as he had done to the one formerly brought by Lauriston saying that there could be no question of peace.

Soon after that a report

came from Forminsk and that being separated from the rest of the French army they might easily be destroyed. The soldiers and officers again demanded action. Generals on the staff excited by the memory of the easy victory at Tarutino urged Kutuzov to carry out Dórokhov's suggestion. Kutuzov did not consider any offensive necessary. The result was a compromise which was inevitable: a small detachment was sent to Forminsk to attack Broussier.

By a strange coincidence

Dokhturov whom no one had described to us as drawing up plans of battles dashing about in front of regiments showering crosses on batteries and so on and who was thought to be and was spoken of as an undecided and undiscerning—but whom we find commanding wherever the position was most difficult all through the war.

from Aust

men to defend the town against Napoleon's whole army. In Smolensk at the Malákhov Gate he had hardly dozed off in a paroxysm of fever before he was awakened by the bombardment of the town—and Smolensk held out all day long. At the battle of Borodino when

Bigratón was killed and nine tenths of the men of our left flank had fallen and the full force of the French artillery fire was directed against it the man sent there was this same irresolute and undiscerning Dokhtúrov—but Kutuzov hastening to rectify a mistake he had made by sending someone else there first and the quiet little Dokhtúrov rode thither and Borodino became the greatest glory of the Russian army. Many heroes have been described to us in verse and prose but of Dokhturov scarcely a word has been said.

It was Dokhtúrov again whom they sent to Forminsk and from there to Mílo-Varoshévits the place where the last battle with the French was fought and where the obvious disintegration of the French army began and we are told of many geniuses and heroes of that period of the campaign but of Dokhtúrov nothing or very little is said and that dubiously. And this silence about Dokhturov is the clearest testimony to his merit.

It is natural for a man who does not understand the workings of a machine to imagine that a shaving that has fallen into it by chance and is interfering with its action and tossing about in it is its most important part. The man who does not understand the construction of the machine cannot conceive that the small connecting cogwheel which revolves quietly is one of the most essential parts of the machine and not the shaving which merely harms and hinders the working.

On the tenth of October when Dokhturov had gone halfway to Forminsk and stopped at the village of Aristovo preparing faithfully to execute the orders he had received the whole French army having in its convulsive movement reached Murat's position apparently in order to give battle—suddenly without any reason turned off to the left onto the new Kaluga road and began to enter Forminsk where only Broussier had been till then. At that time Dokhturov had under his command besides Dórokhov's detachment the two small guerrilla detachments of Figner and Sestávin.

On the evening of October 11 Sestávin came to the Aristovo headquarters with a French guardsman he had captured. The

the whole army had left Moscow four days previously. The same evening a house serf who had come from Moscow had seen an immense army entering the town. Some Cossacks of Dokhtú

— no ted ha g s ghted the Th man who had wakened yawned and  
 d t  
 dent mbl g  
 ngle s th s is  
 army only a rumor  
 ed d He e the d p tch sa d Bolkhovlt nov  
 tu ov My orders are t e t at o ce to the gen  
 eral on duty  
 Wa t moment I ll lght a candle You  
 p m ed rasc l whe e do y n lways h de t

F th p rpose capable thce as  
 tu was chose wh was t xpl n the  
 whol ff r by w rd f m uth bes des d l

h res.

## CHAPTER XVI

Bolkho it e ched L t he k lter ne  
 o l ck t nght. D mo t g t a c t g on  
 whos w tlefe h g g bo d EN RAL  
 t d throw ng down h s e n li en  
 te d d k p  
 The ge e l n d ty quckl lt ery m  
 p rt tl d he t som o wh h d en

and looked t the mes enger B lkh it o  
 w s besp tte ed ll over w th mud a d h d  
 sme red h s f ce by w p ng tw th huslee e

Who g the rep rt? ngu red Sl cher  
 bin t k n the en elop

Th news elable s d B lkhovlt ov  
 P soners Co cks nd the sco ts ll a y the  
 same th ng

Th re noth ng t be d ne well h e to  
 w k h m s d Shch bin ng d go g

B t th ery mp t t fr m G ner l  
 D lkh ro d B lkh it n t ng th  
 p doo wh ch he h d f nd by f cl g n  
 th d k.

Th de ly had g e bef hum nd  
 bega w k g som body

Y h y h n l A re  
 Wh ? Wh t th t F m wh m? cam a

l py  
 F m D kht d f m Alexey P t o

h. N p leo is t F r m k d B lkh vi  
 ble t n th dark wh w p k

g b t gu ss g by th e th t tw n t  
 k tsyn

And n f t th he d in the nght cap w s  
 l f t d at nce On K o ntsyn h nds me  
 r l te f th che ks flushed by f er  
 th e tll em n d f r n nsta t a f aw y  
 dr my e p n remote from p e t f  
 f b t th n he udd nly t ted d h  
 f e med us h b tu l calm d f m p  
 p e

W ll wh t s it? F m whom? he a ked  
 mmed tely but without h rry blink g t  
 th lght

Wh l l t n g to the officer p t k no  
 ntsyn b k th l d e d th d sp tch  
 H rdly had he d o before h l wer d h s

And farther still beyond those forests and fields the bright oscillating limitless distance lured one to itself. Pierre glanced up at the sky and the twinkling stars in its faraway depths. And all that is me, all that is within me, and it is all! He thought, Pierre. And they crught all that and put it into a shed boarded up with planks! He smiled and went and lay down to sleep beside his companions.

## CHAPTER XV

IN THE EARLY DAYS of October another envoy came to Kutuzov with a letter from Napoleon proposing peace and falsely dated from Moscow, though Napoleon was already not far from Kutuzov on the old Kaluga road. Kutuzov replied to this letter as he had done to the one formerly brought by Lauriston, saying that there could be no question of peace.

Soon after that a report was brought that the French army was seen at Forminsk and that being separated from the rest of the French army they might easily be destroyed. The soldiers and officers again demanded action. Generals on the staff, excited by the memory of the easy victory at Tarutino, urged Kutuzov to carry out Dörckhov's suggestion. Kutuzov did not consider any offensive necessary. The result was a compromise which was inevitable: a small detachment was sent to Forminsk to attack Broussier.

By a strange coincidence this detachment

was composed of men whom no one had described to us as drawing up plans of battles, dishing about in front of regiments, showing crosses on batteries and so on, and who was thought to be and was spoken of as undecided and undeciding—but whom we find commanding wherever the position was most difficult all through the Russo-French wars from Austerlitz to the year 1813. At Austerlitz he remained last at the Augereau rallying the regiments, saving what was possible when all were flying and perishing and not a single

remained in Smolensk at the Malakhov Gate. He had hardly dozed off in a paroxysm of fever before he was awakened by the bombardment of the town—and Smolensk held out all day long. At the battle of Borodino, when

Dokhturov was killed and nine tenths of the men of our left flank had fallen and the full force of the French artillery fire was directed against it, the man sent there was this same irresolute and undiscerning Dokhturov—but hastening to rectify a mistake he had made by sending someone else there first. And the quiet little Dokhturov rode thither and Borodino became the greatest glory of the Russian army. Many heroes have been described to us in verse and prose.

Dokhturov set

It was

Forminsk.

It was the place where the last battle with the French was fought and where the obvious disintegration of the French army began, and we are told of many geniuses and heroes of that period of the campaign, but of Dokhturov nothing or very little is said and that dubiously. And this silence about Dokhturov is the clearest testimony to his merit.

I

staid

that

it has fallen into it by chance and is interfering with its action and tossing about in it is its most important part. The man who does not understand the construction of the machine cannot conceive that the small connecting cog wheel which revolves quietly is one of the most essential parts of the machine and not the strong which merely harms and hinders the working.

On the tenth of October when Dokhturov had gone halfway to Forminsk and stopped at the village of Aristovo, preparing faithfully to execute the orders he had received, the whole French army having in its convulsive movement reached Murat's position apparently in order to give battle—suddenly without any reason turned off to the left onto the new Kaluga road and began to enter Forminsk where only Broussier had been till then. At that time Dokhturov had under his command

but

he

to

gu

we had captured. The

was there and the whole army had left Moscow four days previously. That same evening a house which had come from Borovsk said he had seen an immense army entering the town. Some Cossacks of Dokhturov

no th. O the o e hand the French had oc-  
curred Moscow. The other Kutuzov felt  
assured with all his heart that the terrible  
blow into which he had all the Russian had  
put their whole strength must have been mo-  
tal. But in any case proof was needed he  
had waited while months for them. It grew  
more impatient the longer he waited. Ly-  
on his bed during those sleepless nights he did  
just what he reproached those younger gen-  
erals for. He imagined all sorts of pos-  
sible contingencies, just like the younger men  
but with this difference that he saw thousands  
of contingencies instead of two or three and  
based them on them. The longer he  
thought the more contingencies presented  
themselves. He imagined all sorts of mo-  
vements of the Napoleon army as a whole or  
in sections—away to Petersburg, or against  
him, or to flank him. He thought too of  
the possibility (which he feared most of all)  
that Napoleon might fight him with his own  
weapon. And remain in Moscow waiting for him.  
He even imagined that the Napoleon army  
might turn back through Medyn and Lukh  
and but then on this he could not see  
what happened—the insane, convulsive  
stampede of the Napoleon army during its first  
even days in Moscow stamped  
such mad possibilities that Kutuzov had not  
yet even dared to think of—the complete ex-  
termination of the French. Dolkh reports  
about Broussard's in the guerrillas re-  
ports of distress in the Napoleon army rumors  
of preparations for leaving Moscow all con-  
firmed the supposition that the French army  
was beaten and preparing for flight. But these  
were not suppositions, which seemed im-  
portant to the younger men but not to Kutuzov.  
With his sixty years' experience he knew  
what value to attach to rumors, knew how pit-  
ty people who desire victory are a group. It  
was so that appears to confirm what they  
desire, and he knew how readily in such cases  
they omit all that makes for the contrary. And  
the more he desired the less he allowed him-  
self to believe it. This question beset all  
his mental powers. All else was to him only  
little distracting routine. The such customary  
routine beset his consciousness with the  
same old letters he wrote from Tarutino to  
Alexander Suvorov, the readiness of the  
distribution of rewards, his correspondence  
with Petersburg and so on. But the destruc-  
tion of the French, which he had not seen  
was his heart's desire.

On the night of the eleventh of October he  
lay leaning on his arm and thinking of that.  
There was a door in the next room and he  
heard the step of Tollkholmsky and  
Bolkhovitin.

Eh who's there? Come in come in! What  
news the field marshal called out to them.  
When a footman was lighting a candle Toll-  
kommunicated the substance of the news.

Who brought it? asked Kutuzov with a  
look which when the candle was lit, struck  
Toll by its cold severity.

There can be no doubt about it, you know.

Call him in call him here.

Kutuzov sat up with one leg hanging down  
from the bed and his hand punched the  
cushion the other which was doubled under  
him. He screwed up his eyes gazed at the  
messenger more carefully as if watching to  
read in his face what preoccupied his own  
mind.

"Tell me, tell me, friend," said he to Dolk-  
hovitin, "in his longed-for as he pulled  
together the shirt which gaped open on his  
chest, come nearer—carter. What news have  
you brought me? Eh. That Napoleon has left  
Moscow? Are you sure? Eh."

Dolkhovitin gazed at the count from  
the beginning of his head been told to re-  
port.

"Speak quickly, quacker! Don't torture  
me," Kutuzov interrupted him.

ed him. He tried to say something but his  
suddenly puckered and wrinkled he waited  
his room. Toll turned the opposite side  
of the room, the roomer darkened by the  
on the threshold.

O Lord, my Creator. Tell us has heard our  
prayer said his tremulous voice with  
folded hands. Russian is said. I thank Thee,  
O Lord, and he wept.

## CHAPTER XVIII

FROM THE TIME he received this news to the  
end of the campaign all Kutuzov's activity  
was directed toward restraining his troops, by  
authority by guile and by entreaty from us-  
less tactics, manœuvres, encounters with  
the perishing enemy. Dolkhovitin went to  
Malo-Yaroslavl, but Kutuzov ordered with  
the main army to dig trenches for the evacua-  
tion of Kaluga—a citadel beyond which town

legs in their woolen stockings to the earthen floor and began putting on his boots. Then he took off his nightcap, combed his hair over his temples, and donned his cap.

Did you get here quickly? Let us go to his Highness

Tonovitsyn had understood at once that the news brought was of great importance and that no time must be lost. He did not consider or ask himself whether the news was good or bad. That did not interest him. He regarded the whole business of the war not with his intelligence or his reason but by something else. There was within him a deep unexpressed conviction that all would be well but that one must not trust to this and still less speak about it but must only attend to one's own work. And he did his work giving his whole strength to the task.

Istet Petróvich Konovítsyn like Dokhturov seems to have been included merely for propriety's sake in the list of the so called heroes of 181 —the Barclays Račísks Ermólov's I látovs and Mílorádoviches Like Dokhturov he had the reputation of being a man of very limited capacity and information and like Dokhturov he never made plans of battle but was always found where the situation was most difficult Since his appointment as general on duty he had always slept with his door open giving orders that every messenger should be allowed to wake him up In battle he was always under fire so that Kutuzov reproved him for it and feared to send him to the front and like Dokhturov he was one of those unnoticed cogwheels that without clatter or noise constitute the most essential part of the machine

Coming out of the hut into the damp dark night Kononitsyn frowned—partly from an increased pain in his head and partly at the unpleasant thought that occurred to him of how all this nest of influential men on the staff would be stirred up by this new especially Henningsen who ever since Tarutino had been at diggers drawn with Kutúzov and how they would make suggestions quarrel issue orders and rescind them And this premonition was disagreeable to him though he knew it could not be helped

And in fact Toll to whom he went to communicate the news immediately began to expound his plans to a general sharing his quarters until Honokutsu who listened in weary silence reminded him that they must go to see his Highness.

## CHAPTER XVII

Kutuzov like all old people did not sleep much at night. He often fell asleep unexpectedly in the daytime but at night lying on his bed without undressing he generally remained awake thinking.

So he lay now on his bed supporting his large heavy scarred head on his plump hand with his one eye open meditating and peering into the darkness.

Since Bennigsen who corresponded with the Emperor and had more influence than anyone else on the staff had begun to avoid him Kutuzov was more at ease as to the possibility of himself and his troops being obliged to take part in useless aggressive movements. The lesson of the Tarutino battle and of the day before it which Kutuzov remembered with pain must he thought have some effect on others too.

They must understand that we can only lose by taking the offensive. Patience and time are my warriors, my champions, thought Kutuzov. He knew that an apple should not be plucked while it is green. It will fall of itself when ripe, but if picked unripe the apple is spoiled, the tree is harmed, and your teeth are set on edge. Like an experienced sportsman he knew that the beast was wounded and wounded as only the whole strength of Russia could have wounded it, but whether it was mortally wounded or not was still an open

§. 4. He is found to be mortal. But he needed further proofs and it is necessary to wait.

They want to run to see how they have wounded it. Wait and we shall see! Continual maneuvers, continual advances! thou wilt be

What for? Only to distinguish themselves! As if fighting were fun. They are like children from whom one can't get any sensible account of what has happened because they all want to show how well they can fight. But that's not what is needed now.

And what ingenious maneuvers they all propose to me! It seems to them that when they have thought of two or three contingencies (he remembered the general plan sent him from Petersburg) they have presented everything. But the contingencies are endless.

The undecided quest on as to whether the wound inflicted at Borodino was mortal or not had hung over Kutúzov's head for a while.

la d—was too remote and the summed ate  
goal a Sm lénsk toward which all the r  
des m and h pes en rm u ly nte s fi d n  
th mass urged th m o It wa not th s they  
k w th t m ch food and fresh troops aw t  
ed them Sm lénsk n r th t they we e told  
w f th co trary the r upe i r ffic es and

taneously There is a certa n l m t of t me in  
less th n h ch no am unt of heat can melt  
the n w the contrary the gre ter the l eat  
the more sol d f d t le rema i s o v be  
come

Of the Russ a comma ders kut o alone  
understood th When the fl ight of the Frencl  
rmyalo gl Sm lénsk r ad became well de  
f seen on the

sel es d pushed n to Sm lénsk t a  
prom ed l d

Com g t nt the h gh o d the Fe ch  
fed w th s rp e rgy and u he d of  
rap d ty t rd the go l th y h d fi d on  
Bes des the mm mpul e h ch bou d  
the hol cr d f Fench nt m ss and  
suppl d them w th ce ta e rgy there w s  
th ca b d g th m t gethe —the r  
gr t n mb rs As w th the phy cal law of

Ea h f th m des ed noth g mo e th n  
t g eh ms l f p p er to escap f m  
all th h rr nd mis ry but on the e  
ha d th f e of th s mm n tract on to  
Sm ll k the goal d w each of th m n  
the sam d m th the h nd n  
army co p co ld t urrend to c mp ny  
nd th gh the F ch l d t ms l f  
ry con e t pp r n ty t d t h t em  
sel es d t rre der n th l hiest d e t  
pret t ch p t s d d n t l w y u  
Th ry n mbers d th cr w d d d  
sw t m m t d p ed them f that p ss  
bly d ender d t o ly d ffult b t  
mp ss ble f th R n t t p th s m  
m t t h ch the F ch we d ect g ll  
th are rgies Bey d ce ta n l m t n me  
h cal d rupt f th body uld lsten  
the p oces f d mpo t n

A l mp of w ca t be m lt d tan

t gu n them el es t cut ff to se m t  
captu e a d to o er t row t e French and all  
clamo ed for ct

kut so al e used all h s power ( nd such  
power i ry l m t d the case of ny c m  
m nde n ch ef) t p e ent n m ch

He c uld n t tell them what i e say now  
Wly f ight why bl ck the ro d los ng ur  
own men d s h m nly l ghter gunf r  
t te wre t d es? What s th u e of th t l en  
th d f the r rmy h n elted aw y m the  
ro d fr m M co v t l y d z a w l ut ny  
b tle? B t dra g f m h s ged v d m  
wh t they could und rst d he t ld them of  
the g lde b dge and th y l ugled at and  
la de d l m fl g ng th msel s on rend  
d l t

two French co ps nd by w y ol repo t g  
the te t n to kut v they se t h m a  
bl k sl ct of p pe n an en el pe

And try s kut mght t estra n the  
t oop our men tt led try t bar the  
d l f nty eg m m w are t ld ad  
an ed to the tt ck th mus and w t  
d um b t s d k lled and lost thous d  
f m n

But th y d d not cut off o o e th ow ny  
body and th Fre ch army clos g up mo  
firmly t th d ng co t n d while ste d ly  
melt g aw y to p rsue t f tal path to Smo-  
lénk.

seemed to him quite possible

Everywhere Kutuzov retreated but the enemy without waiting for his retreat fled in the opposite direction

Napoleon's historians describe to us his skilled maneuvers at Tarutino

into the rich southern provinces

But not to speak of the fact that nothing prevented him from advancing into those southern provinces (for the Russian army did not bar his way) the historians forget that nothing could have saved his army for then already it bore within itself the germs of inevitable ruin. How could that army—which had found abundant supplies in Moscow and had trampled them underfoot instead of keeping them and on arriving at Smolensk had looted provisions instead of storing them—how could that army recuperate in Kaluga province which was inhabited by Russians such as those who lived in Moscow and where fire had the same property of consuming what was set ablaze?

That army could not recover anywhere here. Since the battle of Borodino and the pillage of Moscow it had borne within itself as it were the chemical elements of dissolution.

The members of what had once been an army—Napoleon himself and all his army—

on the hopelessness of which they were all more or less vaguely conscious

So it came about that at the council at Malo-Yaroslavets when the generals pretending to confer together expressed various opinions all mouths were closed by the opinion uttered by the simple minded soldier Mouton who speaking last said what they all felt that the one thing needful was to get away as quickly as possible and no one not even Napoleon could say anything against that truth which they all recognized.

But though they all realized that it was necessary to get away there still remained a feeling of shame at admitting that they must flee. An external shock was needed to overcome that shame and this shock came in due time. It was what the French called *le Jourra de l'Empereur*.

No one was the cheer of the Russian troops gave when charging the enemy—T

The day after the council at Malo-Yaroslavets Napoleon rode out early in the morning amid the lines of his army with his suite of marshals and an escort on the pretext of inspecting the army and the scene of his

by nearly coming with

the army the booty on which the Cossacks fell. Here as at Tarutino they went after plunder leaving the men. Disregarding Napoleon they rushed after the plunder and Napoleon managed to escape.

When *les enfants du Don* might so easily have taken the Emperor himself in the midst of his army it was clear that there was nothing for it but to fly as fast as possible along the nearest familiar road. Napoleon with his forty year-old stomach understood that hint not feeling his former agility and boldness and under the influence of the fright the Cossacks had given him he at once agreed with Mouton and issued orders—as the historians tell us—to retreat by the Smolensk road.

That Napoleon agreed with Mouton and that the army retreated does not prove that Napoleon caused it to retreat but that the forces which influenced the whole army and directed it along the Mohidysk (that is the Smolensk) road acted simultaneously on him also.

## CHAPTER XX

A MAN IN MOTION always devises an aim for that motion. To be able to go a thousand miles he must imagine that something good is at the end of those thousand miles. One must have the prospect of a promised land to have the strength to move.

The promised land for the French during their advance had been Moscow during their retreat it was their native land. But that native land was too far off and for a man going a thousand miles it is absolutely necessary to set aside his final goal and to say to himself "Today I shall get to a place twenty-five miles off where I shall rest and spend the night and during the first day's journey that rest place eclipses his ultimate goal and attracts all his hopes and desires. And the impulses felt by a single person are always magnified in a crowd."

For the French retreating along the old Smolensk road the final goal—their native

heroic feelings) and the whole innumerable multitude of the peasants did not bring their bay to Moscow for the high price offered them, but burned it instead.

Let us imagine two men who have come out to fight and with rapier according to all the rules of the art of fencing. The fencer has fought for some time suddenly one of the combatants, feeling humiliated and undressed, understands that the matter is no joke but concerns his life; throw down his rapier and seizing the first cudgel that comes to hand

but consistently and belabored the French till the whole array had perished.

And it is well for a people who do not—as the French did in 1813—salute a cord of all the rules of art, and present the hilt of the rapier gracefully and politely hand it to their magnanimous conqueror but at the moment of trial without a king who rules others have adopted numerous cases simply and easily pick up the first cudgel that comes to hand and strike with it till the feeling of resentment and revenge in the soul yields to a feeling of contempt and compassion.

## CHAPTER II

ONE OF THE most obvious and disadvantageous departures from the so-called laws of war is the action of scattered groups against men pressed together in mass. Such action always occurs in wars that take on a national character. In such cases instead of two crowds opposing each other the men disperse attack singly run away when attacked by stronger forces but gain attack when opportunity offers. This was done by the guerrillas in Spain, by the mountain tribes in the Caucasus and by the Russians.

People have called this kind of war guerrilla warfare and assume that by so calling it they have explained it. But such a war does not fit in under any rule and directly opposed to a well known rule of tactics which is accepted as infallible. That rule says that an attacker should concentrate his forces in order to be stronger than his opponent at the moment of conflict.

Guerrilla war (always successful as history shows) directly violates that rule.

This contradiction arises from the fact that military science assumes the strength of an army to be identical with its numbers. Military science says that the more troops the greater the strength. *Le gros bat le petit toujours*.

For military science to say this is like defining momentum mechanics by reference to the mass only, that momenta are equal or unequal to each other simply because the masses inolved are equal or unequal.

Momentum (quantity of motion) is the product of mass and velocity.

In military affairs the strength of an army is the product of its mass and some unknown factor.

Military science sees in history numerous instances of the fact that the use of any

Large battalions are always victorious.

chance and, desiring to conceal the facts of the case, insisted that it had gained his victory with the rapier according to all the rules of art. One can imagine what confusion and obscurity would result from such an account of the deed.

The fencer who demanded contest according to the rules of fencing was the French army; his opponent who threw away the rapier and snatched the cudgel was the Russian people; those who try to explain the matter according to the rules of fencing are the historians who have described the event.

— — — — — it was begun

and the renewed treaty, the burning of Moscow, the capture of marauders, the seizure of transports, and the guerrilla war were all departures from the rules.

Napoleon felt this, and from the time he took up the correct fencing taught in Moscow and instead of his opponent rapier saw cudgel raised before his head he did not cease to complain. Kuusko and to the Emperor Alexander that the war was being carried on

against all the rules—as if there were any rules for killing people. In the course of the campaign the French as to the non-observance of the rules, spoke of the fact that to some brutal plundered Russians seemed rather disgraced to fight with cudgel if they wanted to assume the pose of an artist or conform to all the rules, did to make an abrupt thrust en prime and so—the cudgel of the people was lifted with all its menacing

and majestic strength, without consulting the tactics or rules and regardless of any theory, it rose and fell with the top of the



# Book Fourteen: 1812

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## CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE OF BORODINÓ with the occupation of Moscow that followed it and the flight of the French without further conflicts is one of the most instructive phenomena in history.

All historians agree that the external activity of states and nations in their conflicts with one another is expressed in wars and that as a direct result of greater or less success in war the political strength of states and nations increases or decreases.

Strange as may be the historical account of how some king or emperor having quarreled with another collects an army fights his enemy's army gains a victory by killing three five or ten thousand men and subjugates a kingdom and an entire nation of several millions all the facts of history (as far as we know it) confirm the truth of the statement that the greater or lesser success of one army against another is the cause or at least an essential indication of an increase or decrease in the strength of the nation—even though it is unintelligible why the defeat of an army—a hundredth part of a nation—should oblige that whole nation to submit. An army gains a victory and at once the rights of the conquering nation have increased to the detriment of the defeated. An army has suffered defeat and at once a people loses its rights in proportion to the severity of the reverse and if its army suffers a complete defeat the nation is quite subjugated.

So according to history it has been found from the most ancient times and so it is to our own day. All Napoleon's wars serve to confirm this rule. In proportion to the defeat of the Austrian army Austria loses its rights and the rights and the strength of France increase. The victories of the French at Jena and Auerstadt destroy the independent existence of Prussia.

But then in 1812 the French gain a victory near Moscow Moscow is taken and after that with no further battles it is not Russia that

ceases to exist but the French army of six hundred thousand and then Napoleonic France itself. To strain the facts to fit the rules of history to say that the field of battle at Borodinó remained in the hands of the Russians or that after Moscow there were other battles that destroyed Napoleon's army is impossible.

After the French victory at Borodinó there was no general engagement nor any that were at all serious yet the French army ceased to exist. What does this mean? If it were an example taken from the history of China we might say that it was not an historic phenomenon (which is the historians' usual expedient when anything does not fit their standards) if the matter concerned some brief conflict in which only a small number of troops took part we might treat it as an exception but this event occurred before our fathers' eyes and for them it was a question of the life or death of the fatherland and it happened in the greatest of all known wars.

The period of the campaign of 1812 from the battle of Borodinó to the expulsion of the French proved that the winning of a battle does not produce a conquest and is not even an invariable indication of conquest. It proved that the force which decides the fate of peoples lies not in the conquerors nor even in armies and battles but in something else.

The French historians describe the condition of the French army before it left Moscow affirm that all was in order in the Grand Army except the cavalry the artillery and the transport—there was no forage for the horses or the cattle. That was a misfortune no one could remedy for the peasants of the hinterland turned the hay rather than let the French have it.

The victory gained did not have the usual results because the peasants kept and hid (who after the French had taken Moscow drove in their carts to pillage the town and in general personally failed to manifest any



army does not coincide with its strength and that small detachments defeat larger ones obscurely admits the existence of this unknown factor and tries to discover it—now in a geometric formation now in the equipment employed now and most usually in the genius of the commanders. But the assignment of these various meanings to the factor does not yield results which accord with the historic facts.

Yet it is only necessary to abandon the false view (adopted to gratify the heroes) of the efficacy of the directions issued in wartime by commanders in order to find this unknown quantity.

That unknown quantity is the spirit of the army that is to say the greater or lesser readiness to fight and the danger felt by all the men composing an army quite independently of whether they are or are not fighting under the command of a genius in two- or three-line formation with cudgels or with rifles that repeat thirty times a minute. Men who want to fight will always put themselves in the most advantageous conditions for fighting.

The spirit of an army is the factor which multiplied by the mass gives the resulting force. To define and express the significance of this unknown factor—the spirit of an army—is a problem for science.

This problem is only solvable if we cease arbitrarily to substitute for the unknown  $x$  itself the conditions under which that force becomes apparent—such as the commands of the general, the equipment employed and so on—mistaking these for the real significance of the factor and if we recognize this unknown quantity in its entirety as being the greater or lesser desire to fight and to face danger. Only then, expressing known historic facts by equations and comparing the relative significance of this factor, can we hope to define the unknown.

Ten men, battalions or divisions fighting fifteen men battalions or divisions conquer—that is, kill or take captive—all the others while themselves losing four so that on the one side four and on the other fifteen were lost. Consequently the four were equal to the fifteen and therefore  $4x=15y$ . Consequently  $x/y=15/4$ . This equation does not give us the value of the unknown factor but gives us a ratio between two unknowns. And by bringing variously selected historic units (battles, campaigns, periods of war) into such equations a series of numbers could be obtained in

which certain laws should exist and might be discovered.

The tactical rule that an army should act in masses when attacking and in smaller groups in retreat unconsciously confirms the truth that the strength of an army depends on its spirit. To lead men forward under fire more discipline (obtainable only by movement in masses) is needed than is needed to resist attacks. But this rule which leaves out of account the spirit of the army continually proves incorrect and is in particularly striking contrast to the facts when some strong rise or fall in the spirit of the troops occurs as in all national wars.

The French retreating in 1812—though according to tactics they should have separated into detachments to defend themselves—congregated into a mass because the spirit of the army had so fallen that only the mass held the army together. The Russians on the contrary ought according to tactics to have attacked in mass but in fact they split up into small units because their spirit had so risen that separate individuals without orders dealt blows at the French without needing any compulsion to induce them to expose themselves to hardships and dangers.

### CHAPTER III

THE SO-CALLED PARTISAN WAR began with the entry of the French into Smolensk.

Before partisan warfare had been officially recognized by the government thousands of enemy stragglers, marauders and foragers had been destroyed by the Cossacks and the peasants who killed them off as instinctively as dogs worry a stray mad dog to death. Denis Davydov with his Russian instinct was the first to recognize the value of this terrible cudgel which regardless of the rules of military science

On August 24 Davydov's first partisan detachment was formed and then others were recognized. The further the campaign progressed the more numerous these detachments became.

The irregulars destroyed the great army piecemeal. They gathered the fallen leaves that dropped of themselves from the withered tree—the French army—and sometimes shook the tree itself. By October when the French were fleeing toward Smolensk there were hundreds of such companies of various sizes and of all

up to Denisov and handed him a sodden envelope.

"From the general, said the officer. Please excuse us not being quite dry." Denisov, frowning, took the envelope and opened it.

"There. Let me tell you. It is dangerous, dangerous," said the officer, addressing the czar's wife. Denisov was reading the dispatch. E. I. Komar and I. H. pointed to the Cossack—were prepared. We have each of us troops. But what this, he asked, was the French drummer boy. A prisoner. You have already been in contact with him.

"Worse!" Petva exclaimed. Denisov had run through the dispatch. "What did you say who you were and turn with a smile he beat out his hand to the lad."

The officer was Petva Rostov. All the way Petva had been preparing himself to behave with Denisov. He had grown up with him and an officer—without him. But as soon as Denisov smiled at him Petva brightened up. He smiled with pleasure for the official man never had been. He began telling him how he had already been in his ear. I know and how certain Hussar had distinguished himself there.

"Well, I am glad to see you," Denisov interrupted him, and his face again assumed its amiable expression.

"Michael Feoktich, said he to the czar's wife. This is a gain from the German, you know. He"—he indicated Petva—"is serving under him."

And Denisov told the czar's wife that the dispatch just delivered was repetition of the German general demand that he should join forces with him for the attack on the rear port.

If we don't take tomorrow with the attack from under our noses, he added.

While Denisov was talking to the czar's wife, Petva—bashed by Denisov—cold to and without any of the was due to the condition of his trousers—furiously tried to pull them down under his gaiters so that no one should notice it. But his tugging imparted an air as possible.

"Will there be orders, your honor?" he asked Denisov, holding his hand at the salute and resuming the game of adjutant and general for which he had prepared himself, or shall I remain with your honor."

"O—den?" Denisov repeated thoughtfully.

But can you stay till tomorrow?" "Oh please. May I stay with you?" cried Petva.

"But, just what did the general tell you to return to once?" asked Denisov. Petva blushed.

"He gave me no instructions. I think I could," he returned, inquiringly.

"Well, I will write," said Denisov. And turning to his men he directed a party to go on to the halting place arranged near the watchman's hut in the forest. He told the officer on the Kargiz horse (who performed the duties of an adjutant) to go and find out where Dolkhov was and whether he would come that evening. Denisov himself intended to go with the czar's wife and Petva to the edge of the forest where it reached out to Shishkovo to have a look at the part of the French line where they were to attack next day.

"Well, old fellow," said he to the peasant guide, "lead us to Shishkovo."

Denisov, Petva, and the czar's wife accompanied by some Cossacks and the Hussar who had the prisoner rode to the left cross-rail in the edge of the forest.

## CHAPTER V

THE RAIN HAD STOPPED and only the mist was falling and drifting from the trees. Denisov, the czar's wife, and Petva rode silently through the peasant in the knitted cap who, stepping lightly with outturned toes and moving noiselessly, his bast shoes over the roots and wet leaves, silently led them to the edge of the forest.

He ascended an incline, stopped, looked about him, and advanced to where the screen of trees was less dense. On reaching a large oak tree that had not yet shed its leaves, he stopped and beckoned mysteriously to them with his hand.

Denisov and Petva rode up to him. From the spot where the peasant was standing they could see the French. Immediately beyond the forest, on downward sloping field of poppy. To the right, beyond deep ravine, was a small village and a landowner's house with a broken roof. In the village, in the house, in the garden by the well, by the pond, over all the Russian ground, and all along the road uphill from the bad leading to the village, not more than five hundred yards away crowds of men could be seen through the shimmering mist. Their Russian shouting their horses which were straining uphill with the carts, and

Denisov considered it dangerous to make a second attack for fear of putting the whole column on the alert so he sent Tikhon Slicherbátý a peasant of his party to Shámshevo to try and seize at least one of the French quarter masters who had been sent on in advance

#### CHAPTER IV

It was a warm rainy autumn day. The sky and the horizon were both the color of muddy water. At times a sort of mist descended and then suddenly heavy slanting rain came down.

Denisov in a felt cloak and a sheepskin cap from which the rain ran down was riding a thin thoroughbred horse with sunken sides. Like his horse which turned its head and laid its ears back he shrank from the dri-

Denisov's fellow worker also in felt cloak and sheepskin cap and riding a large sleek Don horse.

Esaul Lovátski the Third was a tall man as straight as an arrow pale faced fair h-

Just as yet at first glance at the *esaul* and Denisov one saw that the latter was wet and uncomfortable and was a man mounted on a horse while looking at the *esaul* one saw that he was as comfortable and as much at ease as always and that he was not a man who had mounted a horse but a man who was one with his horse a being consequently possessed of a fold strength.

A little ahead of them walked a peasant guide wet to the skin and wearing a gray peasant coat and a white knitted cap.

A little behind on a poor small lean King his mount with an enormous tail and mane and a bleeding mouth rode a young officer in a blue French overcoat.

Beside him rode an hussar with a boy in a tattered Russian uniform and blue cap behind him on the crupper of his horse. The boy held on to the hussar with cold red hands and raising his eyebrows gazed about him with surprise. This was the French drummer boy captured that morning.

Behind them along the narrow sodden cut up forest road came hussars in threes and fours and then Cossacks some in felt cloaks some in French greatcoats and some with horse cloths over their heads. The horses being

A captain of Cos-

drenched by the rain all looked black whether chestnut or bay. Their necks with their wet close clinging manes looked strangely thin. Steam rose from them. Clothes saddles reins were all wet slippery and sodden like the ground and the fallen leaves that strewn the road. The men sat huddled up trying not to stir so as to warm the water that had trickled to their bodies and not admit the fresh cold water that was leaking in under their seats their knees and at the back of their necks. In the midst of the outspread line of Cossacks two wagons drawn by French horses and by saddled Cossack horses that had been hitched on in front rumbled over the tree stumps and branches and splashed through the water that lay in the ruts.

Denisov's horse swerved aside to avoid a pool in the track and bumped his rider's knee against a tree.

Oh the devil! exclaimed Denisov angrily and showing his teeth he struck his horse three times with his whip splashing himself and his comrades with mud.

Denisov was out of sorts both because of the rain and also from hunger (none of them had eaten anything since morning) and yet more because he still had no news from Dólkhov and the man sent to capture a tongue had not returned.

There'll hardly be another such chance to fall on a traitor. He mustn't slack them by other day on

will snatch the prey from under our noses thought Denisov continually peering forward and hoping to see a messenger from Dólkhov.

On coming to a path in the forest along which he could see far to the right Denisov stopped.

There's someone coming said he.

The *esaul* looked in the direction Denisov indicated and cried

There are two an officer and a Cossack. But it is not *esaul* *posale* that it is the lieutenant colonel himself said the *esaul* who was fond of using words the Cossacks did not know.

The approach of the officers having descended a decline were no longer visible but they reappeared a few minutes later. In front at a very gallop and using his leather whip rode an officer drenched and dressed in loose trousers. He jerked up to above his knees behind him standing in the stirrups trotted a Cossack. The officer a very young lad with a broad rosy face and keen merry eyes galloped

up to Denisov and handed him the sodden envelope.  
 From the general, said the officer. Please excuse is not be in quite dry.

Denisov frowned and took the envelope and opened it.

"There they kept it all us in dangerous circumstances," said the officer, adding no more until Denisov was reading the dispatch. But Komaró said in a pointed way to the Cossacks: "We have each of us two past us. But what this he asked, between the French drummer boy. A prisoner I already been at in the I speak him."

Wostó Petya exclaimed: "Denisov has been running through the dispatch. 'What didn't you see who were turned with smile he held out his hand to the lad.'"

The officer as Petya Rosó. All the way Petya had been preparing himself to behave with Denisov as a defeated grown-up man and not an officer—without the usual previous acquaintance. But as soon as Denisov smiled at him Petya brightened and puffed with pleasure for got the official manner he had been rehearsing and began tell him how he had already been in battle at Avizma and how certain Hussars had distinguished himself there.

"Well, I am glad to see you, Denisov," interrupted him, and his face assumed its anxious expression.

Micha Feoklysh, said he to the said that is a fellow that German took a H—b dedicated Petya—is serving under him.

And Denisov told the said that the dispatch just led was repeated in the German general demand that he should join forces with him for the sake of the transport.

If we do take Moscow with him in the few months our losses, he added.

While he was talking the said Petya—abashed by Denisov's cold and disapproving gaze—was down to the cords of his trousers—furiously tried to pull them down under his great coat so that no one should notice his humiliation in such a possible.

"Will there be any news of your horse?" asked Denisov, holding his hand to his side and examining the game of the day and general which he had prepared himself shall remain with him.

"Orders? Denisov repeated the ghastly

But can you stay till tomorrow?"  
 Oh please. "Why I stay with you," cried Petya.

But, just what did the general tell you? To return tomorrow?" asked Denisov. Petya blushed.

He gave me no instructions. I think I could be returned naturally.

"Well, it was hit," said Denisov.

And turning to his men he directed a party to go on to the halting place arranged near the water mains hut in the forest and to lead the officer on the right horse (who performed the duties of a day-tant) to go and find out where Dolokhov was and whether he would come that evening. Denisov himself intended to go with the said Petya to the edge of the forest where it reached out to Shímshévo to have a look at the part of the French lines they were to attack next day.

"Well, old fellow," said he to the peasant guide, "lead us to Shímshévo."

Denisov, Petya and the escort accompanied by some Cossacks and the Hussars who had the prisoner rode to the left across a ravine to the edge of the forest.

## CHAPTER V

THE RAIN HAD STOPPED and only the mist was falling on the tops of the trees. Denisov the said Petya rode slowly following the peasant in the thick misted cap who stepping lightly with the turned toes and in a senselessly in his bare boots on the roots of wet leaves, silently led them to the edge of the forest.

He seemed to lead them, stepped looked about him, and advanced to where the screen of trees was less dense to reach the large oak tree that had not yet shed its leaves he topped and beckoned mysteriously to them with his hand.

Denisov and Petya rode up to him. From the spot where the peasant was and they could see the French. Immediately beyond the forest, downward in the valley filled of pines. To the right, beyond the steep ravine was a small village and a line of white houses with a broken roof. In the village in the house in the garden by the well, by the pond, over all the village and all along the road uphill from the village leading to the village not more than a few hundred yards away crowd of men could be seen through the shimmering mist. The Russian soldiers turned their horses which were straggling uphill with the carts and

Denisov considered it dangerous to make a second attack for fear of putting the whole column on the alert so he sent Tikhon Shcherbátý a peasant of his party to Shámshevo to try and seize at least one of the French quarters who had been sent on in advance

#### CHAPTER IV

It was a warm rainy autumn day. The sky and the horizon were both the color of muddy water. At times a sort of mist descended and then suddenly heavy slanting rain came down.

Denisov in a felt cloak and a sheepskin cap from which the rain ran down was riding, in a thin thoroughbred horse with sunken sides. Like his horse which turned its head and laid its ears back he shrank from the driving rain.

A fellow worker also in felt cloak and sheepskin cap and riding a large sleek Don horse.

Ivan Lavátski the Plunderer was a tall man as straight as an arrow pale faced fair haired with narrow light eyes and with calm self satisfaction in his face and bearing. Though it was impossible to say in what the peculiarity of the horse and rider lay yet at first glance at the *esaul* and Denisov one saw that the latter was wet and uncomfortable and was a man mounted on a horse while looking at the *esaul* one saw that he was as comfortable and as much at ease as always and that he was not a man who had mounted a horse but a man who was one with his horse a being consequently possessed of twofold strength.

A little ahead of them walked a peasant guide wet to the skin and wearing a gray peasant coat and a white knitted cap.

A little behind on a poor small lean Kurg his mount with an enormous tail and mane and a bleeding mouth rode a young officer in a blue French overcoat.

On the hussar with cold red hands and raised eyebrows gazed about him with surprise. This was the French drummer boy captured that morning.

Behind them along the narrow sudden cut up forest road came hussars in threes and fours and then Cossacks some in felt cloaks some in French greatcoats and some with horse cloths over their heads. The horses being

A captain of Cossacks

drenched by the rain all looked black whether chestnut or bay. Their necks with their wet close clinging manes looked strangely thin. Steam rose from them. Clothes saddles reins were all wet slippery and sodden like the ground and the fallen leaves that strewed the road. The men sat huddled up trying not to stir so as to warm the water that had trickled to their bodies and not admit the fresh cold water that was leaking in under their seats their knees and at the back of their necks. In the midst of the outspread line of Cossacks two wagons drawn by French horses and by saddled Cossack horses that had been hitched on in front rumbled over the tree stumps and branches and splashed through the water that lay in the ruts.

Denisov's horse swerved aside to avoid a pool in the track and bumped his rider's knee against a tree.

Oh the devil! exclaimed Denisov angrily and showing his teeth he struck his horse three times with his whip splashing himself and his comrades with mud.

Denisov was out of sorts both because of the rain and also from hunger (none of them had eaten anything since morning) and yet more because he still had no news from Dólokhov and the man sent to capture a tongue had not returned.

There'll hardly be another such chance to fall on a transport as today. It's too risky to attack them by oneself and if we put it off till another day one of the big guerrilla detachments will snatch the prey from under our noses thought Denisov continually peering forward hoping to see a messenger from Dólokhov.

On coming to a path in the forest along which he could see far to the right Denisov stopped.

Here's someone coming said he.

The *esaul* looked in the direction Denisov indicated.

There are two an officer and a Cossack. But I don't know their names. I'll find out now.

The approaching riders having descended a decline were no longer visible but they appeared a few minutes later. In front at a weary gallop and using his leather whip rode an officer drenched and drenched whose trousers had worked up to above his knees. Behind him standing in the stirrups trotted a Cossack. The officer a very young lad with a broad rosy face and keen merry eyes galloped

up to De Iso and hand d h m a sodden en  
relope.

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excuse us n t b ng qu t dry  
Deniso f n = took the e el pe nd  
pened t

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d ge us, sad th ffic ddres ng  
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p tch. B t K maró a d l -he p ted t  
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just p t l B t wh t th h ked  
moung the F e h drummer boy A pris-  
er? Yo e al eady bee ct on? M y l  
spekt h m

"Wostó Péty! ex l m d Deniso h  
ugru thro h thed p th Why d dnt y u  
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The ficer as P ty R ló  
All the way P ty had been p par l um  
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"W l l mgl d t s y u Deniso ter  
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"Will th be y d rs y l he  
sked D iso l ld h h d t l sal e  
nd es m = t l gam f dj d g n  
eral f which h had p p ed f ms ll  
shall I em w th y h

Orders? De iso p ted l gh f lly

But can you stay t ll tomorrow?  
Ol please May I tay with you? cried

Pétya

But ju t v h t d d the genewal tell you?

To w turn t once? asked Deniso

Pétya blushed

He gave me no nstruct ons I th k I

co ld? he etu ned qu ly

Well ll w ht sad De iso

And turn ng to h men he directed a p ty  
to go nt the h l ng pl ce rra ged ne r t le  
wat l man hut n the f rest nd t ld the  
offic er on the k ghí horse (who perf rmed  
t l dut es of an dj t nt) to go nd f d out  
where Dólokho was and hether he w uld  
me th t e = Deniso h m elf intended

go = th th es l d P ty t the edge of  
the f est wher t eached ut to Shám h

t h look t the p rt of t e F ench b  
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Well ld fell w sad he to the peasant  
gu d le d us to Slám he

He niso Péty nd the es l ccomp n ed  
ly some Co sa k d the hus who had the  
p sone rode to th left across ra ine to the  
ed e of the forest.

## CHAPTER V

peasant th k tted cap w l tepp g  
lghtly w th utturn d toes d mo g ose  
les ly h s bast shoes e th roots d wet  
l es le tly led them t th edge of the  
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He as = ded n d = st pped looked  
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ce th F = ch. Immed t lyb y d the f rest  
d wnward l pe ly field of p grye  
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m ll ll g nd l nd wner ll use w th a  
= k n oof In the ll g the h us n the  
ga d n by th w ll by th p d o e l l t e  
is g gro nd d all al ng th ro d uphill  
from th b dge levd t th llag n t  
m e th n f hu d d yards way cr wd of  
m uld b e n thro h th h m m g  
m t The n Russ n ho t t th horses  
wh h were tra ng uph ll w th t l carts nd



their calls to one another could be clearly heard

Lying the prisoner here said Denisov in a low voice not taking his eyes off the French

A Cossack dismounted lifted the boy down and took him to Denisov Pointing to the French troops Denisov asked him what these and those of them were The boy thrusting his cold hands into his pockets and lifting his eye brows looked at Denisov in affright but in spite of an evident desire to say all he knew gave confused answers merely assenting to everything Denisov asked him Denisov turned away from him frowning and addressed the *esaul* conveying his own conjectures to him

Petya rapidly turning his head looked now at the drummer boy now at Denisov now at the *esaul* and now at the French in the village and along the road trying not to miss anything of importance

Whether D. Iokhov comes or not we must seize it eh? said Denisov with a merry sparkle in his eyes

It is a very suitable spot said the *esaul*

We'll send the infantry down by the swamps Denisov continued They'll sweep up to the garden you'll wide up from there with the Cossacks—he pointed to a spot in the forest beyond the village—and I with my huskars from here And at the signal shot

The hollow is impassable—there's a swamp there said the *esaul* The horses would sink We must ride round more to the left

While they were talking in undertones the crack of a shot sounded from the low ground by the pond a puff of white smoke appeared then another and the sound of hundreds of seemingly merry French voices shouting together came up from the slope For a moment Denisov and the *esaul* drew back They were so near that they thought they were the cause of the firing and shouting But the firing and shouting did not relate to them Down below a man wearing something red was running through the marsh The French were evidently firing and shouting at him

Why that's our Tikhon said the *esaul*

So it is! It is!

The wacall! said Denisov

He'll get away! said the *esaul* screwing up his eyes

The man whom they called Tikhon having run to the stream plunged in so that the water splashed in the air and having disappeared for an instant scrambled out on all fours all black with the wet and ran on The French

who had been pursuing him stopped

Smart that! said the *esaul*

What a beast! said Denisov with his former look of vexation: What has he been doing all this time?

Who is he? asked Petya

He's our *plastun* I sent him to capture a tongue

Oh yes said Petya nodding at the first words Denisov uttered as if he understood it all though he really did not understand anything of it

Tikhon Shcherbátý was one of the most indispensable men in their band He was a peasant from Pokróvsk near the river Gzhat When Denisov had come to Pokróvsk at the beginning of his operations and had as usual summoned the village elder and asked him what he knew about the French the elder as though shielding himself had replied as all village elders did that he had neither seen nor heard anything of them But when Denisov explained that his purpose was to kill the French and asked if no French had strayed that way the elder replied that some more-orderers had really been at their village but that Tikhon Shcherbátý was the only man who dealt with such matters Denisov had Tikhon called and having praised him for his activity said a few words in the elder's presence about loyalty to the Tsar and the country and the hatred of the French that all sons of the fatherland should cherish

We don't do the French any harm said Tikhon evidently frightened by Denisov's words We only fooled about with the lads for fun you know! We killed a score or so of more-orderers but we did no harm else

Next day when Denisov had left Pokróvsk having quite forgotten about this peasant it was reported to him that Tikhon had attached himself to their party and asked to be allowed to remain with it Denisov gave orders to let him do so

Tikhon who at first did rough work laying campfires fetching water flinging dead horses and so on soon showed a great liking and aptitude for partisan warfare At night he would go out for booty and always brought back French clothing and weapons and when told to would bring in French captives also Denisov then relieved him from drudgery and began taking him into him when he went out on expeditions and had him enrolled among the Cossacks

An nmo ted sl tpsl ooter—Tr.

## BOOK FOURTEEN

Tikhon did not like riding and always went on foot, ever lagging behind the cavalry. He was armed with musketoon (which he carried rather as a joke) a pike and an axe which he used as wolf uses its teeth. When the equal use of skin flees out of its fur or crunches the bones. Tikhon with the equal accuracy would strike blows to arm length or hold the head of the axe would cut through the title of a carriage. In Denis's company he had peculiar and except in the position. When anything particularly difficult or nasty had to be done—to push a cart out of the mud with one's shoulders, pull a horse out of a swamp by its tail skin, etc.—Denis's French comrade would walk more than thirty miles a day—every body pointed at him by Tikhon.

"Don't hurt that devil—he is strong as a horse," they said of him.

Once Frenchman Tikhon was trying to capture a fox. He thrust him into the snowy part of the forest. That would (which Tikhon treated lightly with internal and external

stuffed piece into the forest. Among the trees man with his legs and long sleeves and a short jacket had shoes and

Denis he hastily bushes reminded his sudden hit by its floppy brim and approached his commander. It was Tikhon's hat twinkled and pockmarked face and narrow little eyes beamed with self-satisfied merriment. He lifted his head and gazed at Denis.

"Well, where did you disappear to?" asked Denis.

"Where did I disappear to? I went to get Frenchmen," answered Tikhon boldly and hurriedly. "A husky but melodious bass voice."

"Why did you push yourself there by day?" asked Denis. "Will you have no rest?"

"Oh, I took one right said Tikhon. Where he

"You see I took him first this dawn. Tikhon continued pead out his feet with outturned toes in the bastards. I took him at the forest. Then I he in good and thank I'll go and fetch him."

"You see," Denis said to him, "Why thou hast said Denis to the soldiers? Why did not you say that?"

"What was the good of bringing him? Tikhon interrupted hastily and said: "I don't know, wouldn't that do for you? A friend of

lightly) Coming to the color of his skin. He starts and suddenly there we see the fur of them. They rushed to him with the little words. So I went for them with my axe this way. What're you up to?" says I. Christ be with you, he uttered Tikhon was his arms with his cry scowl and thrown out his chest.

"Yes, we saw from the hall how you took to your heels through the puddles," said the soldier, "scratching his glittering eyes."

Pétrus boldly walked to him but not to catch that they refrained from him. H

Hallmaster never gave an answer. The Cossacks would bite him. And

wounded he sold in brown prison. He was the bravest and most useful man in the part of the underground. He captured more Frenchmen and consequently was made the boss of all the Cossacks and hussars and will gladly expect that role which had been sent by Denis's request to Shimshero to capture him. But whether because he had been content to take only on Frenchmen or because he had leapt through the night, he had crept by day into some bushes right among the French. Denis had walked away from him, he had been detected by them.

## CHAPTER VI

ALEXANDER for some time with the soldiers. He was the bravest and most useful man in the part of the underground. He captured more Frenchmen and consequently was made the boss of all the Cossacks and hussars and will gladly expect that role which had been sent by Denis's request to Shimshero to capture him. But whether because he had been content to take only on Frenchmen or because he had leapt through the night, he had crept by day into some bushes right among the French. Denis had walked away from him, he had been detected by them.

"Well, my lad, will you go and get the soldier to Petr?"

"A they approached the watchman use Denis's

turned his eyes rapidly from Tikhon's face to the *esaul's* and Denisov was unable to make out what it all meant.

Don't play the fool! said Denisov coughing angrily. Why didn't you bring the first one?

Tikhon scratched his back with one hand and his head with the other, then suddenly his whole face expanded into a beaming foolish grin disclosing a gap where he had lost a tooth (that was why he was called Shcherbáty—the gap toothed). Denisov smiled and Petya burst into a peal of merry laughter in which Tikhon himself joined.

Oh but he was a regular good for nothing said Tikhon. The clothes on him—poor stuff! How could I bring him? And so rude your honor! Why he says I'm a general's son myself. I won't go! he says.

You are a brute! said Denisov. I wanted to question.

But I questioned him said Tikhon. He said he didn't know much. There are a lot of us he says but all poor stuff—only soldiers in name he says. Shout loud at them he says and you'll take them all. Tikhon concluded looking cheerfully and resolutely into Denisov's eyes.

I'll give you a hundred sharp lashes—that'll teach you to play the fool! said Denisov severely.

But why are you angry? remonstrated Tikhon just as if he'd never seen your Frenchmen! Only wait till it gets dark and I'll fetch you any of them you want—three if you like.

Well let's go said Denisov and rode all the way to the watchhouse in silence and frowning angrily.

Tikhon followed behind and Petya heard the Cossacks laughing with him and at him about some pair of boots he had thrown into the bushes.

When the fit of laughter that had seized him at Tikhon's words and smile had passed and Petya realized for a moment that this Tikhon had killed a man he felt uneasy. He looked round at the captive drummer boy and felt a pang in his heart. But this uneasiness lasted only a moment. He felt it necessary to hold his head higher to brace himself and to question the *esaul* with an air of importance about tomorrow's undertaking that he might not be unworthy of the company in which he found himself.

The officer who had been sent to inquire met Denisov on the way with the news that

Dolokhov was soon coming and that all was well with him.

Denisov at once cheered up and calling Petya to him said Well tell me about yourself.

## CHAPTER VII

PETYA HAVING LEFT his people after their departure from Moscow joined his regiment and was soon taken as orderly by a general commanding a large guerrilla detachment. From the time he received his commission and especially

as he grew up and in a perpetual ecstatic hurry not to miss any chance to do something really heroic. He was highly delighted with what he saw and experienced in the army but at the same time it always seemed to him that the really heroic exploits were being performed just where he did not happen to be. And he was always in a hurry to get where he was not.

When on the twenty first of October his general expressed a wish to send somebody to Denisov's detachment Petya begged so piteously to be sent that the general could not refuse. But when dispatching him he recalled Petya's mad action at the battle of Vyazma where instead of riding by the road to the place to which he had been sent he had galloped to the advanced line under the fire of the French and had there twice fired his pistol. So now the general explicitly forbade his taking part in any action whatever of Denisov's. That was why Petya had blushed and grown confused when Denisov asked him whether he could stay. Before they had ridden to the outskirts of the forest Petya had considered that he must carry out his instructions strictly and return at once. But when he saw the French and saw Tikhon and learned that there would certainly be an attack that night he decided with the

that Denisov was a hero the *esaul* a hero and Tikhon a hero too and that it would be shameful for him to leave them at a moment of difficulty.

It was already growing dusk when Denisov

and his shelters in the glade were kindling glowing fires in a hollow of the forest here

the French could not see the smoke of the  
pipes of the small war-house. Cossack whis-  
kers rolled up as chopping some mutton  
in the room three officers of Denisov band  
were conversing. Denisov sat at the table. Petya  
took off his wet clothes, gave them to be dried  
and once began helping the officers to fix up  
the dinner table.

In ten minutes the table was readied and a  
magnificent spread. On the table were vodka  
flask of rum, white bread, roast mutton and  
salt.

Denisov sat at the table with the officers and tears  
in the fat sallowy mutton with his hands, down  
which the grease trickled. Petya was a nervous  
childish taste of loaf for all men and  
consequently I could see that others looked  
him in the same way.

"So then what do you think of it?" Denisov  
tried to say. "It is all right, my  
savory day with you. And I wait for  
replies answered him with question. You  
see I was told to find out—well I found  
out. O Lord let me to the reward."  
The chief did not want reward. But I

Petya clenched his teeth and looked around  
toward his back head and finished his  
meal.

It is the ewycha Denisov repeated  
with a smile.

Only please let me command something  
so that I may really command. Petya went  
on. "What would it be to you? Oh, you  
want a knife? He said turn to an officer  
he wished to cut himself piece of meat.

And he had ded him his clasp knife. The  
officer admired it.

Please keep it. I have a great like to it. said  
Petya, blushing. He began to wait for  
getting his added and cried. I have some ra-  
sberries, as you know, endless ones. We  
have few other and he has a half cap tal  
things. I bought it in pounds. I must use to  
something sweet. Would you like some?  
and Petya ran to his possession his Cos-  
sack and brought him some bags which con-  
tained about five pounds of raspberries. He  
some gave them to him.

"I wait for coffee pot. do you have asked  
the salt. I bought capital one from our  
sutler. He has splendid things. And he very  
honest, that the children of I'll be sure to  
send to you. Or perhaps your flints are  
run out, are worn out—that happens some-  
times, you know. I have brought some with

me here they are—and he showed a bag—a  
hundred flints. I bought them very cheap.  
Please take as many as you want, or if you  
like.

Then suddenly dismayed lest he had said  
too much Petya stopped and blushed.

He tried to remember whether he had not  
done anything else that was foolish. And run-  
ning over the events of the day he remembered  
the French drummer boy. It came to his  
here but what of him? When he came to  
him. He and they fed him. He sent them hurt  
his feelings. He thought. But he caught  
himself saying too much about the flints. He  
was now afraid to speak out.

I might ask—he thought—but they'll say—  
"He bo himself and so he pretends the boy  
I'll know them tomorrow whether I'm a boy  
or not. It seems odd to me. Petya thought.  
"I'll never mind and mumbled to himself  
and look anxiously at the officers to see  
if they appeared concerned. He said  
"I call it that boy who was taken prisoner  
and gave him something to eat. Per-  
haps."

Yes, he poor little fellow said Denisov  
when he finally saw the shameful thing  
remind. Call him in. He named us a cent  
Boss. He himself did.

I'll call him said Petya.

Yes, yes, call him. A poor little fellow—  
He also repeated.

Petya was talking to the doorman Denisov  
said this. He slipped in between the officers  
and close to Denisov and said.

But.

Boss a cent Petya cried, stopped out  
side the door.

"Who do you want, led once in  
the darkness.

Petya replied that he wanted the French boy  
who had been captured that day.

Ah Vesenn said Cossack  
a cent, the boy's name, had already been  
changed to the Cossack to the (French)  
and into the French the peasants and sold  
In both these daptation the reference  
prison (the) matched the impression made  
by the one lad.

He is warming himself there by the bon-  
fire. He Vesé ya Vesé va—Vesenn I hear  
g voices were heard call to one another  
in the darkness.

He's a smart lad said an hussar standing near Petya. We gave him something to eat a while ago. He was awfully hungry!

The sound of bare feet splashing through the mud was heard in the darkness and the drummer boy came to the door.

*Ah cest vous!* said Petya. *Vouslez vous manger? N'ayez pas peur on ne vous fera pas de mal* he added shyly and affectionately touching the boy's hand. *Entrez entre*

*Merci monsieur* said the drummer boy in a trembling almost childish voice and he began scraping his dirty feet on the threshold.

There were many things Létya wanted to say to the drummer boy but did not dare to. He stood irresolutely beside him in the passage. Then in the darkness he took the boy's hand and pressed it.

Come in come in! he repeated in a gentle whisper. Oh what can I do for him? he thought and opening the door he let the boy pass in first.

When the boy had entered the hut Petya sat down at a distance from him considering it beneath his dignity to pay attention to him. But he fingered the money in his pocket and wondered whether it would seem ridiculous to give some to the drummer boy.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE ARRIVAL OF DÓLOKHOV diverted Petya's attention from the drummer boy to whom Denisov had had some mutton and vodka given and whom he had had dressed in a Russian coat so that he might be kept with their band and not sent away with the other prisoners. Létya had heard in the army many stories of Dolokhov's extraordinary bravery and of his cruelty to the French so from the moment he entered the hut Petya did not take his eyes from him but braced himself up more and more and held his head high that he might not be unworthy even of such company.

Dolokhov's appearance amazed Létya by its simplicity.

Denisov wore a Cossack coat had a beard had an icon of Nicholas the Wonder Worker on his breast and his way of speaking and everything he did indicated his unusual position. But Dolokhov who in Moscow had worn a Persian costume had now the appearance of a most correct officer of the Guards. He was

clean shaven and wore a Guardsman's padded coat with an Order of St. George at his button hole and a plain forage cap set straight on his head. He took off his wet felt cloak in a corner of the room and without greeting anyone went up to Denisov and began questioning him about the matter in hand. Denisov told him of the designs the large detachments had on the transport of the message Petya had brought and his own replies to both generals. Then he told him all he knew of the French detachment.

That's so. But we must know what troops they are and their numbers said Dolokhov.

It will be necessary to go there. We can't start the affair without knowing for certain how many of them there are. I like to work accurately. Here now—I couldn't one of these gentlemen like to ride over to the French camp with me? I have brought a spare uniform.

I'll go with you! cried Petya.

There's no need for you to go at all said Denisov addressing DólokhoV and as for him I won't let him go on any account.

I like that! exclaimed Petya. Why shouldn't I go?

Because it's useless.

Well, no...

cause

me w

Why not? Dolokhov answered absently scrutinizing the face of the French drummer boy. Have you had that youngster with you long? he asked Denisov.

He was taken today but he knows nothing. I'm keeping him with me.

Yes and where do you put the others? inquired DólokhoV.

Where? I send them away and take a receipt for them! shouted Denisov suddenly flushing. And I say boldly that I have not a single man's life on my conscience. Would it be difficult for you to send thirty or thirty hundred men to town under escort instead of stalling—I speak bluntly—staining the honor of a soldier?

That kind of amiable talk would be suitable from this young unit of sixteen said DólokhoV with cold irony but it's time for you to drop it.

Why I've not said anything! I only say that I'll certainly go with you said Létya shyly.

But for you and me old fellow it's time to drop these amenities continued Dolokhov as if he found particular pleasure in speaking

Ah it's you! Do you want something to eat? Don't be afraid I'll let you have it. Come in come in. Thank you sir.

of this subject which irritated Den so. As  
 when you kept this lad here on my way  
 on his head. Because you are sorry for him.  
 But I wish those receipts of yours. You  
 send hundred men away and thirty get there.  
 The rest die starve and get killed. So next  
 all the same, out of the same.

The soldier screamed up his blood-colored  
 eyes, nodded approvingly.

"That is the point, I am not going to  
 waste matter. I don't wish to take it on my  
 conscience. You say they will die. All right. Only  
 not by my fault."

Dól kho began laughing.

"Why hasten I them to capture in these  
 twenty times? But if they did catch me  
 they'd trim me up like a pen tree, and you  
 think all your chivalry just the same. He  
 paused. However we must get to work. Tell  
 the Cosacks to fetch my kit. I have two French  
 uniforms. Well, they will come with them  
 he asked Petya.

"Yes, yes, certainly," cried Petya blushing  
 in almost tears. "I'll get them for you."

While Dól kho had been disputing with  
 Denso, what he would do with prisoners,  
 Petya had been feeling awkward and restless.  
 But he had not time to grasp fully what  
 they were talking about. He grew up dis-  
 tinguished men, but so much necessary  
 and not, in his. But boy, I Denso  
 must I dare to imagine that I'll be him and  
 that he can deride me about. I will certainly go  
 to the French camp with Dól kho. If he can,  
 so can I.

And I, I Denso, persuade me. Petya re-  
 plied that he would do every-  
 thing in his power and that

the statement rode by his side.  
 If we were caught, I must be taken alive. I  
 have a pistol which I have hidden here.  
 - Russian said Dól kho in a

The blood-  
 grazed his pistol.  
 La crier du 6<sup>m</sup> replied. I'll kill  
 none of the Russians nor shall I kill his horse.  
 Please.

The black figure of the sentry stood in the  
 bridge.

What do  
 Dól kho repeated in his horse and addressed  
 the walk.

Did do call to Gaderet, he  
 asked.

What do repeated the sentry in bar-  
 ren the way and not replying.

Qu'en disiez-vous, dit-il, dit-il, dit-il  
 I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know  
 Dól kho suddenly flaring up and riding  
 straight at the sentry. I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know

And without waiting for an answer from  
 the sentry who had stopped, he Dól kho  
 rode up the neck of the walk.

As the black outline of the man  
 the road Dól kho topped him and quivered  
 where the commander and officers were. The

of which French talk could be heard  
 the campfires Dól kho returned to the court

small caution in the  
 sold in a peaked cap and blue  
 up by the side was kneeling beside the turn  
 is content with the ramrod.

Who goes there?  
 La crier du 6<sup>m</sup> Regimen  
 Pass.  
 "I am," said Col. Gera d here.  
 When there is making his road, then  
 don't ask him for the pass word. I am a  
 you of the colonel is here.

CHAPTER IX  
 The next day the great coats and hakes,  
 Petya and Dól kho rode the clean grass from  
 the French had reconnoitred the French  
 camp. They rode from the French rest in the  
 day. They then descended into the hollow. On  
 reaching the bottom Dól kho told the Cos-  
 acks to camp. He then went to the  
 road and the quiver trotted along the road  
 the bridge. Petya's heart was his mother's.

Oh he's a hard nut to crack said one of the officers who was sitting in the shadow at the other side of the fire

He'll make them get a move on those fellows! said another laughing

Both fell silent peering out through the darkness at the sound of Dolokhov's and Petya's steps as they advanced to the fire leading their horses

*Bonjour messieurs!* said Dolokhov loudly and clearly

There was a stir among the officers in the shadow beyond the fire and one tall long-necked officer walking round the fire came up to Dolokhov

Is that you Clement? he asked Where the devil? But noticing his mistake he broke off short and with a frown greeted Dolokhov as a stranger asking what he could do for him

Dolokhov said that he and his companion were trying to overtake their regiment and addressing the company in general asked whether they knew anything of the 6th Regiment None of them knew anything and Petya thought the officers were beginning to look at him and Dolokhov with hostility and suspicion For some seconds all were silent

If you're counting on the evening soup you have come too late said a voice

At that night

He handed the horses over to the soldier who was stirring the pot and squatted down on his heels by the fire beside the officer with the long neck That officer did not take his eyes from Dolokhov and again asked to what regiment he belonged Dolokhov as if he had not heard the question did not reply but lighting a short French pipe which he took from his pocket began asking the officer in how far the road before them was safe from Cossacks

Those brigands are everywhere replied an officer from behind the fire

Dolokhov remarked that the Cossacks

which had dropped and began putting direct questions as to how many men there were in the battalion how many battalions and how many prisoners Asking about the Russian prisoners with that detachment Dolokhov said

A horrid business dragging these corpses about with one! It would be better to shoot such rabble and burst into loud laughter so strange that Petya thought the French would immediately detect their disguise

Let them they could not see (he lay wrapped in a great cloak)

Voices

Will they bring our horses or not? thought Petya instinctively drawing nearer to Dolokhov

The horses were brought

Good evening gentlemen said Dolokhov Petya wished to say Good night but could not utter a word The officers were whispering together Dolokhov was a long time mounting his horse which would not stand still then he rode out of the yard at a footpace Petya rode beside him longing to look round to see whether or no the French were running after them but not daring to

Coming out onto the road Dolokhov did not ride back across the open country but through the village At one spot he stopped and listened Do you hear? he asked Petya recognized the sound of Russian voices and saw the dim light of their camp the bridge sentry without saying a word paced morosely up and down it then they descended into the hollow where the Cossacks awaited them

Well now goodbye Tell Danilov that the first shot at daybreak said Dolokhov and was as if out to ride away but Petya seized hold of him

Really? he cried you are such a hero! Oh how fine how splendid! How I love you!

All right all right said Dolokhov But Petya did not let go of him and Dolokhov saw through the gloom that Petya was bending towards him and wanted to kiss him Dolokhov kissed him laughed turned his horse and vanished into the darkness

One replied

Well now he'll come away Petya thought every moment as he stood by the campfire listening to the talk

But Dolokhov restarted the conversation

Well day gentlemen

CHAPTER X

I RETURNED to the watchman hut, Petya found De Iso in the passage. He was waiting for Petya's return, sitting of agitation and anxiety, and self reproach for having let him escape.

"Thank God, he exclaimed, yes, thank God, he repeated, let me see Petya's raptnrous count. "But, don't take you I haven't except because of you! Well, thank God. Now he doesn't. We can't get a nap before morning."

"No," said Petya, "I don't want to."

That night, when De Iso was asleep, he rose and went to the doors. It was still quite dark outside. The rain was

the dim campfire gleamed red. At all the Cossacks and hussars were asleep here and there, amid the sounds of fall and drop and the muffled sighs of horses near by could be heard low voices which seemed to be whispering.

Petya came, peeped into the darkness, and went up to the wagon. Someone was resting under them, and around them stood saddled horses munching their oats. I then asked Petya to recognize his own horse, which he called Karabakh. The horse was a Ukrainian breed, and went prancing.

"Well, Karabakh! Well, do some exercise tomorrow," said he, sniffing its nostrils and kissing it.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" said the Cossack, who was sitting in the wagon.

"Ah, Likhachev!—don't you name! Do you know I have just come back. We've been to the French camp."

And Petya gave the Cossack details about his ride, but he did not say his object, and he considered it better to risk his life than to sit just yhow.

Karabakh did not trust the so-called famous for its breed of horses.—T.

"Well, you should get some sleep now," said the Cossack.

"No, I am used to it," said Petya. "I say, aren't the fellows in your post let me out? I brought some with me. Don't you wait any? You can have some."

The Cossack bent forward from under the wagon to get a closer look at Petya.

"Because I must trust me to do it correctly," said Petya. "Some fellows do things just yhow without preparation, and then they're sorry for it afterwards. I don't like that."

Just so, said the Cossack.

"Oh, yes, nothing there," Please, my dear fellow, say to me? It's not the way you do."

Of course, I can. Likhachev got up, rummaged in his pack, and soon Petya heard the warlike sound of steel whistling. He climbed on to the wagon and sat on its edge. The Cossack was sitting on the saddle under the wagon.

"Is that all?" asked Petya.

"Some," said the Cossack, "aren't I like you."

"Well, and that boy?"

Vesén? Oh, he's thrown himself down in the passage. For a leap after his flight. He was then glad.

After that Petya remained silent for a long time, listening to the sounds. He heard footstep in the darkness and a black figure appeared.

"What are you sharpening?" asked a man coming up to the wagon.

"Why, this gentleman's saber."

"That's right," said the man, "whom Petya took to be a hussar." "Was the cup left here?"

"There by the wheel!"

The hussar took the cup.

"It must be daylight," he said, "he was in and went away."

Petya ought to have known that he was not resting with Dnistro guerrilla band less."

who had me for the cup was a hussar who wanted drink but he knew nor wanted to know anything of it. He was



in a fairy kingdom where nothing resembled reality. The big dark blotch might really be the watchman's hut or it might be a cavern leading to the very depths of the earth. Perhaps the red spot was a fire or it might be the eye of an enormous monster. Perhaps he was really sitting on a wagon but it might very well be that he was not sitting on a wagon but on a terribly high tower from which if he fell he would have to fall for a whole day or a whole month or go on falling and never reach the bottom. Perhaps it was just the Gossick Likhachev who was sitting under the wagon but it might be the kindest bravest most wonderful most splendid man in the world whom no one knew of. It might really have been that an hussar came for water and went back into the hollow but perhaps he had simply vanished—disappeared altogether and dissolved into nothingness.

Nothing Petya could have seen now would have surprised him. He was in a fairy kingdom where everything was possible.

He looked up at the sky. And the sky was a fairy realm like the earth. It was clearing and over the tops of the trees clouds were swiftly sailing as if unveiling the stars. Sometimes it looked as if the clouds were passing and a clear black sky appeared. Sometimes it seemed as if the black spaces were clouds. Sometimes the sky seemed to be rising high high over head and then it seemed to sink so low that one could touch it with one's hand.

Petya's eyes began to close and he swayed a little.

The trees were dripping. Quiet talking was heard. The horses neighed and jostled one another. Someone snored.

*Ozheg! eg! Ozheg! zheg!* hussed the siber against the whetstone and suddenly Petya heard an harmonious orchestra playing some unknown sweetly solemn hymn. Petya was as musical as Natásha and more so than Nicholas but had never learned music or thought about it and so the melody that unexpectedly came to his mind seemed to him particularly fresh and attractive. The music became more and more audible. The melody grew and passed from one instrument to another. And what was played was a fugue—though Petya had not the least conception of what a fugue is. Each instrument—now resembling a violin and now a horn but better and clearer than violin or horn—played its own part and before it had finished the melody merged with another instrument that be-

gan almost the same air and then with a third and a fourth and they all blended into one and again became separate and again blended now into solemn church music no —

It surged forward. It's in my ears. But perhaps it's music of my own. Well go on my music! Now!

He closed his eyes and from all sides as if from a distance sounds fluttered grew into harmonies separated blended and again all mingled into the same sweet and solemn hymn. Oh this is delightful! As much as I like and as I like! said Petya to himself. He tried to conduct that enormous orchestra.

Now softly softly die away! and the sounds obeyed him. Now fuller more joyful! Still more and more joyful! And from an unknown depth rose increasingly triumphant sounds. Now voices join in! ordered Petya. And at first from afar he heard men's voices and then women's. The voices grew in harmonious triumphant strength and Petya listened to their surpassing beauty in awe and joy.

With a solemn triumphal march there mingled a song the drip from the trees and the hissing of the siber. *Ozheg! zheg! zheg!* and again the horses jostled one another and neighed not disturbing the choir but joining in it.

Petya did not know how long this lasted. He enjoyed himself all the time wondered at his enjoyment and regretted that there was no one to share it. He was awakened by Likhachev's kindly voice.

It's ready your honor you can split a Frenchman in half with it!

Petya woke up.

It's getting light it's really getting light! he exclaimed.

The horses that had previously been invisible could now be seen to their very tails and a very light shone through the bare branches. Petya shook himself jumped up took a rule from his pocket and gave it to Likhachev then he flourished the saber tested it and sheathed it. The Cossacks were untieing their horses and tightening their saddles.

And here's the commander said Likhachev.

Denisov came out of the watchman's hut and having called Petya gave orders to get ready.



galloping along the courtyard but instead of holding the reins he waved both his arms about rapidly and strangely slipping further and farther to one side in his saddle His horse having galloped up to a campfire that was smoldering in the morning light stopped suddenly and Petya fell heavily on to the wet ground The Cossacks saw that his arms and legs jerked rapidly though his head was quite motionless A bullet had pierced his skull

After speaking to the senior French officer who came out of the house

Denisov who was riding

toward him

Killed? cried Denisov recognizing from a distance the unmistakably lifeless attitude—very familiar to him—in which Petya's body was lying

Done for! repeated Dólokhov as if the utterance of these words afforded him pleasure and he went quickly up to the prisoners who were surrounded by Cossacks who had hurried up We won't take them! he called out to Denisov

Denisov did not reply he rode on

already gone white

I am used to something sweet Raisins fine ones like them all! he recalled Petya's words And the Cossacks looked round in surprise at the sound like the yelp of a dog with which Denisov turned away talked to the wattle fence and seized hold of it

Among the Russian prisoners rescued by Denisov and Dólokhov was Pierre Bezukhov

## CHAPTER VII

DURING THE WHOLE of their march from Moscow no fresh orders had been issued by the French authorities concerning the party of prisoners among whom was Pierre On the twenty second of October that party was no longer with the same troops and baggage trains with which it had left Moscow Half the wagons laden with hardtack that had traveled the first stages with them had been captured by Cossacks the other half had gone on ahead Not one of those dismounted cavalrymen who had marched in front of the prisoners was

left they had all disappeared The artillery the prisoners had seen in front of them during the first days was now replaced by Marshal Junot's enormous baggage train conveyed by Westphalians Behind the prisoners came a cavalry baggage train

From Vyázma onwards the French army which had till then moved in three columns went on as a single group The symptoms of disorder that Pierre had noticed at their first halting place after leaving Moscow had now reached the utmost limit

The road along which they moved was bordered on both sides by dead horses ragged men who had fallen behind from various regiments continually changed about now joining the moving column now again lagging behind it

Several times during the march false alarms had been given and the soldiers of the escort had raised their muskets fired and run head long crushing one another but had afterwards reassembled and abused each other for their causeless panic

These three groups traveling together—the cavalry stores the convoy of prisoners and Junot's baggage train—still constituted a separate and united whole though each of the groups was rapidly melting away

Of the artillery baggage train which had consisted of a hundred and twenty wagons not more than sixty now remained the rest had been captured or left behind Some of Junot's wagons also had been captured or abandoned Three wagons had been raided and robbed by stragglers from Davout's corps From the talk of the Germans Pierre learned that a larger guard had been allotted to that baggage train than to the prisoners and that one of their comrades a German soldier had been shot by the marshal's own order because a silver spoon belonging to the marshal had been found in his possession

The group of prisoners had melted away most of all Of the three hundred and thirty men who had set out from Moscow fewer than a hundred now remained The prisoners were more burdensome to the escort than

soldiers should have to stand and guard equally cold and hungry Russians who froze and begged for food (in which case the officer was to shoot them) was not merely incomprehensible but revolting And the escort

s f i r a d i n t h e g r e a t t h e y  
 t h e m s e l v e s e n i g g a y t t h e p t y  
 t h e y f e l t t h e p n e r s n d s r e n d r  
 t h e r w n p l i s t l l r s t e a t e t h e m t l  
 t h e m e s n d s e e t y  
 t h e s o l d e r s f t h e

H a d r w y b t c a y  
 t h e F h a d l o t  
 T l r r a n e m n t d p i d h e t h e y s t a t  
 e d t h t h e t t e e r p s o r s a h l l b e k e p t  
 t h e r e t h l l n g s n e b e e n

O e  
 k r a t a g a n t l i l l w t h t h e s e v r h e h d  
 s f i e r d f o m n t h l o s p t a l n n l n d  
 l g r e g r a d l l y w e l P e r r e k e p t y  
 f h m P d d n i k h y b t c  
 k r a t a e v h d b e o u n t g r l e t l d  
 t l n e f f i t g n e h m W i n l  
 d d l h d t h e s b d u e d m w t h  
 h h k r a t a e g r a l l y d y d n a t t l  
 l l u g p l c e d w h l e m e l l e d t h e d  
 e m t g f m h m w l h w n o t  
 t h a b f P e r r e m e d f r t h e y d  
 d d t t h k b u t l m  
 W l m p e d n t h e h d P e r r e h l  
 l d t w t h s t e l l c t b t w t h h

t h t l l h p p e s t l m p  
 b t f p l l t y A d d u g t h e s  
 l t h w l f t l m d h h d l e r e d  
 s t l t h e r w w l e r y t u t h t e n t h  
 g t h w l d t r i l e H h d l d  
 t l t t h e r e d w l h m  
 t h n

f r e e w l a s t l a s s e e m d s o l m l e l a l b e e n  
 n o m o r e f r e t h a n n w h e n t h e y l o c k e d h m  
 p a t n g l t n a t b l e O f a l l t h t h e h m s e l f  
 s b e c e n t l y t e r m e d h s s u f f e r n o s b u t w h d  
 t l e t m e l e s c a r c e l y f e l t t h e w o r s t w a t h e  
 s t e o f h s b a c r a w a n d c a b o v e r e d f e e t  
 t h e l e l l e l w s a p p e t z n g a n d n a r s l  
 g t h e l i p t e r f l o r o f t h e g u n p o w d e r t h e y  
 u s d n e d f i s h w s e e p l e a s a n t t h e e  
 v a n g r e a t c o l d t w l w y w a m l k s  
 t l d t m e n d a t g h t t h e r e w e r e t h e  
 r m e l l a r d

A f t e r t h s e c o n d d a y s u a a  
 x a m n l l f e t l y t h e c a n p f e t h o u g h t t  
 u l d b e i m p s b l e t a l k o n t h e m b t  
 l e n c r y b o l y g o t u p l e w e n t a l o n e l m p  
 g d w h e n l e l a d w a r m e d u p w a l k e d  
 u t u t f e l t h e p t h u g h t t n t l l  
 f e t e e m r e t e r b l t o l o o k t l n b e f r e  
 H w e r l e d d t l o o k a t t h e m n v b u t  
 t h g l t o f o d e t h e s  
 O l y n d d P e r r e r e l z e t h e f u l l s t r e t l  
 o f f i c e m n n d t h v g p m l e l a  
 f t r a f r g l a t t e n o n f r m n e t h o  
 t t h e w l c h l k e t h l t y w l  
 o f b o l t t a l l w s u p e n t e m t o  
 b l w f l n t h e p r e s u e e c e e d a c e t t  
 l m t

H e d d n t e a d d d n t h e h o s t l e y  
 f t h e p r o n e r s w l l g e d b h d u l u g h  
 m e t l n l u d e d p e s t l t t w y l l e  
 d d n t t l k o f k r a t a e l o g r e e k

p e d e t f t l t p t h e l e l o d  
 h m s l f w r e t h e j o y f u l n d c o m f r t  
 t l u g h t s n e n s d m g t h a t c a m e  
 t h m

## CHAPTER XIII

A t t a y t h t w e n t y n d f o t b  
 P r e w s g p h l l t h e m u d d y l p  
 p y d l o o k g t h f e e t d t t h e l

r t h w l d g w g u l l e d w l e t l  
 l w w r m g d u l h l l d p t  
 t g l t d g l e s l e d f e d j t  
 h d l w w l e l w l k e d w b b r e f e  
 t t c o e d w b s o e s l f t g h a  
 h l g f l l p e s H d o d  
 t h a h e l h a d m a r r e d l w f o f l s w

galloping along the courtyard but instead of holding the reins he waved both his arms about rapidly and strangely slipping further and farther to one side in his saddle His horse having galloped up to a campfire that was smoldering in the morning light stopped suddenly and Pétia fell heavily on to the wet ground The Cossacks saw that his arms and legs jerked rapidly though his head was quite motionless A bullet had pierced his skull

After speaking to the senior French officer who came out of the house with a white handkerchief tied to his sword and announced that they surrendered Dólokhov dismounted and went up to Pétia who lay motionless with outstretched arms

Done for! he said with a frown and went to the gate to meet Denisov who was riding toward him

Killed? cried Denisov recognizing from a distance the unmistakably lifeless attitude—very familiar to him—in which Pétia's body was lying

Done for! repeated Dólokhov as if the utterance of these words afforded him pleasure and he went quickly up to the prisoners who were surrounded by Cossacks who had hurried up We won't take them! he called out to Denisov

Denisov did not reply he rode up to Pétia dismounted and with trembling hands turned toward himself the bloodstained mud bespattered face which had already gone white

I am used to something sweet Raisins fine ones take them all! he recalled Pétia's words And the Cossacks looked round in surprise at the sound like the yelp of a dog with which Denisov turned away walked to the wattle fence and seized hold of it

Among the Russian prisoners rescued by Denisov and Dólokhov was Pierre Bezukhov

## CHAPTER VII

DURING THE WHOLE of their march from Moscow no fresh orders had been issued by the French authorities concerning the party of prisoners among whom was Pierre On the twenty-second of October that party was no longer with the same troops and baggage trains with which it had left Moscow Half the wagons laden with hardtack that had traveled the first stages with them had been captured by Cossacks the other half had gone on ahead Not one of those dismounted cavalrymen who had marched in front of the prisoners was

left they had all disappeared The artillery the prisoners had seen in front of them during the first days was now replaced by Marshal Junot's enormous baggage train conveyed by Westphalians Behind the prisoners came a cavalry baggage train

From Vyazma onwards the French army which had till then moved in three columns went on as a single group The symptoms of disorder that Pierre had noticed at their first halting place after leaving Moscow had now reached the utmost limit

The road along which they moved was bordered on both sides by dead horses ragged men who had fallen behind from various regiments continually changed about now joining the moving column now again lagging behind it

Several times during the march false alarms had been given and the soldiers of the escort had rused their muskets fired and run herd long crushing one another but had afterwards resembled and abused each other for their causeless panic

These three groups traveling together—the cavalry stores the convoy of prisoners and Junot's baggage train—still constituted a separate and united whole though each of the groups was rapidly melting away

Of the artillery baggage train which had consisted of a hundred and twenty wagons not more than sixty now remained the rest had been captured or left behind Some of Junot's wagons also had been captured or abandoned Three wagons had been rided and robbed by stragglers from Davout's corps From the talk of the Germans Pierre learned that a larger guard had been allotted to that baggage train than to the prisoners and that one of their comrades a German soldier had been shot by the marshal's own order because a silver spoon belonging to the marshal had been found in his possession

The group of prisoners had melted away most of all Of the three hundred and thirty men who had set out from Moscow fewer than a hundred now remained The prisoners were more burdensome to the escort than even the cavalry saddles or Junot's baggage They understood that the saddles and Junot's spoons might be of some use but that cold and hungry soldiers should have to stand and guard equally cold and hungry Russians who froze and lagged behind on the road (in which case the order was to shoot them) was not merely incomprehensible but revolting And the escort

4. a y P re thought he detected symp thy and  
a des c to con = l th t symp thy

The general in charge of the forces galloped after the carriage with a red and frightened face whipping up his skinny horse. Several officers formed a group and some soldiers crowded round them. Their faces all looked excited and worried.

What d d he say? What d d he say? Pierre  
he rd them a k

While the prisoner was passing the prisoners had huddled together in a crowd, and Peter saw Karatich whom he had not yet seen that morning. He sat in his shirt over his lean gaunt body under the tree. On his face be

pres. on of qu et solemn ty

Karaté looked at Pierre with his kindly  
 round eyes now filled with tears evidently  
 wishing him to come near that he might say  
 something to him. But Pierre was not suffi-  
 ciently ur of himself. He made as if he did not  
 notice that look and moved hastily away.

When the prisoners ran toward Perr looked round. He saw still the gate at the end of the road under the bright sun. The Frenchmen were talking over his head. Perr did not look round again but went lumping up the hill.

F m behu d n he A rather h d been s t  
u g cam the s und of a sh t P erre heard  
t pl uly h t t that mome the remembered  
th the h d n yet fi hed k n gup how  
many t ges t li rem ed to Smolt k- cal  
cul t n he h d begun bef re the marshal  
n nt by And he a n tarted reck n ng Two  
Fe ch sold rs ran past P rre on of wh m  
carned i wered d m k g gun. They  
both looked p le nd n the expess n n  
th f es-o n f them gl nced tm dly t  
P err -there was som th ng res mbl wh t  
i had een n the f i the y gs lder  
t th execut P err looked t th sold er  
a d remembered th t two d ys b f e that  
man h d burned his h rt while drying t  
th ll and how they h d l hed t him.

B h d h m, whe e karatā h d been i  
t g the dog bega to h wl "What t up d  
beast! Why is th wl g? tho hi P erre

## CHAPTER XIV

A p<sup>l</sup> sudd<sup>e</sup> ly cryed v<sup>e</sup> ce.  
A pleas<sup>e</sup> t<sup>e</sup> f<sup>e</sup>l g<sup>o</sup>f ex<sup>t</sup>reme t<sup>e</sup>nd an ex  
periat [som th<sup>e</sup> g<sup>o</sup>] yf<sup>u</sup>l nd solemn was  
roused mo<sup>o</sup> the sold<sup>r</sup> f<sup>i</sup>th c<sup>o</sup>y nd  
the p<sup>u</sup>so ers. F<sup>r</sup>m ll<sup>s</sup> des cam<sup>e</sup> h<sup>u</sup>ts f<sup>e</sup>  
c<sup>o</sup>mm<sup>u</sup>d, nd f<sup>r</sup>m th<sup>e</sup> f<sup>i</sup>l<sup>e</sup> came sm<sup>u</sup>rtly  
dressed cavalry<sup>n</sup> on good h<sup>u</sup>ses p<sup>u</sup>ss<sup>g</sup>  
th<sup>e</sup> priso<sup>r</sup>ers t<sup>e</sup>ll<sup>t</sup>. Th<sup>e</sup> express<sup>n</sup> on ll<sup>e</sup>  
la<sup>e</sup>s h<sup>u</sup>ed th<sup>e</sup> t<sup>e</sup>n peop<sup>l</sup> feel t<sup>e</sup>th<sup>e</sup>  
pp<sup>u</sup>ch of th<sup>e</sup> n<sup>u</sup>th n<sup>u</sup>ty Th<sup>e</sup> priso<sup>r</sup>rs  
th<sup>e</sup> ged togeth<sup>e</sup>r nd wer<sup>e</sup> pushed ff<sup>e</sup> the  
ro<sup>u</sup>d. Th<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup>f<sup>u</sup>rm d<sup>e</sup> p<sup>u</sup>

Th Empero ! Th Empero ! Th M  
shall Th D k d hardly h d the leek  
cavalry p ed bef re carr n drawn by  
gray h nes rattled by P rr ca ght  
glimpse f m th e -cornered f t w th  
tra q l look n h handsom plump wh  
fa e, it wa f the marshals. His eye f ll n  
P rr large d k g figure nd the  
express w th wh ch he f wncd and looked

T y o p l a e s

on the carrion. The dog was merrier and sleeker than it had been in Moscow. All around lay the flesh of different animals—from men to horses—in various stages of decomposition and as the wolves were kept off by the passing men the dog could eat all it wanted.

It had been raining since morning and had seemed as if at any moment it might cease and the sky clear, but after a short break it began raining harder than before. The saturated road no longer absorbed the water which ran along the ruts in streams.

Pierre walked along looking from side to

then go on! I felt harder!

It seemed to him that he was thinking of nothing but far down and deep within him his soul was occupied with something important and comforting. This something was a most subtle spiritual deduction from a conversation with Karatiev the day before.

At their yesterday's halting place, feeling chilly by a dying campfire, Pierre had got up and gone to the next one which was burning better. There Platon Karatiev was sitting covered up—head and all—with his greatcoat as if it were a vestment, telling the soldiers in his effective and pleasant though now feeble voice a story Pierre knew. It was already past midnight the hour when Karatiev was usually free of his fever and particularly lively. When Pierre reached the fire and heard Platon's voice enfeebled by illness and saw his pathetic face brightly lit up by the blaze, he felt a painful prick at his heart. His feeling of pity for this man frightened him and he wished to go away, but there was no other fire and Pierre sat down, trying not to look at Platon.

Well, how are you? he asked.

smile on his pale emaciated face and a particularly happy light in his eyes. You see, brother,

Pierre had long been familiar with that story. Karatiev had told it to him alone some half-dozen times and always with a specially

as he told it communicated itself also to Pierre. The story was of an old merchant who lived a

good and God-fearing life with his family and who went once to the Nizhni fair with a companion—a rich merchant.

Having put up at an inn they both went to sleep, and next morning his companion was found robbed and with his throat cut. A blood-stained knife was found under the old merchant's pillow. He was tried, knouted and his nostrils having been torn off, all in due form, as Karatiev put it, he was sent to hard labor in Siberia.

And so brother (it was at this point that Pierre came up) ten years or more passed by. The old man was living as a convict, submitting as he should and doing no wrong. Only he prayed to God for death. Well, one night the convicts were gathered just as we are with the old man among them. And they began telling what each was suffering for and how they had sinned against God. One told how he had taken a life, another had taken two, a third had set a house on fire, while another had simply been a vagrant and had done nothing. So they asked the old man: What are you being punished for, Daddy?—I, my dear brothers, said he, am being punished for my own and other men's sins. But I have not killed anyone or taken anything that was not mine, but have only helped my poorer brothers. I was a merchant, my dear brothers, and had much property. And he went on to tell them all about it in due order. I don't grieve for myself, he says. God it seems has chastened me. Only I am sorry for my old wife and the children, and the old man began to weep. Now it happened that in the group was the very man who had killed the other merchant. Where did it happen, Daddy? he said. When and in what month? He asked all about it and his heart began to ache. So he comes up to the old man like this and falls down at his feet. You are perishing because of me, Daddy, he says. It's quite true, bids that this man, he says, is being tortured innocently and for nothing. I, he says, did that deed and I put the knife under your head while you were asleep. I forgive me, Daddy, he says, for Christ's sake!

Karatiev paused, smiling joyously as he gazed into the fire, and he drew the logs together.

And the old man said: God will forgive you, we are all sinners in His sight. I suffer for my own sins, and I have kept bitter tears well, and what do you think dear friends? Karatiev continued his face brightening more

sel es, b t as they passed Dólokho who ge tly  
sw tched his boots w th h whip a d watcl ed  
t em th cold glas y eyes that boded n good  
they became lent. On the ppos te de tood  
Dólokbov Cossack, count ng th priso rs  
and mark g off each hu d ed w th a chalk  
lre the gate.

How ma y Dólok h ked th Cossack.  
"Th sec d h dred r pl ed th Cos-  
sack.

"File file!" Dólkho kept sa g ha  
dopted ths expres from th Fr nch nd  
ben his eyes m t those of the priso ers they  
fla ed with cru lght.

Il so b cheaded d w th gloomy  
face, walked beh d som Co sa ks who were  
carri g th body of Pétra Rostó to h le  
that had been d the garden.

## CHAPTER XVI

AFTER TH TWELTY EIGHTH F OCT ER when  
th frosts began the flóht of th French as-  
sumed till m re tragic character with men  
freezing or roast g them l es to de th t the  
campfires, whil carna es with peopl dressed  
in furs co t ued to dn ep t, carry g way  
t e property that had been tolen by th Em-  
pero ll ga d d kes but th process f th  
ll t d d tegrati n f th French army  
ent essentially bef

From Moscow t Vyázma the French rmy  
l seven three th usand m n n t eck ng  
t e Guards (who d d noth duri ll th  
whol war b t pl lge) wa reduced t th rty

arm m lted wa d per h ed t th sam  
rate from Moscow to Vyázma from Vyázma to  
Smol k, f om Sm lénsk to th Berezná d  
from th Ber s V l — independently of  
th grea er lesser ten t f th cold the  
pursuit, th barrs of th way n other  
p rucula d u. Bev d Vyázma th  
Fren h army tead of mov n th ee col  
m huddled together to o e ma d so  
ent to th nd. Berth ex wro t llis Em-  
petre t know how f comma d offi ers  
l ow themel es to dn erg from the truth in  
describ g th conditi of n rm ) nd th  
hat h said.

I deem m d so report You M jesty th  
reason ll t e various corps l ha had occasion

Get along get along!

t bers d ring d fferent tages f th l t tw  
three days m rch. They re lmost disbanded.  
Scacely quarter f the sold m emain with th  
tanda ds f th regiments th hers go ff by  
themsel es different direct us h ping t f d  
food and escape discipline. In gen ral they regard  
Sm lénsk as th pl ce where they h pe t eco er  
D ring th las few days ma y f th men h m  
been cent throw ay thir cartridges d th  
arma. I ch tat f fla rs whatever ) ll  
m t pl may be th terest f ) M jesty  
service dem ds that th rm h ld be rallied l

as f ll be freed from in

appld th troops wll l ger be u w l  
in case f an engagement.

N ember g twenty miles from Sm lénsk.

After stagger g to Smolénsk which  
eemed to them pr mised la d, th French,  
search ng fo food, k lled e an ther sacked  
th r own m es and when everythin had  
been plundered fled farther

They ll we t w thout knowing wh ther or  
why they wer go m Still less did that gen us  
N poleon know t, f no ne issued any  
orders t h m But st ll he nd those bout  
him tas ed th eir ld hab us wrote com-  
mands l tters eports nd orders of the day  
called n ther s m coun pri ce  
d'E km hl d V pl and so n But these  
o ders nd reports wer o ly on p per n th-  
n n them wa cted upon f they could n t  
be carr ed out nd thou h they ent tied one  
a ther M jest es High ess es o Cous ns  
thet ll felt that they were m serabl wretches  
who h d d much ev l fo wh ch they h d  
now to p And though they p l ded to be  
co erned bout th army each was thi king  
only of h mself nd of how to get way qu ckly  
and sa huns ll.

## CHAPTER XVII

THE O T L T S f th Russ d French  
armies dur g th camp on ll m Moscow  
back to th N em n were l k those n game  
f Russian bl dma bluff, n which tw  
pla rs are bl d f lded d on of them oc-  
cas n lly as l ttle bell to f rm th  
ca cher f h wh eabo ts Frst h r s his  
bell fearlessly but when h gets to ight



## CHAPTER XV

THE STORES the prisoners and the marshal's baggage train stopped at the village of Shâm shevo. The men crowded together round the campfires. Pierre went up to the fire, ate some roast horseflesh, lay down with his back to the fire, and immediately fell asleep. He again slept as he had done at Moháysk after the battle of Borodínó.

Again real events mingled with dreams, and again someone, he or another, gave expression to his thoughts, and even to the same thoughts that had been expressed in his dream at Moháysk.

consciousness of the divine. To love life is to love God. Harder and more blessed than all else is to love this life in one's sufferings, in innocent sufferings.

Karatáev came to Pierre's mind.

And suddenly he saw vividly before him a long forgotten kindly old man who had given him geography lessons in Switzerland. Wait a bit, said the old man, and showed Pierre a globe. This globe was alive—a vibrating ball without fixed dimensions. Its whole surface consisted of drops closely pressed together, and all these drops moved and changed places, sometimes several of them merging into one, sometimes one dividing into many. Each drop tried to spread out and occupy as much space as possible, but others striving to do the same compressed it, sometimes destroyed it, and sometimes merged with it.

That is life, said the old teacher.

How simple and clear it is, thought Pierre. How is it I did not know it before?

God is in the midst, and each drop tries to expand so as to reflect Him to the greatest extent. And it grows, merges, disappears from the surface, sinks to the depths, and again emerges. There now Karatáev has spread out and disappeared. Do you understand my child? said the teacher.

Do you understand, damn you? shouted a voice, and Pierre woke up.

He lifted himself and sat up. A Frenchman, who had just pushed a Russian soldier away, was squatting by the fire, engaged in roasting a piece of meat stuck on a ramrod. His sleeves were rolled up, and his sinewy hairy red hands, with their short fingers deftly turned the ramrod. His brown morose face, with frown ing

brows, was clearly visible by the glow of the charcoal.

It's all the same to him, he muttered, turning quickly to a soldier who stood behind him. Brigánd! Get away!

And twisting the ramrod, he looked gloomily at Pierre, who turned away and crept into the darkness. A prisoner, the Russian soldier, the Frenchman, had pushed away, was sitting near the fire, putting something with his hand. Looking more closely, Pierre recognized the blue gray dog, sitting beside the soldier, wagging its tail.

Ah, he's come? said Pierre. And I sat—he began, but did not finish.

Suddenly and simultaneously a crowd of memories woke in his fancy—of the look Platon had given him, as he sat under the tree of the shot heard from that spot, of the dog's howl, of the guilty faces of the two Frenchmen as they ran past him, of the lowered and smoking gun, and of Karatáev's absence at this halt—and he was on the point of realizing that Karatáev had been killed, but just at that instant he knew not why the recollection came to his mind. Of a summer evening he had spent with a beautiful Polish lady on the veranda of his house in Kiev. And without linking up the events of the day or drawing a conclusion from them, Pierre closed his eyes, seeing a vision of the country in summertime mingled with memories of bathing, and of the liquid vibrating globe, and he sank into water so

“... it is him.”

The Cossacks! one of them shouted, and a moment later a crowd of Russians surrounded Pierre.

For a long time he could not understand what was happening to him. All around he heard his comrades sobbing with joy.

Brothers! Dear fellows! Darlings! old soldiers exclaimed weeping as they embraced Cossacks and hussars.

The hussars and Cossacks crowded round the prisoners, one offered them clothes, another boots, and a third bread. Pierre sobbed as he sat among them and could not utter a word. He hugged the first soldier who approached him, and kissed him weeping.

Dólkhov stood at the gate of the ruined house, letting a crowd of d d armed Frenchmen pass by. The French, excited by all that had happened, were talking loudly among them.

well as, but they pursued Dól kho who gently  
switched his boots with his whip and watched  
them. His cold glassy eyes that boded no good  
they became lent. On the opposite side stood  
Dól kho a Cossack contenting the prisoners  
down the gate off each hundred of the  
line the gate.

How many? Dól kho asked the Cossack.  
The second hundred replied the Cossack.

"File!" Dól kho kept y ghaing  
doped the eyes in the French and  
his eyes met those of the prisoners they  
shed the cruel light.

De so b headed and with a gloomy  
face, talked behind some Cossacks who were  
carrying the body of Pétý Rosó to a place  
that had been dug the garden.

## CHAPTER XVI

AFTER THE ENTRY OF THE FRENCH when  
the frost began the flight of the French as-  
sumed a human

From Moscow the French army  
I have three thousand not reckoning  
the Guards (who did nothing during the  
battle but plunder) was ordered to fly

from the way depicted the same  
from Moscow to Yázn from Yázn to  
Smolensk from Smolensk to the B n d  
from the B n d — depicted the  
the greater lesser the way or any other  
part of the battle the way or any other  
particular road. Beyond Yázn the  
French army took three columns  
muddled together on the road so  
to the end Berth wrote the same  
from (How the French had  
flow themselves together in the truth  
described the condition of the army) and this  
has been said.

I deem no report of the Majesty the  
condition of the various corps which had occasion  
to go along, got long.

be seen to throw away the  
arms of the French who were  
in the place may be the interest of the Majesty  
to find out the truth may be called out at  
Smolensk the first of the French from

— after the necessary  
to get  
old ones  
need  
ded  
or This  
is not  
medy  
control

Number twenty miles to the

After the engagement the Smolensk which  
came to them the French  
each of the food killed another sacked  
the town to escape and when the French had  
been plundered fled further.

They did not know what the  
why they were going to the less distant town  
A poleon knew the French were  
orders to him. But still he and those about  
him entered the old house wrote com-

orders reported only on paper  
gave them a good up and they could not  
be carried out and though they entered one  
another the French High Command  
they left it to them were miserable wretches  
who had no other life for which they had  
not to pay and though they pretended to be  
concerned about the French which was thinking  
only of him if he had to go away quickly  
and himself.

## CHAPTER XVII

To the French the Russian and French  
armies during the campaign in Moscow  
battles the French were the enemy  
of the Russian bluffs which the  
plains bluffed down the French  
causally the little battle to the French  
cathedral the French about the French  
bell felt slowly but when he gets to the right

## CHAPTER XV

THE STORM the prisoners and the marshal's baggage train stopped at the village of Shâm shevo. The men crowded together round the campfires. Pierre went up to the fire ate some roast horseflesh lay down with his back to the fire and immediately fell asleep. He again slept as he had done at Moháýsk after the battle of Borodínó.

Again real events mingled with dreams and again someone he or another gave expression to his thoughts and even to the same thoughts that had been expressed in his dream at Moháýsk.

Life is everything. Life is God. Everything changes and moves and that movement is God. And while there is life there is joy in consciousness of the divine. To love life is to love God. Harder and more blessed than all else is to love this life in one's sufferings in innocent sufferings.

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How simple and clear it is thought Pierre. How is it I did not know it before?

God is in the midst and each drop tries to expand so as to reflect Him to the greatest extent. And it grows merges disappears from the surface sinks to the depths and again emerges. There now Karatiev has spread out and disappeared. Do you understand my child? said the teacher.

Do you understand damn you? shouted a voice and Pierre woke up.

He lifted himself and sat up. A Frenchman who had just pushed a Russian soldier away was squatting by the fire engaged in roasting a piece of meat stuck on a ramrod. His sleeves were rolled up and his sinewy hairy red hands with their short fingers deftly turned the ramrod. His brown morose face with frowning

brows was clearly visible by the glow of the charcoal.

It is all the same to him he muttered turning quickly to a soldier who stood behind him. Brigand! Get away!

And twisting the ramrod he looked gloomily at Pierre who turned away and gazed into the darkness. A prisoner the Russian soldier the Frenchman had pushed away was sitting near the fire putting something with his hand. Looking more closely Pierre recognized the blue gray dog sitting beside the soldier wagging its tail.

What has come? said Pierre. And what—he began but did not finish.

Suddenly and simultaneously a crowd of memories awoke in his fancy—of the look Platon had given him as he sat under the tree of the shot heard from that spot of the do a howl of the guilty faces of the Frenchmen as they ran past him of the lowered and smoking gun and of Karatiev's absence at this hour—and he was on the point of realizing that Karatiev had been killed but just at that instant he knew not why the recollection came to his mind of a summer evening he had spent with a beautiful Polish lady on the veranda of his house in Kiev. And without linking up the events of the day or drawing a conclusion from them Pierre closed his eyes seeing a vision of the country in summertime mingled with memories of fishing and of the liquid vibrating globe and he sank into a sleep so that it closed over his head.

Before sunrise he was awakened by shouts and loud and rapid firing. French soldiers were running past him.

The Cossacks! one of them shouted and a moment later a crowd of Russians surrounded Pierre.

For a long time he could not understand what was happening to him. All around he heard his comrades sobbing with joy.

Brothers! Dear fellows! Darlings! old soldiers exclaimed weeping as they embraced Cossacks and hussars.

The hussars and Cossacks crowded round the prisoners one offered them clothes in other boots and a third bread. Pierre sobbed as he sat among them and could not utter a word. He hugged the first soldier who approached him and kissed him weeping.

Dolokhov stood at the gate of the ruined house letting a crowd of disarmed French men pass by. The French excited by all that had happened were talking loudly among them.

command, and he has walked both ways  
both sick and sad.

For as for the Emperor I at first  
of the general but nevertheless immed-  
ately ran war again, but don't get it late  
the scattered fragments of the army he left  
behind.

Then are told of the greatness of soul  
of the marshals, especially of Ney—a greatness  
of soul consists in this that he made his way  
both into and through the forest and across  
the Danube and escaped the Orshid band  
the standards, artillery and the tents of his  
men.

And last, the final departure of the great  
Emperor from his heroic realm presented to  
us both his and some of his great and  
characteristic. I give us. Even at the final run-  
ning was described in ordinary language  
the lower depths of baseless which every child  
ought to be ashamed of—even that it is dis-  
tasteful to the historians in language.

When it is impossible to treat the error  
last threads of his calculations (in)  
further when actions are called contrary to  
the that humanly calls right on just the  
honourable prodigious concept of  
greatness. Greatness, it seems, excludes the  
standards of his and wrote of the great  
man nothing but rather a sort of irony for  
which great man can be blamed.

Can it be said that his and  
there no further use of the good of the  
only great and not great of good  
not great of good of good character in  
the to the concept of some peculiar mal-  
called heroes. And Napoleon escaped from me  
army for out of leaving the people of the  
he are to merit his comrades but we  
(in his presence) in he had brought the  
feel that the great and his soul is tra-  
geical.

Du rubin (he saw some of the blame in  
himself) and culled the good part said  
he. And the whole world for fifty years has  
been repeating the story of the great and the pol-  
itic G. And Du rubin and culled the good  
part.

And it occurs to no one that the great  
greatness is no commensurable with the stand-  
ard of his and wrote is merely to admit

I have acted the Emperor long enough it is  
time to act the general.

It is great  
Tha is great  
From the great to the ridiculous is but a  
step.

on his own nothingness and immeasurable  
meanness.

For us with the standard of good and evil  
given us by Christ, no human actions are  
commensurable. And there is no greatness  
where simplicity goodness and truth are ab-  
sent.

## CHAPTER XX

WHAT RUSSIAN read the account of the first  
part of the campaign of 1812 has not experi-  
enced the comfort of feeling that he had dis-  
satisfied his mind with perplexity. Who has not  
asked himself how it is that the French were  
not all captured or destroyed while our three  
armies were defeated by superior numbers  
when the disorderly French had given and  
flee hurriedly in crowds and when (as  
the history is related) the men of the Russians  
was to let the French to cut them off, and  
capture them all.

How was it that the Russian army which  
when numerically weaker than the French had  
given battle to Boresk did not achieve it  
it repose when it had surrounded the French  
three sides and when its mission was to cap-  
ture them. Can the French be so enormously  
proud of us that when we had surrounded

because he and Tormisov and  
Chichikov and the man and the man did  
not execute the command of the men.

But why did they not execute the command  
of the army of the French of not carrying  
out the plan of the French they tried

about two thousand and the B  
n (in both cases we had perfect success)  
the French army with its marshals, kings and  
Emperor was not captured, that was what  
the Russians meditated.

The explanation of this tragedy of the  
history is—

Why was the Russian army—which with  
fierce success had withstood the enemy of the  
urgency of Borodino—defeated at Berezina?

place he runs away as quietly as he can and often thinking to escape runs straight into his own

along  
made  
t 1 c ue known but later when they reached the Smolensk road they r n l old

Owing to the rapidity of the French flight and the Russian pursuit and the consequent exhaustion of the horses the chief means of approximately ascertaining the enemy's position—by cavalry scouting—is not available. Besides as a result of the frequent and rapid change of position by each army even when information was obtained could not be delivered in time. If news was received one day that the enemy had been in a certain position the day before by the third day when some thing could have been done that army was already two days march farther on and in quite another position.

One army fled and the other pursued. Beyond Smolensk there were several different roads available for the French and one would have thought that during their stay of four days they might have learned where the enemy was might have arranged some more advantageous plan and undertaken something new. But after a four days halt the mob with no maneuvers or plans again began running along the beaten track neither to the right nor to the left but along the old—the worst—road through Krásnoe and Orshá.

Expecting the enemy from behind and not in front the French separated in their flight and spread out over a distance of twenty-four hours. In front of them all fled the Emperor then the kings then the dukes. The Russian army expecting Napoleon to take the road to the right beyond the Dnieper—which was the only reasonable thing for him to do—themselves turned to the right and came out onto the highroad at Krásnoe. And here as in a game of blindman's buff the French ran into our vanguard. Seeing their enemy unexpectedly the French fell into confusion and stopped short from the sudden fright but then they

other abandoned all their heavy baggage their artillery and half their men and fled getting past the Russians by night by making semicircles to the right.

Ney who came last had been busying himself blowing up the walls of Smolensk which were in nobody's way because despite the unfortunate plight of the French or because of it they wished to punish the floor against which they had hurt themselves. Ney who had had a corps of ten thousand men reached Napoleon at Orshá with only one thousand men left having abandoned all the rest in all his cannon and having crossed the Dnieper at night by stealth at a wooded spot.

From Orshá they fled farther along the road to Vlna still plying at blindman's buff with the pursuing army. At the Beresina they were become disorganized many were drowned and many surrendered but those who got across the river fled farther. Their supreme chief donned a fur coat and having seated himself in a sleigh galloped on alone abandoning his companions. The others who could do so drove away too leaving those who could not to surrender or die.

## CHAPTER VIII

THIS CAMPAIGN consisted in a flight of the French during which they did all they could to destroy themselves. From the time they turned onto the Malaya road to the day their leader fled from the army none of the movements of the crowd had any sense. So one might have thought that regarding this period of the campaign the historians who attributed the actions of the mass to the will of one man

could have found it impossible to make the story of the retreat fit their theory. But not Mountains of books have been written by the historians about this campaign and every where are described Napoleon's arrangements the maneuvers and his profound plans which guided the army as well as the military genius shown by his marshals.

The retreat from Mátó Varoslávets when he had a free road into a well supplied district and the parallel road was open to him along which Kutuzov afterwards pursued him—this unnecessary retreat along a devastated road—is explained to us as being due to profound considerations. Similarly profound considerations are given for his retreat from Smolensk to Orshá. Then his heroism at Krásnoe is described where he is reported to have been prepared to accept battle and take personal

first Murat's (the vice king's) then Davout's and then Ney's—ran as it were the grundle of the Russian army. They abandoned one an

hem not to blame because other Russians sitting in warm rooms proposed that they should do what was impossible.

All this strange contradiction now difficult to understand between the facts and the official account is only because the historians deal with the matter differently. The history of the beautiful words and sentences of our generals and not the history of the events.

hem

become fight under us to  
that battle ended and the Russian army  
is pure and fresh and trained is strenuous  
the utmost and could not have done more  
than to destroy ourselves.

During the time of the Russian army  
from Tver to Moscow lost fifty thousand  
stragglers that is number equal  
to the population of large provinces  
Half the men fell in the army without  
battle.

At the end of the period of the campaign—  
when the army lacked boots and the pikemen  
coats were short of provisions and without  
shoes and was camped without light  
in the thick snow with little degrees of  
frost, when there were only a few  
hours of daylight and the rest was night  
when the discipline can be  
maintained when men were taken into the  
region of death without possibility of

they need only discuss the way  
our general plans and not the

and simply receive an immediate solution.

The aim of cutting off Napoleon and his  
army never existed except in the imagination  
of a few people. It could not exist because  
it was senseless and utopian.

The people had no right to free the  
land from the French. That was the task  
of the first place of us if as the Frenchman  
said so it was only necessary to stop the  
flight. Secondly it was the duty of the  
warfare which destroyed the French and  
helped by the fact that the Russian army  
was full of the French ready to use  
in the case the movement topped.

The Russian could do like the  
the running man. And the experienced  
der knew it was better to hold the  
rather than to think the running  
man in the hand.

(in the deep) it somewhat  
like how so do so routed and cut off  
the French do so do so

The Russian in the winter did not  
that could do it would have been  
the end of the winter

Remember the degrees below zero breath

the Berezina by the disorganized crowds of the French when it was numerically superior?

If the aim of the Russians consisted in cutting off and capturing Napoleon and his marshals—and that aim was not merely frustrated but all attempts to attain it were most shamefully baffled—then this last period of the campaign is quite rightly considered by the French to be a series of victories and quite wrongly considered victorious by Russian historians.

The Russian military historians in so far as they submit to claims of logic must admit that conclusion and in spite of their lyrical rhapsodies about valor devotion and so forth must reluctantly admit that the French retreat from Moscow was a series of victories for Napoleon and defeats for Kutuzov.

But putting national vanity entirely aside one feels that such a conclusion involves a contradiction since the series of French victories brought the French complete destruction while the series of Russian defeats led to the total destruction of their enemy and the liberation of their country.

The source of this contradiction lies in the fact that the historians studying the events from the letters of the sovereigns and the generals from memoirs reports projects and so forth have attributed to this last period of the war of 1812 an aim that never existed namely that of cutting off and capturing Napoleon with his marshals and his army.

There never was or could have been such an aim for it would have been senseless and its attainment quite impossible.

It would have been senseless first because Napoleon's disorganized army was flying from Russia with all possible speed that is to say was doing just what every Russian desired. So what was the use of performing various operations on the French who were running away as fast as they possibly could?

Secondly it would have been senseless to block the passage of men whose whole energy was directed to flight.

Thirdly it would have been senseless to sacrifice one's own troops in order to destroy the French army which without external interference was destroying itself at such a rate that though its path was not blocked it could not carry across the frontier more than it

highest degree embarrassing for the Russians was the most adroit diplomatists of the time (Joseph de Maistre and others) recognized. Still more senseless would have been the wish to capture army corps of the French when our own army had melted away to half before reaching Krasnoe and a whole division would have been needed to convoy the corps of prisoners and when our men were not always getting full rations and the prisoners already taken were perishing of hunger.

All the profound plans about cutting off and capturing Napoleon and his army were like the plan of a market gardener who when driving out of his garden a cow that had trampled down the beds he had planted should run to the gate and hit the cow on the head. The only thing to be said in excuse of that gardener would be that he was very angry. But not even that could be said for those who drew up this project for it was not they who had suffered from the trampled beds.

But besides the fact that cutting off Napoleon with his army would have been senseless it was impossible.

It was impossible first because—as experience shows that a three mile movement of columns on a battlefield never coincides with the plans—the probability of Chichag and Kutuzov and Wittgenstein effecting a junction on time at an appointed place was so remote as to be tantamount to impossibility as in fact thought Kutuzov who when he received the plan remarked that diversions planned over great distances do not yield the desired results.

Secondly it was impossible because to paralyze the momentum with which Napoleon's army was retiring incomparably greater forces than the Russians possessed would have been required.

Thirdly it was impossible because the military term to cut off has no meaning. One can cut off a slice of bread but not an army. To cut off an army—to bar its road—is quite impossible for there is always plenty of room to avoid capture and there is the night when nothing can be seen as the military scientists might convince themselves by the example of Krasnoe and of the Berezina. It is only possible to capture prisoners if they agree to be captured just as it is only possible to catch a swallow if it settles on one's hand. Men can only be taken prisoners if they surrender according to the rules of strategy and tactics as the Germans did. But the French troops quite

wish to take captive the Emperor kings and dukes—whose capture would have been in the

# BOOK FOURTEEN

613

right did not consider that this suited them  
 need death by hunger and cold awaited them  
 fight or captivity like  
 Furlphy and Chelby it was impossible be  
 cause in Russia the world began has war  
 der u h co d uon as tho e

the other Russians, still n

elements of a u gner is

the destroy it

During the month of the Russian army  
 from Tura to Krasnoyarsk the  
 and a kragg is this must be equal  
 to the population of the provincial war  
 Half the men fell out of the army without a  
 battle.

And if of this period of the camp on—  
 when the army lacked boots and shelter in  
 coats, was hurt of pain and without  
 socks and was cramped in tight  
 months in the snow at fifteen degrees  
 frost, when there were only seven or eight  
 hours of daylight and the rest was night in  
 such a lack of discipline cannot be  
 maintained when men were taken into the  
 region of death where discipline is lost, in a  
 few hours only as battle but for months  
 where they were every moment fighting death  
 from hunger and cold, when half the army  
 was lost in this period

(most of the deep snow) it was  
 like a howl—so round and cut off  
 the French did so and so on.

THE Russians, half of whom died, did all  
 that could and should have been done to  
 the end with the nation and they are

Russian were eighteen below zero Fahrenheit

we left a hospital in

elemental conditions, it does not come with  
 in the range of the Russian

Yet we needly discarded the study of the  
 reports of general plans and considered the  
 movement of those hundreds of thousands of  
 men who took direct part in the events and  
 all the questions that seemed insoluble easily  
 and simply received unimpaired and certain  
 solution.

The idea of cutting off Napoleon and his  
 army never existed except in the imagination  
 of a few people. It could not exist because  
 it was senseless and unrealistic.

The people had no aim to free the  
 land from the Russian. That aim was attained in  
 the first place of itself as the French ran away  
 and so it was only necessary not to stop the  
 flight. Secondly it was attained by the guerrilla  
 warfare which was destroying the French, and  
 thirdly by the fact that the Russian army  
 was still with the French, ready to use its  
 strength in case the movement stopped.

The Russian army had to strike whup  
 to running a animal. And the experienced  
 driver knew it was better to hold the whip  
 raised in place than to strike the running  
 animal on the head.



# Book Fifteen: 1812-13

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## CHAPTER I

WHEN SEEING a dying animal a man feels a sense of horror substance similar to his own is perishing before his eyes But when it is a beloved and intimate human being that is dying besides this horror at the extinction of life there is a severance a spiritual wound which like a physical wound is sometimes fatal and sometimes heals but always aches and shrinks at any external irritating touch

After Prince Andrew's death Natásha and Princess Mary alike felt this Drooping in spirit and closing their eyes before the

from any rough and painful contact Everything a carriage passing rapidly in the street a summons to dinner the maid's inquiry what dress to prepare or worse still any word of insincere or feeble sympathy seemed an insult painfully irritated the wound interrupting that necessary quiet in which they both tried to listen to the stern and dreadful choir that still resounded in their imagination and hindered their gazing into those mysterious limitless vistas that for an instant had opened out before them

Only when alone together were they free from such outrage and pain They spoke little even to one another and when they did it was of very unimportant matters

Both avoided any allusion to the future To admit the possibility of a future seemed to them to insult his memory Still more carefully did they avoid anything relating to him who was dead It seemed to them that what they had lived through and experienced could not be expressed in words and that any reference to the details of his life infringed the majesty and sacredness of the mystery that had been accomplished before their eyes

Continued alone and apart they stood aloof up to the boundary of what they might not mention

—brought before their minds with still greater purity and clearness what they were both feeling

But pure and complete sorrow is as impossible as pure and complete joy Princess Mary in her position is absolute and independent arbiter of her own fate and guardian and instructor of her nephew was the first to be called back to life from that realm of sorrow in which she had dwelt for the first fortnight She received letters from her relations to which she had to reply the room in which little Nicholas had been put was damp and he began to cough Alptých came to Yaroslavl with reports on the state of their affairs and with advice and suggestions that they should return to Moscow to the house on the Vozdvizhenka Street which had remained uninjured and needed only slight repairs Life did not stand still and it was necessary to live Hard as it was for Princess Mary to emerge from the realm of secluded contemplation in which she had lived till then and sorry and almost ashamed as she felt to leave Natásha alone yet the cries of life demanded her attention and she involuntarily yielded to them She went through the accounts with Alptých conferred with Desalles about her nephew and gave orders and made preparations for the journey to Moscow

Natásha remained alone and from the time Princess Mary began making preparations for departure held aloof from her too

Princess Mary asked the countess to let Natásha go with her to Moscow and both parents gladly accepted this offer for they saw their daughter losing strength every day and thought that a change of scene and the advice of Moscow doctors would be good for her

I am not going anywhere here Natásha replied when this was proposed to her Do please just leave me alone! And she ran out of the room with difficulty refraining from tears of vexation and irritation rather than of sorrow

After she felt herself deserted by Princess

## BOOK FIFTEEN

My a d alone n her grief N t h spe t  
most f the t m l r room by h r s l f s t u n g  
buddled p f t and all n the corner of th  
sofa tear g nd twist n someth ng w th h r  
d der nern ush n r d g a z n nte tly nd  
fixedl t h t ever her yes chan ed to fall n  
Th sol tud ex h u ted nd tormented h r  
b t he wa bsolute need of t. As soon as  
e entered h got up qu ckly h g d  
ber post d exp ess n d p cked up a  
book r some sew n e dently wat ng m  
pa ently f the truder to go

She f l all th t me as f she mght t any  
mome t pe trate that on huch—w th ter  
ribl questu g too gre t f her trength—  
her sp ntu al ga was f d.

O day t ard th end f D cember N t h  
sha, pale d th n dressed n bl ck woolen  
go her pl ted hair negl o e dly twisted nto  
a knot was cr ched fe t nd l l n th corn r  
d smooth

sea ch gly at her Natash as u ual an wered  
bef re she had t me to th nk wh t she w uld  
say Sh s a d Th s can t go on—t won t. You  
all get ell—qu te well

She n w saw h m f m the commencement  
of that scene nd el d what he had tlen  
felt. She recalled h s long d nd ev re look  
t th ew ds nd understood the mean ng of  
the rebuke nd desp n th t protracted ga e

I greed N tash now s a d t herself  
that t w uld b dre dful f h l ays con  
tinued t suffer l s d s then only because it  
w uld ha v been d eadful f r h m but he  
und rstood t d ffe ently He thought t w uld  
be dre dful for me He th n still w hed to  
l e nd feared death. A d l s a d t so awk  
wa dly and tup dly l d d not s y w l t l  
#rr ntl Had l s a d

had w —t th the s u  
ther d l l f f wh ch he had n er be  
for th h d wh ch h d f rmerly emed  
t her so far way d mprob ble was n w  
ea er d m k nd m comp eben  
bl han thus rde l l f wher everyth g  
was ther mpu ess d desol on suffer  
gand d n ty

Sh was ga g where he knew hum t be  
b t h ld m g h m thera than  
h h d been her Sh w w h m e a n a s  
he had been t Mytushch t Trou tsa nd t  
y o l d l

Sh saw h face heard h e peated  
hu rds d her own nd som tmes d vised  
ther w rd they mght ha poken

Ther h l g b k n n armch h  
l t loak lea gh head n h s th n p l  
ha d Hus hes d eadfull holl w d h  
shoulders raised l l ps firmly l ed h s  
evn ght er d wr kl mes d goes n  
hes ust

h m, r a sed sus es, u uelb r

uly  
O l g w ld be terr bl s a d h to  
b nd exell f er to suffer m n. It  
wo ld be ual t ur A d h looked

he a w n eemed t b say g u e s a s  
to her o ly n her m g n t n Natasha th s  
tume ga h m a d ffe ent n w She t pped  
hum d s a d Terr bl f y u but of f r  
m l l o u k n w that f me there n th n in  
l f e but you d to offer w th y u the great  
est happ ness f m nd he took he h nd  
and p essed t h had p essed t that terr ble  
h nd

h ds nd etu g her t eth w th desp e  
eff rt.

Sh wa com by w t sorr w d t r s  
were al eady n n n h eyes th n he ud  
denly asked herself t wh m h w say g  
th Agane r yth w hr uded n h d  
dry perpl xit d ga n w tha tra ned frown  
sh pree d toward th w ld whe he was.  
And w w t emed t her he w p ne  
trat g the m y tery But t th n tant  
wh n t eemed that the n omp hen m wa  
veal g t l l to her l o d rattle f th doo  
h ndle truck p l lly on h ears. D ya h  
h m a d nte ed the oom qu ckly and  
abruptly w th f ht ned look on her f ce  
nd h w g n m er f her m t ess.  
Come t y u l l pa t o c plea s a d  
he with trange excited look. A mus

tune about Peter Ilynich a letter she finished with a sob

## CHAPTER II

BESIDES A FEELING of aloofness from everybody Natásha was feeling a special estrangement from the members of her own family. All of them—her father—

near to all their to the way in which she had been living of late and she felt not merely indifferent to them but regarded them with hostility. She heard Dunyásha's words about Peter Ilynich and a misfortune but did not grasp them.

What misfortune? What misfortune can happen to them? They just live their own old quiet and commonplace life, thought Natásha.

As she entered the ballroom her father was hurriedly coming out of her mother's room. His face was puckered up and wet with tears. He had evidently run out of that room to give vent to the sobs that were choking him. When he saw Natásha he waved his arms despairingly and burst into convulsively painful sobs that distorted his soft round face.

Pe Pétýa! Go go she is calling and weeping like a child and quickly shuffling on his feeble legs to a chair, he almost fell into it, covering his face with his hands.

Suddenly an electric shock seemed to run through Natásha's whole being. The . . .

... a feeling of release from the oppressive constraint that had prevented her . . .

... immediately for get herself and her own grief.

She ran to her father but he feebly waved his arm, pointing to her mother's door. Princess Mary pile and with quivering chin came out from that room and taking Natásha by the arm said something to her. Natásha neither saw nor heard her. She went in with rapid steps pausing at the door for an instant as if struggling with herself and then ran to her mother.

The countess was lying in an armchair in a strange and awkward position, stretching out and beating her head against the wall. Sonya and the maids were holding her arms.

Natásha! Natásha! cried the countess. It's not true! It's not true! Hes ly

ing Natásha she shrieked pushing those around her away. Go away all of you it's not true! killed! ha ha ha! It's not true!

Natásha put one knee on the armchair, stooped over her mother, embraced her and with unexpected strength raised her, turned her face toward herself and clung to her.

Mummy! darling! I am here my dearest Mummy she kept on whispering not prising an instant.

She did not let go of her mother but struggled tenderly with her, demanded a pillow and hot water and unfastened and tore open her mother's dress.

My dearest darling Mummy my precious! she whispered incessantly kissing her head, her hands, her face and feeling her own irrepressible and streaming tears tickling her nose and cheeks.

The countess pressed her daughter's hand, closed her eyes and became quiet for a moment. Suddenly she sat up with unaccustomed swiftness, glanced vacantly around her and seeing Natásha began to press her daughter's head with all her strength. Then she turned toward her daughter's face which was wincing with pain and gazed long at it.

Natásha, you love me? she said in a soft, trustful whisper. Natásha, you would not deceive me? You'll tell me the whole truth?

Natásha looked at her with eyes full of tears and in her look there was nothing but love and an entreaty for forgiveness.

My darling Mummy! she rejected strain ing all the power of her love to find some way of taking on herself the excess of grief that crushed her mother.

And again in a futile struggle with reality her mother, refusing to believe that she could live when her beloved boy was killed in the bloom of life, escaped from reality into a world of delirium.

Natásha did not remember how that day passed nor that night nor the next day and night. She did not sleep and did not leave her mother. Her persevering and patient love seemed completely to surround the countess every moment, not explaining or consoling but recalling her to life.

During the third night the countess kept very quiet for a few minutes and Natásha rested her head on the arm of her chair and closed her eyes but opened them again on hearing the eldest etc. etc. The countess was sitting up in bed and crying softly.

How glad I am you have come! You are

and. Won't you have some tea. \ tisha  
put p t her "I u have impro ed n looks  
and grown more manly cont nued th count  
ex takin her daughter hand.

Mamma What e you sayin  
\ tisha he is n mo n no m e  
And embracin h r daughter the countess  
begin weep f r th first time

## CHAPTER III

Princess Mary postpo ed h departure So ya  
d th cou t tr ed to t place \atisha but  
could t. Ther sa th t she l ne was bl to  
resura her mother fro n u reason despa r  
For three weeks \ tisha rema ed consta tly  
therm ther de leep ng n l u ge cha  
her room, m k gler eat nd dr k. d  
takin to her cessa t because th mer  
soud f her t der caren ng t es soothed  
her mo her

but mo t l te sh l l th r room usual  
d oma tak g ni rest n l fe. But th  
same blow that lmost k lled th countess th  
soud d bl w est red \ tisha t life

A pin ual w u d prod ed by re d ng of  
th n tual body l ke phys cal wou d  
d. tran e i m y seem just deep  
wou d may heal nd n ed res jo n phy cal  
d spritual wou ds al k ca yet heal com  
pet ly only as th result f t l f ree from  
w th

\ tisha wo d l ealed in that way Sh  
thought her l f was ended, b ther l f her  
mother expectedly howed her that the es-  
sene l l f ~l e~wa ll et w th n her  
Loi w k nd so d d l fe

Prin e A drew l s d ys had bou d Pr n  
cess M r and \ tisha to her ths new so  
row brough th m ull loser t o e ther  
Prin e M r put off her departure and f  
three weeks looked f t \ tisha as f sh h d  
been k ch id. Th fa t weeks p sed her  
mother bedroom h d tra ed \ tish phys-  
ical u g th.

It f ermo n t g N tish h ver

"You a e t red—try to sleep.

No no. Why d d you bri g me away? She  
will be asking f r me.

She s much better. She spoke so well to-  
day sa d Princess M r y

\atisha l y on the bed and n t l e semidark  
ness f she room scanned Princess Mary s face.

"Is she l ke h m thought \ tisha. "Yes  
l k nd y t n t l ke. But she qu te orig nal  
stra ge new nd unknown And she lo es m  
Wh t s n her heart All that is good. But  
how? What is her m nd l ke What does she  
think bout m ? Yes he s plend d

Mary she sa d um d draw n e Prin e  
Mary s hand to herself M r y you mustn t  
think m w cked. No? M r y d r l how l lo e  
you! Let us be quite qu te l nds.

— her h ean k s n

feel ga.

F m that day ate der ndp ss o at friend  
w eep n m n was

of the rume together. When o e u u l  
other became restless nd hast ned to rejo n  
he. Together they felt m e n harmo y w th  
ne an the th n ther of them felt w th her  
self when lon. A feel ng tro gethan f n nd  
ship sprang up between them an exclus e  
feeling of l fe be ng poss ble only in each  
ther presence.

Somet mes they were ile t f b urs som  
times fter they were already bed th y would  
begin talkin and go n till morn. They  
spok most of what was l ng past. Princess  
Mary pok of her th ldhood of her mother  
her f ther d her daydream and \ tisha  
who with pass e lack of u derstanding had  
f mornly turned way from th t life of devo-  
ti n ubm s n, nd th poetry of Christ n  
elf sacrifice n w feel g herself bound to

her ba k.

l d n t w z t t p Mary s t by me a  
lull

ut es. F r Prin e Mary l t m g t \ t  
shast les of childhood nd ea ly youth there  
so pe ed out new nd huthen uncon-  
p th ded de of life belief in l f and is  
joyne t.

Just as before they never mentioned him so as not to lower (as they thought) their exalted feelings by words but this silence about him had the effect of making them gradually begin to forget him without being conscious of it.

Natasha had grown thin and pale and physically so weak that they all talked about her health and this pleased her. But sometimes she was suddenly overcome by fear not only of death but of sickness weakness and loss of good looks and involuntarily she examined her bare arm carefully surprised at its thinness and in the morning noticed her drawn and as it seemed to her pitiful face in her glass. It seemed to her that things must be so and yet it was dreadfully sad.

One day she went quickly upstairs and found herself out of breath. Unconsciously she immediately invented a reason for going down and then testing her strength ran upstairs again observing the result.

Another time when she called Dunyasha her voice trembled so she called again—though she could hear Dunyasha coming—called her in the deep chest tones in which she had been wont to sing and listened attentively to herself.

She did not know and would not have believed it but beneath the layer of slime that covered her soul and seemed to her impentrible delicate young shoots of grass were already sprouting which taking root would so cover with their living verdure the grief that weighed her down that it would soon no longer be seen or noticed. The wound had begun to heal from within.

At the end of January Princess Mary left for Moscow and the count insisted on Natasha's going with her to consult the doctors.

#### CHAPTER IV

AFTER THE ENCOUNTER at Vyazma where Kutuzov had been unable to hold back his troops in their anxiety to overtake and cut off the enemy and so on the farther movement of the fleeing French and of the Russians who pursued them continued as far as Krasnóe without a battle. The flight was so rapid that the Russian army pursuing the French could not keep up with them cavalry and artillery horses broke down and the information received of the movements of the French was never reliable.

The men in the Russian army were so worn out by this continuous marching at the rate of twenty-seven miles a day that they

could not go any faster.

To realize the degree of exhaustion of the Russian army it is only necessary to grasp clearly the meaning of the fact that while not losing more than five thousand killed and wounded after Tarutino and less than a hundred prisoners the Russian army which left that place a hundred thousand strong reached Krasnóe with only fifty thousand.

The rapidity of the Russian pursuit was just as destructive to our army as the flight of the French was to theirs. The only difference was that the Russian army moved voluntarily with no such threat of destruction as hung over the French and that the sick Frenchmen were left behind in enemy hands while the sick Russians left behind were among their own people. The chief cause of the wastage of Napoleon's army was the rapidity of its movement and a convincing proof of this is the corresponding decrease of the Russian army.

Kutuzov as far as was in his power instead of trying to check the movement of the French was desired in Petersburg and by the Russian army generals directed his whole activity here as he had done at Tarutino and Vyazma in hastening it on while easing the movement of our army.

But besides this since the exhaustion and enormous diminution of the army caused by the rapidity of the advance had become evident another reason for slackening the pace and delaying presented itself to Kutuzov. The aim of the Russian army was to pursue the French. The road the French would take was unknown and so the closer our troops tried on their heels the greater distance they had to cover. Only by following at some distance could one cut across the zigzag path of the French. All the careful maneuvers suggested by our generals meant fresh movements of the army and a lengthening of its marches while as the only reasonable aim was to shorten those marches. To that end Kutuzov's activity was directed during the whole campaign from Moscow to Vilna—not casually or intermittently but so consistently that he never once deviated from it.

Kutuzov felt and knew—not by reasoning or science but with the whole of his Russian being—what every Russian soldier felt that the French were beaten that the enemy was flying and must be driven out but at the same time he like the soldiers realized all the peril of this march the rapidity of which was unequalled for such a time of year.

## BOOK FIFTEEN

But to the generals, especially the French, it was a disgrace in the Russian army who showed a distinction themselves, to assist in the capture of a duke—it seemed that now—when a battle must be horrible and senseless—was the very time to fight and conquer somebody Kutuzov merely shrugged his shoulders when one after another they presented projects of maneuvers to be made with those soldiers—ill-shod, inefficiently clad, and half-starved—who would have a good chance and without fighting a battle had dwindled to half their number and who at the best if the fight continued would have to go a greater distance than that they had already traversed, before they reached the frontier.

This led them to distinguish themselves, to maneuver to overthrow and to cut off showed itself particularly whenever the Russians turned on the French army.

So it was at Krásnoe where they expected to find one of the three French columns and summed instead on Napoleon himself with sixteen thousand men. Despite all Kutuzov's efforts and that Russian encounter and to preserve his troops, the massacre of the broken mob of French soldiers by worn-out Russians continued at Krásnoe for three days.

It is not disposed to "The first column will march to so and so." And as usual nothing happened in accordance with the disposition. Prince Eugène of Wurtemberg fired from hill over the French crowds that were running past and demanded reinforcements which did not arrive. The French, finding the Russians dispersed and that they themselves in the forest by night, made the way round as best they could and continued their flight.

Floriadovich who said he did not want to know anything about the commissariat affairs of his detachment, and could never be found when he was wanted—that he never saw a peasant—approach as he styled himself—who was fond of parleys with the French, sent envoys demanding the surrender he ordered time, and did not do what he was ordered to do.

"I give you this column," he said, riding up to the troops and pointing out the French the cavalry.

And the cavalry with pursed sabers urging the horses that could scarcely move, trotted with the half-effort that humans presented to them—that is, a crowd of Frenchmen talking to each other, from behind and talking—and the column that had been presented to them, though without fear, did not reproach.

thrown down its arms and surrendered as it had to been anxious to do.

At Krásnoe they took twenty-six thousand prisoners, several hundred cannon, and a stack called a marshal's staff, and disputed it to who had distinguished himself and were pleased with their achievement—though they much regretted not having taken Napoleon or at least a marshal or a hero of some sort and reproached one another and especially Kutuzov for having failed to do so.

These men, carried away by their passions, were but blind tools of the most melancholy law of necessity but considered themselves heroes and imagined that they were accomplishing a most noble and honorable deed. They blamed Kutuzov and said that from the very beginning of the campaign he had prevented their vanquishing Napoleon that he thought of nothing but satisfying his passion and would not advance from the Lunin factories because he was comfortable there, that at Krásnoe he checked the advance because on learning that Napoleon was there he had quite lost his head and that it was probable that he had no understanding with Napoleon and had been bribed by him, and so on and so on.

Not only did his contemporaries carried away by their passions, talk in this way but posterity and history have exclaimed Napoleon as great while Kutuzov is described by French writers as crafty, dissolute, weak, old, cowardly and by Russians as something and nothing—a sort of puppet useful only because he had a Russian name.

## CHAPTER V

In 1828 and 1829 Kutuzov was openly crucified of blundering. The Emperor was dissatisfied with him. And a history recently written by order of the Highest Authorities is said that Kutuzov was a cunning court liar frightened of the name of Napoleon and that he blunders at Krásnoe and the Berezina he deprived the Russian army of the glory of complete victory over the French.

Such is the fate of great men (great and horrible) whom the Russian mind does not acknowledge—but of those rare and always solitary.

It is not in vain—L. Tolstoy. S. R. Bert Thomas Wilson was British military commissioner at the Russian headquarters in 1864. The History of the war of 1812. The character of Kutuzov and reflections on the unsatisfactory results of the battles of Krásnoe by Bordanovitch—L. Tolstoy.

tary individuals who discerning the will of Providence submit their personal will to it. The hatred and contempt of the crowd punish such men for discerning the higher laws.

For Russian historians strange and terrible to say Napoleon—that most insignificant tool of history who never anywhere even in exile showed human dignity—Napoleon is the object of adulation and enthusiasm. He is *grand*. But Kutuzov—the man who from the beginning to the end of his activity in 1812 never once swerving by word or deed from Borodino to Vilna presented an example exceptional in history of self sacrifice and a present consciousness of the future importance of what was happening—Kutuzov seems to them something indefinite and pitiful and when speaking of him and of the year 1812 they always seem a little ashamed.

And yet it is difficult to imagine an historical character whose activity was so unswervingly directed to a single aim and it would be difficult to imagine any aim more worthy or more consonant with the will of the whole people. Still more difficult would it be to find an instance in history of the aim of an historical personage being so completely accomplished as that to which all Kutuzov's efforts were directed in 1812.

Kutuzov never talked of forty centuries looking down from the Pyramids of the sacrifices he offered for the fatherland or of what he intended to accomplish or had accomplished in general. He said nothing about himself. Adopted no pose. Always appeared to be the simplest and most ordinary of men and said the simplest and most ordinary things. He wrote letters to his daughters and to Madame de Stael read novels liked the society of pretty women jested with generals officers and soldiers and never contradicted those who tried to prove anything to him. When Count Rostopchin at the Yauza bridge galloped up to Kutuzov with personal reproaches for having caused the destruction of Moscow and said:

How was it you promised not to abandon Moscow without a battle? Kutuzov replied: And I shall not abandon Moscow without a battle though Moscow was then already abandoned. When Arakchéev coming to him from the Emperor said that Ermólov ought to be appointed chief of the artillery Kutuzov replied: Yes I was just saying so myself though a moment before he had said quite the contrary. What did it matter to him—who then alone amid a senseless crowd understood the

whole tremendous significance of what happening—what did it matter to him whether Rostopchin attributed the calamities of Moscow to him or to himself? Still less could it matter to him who was appointed chief of the artillery.

Nor merely in these cases but continually did that old man—who by experience of life had reached the conviction that thoughts and the words serving as their expression are not what move people—use quite meaningless words that happened to enter his head.

But that man so heedless of his words did not once during the whole time of his activity utter one word inconsistent with the single aim toward which he moved throughout the whole war. Obviously in spite of himself in very diverse circumstances he repeatedly expressed his real thoughts with the bitter conviction that he could not be understood. Beginning with the battle of Borodino from which time his disagreement with those about him began he alone said that *the battle of Borodino was a victory* and repeated this both verbally and in his dispatches and reports up to the time of his death. He alone said that *the loss of Moscow is not the loss of Russia*. In reply to Lauriston's proposal of peace he said: *There can be no peace for such is the people's will*. He alone during the retreat of the French said that *all our maneuvers are useless everything is being accomplished of itself better than we could desire that the enemy must be offered a golden bride*—that neither the Tarutino the Ijama nor the Ardnov battles were necessary that we must keep some force to reach the frontier with and that he would not sacrifice a single Russian for ten Frenchmen.

And this courtier as he is described to us who lies to Arakchéev to please the Emperor he alone—incurring thereby the Emperor's displeasure—said in Vilna that *to carry the war beyond the frontier is useless and harmful*.

Nor do words alone prove that only he understood the meaning of the events. His actions—without the smallest deviation—were all directed to one and the same threefold end: (1) to brace all his strength for conflict with the French (2) to defeat them and (3) to drive them out of Russia minimizing as far as possible the sufferings of our people and of our army.

This procrastinator Kutuzov whose motto was *Patience and Time* this enemy of de-

u eat n ga e battle t B rod n<sup>o</sup> est  
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tory desp te the ass an e f g nerals that  
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f these ev nt s—f nly we ab ta n f m r  
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## CHAPTER VI

Ti t r t o No r a was t l f t d y f  
what called th e title f k a Tow d  
e en g—lter m ch disput d m nym  
takes m d by ge ral w l d d t go t  
th p per pl es d after d j t t sh l  
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l d m pl d t l e emy w e ry  
wher fl g t d t t the l d a dw uld  
be ba t l e k t l f t k r a s e d w e t

to Dób oe on h s plump  
l wed by an en rmous su te of d scontented  
g nerals w l o w per d m ng themse lve be  
h nd hu b ck All along the road gr ups of  
Fr ncl pr s ners captu ed th e day (th re  
h m nd of them) were crowd

u w u

nyth g they had been al l to get hold of  
we e t nd n n the ad bes d long row  
of u harne sed f ench gu s At the approacl  
f the commander in ch ef the buzz f t l k  
ea ed and l l eyes we e fixed on Kutuz  
who wea ga h te cap w l a red band and  
pad led o erco t th t bulged on h r und  
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c ptu ed

Kut o e med pr c up ed a d d d n t  
l t n t what the gener l wa ay ng He  
c e d up h eye w th d t f l l look s  
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ers ho p esed a spe lly v e hed ap  
p a e Most f them we d f g u ed by  
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h d ed w l l n nd feste ng eye  
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up h ye a d p ly w y d h he d At  
d pot h n t ced Russ n soldie  
l gh gly p t t g F en l m n on th  
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n f t of the Preobrazhé k regum t

th th t dards! d kutu v e dently  
detach ng h m l f w th d f f iculty f om the



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This procrastinator Kutuzov whose motto was *Patience and Time* this enemy of de-

BOOK FIFTEEN

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the battle was lost & our army  
for a army to have to retire after winning  
a battle was unprecedented. He had led us  
th whole retreat and that the battles which  
were useless then should not be fought, and  
that a new war should not be begun no the  
frontiers of Russia crossed.

It is easy now to understand the significance of these events - if only we but listen from the tribune to the cry of the mass in that excited noisy atmosphere of disorder and confusion - to the cry of the masses and their results now before us.

But how did that old man alone, in opposi-  
tion to the general public, so truly discern  
the importance of the people's view of the  
events that in his country was never  
more true to life.

The source of that extraordinary power of penetrating the meaning of the events then occurring is a national feeling which has possessed a full purity and strength.

Only the recognition of the fact that he possessed this feeling caused the people in so strange manner contrary to the Tsar wish, to select him—an old man in disfavour—to be their representative in the national war. And only that feeling placed him on that highest human pedestal from which his command over the devoted of his powers no longer destroyed men but to save and bring pity them.

That simple, modest, and therefore true great figure could not be cast in the mould of European hero—the supposed ruler of men—that his revolution.

I lackey no man can be great, if a  
lackey ha his own conception of greatness.

## CHAPTER VI

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER WAS L. first day of  
 what is called the battle of Krasnoe. Toward  
 evening—after much disputing and many mis-  
 takes made by generals who did not go to  
 their proper places, and after adjutants had  
 been sent about with cross orders—when it  
 had become plain that the enemy was every  
 where in his line and that there could and would  
 be no battle, but now left Krasnoe and went

**captured.**

captured.  
Kuturo seemed p encrup ed nd d d not  
listen t what the ge eral was say g II  
screw-d up his eyes w th a d sat fied look  
II gazed ttenu I nd fixedly t these prison  
ers, who presented speciall wret hed ap-  
pearance Most of them wer d fm red by  
frost b tten noses nd cheeks d nea ly all  
II d red swollen d fester eyes.

O e group f the French stood lose to the road, a d two of them e of whom had h  
f ce co ered with sores, were teari g a p ece  
of raw flesh w th th ha ds. There wa some-  
th n=horrible nd bestial n th fleetin=gl nce  
they hrew t th riders d n the malevolent  
express on w th wh ch l er glan t hut  
ro th soldier w th the sores mured tel  
turn d away d went on with what he wa  
d n=

Kuturo looked at the two soldiers. He puckered his face, screwed up his eyes, and pensively waved his head. At another spot he noticed Russian soldier Ivan, a Frenchman on the shoulder of whom sat a small, friendly man named Kuturo with the same expression on his face. Ivan waved his head.

What were you saying? he asked the general, who continued his report directed the commander in his efforts to some standards captured from the French and stand in front of the Preobrazhensk regiment.

Ah the standards said Kuzuro evidently  
 detaching himself with difficulty from the

tary individuals who discerning the will of Providence submit their personal will to it. The hatred and contempt of the crowd punish such men for discerning the higher laws.

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Arakchey coming to him from the Emperor said that Ermolov ought to be appointed chief of the artillery. Kutuzov replied: "Yes I was just saying so myself though a moment before he had said quite the contrary. What did it matter to him—who then alone amid a senseless crowd understood the

O part f ed peried and waded knee-deep  
 L no l the s w t h rch f est to the  
 right f the ll g d mmed ately the sound  
 of es a d s o ds the crash ng f branches  
 a d merry ces could be lea d from there  
 A the ect m d the reg ment l wagons  
 and h res wh ch we e stand ng n a group wa  
 busy gett out caldr s and rye b scut a d  
 feed the h res. A th d ect n scattered  
 thro h th vill g rraging quarters f r the  
 staff officers carry ng m t the French corpses  
 that r the huts d dragg ng away  
 boards, dry wood d th tch from the roofs  
 f th campfires or wattle fences to serve f r  
 sh iter

Some fifteen men with merry louts were  
 sh k g d n the h gh wattle wall of hed  
 the roof of wh h had l eady been remo ed  
 \ the ll tog the - h l cried the  
 m d the hu e u f c f the wall  
 sprinkled th s w d cre k g w th frost  
 a e a the gloom of the night  
 The l er st kes cracked m d mor nd  
 at last th wall fell a d w th t th men wh  
 had bee push g t. Loud coarse l ighter  
 and joy us h us ued.

N w th cat h b ld n twost H d up  
 the l l Th s l. Where a e you sh ng  
 to?"

"W all togeth l But wa t m m nt  
 boy W th so g!

All s ood lent, nd soft plea nt el ty  
 began t g A the d l sh thr d  
 ers as the l t n t d ed w y twenty o ces  
 roared nce Oo-oo-oo-oo Th s t.  
 All togeth l H w y boy! b t de  
 pt th ed f r us the watl h rdly  
 m ed d the l e th t f ll wed the  
 hea y bre th g f th m n wa ud ble

He y u of th S eth Company! Dev l  
 th t! Le d h nd wll you l u  
 may a t us f these d ys.

Som tw nty men f the S th Comp ny  
 h w n th way t the ll ge j mll  
 the ha l rs, d th wtl wall wh ch w  
 bo t thury f lee l d even f e t h gh  
 m ed f r w d l g th ll ge treet w y  
 g pass g upo nd cut n th h ulders  
 f th gasp g m n

Ge l g F ll g? Wl t are y u t p-  
 p g f? Th en w

M try n cless w ds f b m f w ed freely  
 Wha are y up t? dde ly came the  
 u h t u o f rg nt m j wh  
 cam pon ll m who w h ulng th  
 burd n. Ther ar g try her the ge tial

h m elf is in that hut and you soul mou ed  
 dev l y u brutes f ll g e it to you! sh t ed  
 he h t ng the frst ma l o came n h s w y  
 sw ng g bl won the b ck Can t you make  
 less no se

beca ne s lent. The sol er l o  
 e  
 l s

on

Don t you l ke it? sa d a f u h ng o ce  
 d moderat ng the r t nes the men mo ed  
 forward

When they were ut of the s ll ge they be-  
 gan talk g a g a n s l u d as befo e interl r l  
 g th talk w th the same aimless exple  
 t ce.

In the hut wh h the men had p sed the  
 ch ef officers h d gatl er ed d we e in a  
 m sed talk o er the r tea about the e ent of  
 th d y a d the m neu ers s ggested so to-  
 morrow It was propo ed to make a fl nk  
 m d to d e left ut off the l ce-k g (Murst)  
 and captu h m

By the t me th sold ers had dragged the  
 w tle fence t us pl ce the campfires re  
 bl z on all s des re dy f r cook ng the  
 wood cra kled the w melt g nd  
 bl ck l d ws of sold ers fl tted t a d f o ll  
 o er the occup ed p e where th sn wh d  
 been trodd nd w n

A es nd choppers wer pl ed all arou d  
 ll eryth ng was d n w th ut ny o ders le-  
 g g en S t es of wood were b o ght f r  
 the night sh lters we e r gged up f r the  
 off ers cald n w re be g bo led a d mus  
 kets nd a co tume m put i order

The w tle wall the men h d b ught w  
 set up a sem c de by the E ghth Company  
 as sh l f om d th propp d up by  
 musk t ests a d a campf e was bu t b fo e  
 t. Th y beat the tattoo called the roll l l  
 f r s f

## CHAPTER VIII

thoughts that preoccupied him

He looked about him absently. Thousands of eyes were looking at him from all sides awaiting a word from him.

He stopped in front of the Preobrazhensk regiment, sighed deeply and closed his eyes. One of his suite beckoned to the soldiers carrying the standards to advance and surround the commander in chief with them. Kutuzov was silent for a few seconds and then, submitting with evident reluctance to the duty imposed by his position, raised his head and began to speak. A throng of officers surrounded him. He looked attentively around at the circle of officers recognizing several of them.

"I thank you all!" he said, addressing the soldiers and then again the officers. In the stillness around him his slowly uttered words were distinctly heard. "I thank you all for your hard and faithful service. The victory is complete and Russia will not forget you! Honor to you forever."

He paused and looked round.

"Lower its head, lower it!" he said to a soldier who had accidentally lowered the French eagle he was holding before the Pre-

s it.  
nen

While the soldiers were shouting, Kutuzov leaned forward in his saddle and bowed his head, and his eye lit up with a mild and apparently ironic gleam.

"You see, brothers," said he when the shouts had ceased, "and all at once his voice and the expression of his face changed. It was no longer the commander in chief speaking but an ordinary old man who wanted to tell his comrades something very important."

There was a stir among the throng of officers and in the ranks of the soldiers who moved that they might hear better what he was going to say.

"You see, brothers, I know it's hard for you but it can be helped! Bear up, it won't be for long now! We'll see our visitors off and then we'll rest. The Tsar won't forget your service. It is hard for you but still you are at home while they—you see what they have come to," said he, pointing to the prisoners. "Worse off than we are."

too isn't it so, lads?

He looked around and in the direct re-

spectful, wondering gaze fixed upon him he read sympathy with what he had said. His face grew bright and his mild smile and eyes intently speaking bowed his head as if in perplexity.

But after all who asked them here? Serves them right, the bloody bastards! he cried suddenly, lifting his head.

And flourishing his whip he rode off at a gallop for the first time during the whole campaign and left the broken ranks of the soldiers laughing joyfully and shouting "Hurrah!"

Kutuzov's words were hardly understood by the troops. No one could have repeated the field marshal's address begun solemnly and then changing into an old man's simple-hearted talk, but the hearty sincerity of that speech, the feeling of majestic triumph combined with pity for the foe and consciousness of the justice of our cause exactly expressed by that old man's good-natured expletives, was not merely understood but lay in the soul of every soldier and found expression in their joyous and long-sustained shouts. Afterwards when one of the generals addressed Kutuzov, asking whether he wished his *café-clé* to be sent for, Kutuzov in answering unexpectedly gave a sob, being evidently greatly moved.

## CHAPTER VII

WHEN THE TROOPS reached their night's halting place on the eighth of November, the last day of the Krasnoe battles, it was already growing dusk. All day it had been calm and frosty with occasional lightly falling snow and toward evening it began to clear. Through the falling snow a purple black and starry sky showed itself and the frost grew keener.

An infantry regiment which had left Tarutino three thousand strong but now numbered only nine hundred was one of the first to arrive that night at its halting place—a village on the highroad. The quartermasters who

ly one hut available for the regimental commander.

The commander rode up to his hut. The regiment passed through the village and stacked its arms in front of the last huts.

Like some huge many-limbed animal, the regiment began to prepare its lair and its food.



degrees of frost and without even full rations (the commissariat did not always keep up with the troops)—they would have presented a very sad and depressing spectacle.

On the contrary the army had never under the best material conditions presented a more cheerful and animated aspect. This was because all who began to grow depressed or who lost strength were sifted out of the army day by day. All the physically or morally weak had long since been left behind and only the flower of the army—physically and mentally—remained.

More men collected behind the wattle fence of the Eighth Company than anywhere else. The sergeants major were sitting with them and their campfire blazed brighter than the others. For leave to sit by their wattle they demanded contributions of fuel.

Eh Mikéev! What has become of you, you son of a bitch? Are you lost or have the wolves eaten you? Fetch some more wood! shouted a red haired and red faced man screwing up his eyes and blinking because of the smoke but not moving back from the fire. And you Jackdaw go and fetch some wood! said he to another soldier.

This red haired man was neither a sergeant nor a corporal but being robust he ordered about those weaker than himself. The soldier they called Jackdaw a thin little fellow with a sharp nose rose obediently and was about to go but at that instant there came into the light of the fire the slender handsome figure of a young soldier carrying a load of wood.

Bring it here—that's fine!

They split up the wood pressed it down on the fire blew at it with their mouths and fanned it with the skirts of their greatcoats making the flames hiss and crackle. The men drew nearer and lit their pipes. The handsome young soldier who had brought the wood setting his arms akimbo began stamping his cold feet rapidly and deftly on the spot where he stood.

Mother! The dew is cold but clear. It's well that I'm a musketeer he sang pretending to hiccup after each syllable.

Look out your soles will fly off! shouted the red haired man noticing that the sole of the dancer's boot was hanging loose. What a fellow you are for dancing!

The dancer stopped pulled off the loose

Réaumi r—eight degrees below zero Fahrenheit it  
—Tz.

piece of leather and threw it on the fire.

Right enough friend said he and having sat down took out of his knapsack a scrap of blue French cloth and wrapped it round his foot. It's the steam that spoils them he added stretching out his feet toward the

say

we're

a music kits!

And that son of a bitch I estróv has lagged behind after all it seems said one sergeant major.

I've had an eye on him this long while said the other.

Well he's a poor sort of soldier.

But in the Third Company they say nine men were missing yesterday.

Yes it's all very well but when a man's feet are frozen how can he walk?

Oh? Don't talk nonsense! said a sergeant major.

Do you want to be doing the same? said an old soldier.

man who

Well,

they called a squawking and unsteady voice raising himself at the other side of the fire a plump man gets thin but for a thin one it's death. Take me now! I've got no strength left he added with sudden resolution turning to the sergeant major. Tell them to send me to hospital. I'm aching all over anyway I shan't be able to keep up.

That'll do that'll do! replied the sergeant major quietly.

The soldier said no more and the talk went on.

What a lot of those Frenchies were taken today and the fact is that not one of them had what you might call real boots on said a soldier starting a new theme. They were no more than make believes.

The Cossacks have taken their boots. They were clearing the hut for the colonel and carried them out. It was painful to see them boys put in the dinner. As they turned them over one seemed still alive and as if you believe it he jabbered something in their lingo.

But they're a clean folk. In the first man went on. He was white as a sheet as he rebark—and some of them are such fine fellows you might think they were of us.

Well what do you think? They make soldiers of all classes there.

But they don't understand our talk at all.

## BOOK FIFTEEN

and the darkness with a puzzled smile. I asked him whose object he was and he jibbered in his own way. A queer lot!

But the strange fellows continued the man who had ordered the whiteness of the peasants at Mo háysk were saying that when they began burying the dead—where the bodies were known well those dead had been in the earth for early months, he says the peasant, they leave as but paper clean and not as much as human flesh a puff of powder smell.

"Was it from the cold," asked so cone

"I never felt with From the cold in deed. What was it that had been from the cold. Why would it not be rotten then? But he says, no, perhaps not they are all rotten and maggoty. So he says, what use is it with kerchief to turn our heads away from them if we can hardly do it. But then he says, are white as paper and not so much smell as whiff of gun powder.

All are like that.

It must be for in their food, said the sergeant in joy. "They used to get the same food as the rest try."

"No," contradicted him.

"That peasant, ear Mo háysk where the battle was said the men were all called up from ten villages round and they carried for twenty days and still did it with carts of the dead way. And as for the white he says

"That was real battle said an old soldier. It then they were with remembering but

they didn't let us get near before us just threw down the musk and went on the knees. Pardon they say. That only because they say Plato took Platoon himself twice. But he didn't know the hit charm. He catches him and catches him—a good! He

... he doesn't flies way

en I

If he is to my hands when I caught him I'd bury him in the ground with a pen and ink. I'm down. What is it for him as is ruined!

"Will he be a good soldier?" he asked. "He is a soldier and a good one."

The sergeant smiled and the soldiers began settling down to sleep.

Look at the stars. It's wonderful how they shine. You would think the woman had spread out the red linen," said one of the men gazing with admiration at the Milky Way.

"That's sign of a good harvest next year."

"We shall want some more wood."

"You warm your back and your belly gets frozen. That's queer."

Lord!

"What are you putting for? Is the fire only for you? Look how the snow is falling!"

In the silence that ensued the soldiers of the white had fallen asleep could be heard. Others turned over and warmed themselves now and again exchanging a few words. From a campfire a hundred pieces of off-came sound of general merry laughter.

"Hark! them roaring there in the Fifth Company!" said one of the soldiers and

what is it? them there.

"One of the men got up and went over to the Fifth Company."

They are going to have fun, said he coming back. Two French soldiers turned up. One quite fresh and the other an awful swag-bag. He sang songs.

"Oh! I'll go cross the sea and look."

And several of the men went over to the Fifth Company.

## CHAPTER IV

THE FURN CO. A Y was back again at the very edge of the forest. A huge campfire was blazing brightly in the midst of the snow-laden branches of trees heavily with hoarfrost.

About midnight they heard the sound of tapping the snow with the rest, and the crackling of dry branches.

A bearded soldier said to one of the men

"They lit the heads to light and out of the forest to the bright light tapped two strange old human figures like giants to one another."

These were two Frenchmen who had been hidden in the forest. They came up to the five hoarsely with some thin and light gear. One was taller than the other. He wore no officers' uniform and seemed quite exhausted. The appearance of the first had been good to stand with but the other his sturdy soldier with a heavy used round his head was trying. He raised his company and said something to the first. The soldiers surrounded the Frenchman and put a greatcoat on the ground.



for the sick man and brought some buckwheat porridge and vodka for both of them

The exhausted French officer was Ramballe and the man with his head wrapped in the shawl was Morel his orderly

When Morel had drunk some vodka and finished his bowl of porridge he suddenly became unnaturally merry and chattered incessantly to the soldiers who could not understand him Ramballe refused food and resting his head on his elbow lay silent beside the campfire looking at the Russian soldiers with red and vacant eyes Occasionally he emitted a long drawn groan and then again became silent Morel pointing to his shoulders tried to impress on the soldiers the fact that Ramballe was an officer and ought to be warmed A Russian officer who had come up to the fire sent to ask his colonel whether he would not take a French officer into his hut to warm him and when the messenger returned and said that the colonel wished the officer to be brought to him Ramballe was told to go He rose and tried to walk but staggered and would have fallen had not a soldier standing by held him up

You won't do it again eh? said one of the soldiers winking and turning mockingly to Ramballe

Oh you fool! Why talk rubbish about that you are—a real peasant! came rebukes from all sides addressed to the jesting soldier

They surrounded Ramballe lifted him on the ground and held him there waiting impatiently

Oh you fine fellows my kind kind friends! These are men! Oh my brave kind friends and he leaned his head against the shoulder of one of the men like a child

Meanwhile Morel was sitting in the best place by the fire surrounded by the soldiers

Morel a short sturdy Frenchman with inflamed and streaming eyes was wearing a woman's cloak and had a shawl tied woman fashion round his head over his cap He was evidently tipsy and was singing a French song in a hoarse broken voice with an arm thrown round the nearest soldier The soldiers simply held their sides as they watched him

Now then now then teach us how it goes! I'll soon pick it up How is it? said the man—a singer and a wag—whom Morel was embracing

*Vive Henri Quatre! Vive ce roi vaillant!*

sang Morel winking *Ce diable à quatre*

Vivarik! Vif seruarul Sedyablyakal repeated the soldier flourishing his arm and really catching the tune

Bravo! Ha ha ha! rose their roars joyous laughter from all sides

Morel wrinking up his face laughed too Well go on go on!

*Quis est le tri ple t lent  
De boire de b it e  
Et d'être un vaillant*

It goes smoothly too Well now Zialetiev! he Zialetiev brought out with effort keeee he drawled laboriously putting his lips to the tripla de bu de ba e de tra va gal! he sang

Finel Just like the French! Oh ho ho! Do you want some more to eat?

Give him some porridge it takes a long time to get filled up after starving

They gave him some more porridge and Morel with a laugh set to work on his third bowl All the young soldiers smiled gaily as they watched him The older men who thought it undignified to amuse themselves with such nonsense continued to lie at the opposite side of the fire but one would occasionally raise himself on an elbow and glance at Morel with a smile

They are men too said one of them as he wrapped himself up in his coat Even worm wood grows on its own root

O Lord O Lord! How starry it is! Tremendous!

They are ing that to disport themselves in the dark sky now flaring up now vanishing now trembling they were busy whispering something glad some and mysterious to one another

## CHAPTER X

THE FRENCH ARMY melted away at the uniform rate of a mathematical progression and that crossing of the Berzina about which so much has been written was only one intermediate stage in its destruction and not at all the decisive episode of the campaign If so much has been and still is written about the Berzina on the French side this is only because

Long live Henry the Fourth the valiant king!  
That is only level  
Who had a triple talent  
For drinking fighting  
And for being a gallant of a boy

## BOOK FIFTEEN

cause at the broken bridge cross the river  
the calamities their army had been pre-  
enduring were suddenly concentrated to one  
moment into a tragic spectacle that remained  
in every memory. It was on the Russian side  
merely because of Petersburg—far from the  
war—plan (against the French) had  
been devised to catch Napoleon in a strategic  
trap at the Berezina. For everyone expected  
himself that all would happen according to  
plan and therefore that it was just  
that the Berezina that destroyed the

divided them from our hungry and indisciplined  
soldiers to give to the French who thought not  
of the harmful or fatal or guilty we simply un-  
necessarily. Some Russians even did that but  
they were exceptions.

Certain destruction lay before the French  
but in front there was hope. The Russian plan  
been based there was no salvation as they  
collected flight and on it at the whole strength  
of the French was concentrated.

The French realized the more wretched be-  
came the plan of the remnants, especially after  
the Berezina, which (in consequence of  
the Petersburg plan) peculiarly had been  
planned by the Russians, and the keener grew  
the hands of the Russian commanders with

The sole importance of this was  
Berezina lies in the fact that it plainly and  
undoubtedly proved the fallacy of the plan  
for cutting off the enemy's retreat and the  
soonest of the only possible line of retreat—  
the Berezina—and the general mass of the  
army demanded—namely, multiply the flow the  
enemy past. The French crowded fled to a co-  
tinually increasing speed and his energy  
was directed to this goal. It fled like  
wounded mail and it was impossible to  
block it past. There was no way not so much  
by the arrangement as by the crossing as  
by that took place at the bridges. While the  
bridges were broken, unarmed soldiers people  
from Moscow drew men with children who  
were with the French transport, all—carried  
by us—passed forward to the  
died to the ice—crossed water and did not  
surrender.

The impulse was reasonable. The odds  
were in favor of the pursuers were equally  
bad. All as they remained with their own  
people, each man had his own plan for his  
self. With the death of the plan, the soldiers  
them. But the who retreated while  
maintaining the same painful plight, would be  
lower level. In the hands of the necessary  
uses. If the French had indeed been  
formed if the fact that half the Russian  
with whom the Russian did not know what to  
do—perished. It did not hurt despite their  
captives, they saw them there. It was that  
to lead the battle. The Russian was im-  
possible. The Russian was those of the Russian  
the French—did even the Frenchman in the  
Russian army—did not know what to  
do. The French did not know what to  
do. The Russian army was itself  
exposed. It was impossible to take bread and

an explicit form. It was to be. They did  
him to know where he was to be. They did  
not talk seriously to him when reporting to  
him. The general sanction they appeared  
to be fulfilling. Regrettable formalities but  
they were behind his back. He tried to make  
lead him to the very turn.

Because they could not understand him. All  
these people assumed that it was useless to  
talk to the old man that he would never grasp  
the profundity of the plans that he would

said—that two were necessary to win the point is  
that the men had no boots—was so simple  
what they proposed was so complicated  
deals that two were dead that he was led  
duplicated the things that he could not power  
over commanders of genius.

After the junction with the army of the  
billionaire and Petersburg hero. With  
genetic mood. The gossip of the  
each other. The maximum. But saw the  
dimly ghed. The hugged. He would be.  
Olyon. After the fact. The Berezina. The  
hegemony. The death of Ben-gien (who  
ported. The plan to the Emperor. The fall of  
letter.

On the way of your pills. The fall of health. The  
your excellency. Please be so good as to set of  
the fall of the gall on the receipt of this, and the eawa

for the sick man and brought some buckwheat porridge and vodka for both of them

The exhausted French officer was Ramballe and the man with his head wrapped in the shawl was Morel his orderly

When Morel had drunk some vodka and finished his bowl of porridge he suddenly became unnaturally merry and chattered incessantly to the soldiers who could not understand him Ramballe refused food and resting his head on his elbow lay silent beside the campfire looking at the Russian soldiers with red and vacant eyes Occasionally he emitted a long drawn groan and then again became silent Morel pointing to his shoulders tried to impress on the soldiers the fact that Ramballe was an officer and ought to be warmed A Russian officer who had come up to the fire sent to ask his colonel whether he would not take a French officer into his hut to warm him and when the messenger returned and said that the colonel wished the officer to be brought to him Ramballe was told to go He rose and tried to talk but staggered and could have fallen had not a soldier standing by held him up

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Oh you fool! Why talk rubbish about that you are—a real peasant! came rebukes from all sides addressed to the jesting soldier

They surrounded Ramballe lifted him on the crossed arms of him to their new waiting

Oh you fine fellows my kind kind friends! These are men! Oh my brave kind friends and he leaned his head against the shoulder of one of the men like a child

Meanwhile Morel was sitting in the best place by the fire surrounded by the soldiers

Morel a short sturdy Frenchman with inflamed and streaming eyes was wearing a woman's cloak and had a shawl tied in a man's fashion round his head over his cap He was evidently tipsy and was singing a French song in a hoarse broken voice with an arm thrown round the nearest soldier The soldiers simply held their sides as they watched him

Now then now then teach us how it goes! I'll soon pick it up How is it? said the man—a singer and a wag—whom Morel was embracing

sang Morel winking *Ce diable à quatre*  
Vivarik! V! seruvatul Sedjablyakal repeated the soldier flourishing his arm and really catching the tune

Bravo! Ha ha ha! rose their rough joyous laughter from all sides

Morel wrinkling up his face laughed too Well go on go on!

*Qu'en est le triple lent  
D'boire de b'ttre  
Et d'être un rig! nt*

It goes smoothly too Well now Zaitsev! he Zaitsev brought out with effort keeee he drawled laboriously pursing his lips le trip ta-la-de bu de ba de tra va ga li! he sang

Finel Just like the French! Oh ho ho! Do you want some more to eat?

Give him some porridge it takes a long time to get filled up after starving

They gave him some more porridge and Morel with a laugh set to work on his third bowl All the young soldiers smiled gaily as they watched him The older men who thought it undignified to amuse themselves with such nonsense continued to lie at the opposite side of the fire but one could occasionally raise himself on an elbow and glance at Morel with a smile

They are men too said one of them as he wrapped himself up in his coat Even worm wood grows on its own root

O Lord O Lord! How starry it is! Tremendous! That means a hard frost

They all grew silent The stars as if knowing that no one was looking at them began to disport themselves in the dark sky now flaring up now vanishing now trembling they were busy whispering something glad some and mysterious to one another

## CHAPTER X

THE FRENCH ARMY melted away at the uniform rate of a mathematical progression and that crossing of the Berezina about which so much has been written is only one intermediate stage in its destruction and not at all the decisive episode of the campaign If so much has been and still is written about the Berezina on the French side this is only be

Long live Henry the Fourth if at all a king!

*Vive Henri Quatre Vive ce roi vaillant!*

## BOOK FIFTEEN

cause at the broken bridge across that river  
the calamities the army had been peacefully  
endured were suddenly concentrated to one  
moment in a tragic spectacle that remained  
in every memory in the Russian side  
merely because of Petersburg—far from the  
seat of war—a place (a name of Plevna) had  
been devoted to catch Napoleon in strategic  
trap with Berzina River. Everyone assured  
that the battle would happen according to  
plan, and that the result would be a just  
balance of the battle that destroyed the  
French army. In reality the results of the cross-  
ing were much less than we saw to the French—  
the guns were lost—their horses had been  
as the figures show.

The sole importance of the crossing of the  
Berzina lies in the fact that it plainly de-  
finitely proved the fallacy of all the plans  
of the French against the enemy's retreat and the

clothes from our hungry and indigent  
soldiers to give to the French who though not  
harmful or hated or guilty were simply un-  
necessary. Some Russians even died that but  
they were accepted.

Certain destruction lay before the French  
but in fact there was hope. The Russian place  
had been burned the same was no salvation so  
collect effect had to be at the whole strength  
of the French as concentrated.

The farther the fled the more wretched be-  
came the place of the remnant especially after  
the Russian on which (in consequence of

usually or speed of the  
as directed to the  
ded a small and it was impossible to  
block the path. Thus we were not so much  
by the arrangement as it might be. Cross-  
ing by the look of the battle. When the  
bridges broke down we were forced to go  
from the water and men with children lo-  
cated with the French troops to the carried  
by the French pressed forward in boats  
and to the French water and did not  
surrender.

That impulse was a serious one. The com-  
mand of the pursuit was equally  
bad. As long as they remained with the  
people of the high bank of help from the  
flooded the French place held in the  
hem. But those who were in the water  
maintained the same painful plight, would be  
in the middle of the night. The essen-  
tial of the French had been in the  
flooded the French had been in the  
thick mud. The French had been in the  
do-people had been in the mud. The  
captains decided to save them they felt that  
could be there. The matter was

Russian command was the self-sacrificing  
of the French—of the French—of the  
Russian service—of the French—of the  
people of the French—of the French—of the  
died with the Russian army was as if  
exposed. It was impossible to talk bread

and the temptations were so great  
respectful from making it impossible for  
him to know where he was to be. They did  
not talk to him when he reported to  
him or a knowledge of his situation they appeared  
in the form of a regrettable formality but

these people assured that it was un-  
likely that the old man that he would never grasp  
the possibility of the plan that he would

in the end  
said that it was necessary to wait pro-  
vided that the men had no boots—was so simple  
while while they proposed so complicated  
deceit that it was a matter of time that  
disturbed and that they thought in power  
were many orders of men.

At the junction with the army of the  
battle of the French of the French of the  
gens in the mood and the gossip of the French  
checked the maximum but the French  
and merely grieved and hugged the French  
Only the French of the French of the French  
hunger and wrote to the French (the  
pointed out the French of the French of the French  
in the French

Of course your people of the French of the French  
your people of the French of the French of the French  
of the French of the French of the French of the French

further commands and appointments from His Imperial Majesty

But after Penningsen's departure the Grand Duke Tserévich Constantine Pávlovich joined the army. He had taken part in the beginning of the campaign but had subsequently been removed from the army by Kutuzov. Now having come to the army he informed Kutuzov of the Emperor's displeasure at the poor success of our forces and the slowness of their advance. The Emperor intended to join the army personally in a few days' time.

The old man experienced in court as well as in military affairs—this same Kutuzov who in August had been chosen commander in chief against the sovereign's wishes and who had removed the Grand Duke and his apparent from the army—who on his own authority and contrary to the Emperor's will had decided on the abandonment of Moscow now realized at once that his day was over: that his part was played and that the power he was supposed to hold was no longer his. And he understood this not merely from the attitude of the court. He saw on the one hand that the military business in which he had played his part was ended and felt that his mission was accomplished and at the same time he began to be conscious of the physical weariness of his aged body and of the necessity of physical rest.

On the twenty-ninth of November Kutuzov entered Vilna—his dear Vilna as he called it. Twice during his career Kutuzov had been governor of Vilna. In that wealthy town which had not been injured he found old friends and associations besides the comforts of life of which he had so long been deprived. And he suddenly turned from the cares of army and state and as far as the passions that seethed around him allowed immersed himself in the quiet life to which he had formerly been accustomed as if all that was taking place and all that had still to be done in the realm of history did not concern him at all.

Chichagov, one of the most zealous cutters off and breakers up who had first wanted to effect a diversion in Greece and then in Warsaw but never wished to go where he was sent. Chichagov noted for the boldness with which he spoke to the Emperor and who considered Kutuzov to be under an obligation to him because when he was sent to make peace with T. . . 1811 independently of Kutuzov . . . at peace had already been . . . the Emperor that

the merit of securing that peace was really Kutuzov's. This Chichagov was the first to meet Kutuzov at the castle where the latter was to stay. In undress naval uniform with a dirk and holding his cap under his arm he handed Kutuzov a garrison report and the keys of the town. The contemptuously respectful attitude

cusations that were being directed against Kutuzov.

When speaking to Chichagov Kutuzov incidentally mentioned that the vehicles picked up with china that had been captured from him at Borisov had been recovered and would be restored to him.

You mean to imply that I have nothing to eat out of . . . On the contrary I can supply you with everything even if you want to give dinner parties. Warmly replied Chichagov who tried by every word he spoke to prove his own rectitude and therefore imagined Kutuzov to be animated by the same desire.

Kutuzov shrugging his shoulders replied with his subtle penetrating smile. I meant merely to say that I said.

Contrary to the Emperor's wish Kutuzov detained the greater part of the army at Vilna. Those about him said that he became extraordinarily slack and physically feeble during his stay in that town. He attended to army affairs reluctantly left everything to his generals and while awaiting the Emperor's arrival led a dissipated life.

Having left Petersburg on the seventh of December with his suite—Count Tolstoy, Prince Volkonski, Arakchéev and others—the Emperor reached Vilna on the eleventh and in his traveling sleigh drove straight to the castle. In spite of the severe frost some hundred generals and staff officers in full parade uniform stood in front of the castle as well as a guard of honor of the Semenov regiment.

A courier who galloped to the castle in advance in a troika with three foam-bladed horses shouted: "Coming!" and Konstantyn rushed into the vestibule to inform Kutuzov who was waiting in the hall preparing to lodge.

A minute later the old man's large stout figure in full-dress uniform with the covered with orders and a scarf drawn round his stomach waddled out into the portico. He put on

## CHAPTER VI

h hat th upe ks to the s des and hold ng  
h gl es h ha d nd walk n with n  
eff t deways d wn the teps to the le el of  
the reet, took in h s hand the report he h d  
prep ed f the Emperor

There was runn ng to d fro and wh sper  
mg an ther trojka flew fur usly up and  
then all eyes wer turned on an app m ch ng  
sl gh which the frou es of the Emperor and  
Vo kónsk e uld l eady b descr ed.

From the hab t f fifty years all this h d a  
phy cally gnat ng effect on the old general

f h h ms lf all o er

unrau u g o ce.

The Emp ror w th rap d gl nce scanned  
K i fr m head to foot, f wned f n in  
stant, b t mmedately m ter ng h ms lf  
w t p t th old man exte ded l is a ms  
s d embraced h m. And thus en bra too

l ted

effe t

d the

Sem ou d nd ga n p tss g le old  
ra l

huch h had l t ned s th Emp m  
m ds th fild of Aust l t even ye rs  
bel re ued n h f n w

Whe kut came u f the udy nd  
w th l w d h d was cross g the b lloom  
w th has hea y w d d ng ga t l arrested  
by someone say ng

"Ser H h essl  
h tu ra sed h head nd look d f a  
f g w l t th eyes f Con t T l tóy  
wh tood b f re h m h kng l sal  
which lay m l b ject hu u med  
t u derstand wh t was exp ted of  
hum.

S dd ly he emed to em mbe sca ly  
per publ m l f h d cross l puffy f  
d b w gl w d espec lly h ook th  
b jct that l y n the sal It as th O der  
t St C rg f f First Class.

NEXT DAY the feld m rshal gave a d nner a d  
ball l h the Emper r hon red by l is pres-  
enc Kutuzov had received the Orde of St  
George of the First Class and the Emper r  
al wed h m the h g est h nrs but e ery e  
moer l d ssatisfact on w th l n

ordered the t dorus l  
to be lowered t the Emperor s feet on h s en-  
ter ng the ballroom the Emperor made a wry  
f ce nd u tte ed someth g in w l ch some  
people caught t the w rds the old comed n

The Empero s d pleasu m with kut i o  
was specially ncreased t Vln by d f et  
th t kutu ov e idently ould not or would  
t und rstand the mpo tance of the com n  
camps gn

Wen on the foll w n m rning the Em-  
pero s d t the fficers assembled b ut h m  
"U ha e not only sa ed Russa y u ha e  
sa ed Europe! they all u derstood that the  
war was n t ended

Kut lo ew uld not see th s and open  
l exp esed h s p n n th t no fresh war  
l ry

u

He

s b l

n rd

sh ps lready e dured by u e p e p f the  
po b lty of fa lu a d o so th

Th s be ng the h l d m rshal frame of m d  
he was n turally regarded a mer ly a h  
dra e nd b ta le to the mpend wa

T o d u pleasa t enc u ters w th l l

ll gn—to tran ser the utho ty t the k j  
h mself thus cutt g the ground f m l r  
the comm der n ch f feet w th t up t  
t g the old man by nf rnu o hum of the  
ch ge.

marshal gre t weakness nd f l g health  
H h lth h d t be b d f l pl ce to  
be taken way d g en to n ther And in

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the merit of securing that peace

in dress naval uniform with a dirk and holding his cup under his arm he handed Kutuzov a garrison report and the keys of the town. The countenance of Kutuzov aged beneath the Caucasus who knew of the accusations that were being directed against Kutuzov.

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A minute later the old man's long stout figure in full-dress uniform his cheeks covered with orders and a scarf drawn round his stomach waddled out into the porch. He put on

his hat with its peaks to the sides and holding his gloves in his hand and walking with an effort in every direction the steps to the level of the street, took in his hand the report he had prepared for the Emperor.

There was running and fro and who perceiving another troika flew furiously up and then all eyes were turned in an approving sort which the figures of the Emperor and Volkonski could hardly be described.

From the habit of fifty years all this had a physically certain effect on the old general. He carefully and hastily felt himself all over readjusted his hat, and pulled himself together drew himself up and at the very moment beneath the Emperor's hanging lighted from the side he lifted his eyes to him handed him a report and began speaking in his smooth manner to the Emperor.

The Emperor with rapid glance scanned the report from head to foot, frowned for a moment, but immediately mastered himself went up to the old man extended his arms and embraced him. And this embrace too was to the old man's surprise and relief to his innermost feelings, had its usual effect. The Emperor said he was so.

The Emperor greeted the officers and the same guard, and then passing the old man into the castle.

Krisno and the Berzina and him if his intentions of future campaign broad. Kutuzov made no rejoinder or remark. The same obvious expressionless look with which he had listened to the Emperor's commands in the field of Austerlitz even years before settled on his face now.

When Kutuzov came out of the study and the lowered head was crossed the ballroom with his heavy waddling gait, he was arrested by someone or other says.

"Your Serenity, Highness!"  
K raised his head and looked for a while into the eyes of Count Tolstoy who stood before him in his uniform. He said a few words to him but he did not understand what was expected of him.

Suddenly he seemed to remember scarcely perceptibly smiled flashed across his puffy face, bowed low and respectfully took the object that lay in his hand. It was the Order of St. George of the First Class.

## CHAPTER VI

Next day the field marshal gave a dinner and ball at which the Emperor honored by his presence. Kutuzov had received the Order of St. George of the First Class and the Emperor showed him the highest honors but everyone knew of the imperious dissatisfaction with him. The proprieties were observed and the Emperor was the first to set that example but every body understood that the old man was lame, worthy and good for nothing. When Kutuzov came to a custom of Catherine's day ordered the standards that had been captured to be lowered to the Emperor's feet on his entering the ballroom the Emperor made a wry face and muttered something in which some people caught the words the old came in.

The Emperor's pleasure with Kutuzov was specially increased at Vilna by the fact that Kutuzov could not or would not understand the importance of the campaign.

When on the following morning the Emperor said to the officers assembled about him "You have not only saved Russia you have saved Europe they all understood that the war was not ended."

Kutuzov would not see this as openly expressed his opinion that no fresh war could improve the position or add to the glory and lower the

ships easily endured by the people, possibly of future and so forth.

The being the field marshal's frame firm and he was naturally rewarded as merely his distance and bad health impeded him.

To add a pleasant encounter with the old man the natural method was to do what had been done with him at Austerlitz and with Barclay at the beginning of the Russian campaign transfer the authority to the Emperor himself thus cutting the ground from under the commander-in-chief's feet with respect to the old man by depriving him of it change.

With this object his staff was gradually reconstituted and his real strength removed and transferred to the Emperor. Toll had no



fact his health was poor

So naturally simply and gradually—just as he had come from Turkey to the Treasury in Petersburg to recruit the militia and then to the army when he was needed there—now when his part was played out Kutuzov's place was taken by a new and necessary performer

The war of 1812 besides its national significance dear to every Russian heart was now to assume another a European significance

The movement of peoples from west to east was to be succeeded by a movement of peoples from east to west and for this fresh war in other leader was necessary having qualities and views differing from Kutuzov's and animated by different motives

Alexander I was as necessary for the movement of the peoples from east to west and for the refining of national frontiers as Kutuzov had been for the salvation and glory of Russia

Kutuzov did not understand what Europe the balance of power or Napoleon meant He could not understand it For the representative of the Russian people after the enemy had been destroyed and Russia had been liberated and raised to the summit of her glory there was nothing left to do as a Russian Nothing remained for the representative of the national war but to die and Kutuzov died

## CHAPTER VII

ere over After his liberation he reached Orel and on the third day there when preparing to go to Kiev he fell ill and was laid up for three months He had what the doctors termed bilious fever But despite the fact that the doctors treated him bled him and gave him medicines to drink he recovered

Scarcely any impression was left on Pierre's mind by all that happened to him from the time of his rescue till his illness He remembered only the dull gray weather now rainy and now snowy internal physical distress and pains in his feet and side He remembered a general impression of the misfortunes and sufferings of people and of being worried by the curiosity of officers and generals who questioned him he also remembered his difficulty in procuring a conveyance and horses and above all he remembered his incapacity to think and feel all that time On the day of his rescue he had seen the body of Iétya Rostov That same day he had learned that

Prince Andrew after surviving the battle of Borodino for more than a month had recently died in the Rostovs' house at Yaroslavl and Denisov who told him this news also mentioned Hélène's death supposing that Pierre had heard of it long before All this at the time seemed merely strange to Pierre he felt he could not grasp its significance Just then he was only anxious to get away as quickly as possible from places where people were killing one another to some peaceful refuge where he could recover himself rest and think over all the strange new facts he had learned but on reaching Orel he immediately fell ill When he came to himself after his illness he saw in attendance on him two of his servants Terenty and Vaska who had come from Moscow and also his cousin the eldest princess who had been living on his estate at Elés and hearing of his rescue and illness had come to look after him

It was only gradually during his convalescence that Pierre lost the impressions he had become accustomed to during the last few months and got used to the idea that no one would oblige him to go anywhere tomorrow that no one would deprive him of his arm bed and that he would be sure to get his dinner tea and supper But for a long time in his dreams he still saw himself in the conditions of captivity In the same way little by little he came to understand the news he had been told after his rescue about the death of Prince Andrew the death of his wife and the destruction of the French

A joyous feeling of freedom—that complete inalienable freedom natural to man which he had first experienced at the first halt outside Moscow—filled Pierre's soul during his convalescence He was surprised to find that this inner freedom which was independent of external conditions no longer had as it were an additional setting of external liberty He was alone in a strange town without acquaintances No one demanded anything of him or sent him anywhere He had all he wanted the thought of his wife which had been a continual torment to him was no longer there since she was no more

Oh how good! How splendid! said he to himself when a cleanly laid table was moved up to him with savory beef tea or when he lay down for the night on a soft clean bed or when he remembered that the French had gone and that his wife was no more Oh how good how splendid!

## BOOK FIFTEEN

And by old h b t he asked h m s e l f the  
 q u e s t i o n "Well and w h t t h e n ? W h a t a m  
 I g o g t o d o ?" A n d h e m m e d t e l y g a c l m  
 w e l l t h e a n s e r "W e l l I h l l e . A h h o w  
 s p l e n d i d  
 T h e r y q u e s t i o n t h a t h a d f o r m e l y t o r  
 m e t h e d h m t h e t h h h a d c o n t n u a l l y  
 m i g h t t o f i d - t h e m o f l i f e - n o l o n g e r  
 e x a m p l e f o r h m n o w T h a t e a r c h f o r t h e a m  
 d m e r e l y d s a p p r e d t e m p o r a r y

h e l a d t i l l n o w g a e d o e r m e n s h e a d s a n d  
 g l a d l y e g a r d e d t h e e r - c h a n g e e t e r n a l l y  
 g r e a t u n f a t h o m b l e a n d i n f n t e l f e a o u n d  
 h m A d t h e c l o s e r h e l o o k e d t h e m o r e t r a n  
 q u i l a n d h a p p y h e b e c a m e T h a t d r e a d f u l q u e s  
 t i o n "W h t f r ? w l c h h a d f r m e r l y d e s t r o y e d  
 a l l h s n e n t l e d f e e s n o l o n g e r e x t e n d e d f o r  
 l m T o t a l t q u e s t i o n W h t f r ? a s m p l e  
 c w m w a l k y s r e a d y i n l s o u l B e  
 c a u s e t h r e s a G o d t h a t G o d w t h o t w h o s e  
 w i l l n o t o n e h a r f l l s f r o m m a n s h e a d .

## CHAPTER XIII

s I N E X T E R N A L A S P E R R E h d h a r d l y c h a n g e d  
 t a l l I n a p p e r a c e h e w a s j u s t w h a t h e u s e d  
 d t b e A s b e f o r e l e w a s b e n t m i n d e d a n d  
 u n c o n d n t w i l w h a t w a b f r e

I c o l d n t e  
 f a i t h - n t f t h n n y k a n d f r u l e r w d s  
 o r d a s , b t f a i t h n n e l g e v r  
 m a f e s t G o d . F r m e r l y h e h d s o u l t i l m  
 m s h e s t h m e l l T h t e a c h f n  
 a u m h a d b e e n i m p l y a e a r c h f r G o d n d  
 d d l y h i s c a p t i t y h h d l n e d n t  
 b y r d s e a s o b u t b y d e c t f e e l i n g  
 h a t h i s u r s h a d t l d h m l g g t h t  
 G o d h e r e d e v r y w h e . I n l i s c a p t i t y  
 h h a d l e a r n e d t h a t n k r a t i e G o d w s  
 g r e a t e r m e n s i e d u n f t h o m b l t h n  
 i n t h e A c h t e c t f t h U n r s e c o g n e d  
 b y t h F r e m a s o s . H e f l l i k e m n w h o  
 s t e r t r a g h u e y e s t o e t t h e f d i s t a  
 t a e f i d s w h t h s o g h t h e r y f A l l  
 h u l l h h d l o o k e d t h e h d s f t h  
 m a r o u d h m w h n h e h l d h m e r e l y  
 l o o k e d n f n t f h u m w i t h u t r a n g h i s  
 e y e s .

w h t l y b l r e h m o w m u  
 h d p u c k e d h s o e a d p n f l l y a f  
 a n l y e e k i n g t o d t n g u h s o m e t h i n g a t a  
 d i s t n c e A t p r e s e n t h t i l l f o r g o t w l t w s  
 s a d t h m a d s t l l d d n o t s e e w l t w a s  
 b e f h i s e y e s b t h n o w l o o k e d w t h a  
 s c a e l y p e c p t b l e n d e m l y i n c a m l e  
 a t w h t w s b e f o e h u m n d l i s t e n e d t o w l t  
 w d t h o u g h d e n t l y e n d h e r n  
 s o m e t h i n g q u i t e d i f f e r e n t . F r m e r l y h e h a d  
 a p p e a r e d t o b k n d l e a r t e d b u t u n h p p y  
 m a n d s o p e o p l e h d b e e n n e d n e d t o d  
 h m . N w m l e t t h e j o y o f l i f e a l w y s  
 p l y e d r n d h u l p n d s y m p t h y f r o t h e r s  
 s h n n h u s e y e s w t h a q u e s t i o n g l o o k a s  
 m e n t e d a h e w a s

I t h e p a s t h h d n e v e r b n b l t o f i d  
 t h t g r e a t c r u t a b l e f n t m t h g l l  
 h d l y f e l t t h a t i m u s t s e s o m w h e d  
 h a d l o o k e d f u n r y t h m a r n d c o m  
 p h b l h e h a d n o n l y w h w a s l m t e d  
 p e t t y m u n p l a n d s e l e s s . H e h d  
 e q u i p p e d h i m s e l f w t h m e t a l l e s p d  
 l o o k e d t o m t p w h e r p e t t y w l d  
 m d n c h d e e m

t n n d k e w h w t o l i s t e n s o t h t p e o p l e  
 e a d l y t l d h m t h m o s t t m t e e c r t  
 T h e p n c e s s w h o h d n m l k e d F e r r e  
 d h d b e e n p t c u l a r l y h t l t o h m n c e  
 h e h a d f l t h r s l f u d e r b l g a u s t l m  
 a f t t h e l d n t s d e t h n w l i e t a y g  
 h t t m n O e l - w h e r e h e h a d c o m m

p h i l t h p y s e m e d t o h m . B e v n u e  
 m m t s f w e a k n e s h h d c o n t e d  
 t h e m h m d h d p t r t d t h d s  
 t a e s d h h a d t h e e n t h m e p t i  
 e s l d i e s a n d n l e s n s s N w h w  
 e v e r h h d l a r n e d t e e t h g r e a t t e r l  
 d f i t r y t h g n d t h f - t  
 s e t d j y s c o t m p l t - h e n t  
 r a l l y t h r e w w a y t h t e l e s c o p e t h r o u g h w h c h

others and had shown him only the mb u e

side of her nature but now he seemed to be trying to understand the most intimate places of her heart and mistrustfully at first but afterwards gratefully she let him see the hidden kindly sides of her character

The most cunning man could not have crept into her confidence more successfully evoking memories of the best times of her youth and showing sympathy with them Yet Pierre's cunning consisted simply in finding pleasure in drawing out the human qualities of the embittered hard and (in her own way) proud princess

Yes he is a very very kind man when he is not under the influence of bad people but of people such as myself thought she

His servants too—Terenty and Vaska—in their own way noticed the change that had taken place in Pierre They considered that he had become much simpler Terenty when he had helped him undress and wished him good night often lingered with his master's boots in his hands and clothes over his arm to see whether he would not start a talk And Pierre noticing that Terenty wanted a chat generally kept him there

Well tell me now how did you get food? he would ask

And Terenty would begin talking of the destruction of Moscow and of the old count and would stand for a long time holding the clothes and talking or sometimes listening to Pierre's stories and then would go out into the hall with a pleasant sense of intimacy with his master and affection for him

The doctor who attended Pierre and visited him every day though he considered it his duty as a doctor to pose as a man whose every moment was of value to suffering humanity would sit for hours with Pierre telling him his favorite anecdotes and his observations on the characters of his patients in general and especially of the ladies

It is a pleasure to talk to a man like that he is not like our provincials he would say

There were several prisoners from the

princess used to make fun of the tenderness the Italian expressed for him

The Italian seemed happy only when he could come to see Pierre talk with him tell him about his past his life at home and his love and pour out to him his indignation

against the French and especially against Napoleon

If all Russians are in the least like you it is sacrilege to fight such a nation he said to Pierre You who have suffered so from the French do not even feel animosity toward them

Pierre had evoked the passionate reflection of the Italian merely by evoking the best side of his nature and taking a pleasure in so doing

During the last days of Pierre's stay in Orel his old Masonic acquaintance Count Willarski who had introduced him to the lodge in 180 came to see him Willarski was married to a Russian heiress who had a large estate in Orel province and he occupied a temporary post in the commissariat department in that town

Hearing that Bezukhov was in Orel Willarski though they had never been intimate came to him with the professions of friendship and intimacy that people who meet in a desert generally express for one another Willarski felt dull in Orel and was pleased to meet a man of his own circle and as he supposed of similar interests

But to his surprise Willarski soon noticed that Pierre had lagged much behind the times and had sunk as he expressed it to himself into apathy and egotism

You are letting yourself go my dear fellow he said

But for all that Willarski found it pleasanter now than it had been formerly to be with Pierre and came to see him every day To Pierre as he looked at and listened to Willarski it seemed strange to think that he had been like that himself but a short time before

Willarski was a married man with a family busy with his family affairs his wife's affairs and his official duties He regarded all these occupations as hindrances to life and considered that they were all contemptible because their aim was the welfare of himself and his family Military administrative political and Masonic interests continually absorbed his attention And Pierre without trying to change the other's views and without condemning him but with the quiet joyful and useful smile now habitual to him was interested in this strange though very familiar phenomenon

There was a new feature in Pierre's relations with Willarski with the princess with the doctor and with all the people he now met which gratified for him the general good will This was his acknowledgment of the im-

**BOOK FIFTEEN**

possibility of changing man's convictions by words, and his recovery in the possibility of every one thinking and seeing things each from his own point of view. The ultimate peculiarity of each individual which used to excite and irritate people now became basis of the sympathy he felt for and that must be taken into, other people. The sufferer and sometimes complete contradiction between opinions and theories and between emotional and their pleased him and drew forth his amused and gentle smile. In practical matters people unexpectedly felt within himself center of gravity had previously lacked. Formerly it peculiarly questioned which

TEEN  
build n of h h uses in and near Moscow  
His head stew rd came to h m t O l a d  
P erre reckoned up w th h m h s d m l ed  
ncome The burn g f Moscow l ad cost h m  
acc d t the head twards calculat on  
about two m ll n rubles.  
name for these los es t e head

To insulate Perre for these losses if the head steward gave him an estimate showing that despite these losses his income would not be diminished but would even be increased if he refused to pay his wife's debts which he was under no obligation to meet and did not reimburse his Moscow house and the country house on his Moscow estate which had cost him fifty thousand rubles yet and brought in nothing.

"Yes, of course that's true," said Perre with a cheerful smile. "I didn't need all that tall hat at all. It has become much rarer."

But in January Sakelich came from Moscow

But on January 24, he came in and gave me an account of the state of the town and gave me a spoke of the estimate an architect had made of the cost of rebuilding the town.

had made of the cost of rebuilding the town  
and country houses speaking in fish and set

and country houses speak in the same time but received letters from Prince Vasil and other Petersburgers. I have seen the

And Ferre decided that the stewards proposals which had so pleased him were wrong.

nd that he must go to Petersburg and settle  
his wife's affairs and must build in Moscow  
for this was necessary he didn't know but

Wh this was necessary h d d n t know but  
h knew for certa n that t wa necessary His  
com w uld be reduced by three fourths.

Willarski was going to Moscow and they agreed to travel together.

During the whole term of his convalescence  
 in Orléans he had experienced a feeling of  
 freedom and life but when during his

journey he found himself in the open world and saw hundreds of new faces, that felt good. Through his journey he

ted to and saw hundreds of men. Through out his journey he  
was not satisfied. Through out his journey he  
felt like a schoolboy on holiday. Everyone  
thought he was a coach driver but he used to use a horse.

the peasantry is the road and the village—  
had new significance for him. The presence  
and remarks of Wlasko who continually d

and remarks of W. Maras who continually d  
pl red th on rance d po erty f Russi  
d us b kward ess compared w th Europ  
Barre m re Wher W l

duces the  
which  
proof to

ple. He did not contradict Willarski and even

and to the re- ple. H d d n contrad ct Wullarski and ev

seemed to agree with him—in apparent agreement being the simplest way to avoid discussions that could lead to nothing—and he smiled joyfully as he listened to him

## CHAPTER XIV

IT WOULD BE difficult to explain why and whether ants whose heap has been destroyed are hurrying some from the heap dragging bits of rubbish larvæ and corpses others back to the heap or why they jostle overtake one another and fight and it would be equally difficult to explain what caused the Russians after the departure of the French to throng to the place that had formerly been Moscow. But when we watch the ants round their ruined heap the tenacity energy and immense number of the delving insects prove that despite the destruction of the heap something indestructible which though intangible is the real strength of the colony still exists and similarly though in Moscow in the month of October there was no government and no churches shrines riches or houses—it was still the Moscow it had been in August. All was destroyed except something intangible yet powerful and indestructible.

The motives of those who thronged from all sides to Moscow after it had been cleared of the enemy were most diverse and personal and at first for the most part savage and brutal. One motive only they all had in common a desire to get to the place that had been called Moscow to apply their activities there.

Within a week Moscow already had fifteen thousand inhabitants in a fortnight twenty-five thousand and so on. By the autumn of 1813 the number ever increasing and increasing exceeded what it had been in 1811.

The first Russians to enter Moscow were the Cossacks of Wintzingerode's detachment peasants from the adjacent villages and residents who had fled from Moscow and had been hiding in its vicinity. The Russians who entered Moscow finding it plundered plundered it in their turn. They continued what the French had begun. Teams of peasant carts came to Moscow to carry off to the villages what had been abandoned in the ruined houses and the streets. The Cossacks carried off what they could to their camps and the householders seized all they could find in other houses and moved it to their own pretending that it was their property.

But the first plunderers were followed by a second and a third contingent and with increasing numbers plundering became more

and more difficult and assumed more definite forms.

The French found Moscow abandoned but with all the organizations of regular life with diverse branches of commerce and craftsmanship with luxury and governmental and religious institutions. These forms were lifeless but still existed. There were brilliant shops warehouses market stalls granaries—for the most part still stocked with goods—and there were factories and workshops palaces and wealthy houses filled with luxuries hospitals prisons government offices churches and cathedrals. The longer the French remained the more these forms of town life perished until finally all was merged into one confused lifeless scene of plunder.

The more the plundering by the French continued the more both the wealth of Moscow and the strength of its plunderers was destroyed. But plundering by the Russians with which the reoccupation of the city began had an opposite effect: the longer it continued and the greater the number of people taking part in it the more rapidly was the wealth of the city and its regular life restored.

Besides the plunderers very various people some driven by curiosity some by official duties some by official orders of peasants—to the heart.

Within a week the peasants who came with empty carts to carry off plunder were stopped by the authorities and made to cart the corpses out of the town. Other peasants having heard of their comrades' discomfiture came to town bringing rye oats and hay and bent down one another's prices to below what they had been in former days. Gangs of carpenters hopped for high pay arrived in Moscow every day and on all sides logs were being hewn new houses built and old charred ones repaired. Tradesmen began trading in boots. Cookshops and taverns were opened in partially burned houses. The clergy resumed the services in many churches that had not been burned. Donors contributed Church property that had been stolen. Government clerks set up the true covered tables and their pigeonholes of documents in small rooms. The higher authorities and the police organized the distribution of goods left behind by the French. The owners of houses in which much property had been left brought there from their houses complaints of the injustice of taking care

## BOOK FIFTEEN

receded Place in the Kremlin

to keep all that was unusual the police bribed them made out estimates at times the value for government stores that had perished in the fire and demanded relief. And Count Rostopchin wrote proclamations.

## CHAPTER XV

AT THE TIME [J]ury Perr went to Moscow and to the annex of his house which had not been burned. He called in Count Rostopchin to some acquaintances who were back Moscow and he intended to leave for Petersburg today. Everybody was celebrating the city everything was bubbling with life there but the city was very pleased to see Perr except for one who had met him and every one questioned him.

him— he then imported the goods as Where would he go? What he goes to build what was he going to Petersburg and would he mind taking part in the moon? he replied "Yes, perhaps I think so do so."

He had heard that Rostopchin was taking a trip to the house of his father and it occurred to him if it did not was only pleasant memory of the past. He felt himself not only free from social obligations but also from that feeling which seemed to him he had roused himself.

On the third day after his arrival he heard from the Drubasky that Princess Mary was in Moscow. The day after and last day of the Prince Andrei had been passed Perr thought his day would end him with fresh vividness. He had decided to see the Princess Mary was in Moscow and in her home— he had heard it been burned— in the old ka Street he had the same to see her.

On his way to the house Perr kept thinking of the friendship of their friendship of his Russian to go to him and especially of the Borodino.

It possible that he had not been framed in mind he was then? It possible that the meaning of his was disclosed to him before

he decided thought Pierre He recalled his father and his death and involuntarily began to compare these two men so different and yet so similar in that they had both lived and both died and in the last he felt for both of them.

Perr drove up to the house of the old prince in a most serious mood. The house had escaped the fire it showed signs of damage but its general aspect was unchanged. The old footman who met Perr with a stern face as if wishing to make the visitor feel that the base of the old prince had not dusted the pride of the house in the house informed him that the princess had gone to her own apartments and that she received on Sundays.

An ounce of me. Perhaps she will see me," said Perr.

"Yes," said the man. Please stop to the portrait gallery.

A few minutes later the footman returned with Desaltes who brought word from the princess that she would be very glad to see Perr if he would excuse her want of time.

In rather a room lit by one candle sat the princess with her sister the person dressed in black. Perr remembered that the princess had lady companions, but who they were and what they were like he never knew remembered. This must be one of her companions he thought glancing at the lady in the black dress.

The princess quickly to meet him and hid the hand.

"Yes," she said looking at his altered face. He had used her hand so this was the first time. He often spoke of you in the last year. He wanted to turn her eyes from Perr to her companion with a byness that surprised him of an instant.

It was

Again the princess glanced round and met the companion with even more uneasiness in her eyes.

As he heard the second he did in others. He only knew that he felt with the Rostopchin.

What traitor would he be!

Perr spoke rapidly and with matter. He glanced once at the companion and saw her attitude and kindly gazed fixed in him, and

as often happens when one is talking felt somehow that this companion in the black dress was a good kind excellent creature who would not hinder his conversing freely with Princess Mary.

But when he mentioned the Rostovs Princess Mary's face expressed still greater embarrassment. She again glanced rapidly from Pierre's face to that of the lady in the black dress and said:

Do you really not recognize her?

Pierre looked again at the companion's pale delicate face with its black eyes and peculiar mouth and something near to him long for gotten and more than sweet looked at him from those attentive eyes.

But no it can't be! he thought. This stern thin pale face that looks so much older! It cannot be she. It merely reminds me of her. But at that moment Princess Mary said: Natasha! And with difficulty effort and stress like the opening of a door grown rusty on its hinges a smile appeared on the face with the attentive eyes and from that opening door came a breath of fragrance which suffused Pierre with a happiness he had long forgotten and of which he had not even been thinking—especially at that moment. It suffused him seized him and enveloped him completely. When she smiled doubt was no longer possible it was Natasha and he loved her.

At that moment Pierre involuntarily betrayed to her to Princess Mary and above all to himself a secret of which he himself had been unaware. He flushed joyfully yet with painful distress. He tried to hide his agitation. But the more he tried to hide it the more clearly—clearer than any words could have done—did he betray to himself to her and to Princess Mary that he loved her.

No it is only the unexpectedness of it thought Pierre. But as soon as he tried to continue the conversation he had begun with Princess Mary he again glanced at Natasha.

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Pierre had failed to notice Natasha because he had not at all expected to see her there but he had failed to recognize her because the change in her since he last saw her was immense. She had grown thin and pale but that was not what made her unrecognizable she was unrecognizable at the moment he entered because

on that face whose eyes had always shone with a suppressed smile of the joy of life now when he first entered and glanced at her there was not the least shadow of a smile only her eyes were kindly attentive and sadly interrogative.

Pierre's confusion was not reflected by any confusion on Natasha's part but only by the pleasure that just perceptibly lit up her whole face.

## CHAPTER XVI

SHE HAS COME to stay with me said Princess Mary. The count and countess will be here in a few days. The countess is in a dreadful state but it was necessary for Natasha herself to see a doctor. They insisted on her coming with me.

Yes is there a family free from sorrow now? said Pierre addressing Natasha. You know it happened the very day we were rescued I saw him. What a delightful boy he was!

Natasha looked at him and by way of answer to his words her eyes

Why is it that you are so silent? said Pierre.

Yes in these days it would be hard to live without faith remarked Princess Mary.

Yes yes that is really true Pierre hastily interrupted her.

Why is it true? Natasha asked looking at tentatively into Pierre's eyes.

How can you ask why? said Princess Mary. The thought alone of what would

Natasha without waiting for Princess Mary to finish again looked inquiringly at Pierre.

And because Pierre continued only one who believes that there is a God ruling us can bear a loss such as hers and yours.

Natasha had already opened her mouth to speak but suddenly stopped. Pierre hurriedly turned away from her and again addressed Princess Mary asking about his friend's last days.

Pierre's confusion had now almost vanished but at the same time he felt that his freedom had also completely gone. He felt that it was as now a judge of his every word and action whose judgment mattered more to him than that of all the rest of the world. As he spoke now he was considering what impression his words would make on Natasha. He did not purposely say things to please her but whenever he was saying he regarded from her standpoint.

Princess Mary—reluctantly as usual in such





Yes replied Pierre with the smile of mild irony now habitual to him. They even tell me wonders I myself never dreamed of! Mary Abrámovna invited me to her house and kept telling me what had happened or ought to have happened to me. Stepán Stepanych also instructed me how I ought to tell of my experiences. In general I have noticed that it is very easy to be an interesting man (I am an interesting man now) people invite me out and tell me all about myself.

Natasha smiled and was on the point of speaking.

We have been told Princess Mary interrupted her that you lost two millions in Moscow. Is that true?

But I am three times as rich as before returned Pierre.

Though the position was now altered by his decision to pay his wife's debts and to rebuild his houses Pierre still maintained that he had become three times as rich as before.

What I have certainly gained is freedom he began seriously but did not continue noticing that this theme was too egotistic.

And are you building?

Yes Savélich says I must!

Tell me you did not know of the countless death when you decided to remain in Moscow? asked Princess Mary and immediately blushed noticing that her question following his mention of freedom ascribed to his words a meaning he had perhaps not intended.

No answered Pierre evidently not considering awkward the meaning Princess Mary had given to his words. I heard of it in Orel and you cannot imagine how it shocked me. We were not an exemplary couple he added quickly glancing at Natasha and noticing on her face curiosity as to how he would speak of his wife but her death shocked me terribly.

What is no longer alive. And then such a death without friends.

Princess Mary

Pierre suddenly flushed crimson and for a long time tried not to look at Natasha. When he ventured to glance at her again her face was cold stern and he fancied even contemptuous.

And did you really see and speak to Na-

poleon as we have been told? said Princess Mary.

Pierre laughed.

No not once! Everybody seems to imagine that being taken prisoner means being Napoleon a guest. Not only did I never see him but I heard nothing about him—I was in much lower company!

Supper was over and Pierre who at first declined to speak about his captivity was gradually led on to do so.

But is it true that you remained in Moscow to kill Napoleon? Natasha asked with a slight smile. I guessed it then when I met at the Sukharev tower do you remember?

Pierre admitted that it was true and from that was gradually led by Princess Mary's questions and especially by Natasha's into giving a detailed account of his adventures.

At first

irony now

body and

he came to describe the horrors and sufferings he had witnessed he was unconsciously carried away and began speaking with the suppressed emotion of a man re-experiencing in recollection strong impressions he has lived through.

Princess Mary with a gentle smile looked now at Pierre and now at Natasha. In the whole narrative she saw only Pierre and his goodness. Natasha leaning on her elbow the expression of her face constantly changing with the narrative watched Pierre with an attention that never wavered—evidently herself experiencing all that he described. Not only her look but her exclamations and the brief questions she put showed Pierre that she understood just what he wished to convey. It was clear that she understood not only what he said

not

give

woman protecting whom he

their things snatched off and their cartridges torn out he flushed and grew confused. Then a patrol arrived and all the men—all those who were not looting that is—were arrested and among them

I am sure you are not telling us the crying I am sure you are something said Natasha and he said nothing further.

Pierre continued. When he spoke of the ex-



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No noticed Pierre evidently not considering toward the morning Princess Mary had given to his words. I heard of it in Orel and you cannot imagine how it shocked me. We were not an exemplary couple he added quickly glancing at Natasha and noticing on her face curiosity as to how he would speak of his wife but her death shocked me terribly. When two people quarrel they are always both in fault and one or on guilt suddenly becomes terribly serious when the other is no longer alive. And then such a death without friends in . . .

you are once more an eligible bachelor said Princess Mary.

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I am sure you're not telling everything I am sure you did something said Natasha and I am sure led to an ethical fine.

Pierre continued. When he spoke of the ex-

he wa ted t pas n er the horr ble de  
tals, b t tá ha ms sted that he sh uld n t  
m t th

Perre b gan t tell b t k raté but  
p used. By this time h h d cn fr m the t  
bl and a p tle oom N tá ha f llow

Yes yes g l sad N tá h Whe

"Th y k lled h m lmost bef r my eyes  
A d Perre h o trembl g c t lly  
t t tell of th last d y of th etre t  
f Karatév lles d h de th  
H

en ed th t plea wh ch m n h when  
om l t t h m—n t clev m n wh  
h l t ther try t remember wh t  
they hea t ch the m d d when p  
port y ffers to et l t o wh w h t  
d pt t t som th ght f th r w n d  
p mply tribute th w n clev m  
m t p p d the w l t m tal w k  
b p—b t th pleaur g by eal m n  
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we rd, gl q — Perr  
n look

N tá ha d y l l d h pp ess bet  
th fill d h d th first th u ht of

for  
ch

t u a yes l try g t ders n

th  
t y w l t It curr d  
to f them th t t was thr o clo k d  
tmet g t b d.

People spe k of m s f rtu n nd suffer  
i gs rem rked Perre but f at th s moment  
I e e asked Would y u rather be hat you  
were b f e you we e t ken pr o er or go  
th ough all th s ga n th n f r i e a e n s sake  
l t me ga h capt ty and horseflesh!  
We m g e that whe e throw t out of  
u ual rut ll sl t but st o ly then th t  
h and

to N tásha

Yes yes he m l an wer e someth  
qu t d ffe ent l too sh ld w h noth a but  
t r l e t ll f m th be n ng  
Perr look d t nly t her  
V

— y u the

S dd ly N tá ha bent he he d covered  
h f w th h h ds d be a n t cry

What st N tá h? sad Pr ces Mary  
N th g noth g She mul d t Pierre  
th h her tears. Good n ght! It is t me f  
bed.

Perr e os nd took h s lea e.

P ess M ry d N tá ha met as u ual in  
the bed oom. They talk d of what Perr had  
t ld th m P cess M ry d d n t exp es her  
p n of Perr n t d d N tásha peak f  
h m

"Well good ht, M ry! sad N tá ha.  
H y u kn w I m ft n fra d th t by n t  
peak g f h m (he me nt Pr c A d ew)  
f fea f n t d just e to our feel  
t e f g t h m

kn  
bu

u u som ch good to tell ll b t t  
tod y It wa h d and p ful b t good ery  
good! sad N tásh I am h lly ed  
h m Th t by l t ld h m W t all  
r ght? he dd d uddenly blush

To t ll Perr Oh yes What ple d d  
man h l sad Pr ces Mary

H y u k M ry N t h sudd nly  
sad th m h e v os m le ch as Pr ess  
M ry had t e n n h f f l t m  
h h somch w gr n so clean smooth d  
fresh— f h h d just m o t f Russ n  
b th d y dersta d O t f m ral b th.  
Isn t t tru?

Yes replied Princess Mary He has greatly improved

With a short coat and his hair cropped just as if well just as if he had come straight from the bath Papa used to

I understand why he (Prince Andrew) liked no one so much as him said Princess Mary

Yes and yet he is quite different They say men are friends when they are quite different That must be true Really he is quite unlike him—in everything

Yes but he is wonderful

Well good night said Natásha

And the same mischievous smile lingered for a long time on her face as if it had been forgotten there

## CHAPTER XVIII

IT WAS A LONG TIME before Pierre could fall asleep that night He paced up and down his room now turning his thoughts on a difficult problem and frowning now suddenly shrugging his shoulders and wincing and now smiling happily

He was thinking of Prince Andrew of Natásha and of their love at one moment jealous of her past then reproaching himself for that feeling It was already six in the morning and he still paced up and down the room

Well what's to be done if it cannot be avoided? What's to be done? Evidently it has to be so said he to himself and hstl 1

A few days previously Pierre had decided to go to Petersburg on the Friday When he awoke on the Thursday Savélich came to ask him about packing for the journey

What to Petersburg? What is Petersburg? Who is there in Petersburg? he asked involuntarily though only to himself Oh yes long

and now attentive and how he remembers everything he thought looking at Savélich's old face and what a pleasant smile he has!

Well Savélich do you still not wish to accept your freedom? Pierre asked him

What's the good of freedom to me your excellency? We lived under the late count—the kingdom of heaven be his!—and we have lived

under you too without ever being wronged And your children?

The children will live just the same With such masters one can live

But what about my heirs? said Pierre Supposing I suddenly marry it might happen he added with an involuntary smile

If I may take the liberty your excellency it would be a good thing

How easy he thinks it thought Pierre He doesn't know how terrible it is and how dangerous Too soon or too late it is terrible!

So what are your orders? Are you staying tomorrow? asked Savélich

No I'll put it off for a bit I'll tell you later You must forgive the trouble I have put you to said Pierre and seeing Savélich smile he thought But how strange it is that he should not know that now there is no Petersburg for me and that that must be settled first of all! But probably he knows it well enough and is only pretending Shall I have a talk with him and see what he thinks? Pierre reflected No another time

At breakfast Pierre told the princess his cousin that he had been to see Princess Mary the day before and had there met—Whom do you think? Natásha Postóva!

The princess seemed to see nothing more extraordinary in that than if he had seen Anna Semenovna

Do you know her? asked Pierre

I have seen the princess she replied I heard that they were arranging a match for her with young Rostóv It would be a very good thing for the Rostóvs they are said to be utterly ruined

No I mean do you know Natásha Rostóva?

I heard about that affair of hers at the time It was a great pity

No she either doesn't understand or is pretending thought Pierre Better not say anything to her either

The princess too had prepared provisions for Pierre's journey

How kind they all are thought Pierre What is surprising is that they should trouble about these things now when it can no longer be of interest to them And all for me!

On the same day the Chief of Police came to Pierre inviting him to send a representative to the Faceted Palace to recover things that were to be

And into the fine good looking officer and how kind Fancy

bothering about s h t r fies now! And they  
actually say he t h est and t kes br bes  
What en el Bes des why h uldn t he take  
b bes? That s th w y he w sb ou l t up and  
everybody d m t B t wh t a k nd plea ant  
face nd how he m les s he looks t me

Perr w nt m Pr cess Mary s to d nner

A he dro m th ough the streets past the  
houses that h d be n burn d down he was  
surprised by the be ty of those ru n The  
p cturesq ess f the ch mney stack nd tum  
bled n wall f the burned-out qu rt rs of  
the to n, tretch ng out nd c e l ng one  
an ther r m ded h m of the Rh ne nd the  
Colo e m. The cabmen he ro t and the sp s

h ramenters cust g the t mbe for

h wk

th

Ah

ue

Perre f lt d btiful where e m e lly  
bee there th nght bef m nd had re lly seen  
h lish d talkt he P rh ps l m g ned  
t pe hap l shall g n d find n one th e  
B the had hardly nte ed the room befo e he  
f lt her pes e with h wh l b ng by the  
loss f his en e of f ed m She as n the  
same black d ess w th ft folds and her ha  
as d e th s me w y the d y b f e yet  
h as qu t d l e ent. H d b been l ke this  
t he t ed th d y bef r l uld not  
fo mome th e f l d to e n e her

She was he had kn w her l mot a a  
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Mary

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help me! Wh t am I to d ? Can l h pe? Pr n  
cess my dear fr d l tent! I kn w t l l  
b m n t wo thy of her l kn w t s m

w th h s h nd

W l he went on w th an ev dent effo t  
t el cont l nd coheren m I dont kn w  
when I began to l he but l ha lo ed her  
nd her l ne all my lfe and l lo e l e r so that  
I cann t mag ne lfe w thout her l can t  
m s to her t p esent but the th ht that  
pe haps l e mght someday be my w lfe nd  
th t l m y be m s g th t poss b lly th t  
po b lly s t err ble Tell me can l l p ?  
Tell m wh t f m t do d p n ess h  
dd d after a p us nd t ched her h nd a

d

t pped b can e he h d se n by u u n

wish d f

To speak to her now wouldn't do," said the princess all the time.

But what am I to do?

Leave it to me," said Princess Mary. I know.

Pierre was looking into Princess Mary's eyes.

Well? Well? he said.

I know that she loves me. I will love you, Princess Mary corrected herself.

Before her words were out Pierre had sprung up and with a frightened expression seized Princess Mary's hand.

What makes you think so? You think I may hope? You think?

Yes, I think so," said Princess Mary with a smile. Write to her parents and leave it to me. I will tell her when I can. I wish it to happen and my heart tells me it will.

No, it cannot be! How happy I am! But it can't be. How happy I am! No, it can't be! Pierre kept saying as he kissed Princess Mary's hands.

Go to Petersburg, that will be best. And I will write to you," she said.

To Petersburg? Go there? Very well. I'll go. But I may come again tomorrow?

Next day Pierre came to say good by to Natasha. She was less animated than she had been the day before, but that day as he looked at her Pierre sometimes felt as if he was vanishing and that neither he nor she existed any longer.

A vision that filled his soul with joy.

When on saying good by he took her thin slender hand, he could not help holding it a little longer in his own.

Is it possible that this hand, that face, those eyes, all this treasure of feminine charm so strange to me now, is it possible that it will one day be mine forever as familiar to me as I am to myself? No, that's impossible!

Good by, Count," she said aloud. I shall look forward very much to your return," she added in a whisper.

And these simple words, her look, and the expression on her face which accompanied them, formed for two months the subject of inexhaustible memories, interpretations, and happy meditations for Pierre. I shall look

## CHAPTER XIX

THERE WAS NOTHING in Pierre's soul now at all like what had troubled it during his courtship of Hélène.

He did not repent to himself with a sickening feeling of shame the words he had spoken or say, Oh, why did I not say that? and

Whatever made me say *Je vous aime*? On the contrary, he now repented in imagination every word that he or Natasha had spoken and pictured every detail of her face and smile and did not wish to diminish or add anything but only to repeat it again and again. There was now not a shadow of doubt in his mind as to whether what he had undertaken was right or wrong. Only one terrible doubt sometimes crossed his mind. Wasn't it all a dream? Isn't Princess Mary mistaken? Am I not too conceited and self-confident? I believe it!

Doesn't he know that he is a man, just a man, while I? I am something altogether different and higher.

That was the only doubt often troubling Pierre. He did not now make any plans. The happiness before him was all that he needed.

A joyful unexpected frenzy of which he had thought himself incapable possessed him. The whole meaning of life—not for him alone but for the whole world—seemed to him centered in his love and the possibility of being loved by her. At times everybody seemed to him to be occupied with one thing only—his future happiness. Sometimes it seemed to him that other people were all as pleased as he was himself and merely tried to hide that pleasure by pretending to be busy with other interests. In every word and gesture he saw allusions to his happiness. He often surprised those he met by his significantly happy looks and smiles which seemed to express a secret understanding between him and them. And when he realized that people might not be aware of his happiness, he pitied them with his whole heart and felt a desire somehow to explain to them that all that occupied them was as a mere frivolous trifle unworthy of attention.

When it was suggested to him that he should enter the civil service or when the war or any general political affairs were discussed on the assumption that everybody's welfare depended on this or that issue of events, he would listen

am! What is happening to me? How happy I am! said Pierre to himself.

## BOOK FIFTIEN

with mild and p t m le a d urp = l ppy pl n f the futu e She spoke l tle of  
 peop by h tra e mm ts. But at tl P erre bit len Pr nces Mary ment one l  
 time h saw e erybody—both tl se wlo as h m al g ex u led lght once m re k t  
 he unag ed, u derstood tl eal mean n of dled in her eyes ad her l p curved w th a  
 w (that us wh t h s feel n ) and those stran smle  
 und rru tes wh ex de tly lid n t und r Tle ch n tl t took place n t h at  
 stand - th b l l h t fth em t n th t frst u pr el P rincess M ry but len she  
 e th n h mself nd at on e th ut ny und rstood = mea n t gre cller Can  
 e r r sa every ne he met ex r yth ng th t sh l e l ed my brother so l tle as to be  
 was good d w rthy l b n l d ble to for th m soon? he thou l t w n  
 Whe deal g w th the aff rs and p pers ~ on the ch l l w en he was  
 of hus dead w fe, her mem ry rou d n l m nd  
 no feel b t p ty that h had n t known the wer  
 blus h now k ew Prin l l ho ha tly  
 obtained ew post and so n fesh dec ra  
 too was part ularly p ud t th t me  
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 to be p t ed.

Of f t l f e P r r recalled th per od  
 l blss l san ty All the ex he f rmed  
 of m and ex cumstan es t ths t m e  
 mained tru f h m l w ya. He n t nly d d  
 not ren u c h m subsequen ly but wh n he  
 wa doubt w dly t r he  
 ferred t the ew he h d h d t th t e of  
 h s mad ess nd they alw s p o ed corr t  
 l m y t e ppea ed ra e nd que  
 then h th ht, b t l was n t so mad f  
 seemed. O th contrary l wa th n w ser nd  
 had m e ht th n t n the t m nd  
 ders ood all that w rth u dersta d

bef l l em h l e wa  
 g w th l d by l peopl w t l  
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## CHAPTER XX

AFTER P ERRE r r r th t first even

h r r t d w h h us h croppes som  
 th h dd nd unk w hers lf but  
 ar p ess bl w k n t h soul  
 E rth her f w lk look nd c  
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 th f d d ma ded sa sl ct n F m  
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 tha had h ppe ed her Sh nol n m  
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 bo t th past, d l never feared to mak

repress bl nd n l e  
 h r p esen P n es Mary felt that l e had  
 en oa h her = en in l e r l e

d heerful  
 Wh n P ess M ry eturned t her room  
 fter he nocturn l t lk w th P erre t lsha  
 m tle on the th esh ld

He h poken yes He h s poken: he  
 repeated

And joyful y t p thet c exp es on wh ch  
 e med to be f rga ess f r her joy settled  
 on t lha f ce

I wanted t l n t the doo b t l knew  
 y u would t l m  
 U d rsta d bl d t h the look  
 w t l w l N t l ga ed t l e med to  
 E n ess M ry d sorry l wa l e  
 t t n les w ds pa ned h r f mo-  
 ment. Sl = men bered h r b tle d l s  
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B t w l = to be d ne? She can t l e l p t  
 thou ht the p ess.

A d w th a sad d rather tern look he  
 t ld t lsh l l that P r r had sa d. On hear  
 g th t h wa go to Petersburg t lsha

wa unded.  
 T P r r s burg h peated lf unable  
 t understand

But n cin the gr ed exp es n n Pr n  
 cess Mary f h guessed th eason f that  
 sad ess d dd nly began t cry

M ry sa d he l m wh t l h uld do  
 I am fra d f be g b d. What er you tell  
 me I w ll do T l m

l ul h m  
 Yes wh pered t lsha.

Th n why re j u cry I m happy f r  
 y sak sa d Pr nces M ry who b caus  
 of those tears qu te f rga t lsha joy



It won't be just yet—someday Think what fun it will be when I am his wife and you marry Nicholas!

Natasha I have asked you not to speak of that Let us talk about you

They were silent awhile

But why go to Petersburg? Natasha suddenly asked and hastily replied to her own question But no no he must Yes Mary He must



tue (the historians do not accuse him of that)—had not the same conception of the welfare of humanity fifty years ago as a present day professor who from his youth upwards has been occupied with learning that is with books and lectures and with taking notes from them

But even if we assume that fifty years ago Alexander I was mistaken in his view of what was good for the people we must inevitably assume that the historian who judges Alexander will also after the lapse of some time

“I am not a table because watching the movement of history we see that every year and with each new writer opinion as to what is good for mankind changes so that what once seemed good ten years later seems bad and vice versa. And what is more we find at one and the same time quite contradictory views as to what is bad and what is good in history some people regard giving a constitution to Poland and forming the Holy Alliance as praiseworthy in Alexander while others regard it as blameworthy

The activity of Alexander or of Napoleon cannot be called useful or harmful for it is impossible to say for what it was useful or harmful. If that activity displeases somebody this is only because it does not agree with his limited understanding of what is good. Whether the preservation of my father's house in Moscow or the glory of the Russian arms or the prosperity of the Petersburg and other universities or the freedom of Poland or the greatness of Russia or the balance of power in Europe or a certain kind of European culture called progress appear to me to be good or bad I must admit that besides these things the action of every historic character has other more general purposes inaccessible to me

But let us assume that what is called science

we say that Alexander could have done every thing differently let us say that with guidance from those who blame him and who profess to know the ultimate aim of the movement of humanity he might have arranged matters according to the program his present accusers would have given him—of nationality freedom equality and progress (these I think cover the ground). Let us assume that this program was

War and Peace was completed in 1869—T.E.

possible and had then been formulated and that Alexander had acted on it. What would then have become of the activity of all those who opposed the tendency that then prevailed in the government—an activity that in the opinion of the historians was good and beneficent? Their activity would not have existed there would have been no life there would have been nothing

If we admit that human life can be ruled by reason the possibility of life is destroyed

## CHAPTER II

IF WE ASSUME as the historians do that great men lead humanity to the attainment of certain ends—the greatness of Russia or of France the balance of power in Europe the diffusion of the ideas of the Revolution general progress or anything else—then it is impossible to explain the facts of history without introducing the conceptions of *chance* and *genius*

If the aim of the European wars at the beginning of the nineteenth century had been the aggrandizement of Russia that aim might have been accomplished without all the preceding wars and without the invasion. If the aim was the aggrandizement of France that might have been attained without the Revolution and without the Empire. If the aim was the dissemination of ideas the printing press could have accomplished that much better than warfare. If the aim was the progress of civilization it is easy to see that there are other ways of diffusing civilization more expedient than by the destruction of wealth and of human lives

Why did it happen in this and not in some other way?

Because it happened so! *Chance* created the situation *genius* utilized it says history

But what is *chance*? What is *genius*?

The words *chance* and *genius* do not denote any really existing thing and therefore can not be defined. Those words only denote a certain stage of understanding of phenomena. I do not know why a certain event occurs. I think that I cannot know it so I do not try to know it

11 11

drives each even ing into a special enclosure to feed in it it becomes twice as fat as the others must seem to be a genius. And it just appear in astonishing conjunction of genius

## FIRST EPILOGUE

with a whole series of extraordinary chances  
that this man who is not of getting into the  
general field every even now goes into a peculiar  
enclosure where there are only those who cry  
"swellin' with it" killed for me.

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that happen can be of help or harm

urken, may we discern in the  
penances in the lives of these characters and  
perceive the cause of the effect they produce  
(commensurable with the number of cap-  
sules) and the words of the and give us  
become a fruitful use.

nineteenth century lies in the movement of  
the mass of the European peoples from west  
to east and afterwards from east to west. The  
commencement of that movement was the  
movement from east to west. For the peoples of  
the west to be able to make the warlike move-  
ment to Moscow it was necessary (1) that they  
should form themselves into military group  
of size able to endure a collision with the  
warlike military group of the east (2) that  
they should abandon all established traditions  
and customs and (3) that during the military  
movement they should have at their head a  
man who could justify himself and to them  
the deception, robbery and murders which  
would have to be committed during that move-  
ment.

And began with the French Revolution on  
the old inadequate military group destroyed,  
as well as the old habits and traditions and  
step by step a group was formed of larger di-  
visions with new customs and traditions  
and men now produced who would stand at  
the head of the common movement and bear  
the responsibility of all that had to be done.  
Amongst the conditions without which  
with the tradition with the new and new  
even Frenchman emerges—by what seem  
the greatest chances—from among all the  
seething French parties and the utterance  
by one of them born forward to a prominent po-  
sition.

The ignorance of his colleagues the weak-  
ness and inefficiency of his opponents the  
frankness of his feelings, and the dazzle of  
his self-confident illusions (this man raised  
him to the head of the army. The brilliant  
qualities of the soldiers of the army went to  
Italy his opponents' reluctance to fight did  
his own child hood and a dash of self-confid-  
ence in his military fame a number of  
called him to accompany him everywhere  
There he went to his field with the rul-  
ers of France turned to his advantage his  
temptations did his pedestal and the un-  
successful history of his expedition into the Russ-  
ian service and the prominent seeks in Tur-  
key comes to him. During the war in Italy  
he several times in the region of destruction  
did his mistakes and unexpected man-  
ner. Owing to a double mistake con-  
sidered the Russian armies—just those which  
might have been destroyed he pursued—and not per-  
sisted upon this fact till he is no longer there.  
His turn came in Italy he finds the go-  
vernment in Paris in process of dissolution

## CHAPTER III

The first part of the story is the beginning of the European events of the beginning of the

which all those who are in it are inevitably wiped out and destroyed. And by chance an escape from this dangerous position presents itself in the form of —

expedition to  
accompanies  
ders without  
re crowned

which subsequently did not let a single boat pass allows his entire army to elude it. In Africa a whole series of outrages are committed against the almost unarmed inhabitants. And the men who commit these crimes especially their leader assure themselves that this is admirable: this is glory—it resembles Caesar and Alexander the Great and is therefore good.

This ideal of glory and grandeur—which consists not merely in considering nothing wrong that one does but in priding oneself on every crime one commits ascribing to it an incomprehensible supernatural significance—that ideal destined to guide this man and his associates had scope for its development in Africa. Whatever he does succeed. The plague does not touch him. The cruelty of murdering prisoners is not imputed to him as a fault. His

intoxicated by the crimes he has committed so successfully he reaches Paris: the dissolution of the republican government which a year earlier might have ruined him has reached its extreme limit and his presence there now as a newcomer free from party entanglements can only serve to exalt him—and though he himself has no plan he is quite ready for his new role.

He had no plan: he is afraid of everything but the parties snatch at him and demand his participation.

He alone—with his ideal of glory and grandeur developed in Italy and Egypt, his insane self-adulation, his boldness in crime and frankness in lying—he alone could justify what had to be done.

He is needed for the place that awaits him and so almost apart from his will and despite his indecision, his lack of a plan and all his mistakes he is drawn into a conspiracy that aims at seizing power and the conspiracy is crowned with success.

He is pushed into a meeting of the legation. In alarm he wishes to flee, considering

himself lost. He pretends to fall into a swoon and says senseless things that should have ruined him. But the once proud and shrewd rulers of France, feeling that their part is played out, are even more bewildered than he and do not say the words they should have said to destroy him and retain their power.

Chance millions of chances give him power and all men as if by agreement co-operate to confirm that power. Chance forms the characters of the rulers of France who submit to him; chance forms the character of Paul Bonaparte who recognizes his government; chance contrives a plot against him which not only fails to harm him but confirms his power. Chance puts the Duc d'Enghien in his hands and unexpectedly craves him to kill him—thereby convincing the mob more forcibly than in any other way that he had the right, since he had the might. Chance contrives that though he directs all his efforts to prepare an expedition against England (which would inevitably have ruined him) he never carries out that intention but unexpectedly falls upon Mack and the Austrians; his surrender without a battle. Chance and genius give him the victory at Austerlitz and by chance all men, not only the French but all Europe—except England which does not take part in the events about to happen—despite their former horror and detestation of his crimes now recognize his authority, the title he has given himself and his ideal of —

At several times in 1805, 1806, 1807 and 1809 gaining strength and growing. In 1811 the group of people that had formed in France unites into one group with the peoples of Central Europe. The strength of the justification of the man who stands at the head of the movement grows with the increased size of the group. During the ten years preparatory period this man had formed relations with all the crowned heads of Europe. The discredited rulers of the world can propose no reasonable ideal to the insensate Napoleon. Ideal of glory and grandeur. One after another they hasten to display the rans, the chance before him. The King of Russia sends his wife to seek the great man's mercy; the Emperor of Austria considers it a favor that the man receive a daughter of the Caesars into his bed; the Pope the guardian of all that the nations hold sacred ut licet religio for

th' aggra d ement of the great man It is not  
 N poleo h p p e s h m. If f r the acc m  
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 is n t y t ended. The m n who ten years be  
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## CHAPTER IV

THE FLOOD OF NATION'S BEARS TO SUBSIDING  
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 who ma ne that they ha e cau ed the floods  
 to ab t

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 d t bed. The d pl mat is d k t t t l e r  
 disare me t re the cause of th s fresh p es  
 n n ur l f ces they t up to wa be

pect. It uses a t m  
 belo e—P Tl last b kw l of the mo  
 m nt f m th west occurs a b kw h wh ch  
 h nar nly m perable d p

ptur u ly gre t the ma they u seu u t way  
 bef nd w ll curse a n mo th later

Th m n s t ll need d s just ly the lin l  
 coll ct e t.

— — — — —

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 y u n w se th t t was t h b t l who  
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St ll greater coherence d ex tability s

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 part. A when h ready s too are the forces

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 u final goal—Moscow. Th t y taken the  
 R sia army uffers hea er losses th n the  
 oppos rm es h d ffered th f m r w r  
 from Austerlitz to Wagram. Put udd ly  
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 h t e r to had so co ut tly led h m by an u  
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 / occur f m th cold his head t  
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 p d ty d m m ea ur bl basenes becom es  
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 lways ga nst h m

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 bla ce t the p eced g m eme f om west  
 t eat. Attempted dr es f om east to west—  
 m lar to th co trary mo ements of 80  
 Bo l 809—p ecede the grea westward  
 moveme t ther is the sam coaleac nt  
 group f en rm u d m n ns th same  
 adf es f th peopl f Centr l Eur pe to  
 the m em h sam f res ta n m dw y  
 d d sam cr rap l y as the g l s  
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P h ul mat oas eached Th N  
 p e con government nd army destr yed.  
 N poleo himself is o lo ger f y count  
 ll h ct ex dentl p f l d mean  
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which all those who are in it are inevitably wiped out and destroyed. And by chance an escape from this dangerous position presents itself in the form of an aimless and senseless expedition to Africa. Again so called *chance* accompanies him. Impregnable Malta surrenders without a shot: his most reckless schemes are crowned with success. The enemy's fleet which subsequently did not let a single boat pass, allows his entire army to elude it. In Africa a whole series of outrages are committed against the almost unarmed inhabitants. And the men who commit these crimes especially their leader assure themselves that this is admirable: this is glory—it resembles Caesar and Alexander the Great and is therefore good.

This ideal of *glory* and *grandeur*—which consists not merely in considering nothing wrong that one does but in priding oneself on every crime one commits, ascribing to it an incomprehensible supernatural significance—that ideal destined to guide this man and his associates had scope for its development in Africa. Whatever he does succeeds. The plague does not touch him. The cruelty of murdering prisoners is not imputed to him as a fault. His childish rashness, uncalled for and ignoble departure from Africa, leaving his comrades in distress, is set down to his credit and again the enemy's fleet twice lets him slip past. When intoxicated by the crimes he has committed so successfully, he reaches Paris: the dissolution of the republican government which a year earlier might have ruined him, has reached its extreme limit, and his presence there now as a newcomer free from party entanglements can only serve to exalt him—and though he himself has no plan, he is quite ready for his new role.

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As if measuring themselves and preparing for the coming movement, the western forces push toward the east several times in 1805, 1806, 1807 and 1809, gaining strength and growing. In 1811 the group of people that had formed in France unites into one group with the peoples of Central Europe. The strength of the justification of the man who stands at the head of the movement grows with the increased size of the group. During the ten-year preparatory period this man had formed relations with all the crowned heads of Europe. The discarded rulers of the world can oppose no reasonable ideal to the insensate Napoleonic ideal of *glory* and *grandeur*. One after another they hasten to display their insignificance before him. The King of Prussia sends his wife to seek the great man's mercy; the Emperor of Austria considers it a favor that this man receive a daughter of the Caesars into his bed; the Pope the guardian of all that the nations hold sacred, utters religion for

## FIRST EPILOGUE

not get up — a n desp te the doctor's encour  
Th unless p ssed a f r m h t n

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f e r e c e || commun n and

Not one of the plans N chol s tried suc  
ceeded th estate was sold by auct on f r h lf  
ts lue and h lf the debts still rema ned un  
p d. N chol s accepted th rty thousand ru  
bles offered h m by h s br ther n law Beruk  
h to p y off debts he regarded as genu nely  
due f alue rece ed And to a o d bein m  
p oned f the em nder as the cred tors  
th eatened h re-entered the go ernment serv  
ce

H could not ejo n th army where he  
l w uld h e been m d col nel at the next a  
cancy f r h s mother now clung to h m as her  
ne hold on l f d so desp te h reluctance  
l to rem n Moscow mon people who h d  
d kn wn h m befo e and desp te h s abhorrence  
ll of th c l service l e c e p t p o t n Mos  
cow n that ev c doffed the u form of  
t wh ch h was so f nd and mo ed w th his  
a m ther a d Sónya to small h use on the Si  
tsev V rzh k.

N tásh d Perr were l ng n Peters  
burg t the t me and h d n clea dea of  
N ch l circumstances h ng borrowed  
money from his brother n l w N cholas tr ed  
to h d h s wretched cond t e from h m. His  
pos t on was the m e difficult because w th  
— h dred rubles h h d not

she h d been used t from chu u u u a u un  
ble to calu h w hard t was f h r son  
k p t d m a d g n w carr g (wh ch they  
d d n t keep) to end f f e d, n w some  
pe s e artcl of food f r herself r w e  
f herson e m eyt buy a p esent as a ur  
p f r N tásh or Sónya or f r N cholas  
himself

Sónya kept h us t nded on her unt,  
read t her put up th h r wh ms nd cr t

dm d her p t n e and dev t n but tried  
to k p loof f r m her

becam the mos exa b o u u u u  
N ch las was allowed n esp nd n pea e  
and those wh had seemed to p ty th old m n  
— th cause f th r losses (f they we losses)  
— ow em rseles ly purs ed th u h r  
who had l tani undertak n th d bts d  
was b usly n t guilty f contract g them.

A poo e after f Moscow — T x.



seen in the life of Alexander I the man who stood at the head of the countermovement from east to west

What was needed for him who overshadowing others stood at the head of that movement from east to west?

What was needed was a sense of justice and a sympathy with European affairs but a remote sympathy not dulled by petty interests a moral superiority over those sovereigns of the day who co-operated with him a mild and attractive personality and a personal grievance against Napoleon And all this was found in Alexander I all this had been prepared by innumerable so called *chances* in his life his education his early liberalism the advisers who surrounded him and by Austerlitz and Tilsit and Erfurt

During the national war he was inactive because he was not needed But as soon as the necessity for a general European war presented itself he appeared in his place at the given moment and uniting the nations of Europe led them to the goal

The goal was reached After the final war of 1815 Alexander possesses all possible power How does he use it?

Alexander I—the pacifier of Europe the man who from his early years had striven only for his people's welfare the originator of the liberal innovations in his fatherland—now that he seemed to possess the utmost power and therefore to have the possibility of bringing about the welfare of his peoples—at the time when Napoleon in exile was drawing up childish and mendacious plans of how he would have made mankind happy had he returned power—Alexander I having fulfilled his mission and feeling the hand of God upon him suddenly recognizes the insignificance of that supposed power turns away from it and gives it into the hands of contemptible men whom he despises saying only

Not unto us not unto us but unto Thy Name! I too am a man like the rest of you Let me live like a man and think of my soul and of God

As the sun and each atom of ether is a sphere complete in itself and yet at the same time only a part of a whole too immense for man to comprehend so each individual has within himself his own aims and yet has them to serve a general purpose incomprehensible to man

A bee settling on a flower has stung a child And the child is afraid of bees and declares that bees exist to sting people A poet admires

the bee sucking from the chalice of a flower and says it exists to suck the fragrance of flowers A beekeeper seeing the bee collect pollen from flowers and carry it to the hive says that it exists to gather honey Another be-

lieves that the bee exists to give its race A botanist notices that the bee flying with the pollen of a male flower to a pistil fertilizes the latter and sees in this the purpose of the bee's existence Another observing the migration of plants notices that the bee helps in this work and may say that in this lies the purpose of the bee But the ultimate purpose of the bee is not exhausted by the first the second or any of the processes the human mind can discern The higher the human intellect rises in the discovery of these purposes the more obvious it becomes that the ultimate purpose is beyond our comprehension

All that is accessible to man is the relief on of the life of the bee to other manifestations of life And so it is with the purpose of historic characters and nations

## CHAPTER V

NATASHA'S WEDDING to Bezukhov which took place in 1813 was the last happy event in the family of the old Rostovs Count Ilya Rostov died that same year and as always happens after the father's death the family group broke up

The events of the previous year the burning of Moscow and the flight from it the death of Prince Andrew Natasha's despair Petya's death and the old countess' grief fell blow after blow on the old count's head He seemed to be unable to understand the meaning of all these events and bowed his old head in a spiritual sense as if expecting and inviting further blows which would finish him He seemed not frightened and distraught and now unnaturally animated and enterprising

The arrangements for Natasha's marriage occupied him for a while He ordered dinners and suppers and obviously tried to appear cheerful but his cheerfulness was not infectious as it used to be on the contrary it evoked the compassion of those who knew him and liked him

When Pierre and his wife had left he grew very quiet and began to complain of depression A few days later he fell ill and took to his bed He realized from the first that he would

I expected nothg else he told herself  
callin her p det her d. I h en thing to  
do th him d lo ly wanted to ce the old  
lad wh was al ayk dt me and t whom  
I am under m ny obligat ns.

B t she co ld n t p nfy herself with these  
reflections feel kin to emorse troubled  
her when he th ught f her l. Thou h he  
had firm resol ed n t to call on th Rostó's  
again dt f r t the whole matie she felt  
herself all the tim awkward pos t on. And  
hen she asked herself hat distressed her he  
had to dm t that t was her lat m to Rostó  
H cold, pol m manner did n t express his  
feeling f her ( he knew th t) but t con  
cealed som th du t l he could disco er  
what that someth wa she felt th t she  
could not be ease.

U e day m d ter when tu n the  
schoolroom ttend gt her nepb s Jessons,  
sh was f rmed that Rost had called. W th  
firm resol t n t t betray herself d n t  
show her tat h nt f M dem selle  
Bourne and went w th her to the draw  
room.

Her first gl ce t N ch l f e told her  
that h had ly come to f lfill the demands  
f polit ess d sh firmly resol ed to main  
ta th t e wh ch h d dressed her

They spok of the co ntess health of their  
mutual friends of th l test war wt d  
f the ten m utes equired by p priety  
had el pted fter wh ch is to may se  
Nicholas got p to say good by

W th M dem selle Bour enn h lp the  
pr s had maunta ed th co ersat n ery  
well, b t t th ry last mome t, just when  
h ose he was so tured f talka of what did  
not terest her and h m nd was so full f  
th q est why h l e was granted sol t  
d happ ess l f that n f s of bsent  
m dedness she sat till her lum us eyes  
gazin fixedly bel her n t ot a g that he  
had risen.

N cholas glanced t her nd wish g to p  
pear not to t e her abstract n mad some  
remark t M dem sell Bour n e nd th n  
ga looked t the p ess. Sh till sat mo  
n less w th look f offer n her g tle  
f H ddenl f l t sorry f l e r nd was  
varuely consen n th a he m ht be the cause  
h sad ess her f ce exp essed. H wished to  
p her d say somethng plessa t, b t could  
th k f th g t say

Good by Pr ess as d he

Sh tarted, flushed, d hed deeply

Oh I beg your pard n she sa d as if wak  
ng up Ar you go g already Count? Well  
then good by! Oh but the cush on for the  
cou test!

W t a moment I ll fetch t sa d Made  
m selle Bour nne and she left the room.

They both sat s lent th an o cas m l  
gl e tone nother

"Yes Princess sa d N cholas t last w th a  
sad mile t doesn t seem l ng ago ce we  
first met at Boruchiro o but f w m ch water  
has fl wed s n e the l n wh t distress w ll  
eem d to be th n yet I wo ld g m much to  
b back that time but there s no b ng  
n t back.

P n ess Mary gazed nt nly into his eyes  
w th her own lum ous ones a he sa d th  
Sh s med t be try ng to fath n the l dden  
mean f lu words wh ch w uld expl n his  
feel g f o her

"Yes es, said sh but you ha e no eason  
to regret the past, Co t. As I understa d you  
p es t l f I th nk you w ll lways recall t  
w th sacrafice n because the self sacrfice that  
fills t n w

I cannot cecept you pra se he interrpted  
her hurt edly On the co trary I conti u lly

cold exp ess n But th p cess h d ca ght  
m h h k w n d l ed

and to all your family that I th ght you w uld  
not con der my ympat y m placed but I  
was m taken nd sudde ly her o ce trem  
bled, I d n t kn w why sh cou nued re  
co crng hers lf, but y u used to be different  
nd

There thousand reasons why I y g  
spea l empha on th why Thank y u  
Princess he dded softy Sometimes it m  
hard.

So that why! Th t s why! a o ce whis  
pered n Pr cess M ry soul No t was not  
only that gay k nd and frank look not only  
that handsom exte that I lo ed in h m I  
di ned his ble resolut self sacrficing purt  
too she sa d to herself. "Yes he is poo now  
and I am ch. Yes that s the only reason

Yes ere t n t f that And remem  
ber ng h f me t derness, d look g n w  
t h k nd, sorrowful f ce h udd nly un  
derstood th cause f his coldness.

freedom and now behaved as if all that had passed between them had been long forgotten and could never in any case be renewed

Nicholas

The idea of

salary prove

... and he not save anything but to comply with his mother's demands he even incurred some small debts. He could see no way out of this situation. The idea of marrying some rich woman which was suggested to him by his female relations was repugnant to him. The other way out—his mother's death—never entered his head. He wished for nothing and hoped for nothing and deep in his heart experienced a gloomy and stern satisfaction in an uncomplaining endurance of his position. He tried to avoid his old acquaintances with their commiseration and offensive offers of assistance; he avoided all distraction and recreation and even at home did nothing but play cards with his mother, pace silently up and down the room and smoke one pipe after another. He seemed carefully to cherish within himself the gloomy mood which alone enabled him to endure his position.

## CHAPTER VI

AT THE BEGINNING of winter Princess Mary came to Moscow. From reports current in town she learned how the Rostóvs were situated and how the son has sacrificed himself for his mother, as people were saying.

I never expected anything else of him, said Princess Mary to herself, feeling a joyous sense of her love for him. Remembering her friendly relations with all the Rostóvs which had made her almost a member of the family she thought it her duty to go to see them. But

... a few weeks after her arrival in Moscow

Nicholas was the first to meet her as the court

his

his

his face assumed a cold, stiff, proud expression she had not seen on it before. He inquired about her health, led the way to his mother and having sat there for five minutes left the room.

When the princess came out of the countess's room Nicholas met her again and with marked solemnity and stiffness accompanied her to the anteroom. To her remarks about his mother's

health he made no reply. What's that to you? Leave me in peace, his looks seemed to say.

Why does she come prowling here? What does she want? I can't bear these ladies and all these civilities! said he aloud in Sonya's presence.

She is so kind and Mamma is so fond of her!

Nicholas did not reply and tried to avoid speaking of the princess any more. But after her visit the old countess spoke of her several times.

She sang her praises, insisted that her son must call on her, expressed a wish to see her often, but yet always became ill-humored when she began to talk about her.

Nicholas tried to keep silence when his mother spoke of the princess, but his silence irritated her.

She is a very admirable and excellent young woman, said she, and you must go and call on her. You would at least be seeing somebody and I think it must be dull for you only seeing us.

But I don't in the least want to. Mamma,

You used to want to, and now you don't. Really I don't understand you, my dear. One day you are dull and the next you refuse to see anyone.

But I never said I was dull.

Why you said yourself you don't want even to see her. She is a very admirable young woman and you always liked her, but now suddenly you have got some notion or other in your head. You hide everything from me.

Not at all, Mamma.

If I were asking you to do something disagreeable now—but I only ask you to return a call. One would think mere politeness required it. Well, I have asked you and now I won't interfere any more since you have secrets from your mother.

Well then I'll go if you wish it.

It doesn't matter to me. I only wish it for your sake.

Nicholas sighed, bit his mustache, and laid out the cards for a patience, trying to divert his mother's attention to another topic.

The same conversation was repeated next day and the day after.

After her expectedly cheerful conversation with Princess Mary, confessed to herself that she had been right in not wishing to be the first to call.

"I expected other else she told herself

I am under no obligations.

But he could not help pity her. If with these  
reflections he felt like to immerse troubled  
her whole heart in his, he felt it. The more she  
had firmly resolved not to call on the Rostovs  
again, the more he felt the whole in the heart of  
herself all the more and a kind of position. And  
when she had herself what distressed her, he  
had to admit that it was he related to Rostov  
H. Cold politeness did not express his  
feeling for her (he knew that) but it con-  
cealed something and now he could do over  
that that something was she felt that she  
could take the tea.

O day midw ter when s tu n the  
schoolroom stend t h nephew s lessons,  
sh s firm d s firm d that Rost h d called. W th  
firm esol n n t to betray herself nd n t  
show her g tau n f e t f M dem lie  
Bour d went w th her to the draw  
room.

Her first glance told her that he had only come to fill the demands of his duty and he firmly resolved to maintain the tone which he addressed her.

They spoke of the cost to his health, of their mutual friends (the test was new), and how the ten minutes equaled by precept had elapsed after which it was to rise. Nohol got up to say good by.

W th I dem m ll Bou e es h lp th  
p es had ma m ed the co ersa on ery  
ell, b t t th ry last m m t, just wh n  
h ose sh as so ured f talks of what d d  
not terest her d her m nd was so full of  
sh q es why he ! newa era t d so l t  
tl happ es lf that ft of bs nt  
mindedness she sat ll her lum us eyes  
gan g fixedly bef r her n t t c g that he  
had risen.

Nicholas glanced at her and, wishing to appear not to see her better, made some remark to M. de la Selle. Bourienne and then looked at the princess. She told him not to less than look if there was any girl. He suddenly felt sorry for her and was nearly as much as that he must hit her cause she had said her feelings expressed. He wished to help her and say some thing pleasant, but could not do so.

Good b Pr et sad

She started, flushed, and bowed deeply.

Oh I beg your pardon she said as if waking up. Are you going already Count? Well the good by! Oh but the cushion for the countess!

At that moment I'll fetch it said M de-  
mo elle Bourienne and he left the room

They both said that on a few occasions  
since 1960 neither

Yes Prince said Nicholas at last with a  
sad smile it doesn't seem long since we  
first met at Bogu hiro but how much water  
has flowed since then! In what distress we all  
seemed to be then yet I would give much  
to be back then again but there is no going  
back.

Princess Mary gazed intently into his eyes with her own luminous ones as he said this. She seemed to be trying to fathom the hidden meaning of his words which would explain his feelings for her.

"Yes yes said she but you have no reason to regret the past. Count as I understand your present life I think you will always recall it with satisfaction because the self sacrifice that fills it now.

I cannot accept you praise him tempted  
he readily On the contrary I commonly  
reporth myself But this is not tall  
teasing or cheerful subject.

11 f ce 23 n resumed us f rme stuff nd

nd t all yourf mly that I thou ht you w uld  
not c ns de my ymp thy mispl ed b t I  
wa mistaken nd sudd nly her trem  
bled I d nt know why she conunued re-  
co en g herself but you used t bed ffer t  
nd

There are thousand reasons why I give special emphasis on the why. Thank you, Priest. He added softly. Some times it is hard.

So that whyl Th t why whis-  
pered n Pr ess W ry soul. N t was not  
nly that gay k nd and frank look n to ly  
th th dsome exte th t l l ed n h n I  
da ed h bl esol t l l s n f r f g purst  
too h s d to herself. 'Yes I a poor now

But why Count why? she almost cried unconsciously moving closer to him Why? Tell me You must tell me!

He was silent

I don't understand your why Count she continued but it's hard for me I confess it For some reason you wish to deprive me of our former friendship And that hurts me There were tears in her eyes and in her voice

I have had so little happiness in life that every loss is hard for me to bear Excuse me good by! and suddenly she began to cry and was hurrying from the room

Princess for God's sake! he exclaimed trying to stop her Princess!

She turned round For a few seconds they gazed silently into one another's eyes—and what had seemed impossible and remote suddenly became possible inevitable and very near

## CHAPTER VII

IN THE WINTER of 1813 Nicholas married Princess Mary and moved to Bald Hills with his wife his mother and Sonya

Within four years he had paid off all his remaining debts without selling any of his wife's property and having received a small inheritance on the death of a cousin he paid his debt to Pierre as well

In another three years by 1820 he had so managed his affairs that he was able to buy a small estate adjoining Bald Hills and was negotiating to buy back Otrádnoc—that being his pet dream

Having started farming from necessity he soon grew so devoted to it that it became his favorite and almost his sole occupation Nicholas was a plain farmer he did not like innovations especially the English ones then coming into vogue He laughed at theoretical treatises on estate management disliked fac-

work on his estate He always had before his mind's eye the estate as a whole and not any particular part of it The chief thing in his eyes was not the nitrogen in the soil nor the oxygen in the air nor manures nor special plows but that most important agent by which nitrogen oxygen manure and plow were made effective—the peasant laborer When Nicholas first began farming and began to understand its different branches it was the serf who especially attracted his attention The peasant

seemed to him not merely a tool but also a judge of farming and an end in himself At first he watched the serfs trying to understand their aims and what they considered good and bad and only pretended to direct them and give orders while in reality learning from them their methods their manner of speech and their judgment of what was good and bad Only when he had understood the peasants' tastes and aspirations had learned to talk their language to grasp the hidden meaning of their words and felt akin to them did he begin boldly to manage his serfs that is to perform toward them the duties demanded of him And Nicholas' management produced very brilliant results

Guided by some gift of insight on taking up the management of the estates he at once unerringly appointed as bailiff village elder and delegate the very men the serfs would themselves have chosen had they had the right to choose and these posts never changed hands Before analyzing the properties of manure before entering into the *debit and credit* (as he ironically called it) he found out how many cattle the peasants had and increased the number by all possible means He kept the peasant families together in the largest groups possible not allowing the family groups to divide into separate households He was hard alike on the lazy the depraved and the weak and tried to get them expelled from the commune

He was as careful of the sowing and reaping of the peasants' hay and corn as of his own and few landlords had their crops so well harvested so early and so well or got so good a return as did Nicholas

He disliked having anything to do with the domestic serfs—the *drones* as he called them—and everyone said he spoiled them by his laxity When a decision had to be taken regarding a domestic serf especially if one had to be punished he always felt undecided and consulted everybody in the house but when it was possible to have a domestic serf conscripted instead of a land worker he did so without the least hesitation He never felt any hesitation in dealing with the peasants He knew that his every decision would be approved by them all with very few exceptions

He did not allow himself either to be hard on or punish a man or to make things easy for or reward anyone merely because he felt inclined to do so He could not have said that standard he judged that he should or should not do but the standard was quite firm and

if seemh nm d.

Ofte speaking with ext n of some fal  
ire or irregul rity he w uld s y "Wh t can  
ed w tho r R ss an peasants? and mag  
med that he c M n t bear them

Yet h l ed Russ n p asa m nd  
their ay f l fe with h whole so l and for  
that cry e so l d u derst od d ss m  
l ted the e w y d m n er of farm ng  
h od ced good re ults

to on n s hbor! Wh t I want is that our  
ch ldren sh uld not h set go begg ng I mu t  
put our aff rs no der wh le I mal e th s  
all. And I do th t order and strictness re  
essent al "Th t s ll bout it! said he  
clench n h s go us fst And I mress f  
cours he added for f the peasant n k d  
and huny and I as ly one m serable h rs  
ll can do no good e ther for h mself or for  
me

And all N chola d d was fru tful—prob bly  
just becaus he refu ed to ll w h mself to  
nd oth rs for vir

sta d hy he wa so p rcul ty m u d  
happy ll after g it g p t day b e k a d  
pe d g the wh le m rn g n the fields o  
the thresh g floo h turned fr m the  
ha e tea w th  
w th  
of  
it hew  
l corn

all ght f the f ct th t h s ("u las")  
then es er al eady t ck d bel e nyone  
lse h d h harvest Sh d d t understand  
ll he tepped t fr m the w d w to the  
vera da d smiled under his mustach and  
ked so joyfully wh n warm steady rain be-  
ga t fall n the dry and thirsty boots of th  
go goats hy whe th w d earned way  
th exten d ud dur the b y ll rvest he  
n ld return fr m th barn Rushed, un-  
burned, d perspir with mell of worm-  
wood d g tian his hair and, gleefully  
rubbin his hands w uld say "W ll o m e  
da d my gra n d th peasants will ll be  
u der co er

S ll less d d h s derstand why he, kind  
hearted d lways ready o anticipat her  
w he should becom lmost desperat when  
th brow hit him petus n from some peasant  
me or women who had ppealed to her to be  
excused som w k wh he th t k d N cho-  
las, hould obstun ly efuse her ngry ask-  
n her not t terfere what was n t her  
bus ess. Sh felt h had world part, which  
ll lo ed passio tely and which had laws ll  
had no fathomed.

Som tmes when tryng to understand him,  
th pok f the good work he was doing for  
his serfs, h w uld be exed and replv "Not m  
u, less, never en ered my head and I  
w uld n do that for their good. That all  
poetry and old wivs talk—all that does good

f h dm n trat on was d o y p l  
m ng the serfs He was m ter the peas-  
ants ll m first and then h own Of c u se  
he wa not to be t fied w th ther—in a word  
ll was a real master!

## CHAPTER VIII

O A TTER conncted with h s m n gement  
som tmes w rr ed N cholas nd that was hu  
qu ck tempe together w th his old hussar hab-  
t of mak ng f ee use of his fists. At first he saw  
noth ng repreh n ble in this but in the sec-  
ond year of his marriage his v ew f th t f rm  
of pun hm nt suddenly cha ged.

O ce n ummer he had m t f r the llage  
lder from Boruchiro a man who had uc

ing that morn g Amo other th n o h po  
of the Bogu hárovo lder Countess M ry  
turned ed and then p l but co unued to  
w th head bowed nd lps comp essed nd ga m  
her husband no reply

"S chan nsolent son ndrei he cried, gr w  
hot ga n th mere recollect on of h m.  
"If he had told me h was dru ll and d d n t  
see But what is the matter with you Mary  
h suddenl asked.

Countess Mary raised her head nd tried to  
peak, but hastily looked down gain and her  
lips puckered.

"Why whatever is the matter my dearest?"  
The looks of th plain Countess Mary always

improved when she was in tears. She never cried from pain or vexation but always from sorrow or pity and when she wept her radiant eyes acquired an irresistible charm.

The moment Nicholas took her hand she could no longer restrain herself and began to cry.

Nicholas: I saw it—he was to blame but why do you, Nicholas! and she covered her face with her hands.

Nicholas said nothing. He flushed crimson, left her side and paced up and down the room. He understood what she was weeping about but could not in his heart at once agree with her that what he had regarded from childhood as quite an everyday event was wrong. Is it just sentimentality, old wives' tales, or is she right? he asked himself. Before he had solved that point he glanced again at her face filled with love and pain and he suddenly realized that she was right and that he had long been sinning against himself.

Mary: he said softly going up to her: it will never happen again. I give you my word. Never—he repeated in a trembling voice like a boy asking for forgiveness.

The tears fell on his eyes.

Nicholas asked her the subject looking at his finger on which he wore a ring with a cameo of Laocoon's head.

Today—it was the same affair. Oh, Mary don't remind me of it! and again he flushed.

I give you my word of honor it shan't occur again.

As he said this the blood rushed to his face and his fists began to clench. Nicholas would turn the broken ring on his finger and would drop his eyes before the man who was making him angry. But he did forget himself or he

he  
very last time

Mary: you must despise me! he would say. I deserve it.

You should go away at once if you don't feel strong enough to control yourself, she would reply sadly, trying to comfort her husband.

and consequently some thought him proud and others thought him stupid. The whole summer from spring sowing to har-

he spent his time reading. The books he read were chiefly historical and on these he spent a certain sum every year. He was collecting as he said a serious library and he made it a rule to read through all the books he bought. He would sit in his study with a grave air reading—a task he first imposed upon himself as a duty but which afterwards became a habit affording him a special kind of pleasure and a consciousness of being occupied with serious matters. In winter except for business excursions he spent most of his time at home making himself one with his family and entering into all the details of his children's relations with their mother. The harmony between him and his wife grew closer and closer and he daily discovered fresh spiritual treasures in her.

From the time of his marriage Sonya had

he said to his cousin. She thoroughly realized the wrong he had done. Sonya felt herself to blame toward her and imagined that her health had influenced Nicholas' choice. She could not find fault with Sonya in any way and tried to be fond of her but often felt ill will toward her which she could not overcome.

Once she had a talk with her friend Natasha about Sonya and about her own injustice toward her.

You know said Natasha you have read the Gospels a great deal—there is a passage in

it that must not shall be taken away. You remember? She is one that hath not why I don't know. Perhaps she lacks egotism. I don't know but from her is taken away and every thing has been taken away. Sometimes I am dreadfully sorry for her. Formerly I very much wanted Nicholas to marry her but I always had a sort of presentiment that it would not come off. She is a sterile flower you know—like some stray lily blossoms. Sometimes I am sorry for her and sometimes I think she

## FIRST EPILOGUE

doesn't feel as you I would.

Though Countess Mary told Natasha that those words in the Gospel must be understood differently yet looking at Sonya he agreed with her explanation it really seemed

what pointed toes and drove to the new church he had built and then received visitors who would come to congratulate him offer them refreshments and talk about the election of the nobility but he considered himself entitled to spend the eve of that day in his usual way He examined the bill of a cousin of the village in Ryazin which belonged to his wife's nephew wrote two business letters and walked over the cattle yards and stables before

slowly accepted from her with a grateful

The country seat at Bald Hills had been rebuilt, though not on the same scale as under the old prince.

The buildings were under strained circumstances, were more than ample. The immense house of the old nobleman was left bare

the great which the whole household had assembled. That table where his mother's old lady companion Belova and his wife their three children with their governess and tutor his wife nephew with his tutor Sonya Denisov Natasha her three children the regiments and old Michael and the chapel priest architect, who was living on his retirement at Bald Hills.

Countess Mary sat at the other end of the table. When her husband took his place she concluded firmly that rapid manner in which after taking up his table napkin he pushed back the tumbler and negligently gazed before him that he was out of humor as was sometimes the case when he came into the train from the firm—especially before the soup Countess Mary well knew that mood

rooms for the house and part of the visitors. While families of the Rosovs and Bolshakovs relatives sometimes came to Bald Hills with sixteen horses and a number of servants stayed for months. Besides that, four times a year on the named days and birthdays of the hosts, as many as hundred visitors would gather there for days together. The estate this year had pursued a successful course with many busy occupations and business tasks, lunches dinners and dinners, and a little production of estate.

## CHAPTER IX

It was the evening of Saturday the fifth of December. Natasha had been saying to her brother with her husband and children early in the morning Peterburg business of his wife three weeks as he said, but he had remained there nearly even as he was expected back every minute.

Besides the Bekh family Nicholas old friend of the tired General Nikolai Dmitri Deniso was staying with the Rosovs this fifth of December.

On the third, which was his name day when the house would be full of visitors Nicholas knew he would have to exchange his Tartar tun for tailcoat, and put on narrow boots

quired whether everything was going on

and wished to find the nearest person who knew her room key so deduced natural but could not refer to the matter in the matter of the estate.

That is to say so that the conversation table soon became general and lively and he did not talk to his husband. When the night fell the table went usually to thank the old countess Countess Mary held out her hand and



lissed her husband and asked him why he was angry with her

You always have such strange fancies! I didn't even think of being angry he replied

But the word *always* seemed to her to imply Yes I am angry but I won't tell you why

Nicholas and his wife lived together so happily that even Sonya and the old countess who felt jealous and would have liked them to disagree could find nothing to reproach them with but even they had their moments of antagonism Occasionally and it was always just after they had been happiest together they suddenly had a feeling of estrangement and hostility which occurred most frequently during Countess Mary's pregnancies and this was such a time

Well *messeurs et mesdames* said Nicholas loudly and with apparent cheerfulness (it seemed to Countess Mary that he did it on purpose to vex her) I have been on my feet since six this morning Tomorrow I shall have to suffer so today I'll go and rest

And without a word to his wife he went to the little sitting room and lay down on the sofa

That's always the way thought Countess Mary He talks to everyone except me I see

I see that I am repulsive to him especially when I am in this condition She looked down at her expanded figure and in the glass at her pale sallow emaciated face in which her eyes now looked larger than ever

And everything annoyed her—Denisov's

Excuse Countess Mary found for feeling irritated

Having sat awhile with her visitors without understanding anything of what they were saying she softly left the room and went to the nursery

The children were playing at going to Moscow

band and his unreasonable crossness worried her She got up and walking on tiptoe with difficulty went to the small sitting room

Perhaps he is not asleep I'll have an explanation with him she said to herself Little Andrei her eldest boy imitating his mother followed her on tiptoe She did not notice him

she crossed her path everywhere) Andrew may wake him

Countess Mary looked round saw little Andrew following her felt that Sonya was right and for that very reason flushed and with evident difficulty refrained from

harsh Sonya's ly and another door I from the room in which Nicholas

stood to it she saw before her his smooth handsome forehead his mustache and his whole face as she had so often seen it in the stillness of the night when he slept Nicholas suddenly moved and cleared his throat And at that moment little Andrew shouted from outside the door Papa! Mamma's standing here! Countess Mary turned pale with fright and made signs to the boy He grew silent and quiet ensued for a moment terrible to Countess Mary She knew how

I can't get a moment's peace Mary is that you? Why did you bring him here?

I only came in to look and did not notice forgive me

Nicholas coughed and said no more Countess Mary moved away from the door and took the boy back to the nursery Five minutes later little black-eyed three-year-old Natasha her father's pet having learned from her brother that Papa was asleep and Mamma was in the sitting room ran to her father unobserved by her mother The dark-eyed little girl boldly opened the creaking door went up to the sofa with energetic steps of her sturdy little legs and having examined the position of her father who was asleep with his back to her rose on tiptoe and kissed the hand which lay under his head Nicholas turned with a tender smile on his face

Natasha! Natasha! came Countess Mary's frightened whisper from the door Papa wants to sleep

No Mamma he doesn't want to sleep said little Natasha with conviction He's laughing

Nicholas lowered his legs rose and took his daughter in his arms

Come in Mury I said to his wife

She went in and sat down by her husband

I did not notice him following me she

## FIRST EPILOGUE

and timidly I just looked n  
 H din h s l tleg il with one rm N ch las  
 ga ced th w fe and s eng her gu lty ex  
 press on put h ther rm rou dler nd  
 knsed her h r  
 M y l k s s M mma he a ked Natisha  
 A tish sm led ba hfully  
 Aga she comm nded, po nt g w th a  
 perempt ry gesture to the spot where N cho-  
 las had pl red the k s  
 I d t know why you th k I m cross  
 I ust on he knew

pl ced her on his shoulder held her by the  
 legs and p ced the room w th her There was  
 n express n of ca sfree happ ness on the  
 f ces of both father and daugt er  
 But you know you may be unfar You are  
 too fond of th s one his wife w l spered in  
 French

Yes but what m I to do? I try not to  
 show  
 At that m m nt l cy heard the so nd of the  
 doo pulley nd footsteps m the h ll nd ante-  
 room s if someo eh d arri ed

to m  
 M ry don t talk n nsen Y u ought to be  
 ashamed f y urs lf he said ga ly  
 It seems t be that y u can t l e me that  
 I m so plain lways and now n  
 this d

room O t of b eath he tou u e  
 ch ld qu kly from h shoulder a d pressed

Oh h w absurd you re It s not be uty  
 hat endears t s l th t makes u e be uty  
 lt ly M l d wom n f that k nd  
 wh elo ed f th beauty But do l l  
 m w fe l d t l h r b t l d n k n w  
 h w t p t l W th uty u o wh n some-  
 th comes between u l k th l eem lost  
 d ca t d y th n Now d l l e my fin  
 gen? I don t l t b j u t t r y t cut t off  
 l m t l k th t m y lf but l u d r t nd  
 So yo re l l gry w th me?  
 Awf lly M y l h s a d s m l g nd get  
 t u gup A d mooth g h s ha h began to  
 pa th room.

society nd d n ng the m m s  
 h s l d father h d danced D el Co p r with  
 h s d u lte

It l l t s he N chol l s a d Countess  
 Mary e ente ng the room a few m nutes l t  
 er N w our N t i h ha come to l f e you  
 H uld h e e n h recstasy a d how he caught  
 t for ha ng tayed away so l ng Well come  
 lo gn w qu ck qu k l t t me you two were  
 p ted she added look ng m l ngly at the  
 l tle g l who lu g to l e father  
 N ch l w t out h l d w the ch ld by the  
 h d

Do you kn w M ry wh t l e been th k  
 g? W bega mmed t l y th nk ng l u d  
 h w fe p es n n w th t they had m de  
 t p  
 I d d n t k f he wa eady to l t n to  
 h m H d d t ca e A th ught had occurred  
 t h m d so t belo red h r l A d h  
 t l d he f h t e u n t persuade P rre to  
 t ay w th them t l l p g  
 Co ess M ry l t ed t l l h e h d fin hed  
 made som m k nd n her urn be an  
 th k g l d He th g h s w e r bout th  
 ch ld

Countess M ry rem ed n the t t s groom  
 I h uld ne e ne r ha e bel e ed th t  
 o e could be so h ppy sh wh p ed to her  
 lf A sm le l t up her f ce b t t the same  
 t me h ghed n l her deep eyes exp essed a  
 qu t d ess t l gh h felt through her  
 happ ess that there n th so s of hap-  
 p ess u t t n ble n th l f e nd of wh d  
 he olunta ly thought at that stant.

## CHAPTER X

N r k l a h a m ed n th e ly sprig of  
 83 d n 82 l eady h d thre d u lters  
 bes des f whom he h d l ged and  
 wh m sh was n w nurs g She l d gr wn  
 t te nd b der so th t t w d f l c u l t t  
 cog thus bust m th ly w m the  
 sl m l ely N t i sh a l f r me l l y s. Her fea-  
 tures w e m e d f e d nd h d a calm soft  
 nd serene exp ess n In her fa there was

Y u can ee the w m n n h l dy  
 h s a d F h po t g l t l N t i h  
 l e p ch us w m n w th be g llog cal  
 Here loo c. I say P p wants to l pl  
 b t h says, A h l u h g A d h was  
 right, s a d Co tess M ry w th h ppy m l  
 Yes, yes And N cholas, tak ng h s l t l  
 da ghter n h s t r o g h d l f t ed her h g h

none of the ever glowing animation that had formerly burned there and constituted its charm. Now her face and body were often all that one saw and her soul was not visible at all. All that struck the eye was a strong, handsome and fertile woman. The old fire very rarely kindled in her face now. That happened only when it was the case that day her husband returned home or a sick child was convalescent or when she and Countess Mary spoke of Prince Andrew (she never mentioned him to her husband, who she imagined was jealous of Prince Andrew's memory) or on the rare occasions when something happened to induce her to sing a practice she had quite abandoned since her marriage. At the rare moments when the old fire did kindle in her handsome, fully developed body she was even more attractive than in former days.

Since their marriage Natásha and her husband had lived in Moscow, in Petersburg on their estate near Moscow or with her mother—that is to say in Nicholas's house. The young Countess Bezukhova was not often seen in society and those who met her there were not pleased with her and found her neither attractive nor amiable. Not that Natásha liked solitude—she did not know whether she liked it or not—she even thought that she did not—but with her pregnancies, her confinements, the nursing of her children and sharing every moment of her husband's life she had demands on her time which could be satisfied only by renouncing society. All who had known Natásha before her marriage wondered at the change in her as at something extraordinary. Only the old countess with her maternal instinct had realized that all Natásha's outbursts had been due to her need of children and a husband—as she herself had once exclaimed at Otrádnoe not so much in fun as in earnest—and her mother was now surprised at the surprise expressed by those who had never understood Natásha and she kept saying that she had always known that Natásha would make an exemplary wife and mother.

Only she lets her love of her husband and

as she did before he became her husband. Natásha on the contrary had at once abandoned all her witchery of which her singing had been an unusually powerful part. She gave it up just because it was so powerfully seductive. She took no pains with her manners or with delicacy of speech or with her toilet or to show herself to her husband in her most becoming attitudes or to avoid inconveniencing him by being too exacting. She acted in contradiction to all those rules. She felt that the allurements instinct had formerly taught her to use would now be merely ridiculous in the eyes of her husband to whom she had from the first moment given herself up entirely—that is with her whole soul, leaving no corner of it hidden from him. She felt that her unity with her husband was not maintained by the poetic feelings that had attracted him to her but by something else—indefinite but firm as the bond between her own body and soul.

To fluff out her curls, put on fashionable dresses and sing romantic songs to fascinate her husband would have seemed as strange as to adorn herself to attract herself. To adorn herself for others might perhaps have been agreeable—she did not know—but she had no time at all for it. The chief reason for devoting no time either to singing or to dressing or to choosing her words was that she really had no time to spare for these things.

We know that man has the faculty of becoming completely absorbed in a subject however trivial it may be and that there is no subject so trivial that it will not grow to infinite proportions if one's entire attention is devoted to it.

The subject which wholly engrossed Natásha's attention was her family—that is her husband whom she had to keep so that he should belong entirely to her and to the home and the children whom she had to bear, bring into the world, nurse and bring up.

And the deeper she penetrated, not with her mind only but with her whole soul, her whole being into the subject that absorbed her, the larger did that subject grow and the weaker and more inadequate did her own powers appear so that she concentrated them wholly on that one thing and yet was unable to accomplish all that she considered necessary.

There were then as now conversations and discussions about women's rights, the relations of husband and wife and the freedom and rights though these times were not yet termed *questions* as they are now but these topics were not merely uninteresting to Na

of her appearance than when she was unmarried and should fascinate her husband as much

## FIRST EPILOGUE

th... the posit ely did not understa d them.

These q estio s, th n as n w existed only  
fr those ho see nothi in marr e but the  
pleasure married people get from ■ another  
Lat is, onl the be n n os of marriage nd  
not a whol gn ficeance which les n the  
f—

wh ch  
test  
then  
the  
t f  
fam-

|| If the purpose f d inner is to n ursh the  
body man who eats two dinners at o ce  
may perhaps get more enjoyment but will not  
tain his purpose for his tomach will n t d  
est h two dinners.

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hus-  
but

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hol

husba ds tha re needed i  
hat is, w le on husband. \ t h need  
ed husb d. A husba d wa gn en her nd h  
h n t only saw o

\ tisha d d n t care f soci ty ng  
but prred th m re the society of h rela  
tives—Countess Marv nd her brother her  
mother d Sô ya She valued th comp ny  
f those to whom h could com und di  
sheveled from th nurserv n her dress n gown  
nd of

tha bab wa much be er

T chanexte t had \ t h f herself go  
tha th wa sh dressed and d d her ha her  
li-chosen words, d her zeal usv—she was  
jeal y Sô ya fth governess d f every  
woman pretty o pl —w re hab ual ub-  
jects of jest to those bou her Th gen ral  
p was that P erre wa u der h w f  
humb wh ch was really true. From th ery  
firs days fth married l f N tisha h dan-  
nou ced her dema ds. P erre wa greatly sur

p sed by his w le s view to him a perfectly  
no el one that every moment of l l fe be-  
lo ged to her and to the fam ly H s w le s de-  
m nds ast n shed him but they also fl itered  
h m nd he ubm tted to them.

h m n con ted n the f ct that

lea t underst nd but o —  
great mports ce To m ke up for th s, at  
home P erre h d the ri ht t regulate hus l fe  
and that of the whole f mily e, actly a he  
chose At hom \ tish pl ced herself in the  
pos t n of a sla e to her husba d and the  
whole hous hold w nt on t ptoe when he w  
occup ed—that was read n or wr t n h s  
study P erre h d but to how p ri al ty for  
anyh gt get just wh the l kedd ne always.  
He had only to express a w h and Natisha  
would jump up a d run to fulfill it.

The nure h us h ld was go erned accord  
h h

— a ■ o e h m u t and

d l cat wh n they h d to ch oe u e w  
nurse three times nd N tisha fell ll from de-  
pa P erre n e day t ld her of Rousseau  
cw w th wh ch h qu t agreed th t h e  
w t nurse unn tural a d h rmful. When  
li next b by was born desp te th oppos-  
tion of her mother the doct rs d even of  
her hu ba d himself—who were ll orously  
opposed to her nurs g her baby h rself a  
tl then unheard of d con dered njur-  
us—he nsted on havi g her o n way a d  
ster th n nursed ll h b b es herself  
It very oft n h ppened that ■ m m t of  
rrita n hu band nd w f would h ve a d s-  
pute, but l g sterwards P erre to his ur

prise and delight would find in his wife's ideas and actions the very thought against which she had argued but divested of everything superfluous that in the excitement of the dispute he had added when expressing his opinion.

After seven years of marriage Pierre had the joyous and firm consciousness that he was not a bad man and he felt this because he saw himself reflected in his wife. He felt the good and bad within himself inextricably mingled and overlapping. But only what was really good in him was reflected in his wife, all that

## CHAPTER XI

TWO MONTHS PREVIOUSLY when Pierre was already staying with the Rostovs he had received a letter from Prince Theodore asking him to come to Petersburg to confer on some important questions that were being discussed there by a society of which Pierre was one of the principal founders.

On reading that letter (she always read her husband's letters) Natasha herself suggested that he should go to Petersburg though she would feel his absence very acutely. She attributed immense importance to all her husband's intellectual and abstract interests though she did not understand them and she always dreaded being a hindrance to him in such matters. To Pierre's timid look of inquiry after reading the letter she replied by asking him to go but to fix a definite date for his return. He was given four weeks' leave of absence.

Ever since that leave of absence had expired more than a fortnight before Natasha had been in a constant state of alarm, depression and irritability.

Denisov now a general on the retired list and much dissatisfied with the present state of affairs had arrived during the fortnight. He looked at Natisha with sorrow and surprise as at a bad likeness of a person once dear. A dull dejected look, random replies and talk about the nursery was all he saw and heard from his former enchantress.

Natasha was sad and irritable all that time especially when her mother, her brother Sonya or Countess Mary in their efforts to console her tried to excuse Pierre and suggested reasons for his delay in returning.

It's all nonsense all rubbish—those discussions which lead to nothing and all those idi-

otic societies! Natásha declared of the very affairs in the immense importance of which she firmly believed.

And she would go to the nursery to nurse Petya her only boy. No one else could tell her anything so comforting or so reasonable as this little three-month-old creature when he lay at her breast.

**movem**

little no

you are jealous you would like to pay him  
out you are afraid—but here am I! And I am  
he and that was unanswerable It was  
more than true

During that fortnight of anxiety Nīṭāṣha resorted to the baby for comfort so often and fussed over him so much that she overfed him and he fell ill. She was terrified by his illness and yet that was just what she needed. While attending to him she bore the anxiety about her husband more easily.

She was nursing her boy when the sound of Pierre's sleigh was heard at the front door and the old nurse—knowing how to please her mistress—entered the room inaudibly but hurriedly and with a beaming face.

Has he come? Natásha asked quickly in a whisper afraid to move lest she should rouse the dozing baby.

He's come ma'am whispered the nurse

The blood rushed to Natásha's face and her feet involuntarily moved but she could not jump up and run out. The baby again opened his eyes and looked at her. 'You're here?' he seemed to be saying and again lazily smacked his lips.

Cautiously withdrawing her breast Nardsha rocked him a little handed him to the nurse and went with rapid steps toward the door. But at the door she stopped as if her conscience reproached her for having in her joy left the child too soon and she glanced round. The nurse with raised elbows was lifting the infant over the rail of his cot.

Go ma aml Don't worry go! she whispered smiling with the kind of familiarity that grows up between a nurse and her mistress.

Natasha ran with light footsteps to the ante-room

Denisov who had come out of the study in

**figured face**

He's comel she exclaimed as she ran past,

and Densov felt that he too was dighted that  
here whom he did not much care I had re-  
turned.

On reaching the vestibule N tasha saw a tall  
figure in fur coat unwinding his scarf. It  
was really he. He has come he said to  
herself, and rushing at him embraced him,  
pressed his head to her breast, and he pushed  
him back, dreading his ruddy happy face  
covered with hoarfrost. "Yes, it is he happy  
and contented."

Then all at once she remembered the times  
I suppose she had experienced for the  
last night, and the joy that had lit up her  
face vanished she frowned and overwhelmed  
Pierre with torments of reproaches and angry  
words.

"Yes, it all very well for you. You are  
pleased, you had good time. But what  
about me. I must at least have shown con-  
sideration for the children. I am nursing and  
my milk was spoiled. Pétia was at death's  
door. But you were enjoying yourself. Yes, en-  
joying."

Pierre knew he was not to blame, for he  
could not have come sooner. He knew the stout  
burst was unseemly and would blow over in  
minutes or two. He knew that he himself  
was bright and happy. He wanted to smile  
but dared not even think of it. So he made  
pious, frightened face and bent down.

"I could not, on my hands. But how is Pétia?"

"All right now. Come along!" I wonder you are  
not ashamed. If only you could see what I was  
like without you, how I suffered."

"You are well."

"Come, come!" she said, no letting go of his  
arm. And they went to their rooms.

When N cholas and his wife came to look for  
Pierre he was in the nursery holding his baby  
son, who was awake, on his knee. He hit  
palm d d d him. A bit of his smile  
was fixed in the baby's broad face with its  
toothless open mouth. The room was long  
and over it there was bright, joyous sun-  
shine. N tasha face as she gazed tenderly  
at her husband and child.

"And how you talked everything, well or  
with Prince Theodore she asked."

"Yes, cap all."

"You see, he holds it up. (She meant the  
baby's head.) But he did frighten me.  
You see, the princess? I true she is love  
with the."

"Yes, just fancy."

At that moment N cholas and Countess  
Mary came in. Pierre with the baby on his  
hand stooped, kissed them, and replied to  
their inquiries. But in spite of much that was  
interesting and had to be discussed the baby  
with its tiny cap on its untidy head evi-  
dently absorbed all his attention.

How sweet said Countess Mary looking  
tenderly at the baby. "Now N cholas  
he added, turning to her husband. I can't  
understand how you do not see the charm  
of these delicious marvels."

"I don't understand," replied N cholas, look-  
ing coldly at the baby. A lump of flesh. Come  
along, Pierre."

And yet he such an affectionate father  
said Countess Mary indicating her husband,  
but only after they are very old or so."

"Now Pierre nurses them splendidly," said  
N tasha. He said his hand is just made for a  
baby seat, just look."

Only not for this. "Pierre suddenly ex-  
claimed with a laugh, and shuffling the baby  
he gave him to the nurse."

## CHAPTER VII

AS IN EVERY large household, there were at  
Bald Hills several perfectly distinct worlds  
which merged into one harmonious whole  
though each retained its own peculiarities and  
made concessions to the others. Every event,  
joyful or sad, that took place in that house was  
important to all these worlds, but each had its  
own peculiar reason to rejoice or grieve in  
that occurrence independent of the others.

For instance Pierre's return was joyful and  
important event and they all felt it to be so.

The servants—the most reliable judges of  
their masters because they judge not by their  
consciousness of expressions of feeling but by  
their eyes.

They would all see the handsome presents of the  
hol days.

The children and their go-fernses were  
glad of Pierre's return because no one else  
drew them into the social life of the household  
as he did. He alone could play the d d d  
that counted (his only present) to which as he  
said, all possible dances could be danced, and  
they felt sure he had brought presents for them  
all.

Young N cholas now slim and of fifteen,

delicate and intelligent with curly light brown hair and beautiful eyes was delighted because Uncle Pierre as he called him was the only

one who brought him up had done her utmost to make him love her husband as she loved him and little Nicholas did love his uncle but loved him with just a shade of contempt Pierre however he adored He did not want to be an hussar or a knight of St. George like his uncle Nicholas he wanted to be learned wise and kind like Pierre In Pierre's presence his face always shone with pleasure and he flushed and was breathless when Pierre spoke to him He did not miss a single word he uttered and would afterwards with Dessalles or by himself recall and reconsider the meaning of everything Pierre had said Pierre's past life and his unhappiness prior to 1812 (of which young Nicholas had formed a vague poetic picture from some words he had overheard) had

been a very lonely and especially Pierre's friendship with the father whom Nicholas could not remember—all this made Pierre in his eyes a hero and a saint

From broken remarks about Natásha and his father from the emotion with which Pierre spoke of that dead father and from the careful reverent tenderness with which Natásha spoke of him the boy who was only just beginning to guess what love meant derived the notion that his father had loved Natásha and when dying had left her to his friend But the father whom the boy did not remember appeared to him a divinity who could not be pictured and of whom he never thought without a shivering

ways helped to enliven and unite any company he was in

The grown-up members of the family not to mention his wife were pleased to have back a friend whose presence made life run more smoothly and peacefully

The old ladies were pleased with the presents he brought them and especially that Natásha would now be herself again

Pierre felt the different outlooks of these various worlds and made haste to satisfy all their expectations

Though the most absent minded and forgetful of men Pierre with the aid of a list his wife drew up had now bought everything not forgetting his mother and brother in law's commissions nor the dress material for a present to Belóva nor toys for his wife's nephews In the early days of his marriage it had seemed strange to him that his wife should expect him not to forget to procure all the things he undertook to buy and he had been taken aback by her serious annoyance when on his first trip he forgot everything But in time he grew used to this demand knowing that Natásha asked nothing for herself and gave him commissions for others only when he himself had offered to undertake them he now found an unexpected and childlike pleasure in this purchase of presents for everyone in the house and never forgot anything If he now incurred Natásha's censure it was only for buying too many and too expensive things To her other defects (as most people thought them but which to Pierre were qualities) of untidiness and neglect of herself she now added stinginess

From the time that Pierre began life as a family man on a footing entailing heavy expenditure he had noticed to his surprise that

life was improved

Life was cheaper because it was circumscribed that most expensive luxury the kind of life that can be changed at any moment was no longer his nor did he wish for it He felt that his way of life had now been settled once for all till death and that to change it was not in his power and so that way of life proved economical

With a merry smiling face Pierre was sorting his purchases

What do you think of this? said he unrolling a piece of stuff like a shopman

Natásha who was sitting opposite to him with her eldest daughter on her lap turned her sparkling eyes swiftly from her husband to the things he showed her

That's for Belóva? Excellent! She felt the quality of the material It was a ruble an arshin I suppose?

Pierre told her the price

Too dear! Natásha remarked How pleased the children will be and Mamma too!

O

kind when just coming into fashion.

Idle tempted me she kept on telling me to buy it, returned Pierre.

"When am I to wear it?" and Natasha stuck it in her coil of hair. "When I take it!" said Natasha to society. Perhaps they will be fashionable again by then. Well let us go now.

And collect the presents they went first to the nursery and then to the old countess's rooms.

The countess was sitting with her companion Belova, playing grand patience as usual, when Pierre and Natasha came into the drawing room with parcels under their arms.

The countess was now over sixty was quite gray and wore a cap with a frill that surrounded her face. Her face had hardened, her upper lip had sunk in, and her eyes were dim.

After the deaths of her son and husband in such rapid succession she felt herself being accidentally forgotten in this world and left without aim or object for her existence. She ate, drank, slept, or kept awake, but did not live. Life gave her no new impressions. She wanted nothing from life but tranquillity and that tranquillity only death could give her. But until death came she had to go on living, that is, to use her vital forces. A peculiarity seen in very young children and very old people was particularly evident in her. Her life had no external aims—only a need to exercise her various functions. Her chief business was to parent. She must eat, sleep think, speak, weep, work, give vent to her anger and so on merely because she had stomach, a brain, muscles, nerves, and liver. She did these things not under any external impulse as people in the full vigor of life do when behind the purpose for which they do that exercise in their functions remains unneeded. She talked only because the physically needed to exercise her tongue and lungs. She cried as children do, because her nose had to be cleared, and so on. What for people their full go is an aim was for her evidently merely a pretext.

Thus this morning—especially if she had even anything rich that day before—she felt a need of her anxiety and would choose as the handsiest pretext Belova's deafness.

She would begin to say something to her in low tones from the other end of the room.

It seems to me warmer today my dear she would murmur.

And when Belova replied, Oh yes, then come, she would murmur, "O Lord! How stupid and deaf she is!"

Another pretext would be her snuff which would seem too dry or too damp or not rubbed fine enough. After these fits of irritability her face would grow yellow and her muscles knew by a little symptom when Belova would again be deaf the snuff damp and the countess face yellow just as she needed to work off her spleen so she had sometimes to exercise her still-existing faculty of thinking—and the pretext for that was game of patience. When she needed to cry the deceased count would be the pretext. When she wanted to be agitated, a cholera and his health would be the pretext, and when she felt need to speak respectfully the pretext would be Countess Mary. When her social organs needed exercise, which was usually toward seven o'clock when she had had no after-dinner rest in a darkened room, the pretext would be the retelling of the same stories over and over again to the same audience.

The old lady's condition was understood by the whole household though no one ever spoke of it, and they all made every possible effort to satisfy her needs. Only by rare glances exchanged with sad smiles between the cholera, Pierre, Natasha, and Countess Mary was the common understanding of her condition expressed.

But those glances expressed something more. They said that she had played her part in life, that what they now saw was not her whole self that we must all become like her and that they were glad to yield to her to restrain themselves for this once precious being formerly as full of life as themselves but now so much to be pitied. We must to mortals see these glances.

Only the really heartless, the stupid ones of this household, and the little children failed to understand this and loved her.

## CHAPTER XIII

When Pierre dined with her entered the drawing room the countess was no longer her customary states in which she needed the mental exertion of playing patience—she thought by force of habit she greeted him with the words she always used when Pierre or her son returned after a absence. "Hello my dear high time! We were all weary of waiting for you. Well thank God! and received her presents with another customary remark. It is not the gift



that moment when it diverted her attention from the unfinished game

She finished her game of patience and only then examined the presents. They consisted of a box for cards of splendid workmanship a bright blue Sevres tea cup with shepherdesses depicted on it and with a lid and a gold snuff box with the count's portrait on the lid which Pierre had had done by a miniaturist in Petersburg. The countess had long wished for such a box but as she did not want to cry just then she glanced indifferently at the portrait and gave her attention chiefly to the box for cards.

"Thank you my dear you have cheered me up," said she as she always did. But best of all you have brought yourself back—for I never saw anything like it you ought to give your wife a scolding! What are we to do with her? She is like a mad woman when you are away. Doesn't she see anything doesn't she remember anything she went on repeating her usual phrases. Look Anna Timoféevna she added to her companion see what a box for cards my son has brought us!

Belóva admired the presents and was de-

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Conversation of this kind interesting to no one yet unavoidable continued all through teatime. All the grown up members of the family were assembled near the round tea table at

next to him at tea and sat in their accustomed places. Nicholas beside the stove at a small table where his tea was handed to him. Milka the

old gray borzoi bitch (daughter of the first Milka) with a quite gray face and large black eyes that seemed more prominent than ever lay on the armchair beside him. Denisov whose curly hair mustache and whiskers had turned half gray sat beside Countess Mary with his general's

understand. He told her of external social

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the health of Prince Iván and Countess Mary Alexéevna.

Well and all this idiocy—Gossner and Tatávinova? Denisov asked. Is that really still going on?

Going on? Pierre exclaimed. Why more than ever! The Bible Society is the whole government now!

What is that *mon cher ami*? asked the countess who had finished her tea and evidently needed a pretext for being angry after her meal. What are you saying about the government? I don't understand.

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Arakchéev and Golitsyn incautiously remarked Pierre are now the whole government! And what a government! They see treason every where and are afraid of everything.

Well and how? Prince Alexander to blame? He is a most estimable man. I used to meet him at Mary Antonovna's," said the

ness a life ded t ne a d sll more  
fended that th y ll rem t ed s lent he  
ent o Nowaday e cryone find f ult A  
ospel Soe tjl W ll a d wh t harm s there  
that and she rose (e rybody else got up  
vo) d w th severe e press n s led back  
her table n the s it g room

The mela ch ly s lent th t foll wed was  
roke by th sou d of the ch ld e s vo ces  
nd la ghter from th next room. E d nily  
ome jolly exciteme twa go gon there

"F ished fi shed! l ttle \ tish sgleeful  
ell rose abo them all

P erre e cha ged gl ces w th Cou tess  
Mary nd h ch l (\ tish he ne r lost  
ught f) d am led l apply

"That delghtf lm e sa l he  
l mea s that A na M káro has fnished  
hers ockun sa d Cou tess M ry

P erre m m "

well. Wh n l as dr h re tnd y thenc re  
I got t the h use the m e n ous l grew \s  
le tured th anteroom l heard Andrd l  
peal of l ghter d th t m n th t ll wa  
well

I k w I k th t feel sa d h cho-  
las. B t l m t t go there— hose stock gs  
to be rp el me

P erre went t th h ld d the sh ut  
ung d laughter grew t l l u ter

Come A M káro n P erre s o ce

oces filled the room. Tw twot they  
h ted

Th mea t t o tock gs wh h by secret  
process l wn ly to hers If Ann M káro  
sed t k t t th sam tme the same  
redles d wh d when they were ready he  
alwa t mph tly d ne o t of the oth  
er in the h ldren prese ce

## CHAPTER XIV

SOON AFTER the h ldren cam n t say  
good ght. They k sed ex ry o e the tut rs  
d governesses m le th bow d th y  
ent o t. O ly ou \ ch l d h tut r  
rema ed. Dessalles wh pered to the boy so  
com d natura.

No Mon e ir Dessalles. I w ll ask my unt  
to let me stay repl ed \ cholas Bolko sk al  
so in a wh sper

"U t te please let me stay sa l he go-  
n up to h sau t.

It s f ce e pres ed entreaty agitat on and  
ecst sy Countess M ry glanced at h m and  
turned to P erre

"Wl n you are here he can t tear himself  
way she sa d

I w ll bring h m to you d rectly Mon eur  
Dessalles. Good n htl sa d P erre g ing h s  
hand to the Sw s tutor and he turned to  
you g h chola w th a smle You and I  
la nt see a yth t g of one another yet  
ll l ke l e s grow ng Mary! l ead led ad  
dress Countess M ry

Like my fathe ? sked the boy flush g  
cr nson a d look g up at Pierre w th bri ht  
ecst t e eyes.

l erre nodded n l went on w th what he  
m h h l f n l d inter

from Sónya—wh sat eary but resolute at the  
samo ar— d quest ned l erre The curly  
he del del cate boy sat w th sh n n eyes un-  
not ced n a corner st t n e every t wa d  
th n an l muttering someth ng to h self and  
e de tly expe enc ng a ne n l powe ful  
em t n he turned h curly head w th l u s  
th n neck po ed by h s turn-d wn coll e to-  
ward the pl ce w l ere P erre sat

Th con ersat n turned on the contempo-  
rary goss p about thos n power n wl ch  
most people ee the ch el s t est of l me

on wl t l erre told then

O e ed to l e to b Germ n— ne  
mu t l ce w th T t d o a a d M dame  
k w de e d wead Eka t l u e nd t l e  
ba h w Oh t l y h uld let th t fine fello v  
Bo p e l os —he d knock ll ths non n e  
ut f th m F cyg th comm l of the  
Sen f weg t to a fell l ke that  
S hwa t l l er ed

N h l th gh free from De so read  
neast f d f ult w t l e v r y th l th ught  
th t d u l the go ern e t was a very  
sc us d w ghty m u d the f ct th t

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Belóva admired the presents and was delighted with her dress material.

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cou tress in a offended to e a d till m re  
ended h t they all rema ned leas, a le  
A

ino) and w th a e tie e  
t her table n the s ng room.

The mel choly s l n e th t f ll wed was  
broken by the sou ds f the ch ldren s ces  
a d l ghter f m the next room. E dently  
some jolly excitem nt w g g on there

Fin hed ll hedl lttle Nat h gleeful  
yell rose bo e them ll

P erre excha ged gla es w th Cou tress  
Mary a d n ch l s (N t h he ne er lost  
ht of) a d m led l pp ly

"That del ght l m a d he  
It mea that A n M karo n h s fin hed  
}

It is al oys the first th g th t tells n  
w ll Whe I asdr ghe etod y then care  
l gott the h use the m e u l grew As  
l entered th anter room I heard A dru l a s  
peals f la ghter d th t meant that ll was  
w ll

l k w ll k w th at feel g sa d N ho-  
l B t l m t t go there-if one stock ngs  
a to be urpn f m

P erre we t t th ch ld d the sh ut  
d l ghter grew at ll l ler

Come A M k d m P erre v ce  
was heard say g com he t the m d dle  
f th room a d th e n l l comm d Q  
t o d whe I say thre l u t nd h re  
dy n my rms-w l n w l On twol  
a d P r r d a l n c f ll wed th ee -  
d pt us ly b e a t l e s cry of h l d e n s  
m fill d the room. Tw tw l they  
h t d

This me t t tocks g s wh ch by secret  
p ocess kn wn l y t h r self A M karo  
n used to k t t th sam t m th same  
eedles d wh ch wh th y we e dy he  
away tr mph lly d ew o e ut f th oth  
er in th ch ldren p e e

## CHAPTER XIV

SOON AFTER TH th h l d n cam n to s y  
good ght. They k ed every n the tut r s  
d g ernesses m de th bow d hey  
t out O ly y u N ch las d h tut  
em d Desalles whi pe d t th boy to  
om d m t a u s

N M n e r Desalles, I w ll a l my aunt  
to let me stay replied N i hola Bolkon kl al  
so m w l p r

Ma la te p lea e let me st y a l he gr-  
in up to h s a u t

ll s f ce exp essed entreaty agitat on and  
ecia y Countess M ry gla ced t h m a d  
turned to P erre

"W en you are here he can t tear himself  
aw y he sa d.

I w ll r ng h m to you l rectly M n leu  
Desalles. Good m h l a d P erre m g h s  
ha d t the Sw s tut r a f h turned to  
y u g N ch o l s w th a sm le "You a d l  
ll e t see nyth g o f o e a t h er yet  
ll w l k e l e grow ng Mary! he added ad  
d es "Cou tes M ry

Like my f l t e r? a ked the boy ll g  
ex mion a d look up at P erre w th br l t  
ecst t e eyes.

P erre nodded a d went on w th wh t he  
had been say ng when the ch l d r m had inter  
a w n t p wool

samo a - nd quest ned l erre l l e t y  
hea led d l cate boy sat w th h n eyes un-  
n t d n a corner t a t every now a d  
ll d m utter ng someth n to h m self nd  
e d ntly exper m a new nd powe ful  
em t n he turned his curly l ead w th l u  
th neck expa ed by h s turn-d w n ollar to-  
ward the pl ce w l ere P erre sat.

The con erat sur ed on the contempora-  
ry goss p abo t those in power in wh ch  
most people ce the ch f t t erest of h me  
m m

p d d m d f cibl nd h r p omm ll  
n what l erre t l d them

On u ed t h a e to b G m -n o e  
m t d ce w th T t h w o a a d M lame  
kw de er nd wead Eck t h u e n nd the  
bw th n Oh they h l d let th s f e f llow  
B n p t l o se-h d knock all th s n e e  
out of th m l F cyg ng t t m m d f the  
Sem o weg me t to sell l l e that  
Schw ut h er ed.

N holas th h f e e f m Den so ead  
nest f d f ul w th e r y th l thought  
th t d cu f th go ernm nt wa ery  
er d we gl ty matte a d the f ct that

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Conversation of this kind inter-

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places Nicholas beside the stove at a small table where his tea was handed to him. Milka the

old gray borzoi bitch (daughter of the first Milka) with a quite gray face and large black eyes that seemed more than

the arm

hair mu

gray sat b

tunic unbuttoned

and the old countess

might interest the old lady and that she could

understand. He told her of external social

events and of the people who had formed the

circle of her contemporaries and had once been

a real living and distinct group but who were

now for the most part scattered about the world

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the harvests they had sown in earlier years. But

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w here d the general safety  
 "Yes b t t s a secret society f the el rea  
 hostile nd harmf lo e wh ch can only cause  
 harm.

Wh ? D d th Tugen thu d wh cl sa ed  
 Europe (they d d n t th n enture to s g  
 gest that R s h d sa ed Europe) lo a y  
 harm The Tu = dbu d s all ce of vir  
 t e t lo e n ut ll lp t s wh t Ch t  
 p reached o the Cross.

A t h a wh h l come nd r g th e n  
 l b l It

because sh k ew ch t t sprag t  
 wh le so l) b t was h m ted a d en  
 thus t ppear ce th m dele gl d.

The boy w th the th n neck t eicl g ut  
 from th turn-d wn coll t-whom every ne  
 had f rgott n-gazed t P rew th even great  
 er d mo e rapt us joy E ery w d of  
 P rre burned to h heat d w th a

It ot t ll wh t you ppos b t  
 u h t h Germ T ge lb ndwa dwh  
 l m propos g

N my fw end! Th T g l bu l s ll  
 ewy ell f r the us g eat rs b t l d n t  
 u d rita d t d cant even pwon u e t,  
 mt imposed D tso l d nd col te

I wce th t ewy th g here w t n  
 d h w bl but the T g db d l d n t  
 derst d. If we n t t fied l tush e  
 b t of wn Th t llw gh. f su w te  
 h mm

Perre ruled N d h began t lugh but  
 N d l l tted h b w s t l m re nd be-  
 ga p g t Perr th tler w op s  
 pect f ygr h d th t ll the d  
 g h pok f ed ly n h mag a  
 t Perr m ta ed th ntrary d  
 hu m tal f cut were grea te nd m e  
 ful N ch l f l h m ll corne ed. This  
 m d h m t ll gr f he wa fully con  
 ed t by son g b by som th g  
 th n h m ger th n easo f the just e  
 f h p

I w ll t lly u thu ll sa d as ll nd try

B so m k e p l y w th th m l f th  
 G m w d f d d th R u  
 rd b t m -Tz  
 luy m

ing w th nervously tw tch ng fngers to prop  
 t " " i orner t ut f lly al n lon

my duty t obey t h  
 lées or lered me t le l w g dron g nst  
 y u nd cut you d wn f l ull n t l e t te  
 an t sta t l ut l ull lo t l you may ar  
 gue bout t l t a y u l k e  
 A w k w a d l t e f l l wed these w rds.

object The co rsat w t t  
 l ger n th u pleasa tly hostile t ne of  
 N hol l t rema k.

Wle they ll got t p to g n t t pper l t  
 tie N cl f Bolk'n k we t p e Perre p le  
 n l w th n n t l t e y e t.

Un le Perre y no If l p were  
 al e w ull he agree w d you l ked  
 l d Perre uld nly re l ed w t a spec l  
 l depe dent complex l powerf ul p ocess  
 of th ght nd feel ng mu t h e been go ng

Yes l u nd  
 left th study

Th l d looked l wn an t eemed n w f r  
 t l e f r m t e t e w l t h e d l e t o t h e  
 th g n on the t bl l l e fl u t e d d went up  
 to h l s.

Un le f r g me l d d th t u sen  
 t lly l e s a d p o t g to the b k n s l

the  
 h t u d e u  
 l d f tly p p tress ng h e t n w th  
 d f lly he t r n d a w y f om the boy  
 l u gh n t t h be n t e at l l he  
 sa d.

## CHAPTER XV

Th co riation t upp r wa n t about  
 pol tcs soc et es b t turned th byect  
 N ch l l ked best- coll t n f s  
 D tso tarted these nd Perre w p r t cu

A had been appointed Minister of This and B Governor General of That and that the Emperor had said so and so and this minister so and so seemed to him very important And so he thought it necessary to take an interest in these things and to question Pierre The questions put by these two kept the conversation from changing its ordinary character of gossip about the higher government circles

But Natásha knowing all her husband's ways and ideas saw that he had long been wishing but had been unable to divert the conversation to another channel and express his own deeply felt idea for the sake of which he had gone to Petersburg to consult with his new friend Prince Theodore and she helped him by asking how his affairs with Prince Theodore had gone

What was it about? asked Nicholas

Always the same thing said Pierre looking round at his listeners Everybody sees that things are going so badly that they cannot be allowed to go on so and that it is the duty of all decent men to counteract it as far as they can

What can decent men do? Nicholas inquired frowning slightly What can be done?

Why this

Come into my study said Nicholas

Natásha who had long expected to be fetched to nurse her baby now heard the nurse calling her and went to the nursery Countess Mary followed her The men went into the study and little Nicholas Bolkonski followed them unnoticed by his uncle and sister

Why this began Pierre not sitting down but pacing the room sometimes

abandoned himself altogether to this mysticism (Pierre could not tolerate mysticism in anyone now) He seeks only for peace and only these people *sans foi ni loi* can give it him—people who recklessly hack at and strangle everything—Magnitski Arakchéev and *tutti quanti* You will agree that if you did not look after your estates your self but only wanted a quiet life the harsher your steward was the more readily your object might be attained he said to Nicholas

Well what does that lead up to? said Nicholas

Without faith or law

Well everything is going to ruin! Robbery in the law courts in the army nothing but flogging drilling and Military Settlements the people are tortured enlightenment is suppressed All that is young and honest is crushed! Everyone sees that this cannot go on Every thing is strained to such a degree that it will certainly break said Pierre

I am in Petersburg

Told whom?

Well you know whom said Pierre with a meaningful glance from under his brows Prince Theodore and all those To encourage culture and philanthropy in all very well of course The aim is excellent but in the

his face darkened and he went up to the boy

Why are you here?

Why? Let him be said Pierre

expecting the

must join hands as closely as they can to withstand the general calamity Everything that is young and strong is being enticed away and depraved One is lured by women another by honors a third by ambition or money

No indepe

What I sa

let the motto be not virtue alone but independence and action as well!

Nicholas who had left his nephew irritably pushed up in armchair sat down in it and listened to Pierre coughing discontentedly and frowning more and more

But action with what aim? he cried And what position will you adopt toward the government?

Why then

need

Not in

it is a society of the conservatives—a society of gentlemen in the full meaning of that word It is only to prevent some Pugachev or other from killing my children and yours and Arakchéev from sending me off to some Military Settlement We join hands only for the public

Pugachev the Cossack leader of a great peasant rising in the Great time—The

## FIRST EPILOGUE

th re-wh t ull you f e sa f  
were quite r ght and I t l l  
I t work t conf rt my mother t rel y  
y u a f n o t t l e a e t h e c h l l e n s u c h b e g s r a  
a I was.

Co tes M ry w ted to tell m that man  
does not l e by bread al e and th t he at  
t d ed too much import nce to t h e m t i e r  
But she knew she mu t not say t l l that t  
l l he u e l e s t d so S l e o n l y t o o k l s

d t e s d e a t e d t u s } ~  
that th gh we m ght expose u r s l e s t r k s  
m t t k h l d e n  
Yes th t t l T l s j u s t w h t l s a d t o

- d l l t h u i  
o l a s, w h h d g o n e n t o m y s t u d y d b r o k e  
l l m y t h u g s  
Ah, N c h l a s d y u k n w I a m o f t e n

th k l d  
y u k n w M r y t o d a y E l M r l a n c h  
(th w a l e e r s e e ) c a m e b a c k f m t l  
T a m b o e s t t e n d t l d m t h e y a r e a l r e a l  
- - - f t h f r e s t

n o e b f r e l o n g a d a u c u  
- - - - -

l l h e c h l d e  
H u s c n t a t y a l e w t h t h o g h t s  
W e l l I d o t t h k y u e e d r e p r c h  
y o n e l f h a c c o u n t. A l l t h a t t h e f d e s t  
m t h e r c o l d d f h e r s o y u h a d n e  
d a r e d f h m a n d l e o u r s l m g l d  
f t H e f i n l d f n l d l T h e v n g  
h l t e e d t P r r e s o r t l t r a d  
l a c y - a w e w e g o g t p p e r I l o o k e d  
d h e h a d b k e e v e r y t h o n m y t a b l t o  
b u s d h e t l d m f t h m s e l f t o c e l l  
e v k n e w h u m t o t l l n u t r u t h A f l d.

l d  
w t h t  
w o l l  
s o m e t m e s a k h e r w h t h I m l e e s a v  
a d b e e r e d f l e n t e d t h a t h e l d b e e n  
h k r b o u t s o m e t h e l s t h e h l t o

I p s a o t e t e n d e r n e s s. H e s d e s t h t e e t  
w h c h a b s o r b e d h e r l i o g t h e r a l h n l e r e d  
h r f r o m f l l w g t h e l e t l f h e r h u l d

l d.

h u m t o h a m p  
W l l w t b f l g t u m m e r l l l  
t a k e h m t o P t r s b g s a d N c h l a s Yes,  
P e r r l a y w a d m e r d a l a y s w l l  
b e h e c o u e d t u r n g t t h t a l k n t h e  
t d w h c h h d e v d t l y d u b e d h m  
W e l l w h t b u s e s s o f m w h t g o e s n  
t h e - w h t h A r a k e h e e s b d n d l l t h a t  
W h a t b u s e s s w a s t f m e w h I m a r r e d  
d w a s s o d e p n d b t h t l w a t h r e a t e d  
w i t h p i o u n d h a d m t h e r w h c o l d t  
u d r s t a n d ? A n d t h e n t h e r a r e y o u  
a n d t h c h l d n d u r f f r s l t f m y  
p l e a s u r t h t I a m h f r m t h  
f l f m m g t n g h t ? N b u t I k n o w

e a o s e f r o m t h e d f f e r c e i n t h e r a g e s  
b t h e f l t h e r s l l t E l m e t o w a d h m n d  
p m e d h e r h e r r t d o b e t t e r d t a c  
c o m p l h t h m p o s b l e - n t h l f t o l e  
h l u s b d h c h l d e l t l e N c h o l d  
a l l h n e g l b o r s a s C h r i s t l o e d m a n k d.



lar! —  
fan

he

eating! I think that punishment by depriving children of sweets only develops the greediness. Must tell Nicholas this.

As having undressed in his study and given instructions to the steward who had been waiting for him, went to the bedroom in his dressing gown, where he found his wife still at her table writing.

What are you writing, Mary? Nicholas asked.

Countess Mary blushed. She was afraid that what she was writing would not be understood or approved by her husband.

She had wanted to conceal what she was writing from him, but at the same time was glad he had surprised her at it and that she would now have to tell him.

In her diary, Nicholas she replied, handing him a blue exercise book filled with her firm, bold writing.

In her diary? Nicholas repeated with a shade of irony, and he took up the book.

It was in French.

December 4. Today when Andreïsha (her eldest boy) woke up, he did not wish to dress, and Madame demoiselle Louise went for me. He was naughty and obstinate. I threatened that he only grew angrier. Then I took the matter in hand. I left him alone and began with nurse's help to get the other children up, telling him that I did not love him. For a long time he jumped and sobbed.

Then he jumped and sobbed some time. It was very annoying. I loved him most, was that he had grieved me. After a while in the evening when I gave him his ticket, he began crying pitifully and kissing me. One can do anything with him by tenderness.

What is a ticket? Nicholas inquired.

I have begun giving the elder ones marks every evening, showing how they have behaved.

Nicholas looked into the radiant eyes that were gazing at him and continued to turn over the pages and read. In the diary was set down everything in the children's lives that seemed noteworthy to their mother as showing their characters or suggesting general reflections on educational methods. They were for the most part quite insignificant trifles, but did not seem so to the mother or to the father either, now that he read this diary about his children for the first time.

Under the date 5 was entered

Nicholas put down the book and looked at his wife. The radiant eyes gazed at him questioningly: would he approve or disapprove of her diary? There could be no doubt, not only of his approval but also of his admiration for his wife.

Perhaps it need not be done so pedantically, thought Nicholas, or even done at all, but this untiring, continual spiritual effort of which the sole aim was the children's moral welfare delighted him. Had Nicholas been angry?

He was steady on his feet at her spirituality and at the lofty moral world almost beyond his reach in which she had her being.

He was nervous, restless, her in the more than such a soul not only belonged to him but was part of himself.

I quite, quite approve my dearest! said he with a significant look, and after a short pause he added: And I behaved badly today. You weren't in the study. We began disputing—Pierre and I—and I lost my temper. But he is impossible, such a child! I don't know what would become of him if Natasha didn't keep him in hand. Have you any more?

Yes, she has. I shall tell you.

Well, then you know! Nicholas went on growing hot at the mere recollection of their discussion. He wanted to convince me that it is every honest man's duty to go against the government and that the oath of allegiance and duty. I am sorry you weren't there. They all fell on me—Denisov and Natasha. Natasha is absurd. How she rules over him! And yet there need only be a discussion and she has no words of her own but only repeats his sayings. I added, Nicholas, yielding to that irresistible inclination which tempts us to judge those nearest and dearest to us. He forgot that what he was saying about Natasha could have been applied word for word to himself in relation to his wife.

Yes, I have noticed that, said Countess Mary.

When I told him that duty and the oath were above everything, he started proving goodness knows what! A pity you were not

## FIRST EPILOGUE

one banner—Last of active virtue. Prince Ser  
get is. Else how and clever?

\ tisha would have had no doubt as to the  
guinness of Pierre. But one thing dis-  
concerted her. Can a man so important and  
necessary to society be also my husband? How  
did this happen? She wished to express this  
to him. Now who could decide whether  
he is really cleverer than all the others? she  
asked herself, and passed in review all those  
about Pierre most respected. Just in what  
he had said there was no one he had respected  
so highly as Platon Karatiev.

"Do you know what I mean, Karatiev?"  
she asked. About Platon Karatiev. Would he  
have approved of you now if you think

Pierre was not? He upraised this ques-  
tion. He understood his wife of course.

Platon Karatiev? he repeated, and pro-  
ceeded, evidently careful to go to the  
Karatiev opinion on the subject. He would  
not have understood very well, but he would.

How you wish? \ tisha had only said.  
A wife, wife.

\ he would not have approved, said  
Pierre, after reflection. "What he would have  
approved of is our family life. He was always  
so anxious to find something new, happy, and  
peace in everything, and I should have been  
proud to let him see me. There now—you talk  
of my absence, but you wouldn't believe what  
moral feeling I have for you for separa-  
tion."

"Yes, I should think \ tisha be-  
lieves."

"No, not last I ever let off for me  
you. And no one can love more, but this is  
something special. Yes, of course—he did  
not finish because their eyes met," said the  
other.

"What nonsense is, \ tisha said and ex-  
claimed, about honeymoons, and that the  
greatest happiness is to find. On the contrary  
now is the best of all. If only you did not go  
away. Do you remember how we quarreled.  
And was always in fault. Always run. And  
what we quarreled about—I do even remem-  
ber."

Always about the same thing, said Pierre  
with a smile. Jealous.

"Don't say I can bear it," \ tisha cried,  
and her eyes glittered cold and vindictively.  
Did you see her shudder, for pain.

\ and if I had I shouldn't have recog-  
nized her.

They were silent for a while.

Oh, do you know. While you were talking

in the way I was looking at you. \ tisha  
became extremely anxious to disperse the cloud  
that had come over them. "You are still the same  
as two years ago—the lady" (She meant her little  
son). "Oh, let me go to him. The  
milk is coming. But I am sorry to leave you."

They were silent for a few seconds. Then  
suddenly turned to one another at the same  
time they both began to speak. Pierre began  
with self-satisfied curiosity and enthusiasm. \ tisha  
with a quiet, happy smile. He interrupted  
one another, but both stopped to let the other  
go to sleep.

"No. What did you say? Go on, go on."

"No, you go on, I was talking no sense."  
said \ tisha.

Pierre finished what he had begun. It was  
the sequel to his complimentary reflections on his

who else?

I only wished to say that ideas that have  
great results are always imprecise. A whole  
idea is that of many people as a kind and  
constitute a power then honest if it must do  
the same. Now this is simple enough.

"Yes."

And what were you going to say?"

"I only no sense."

"But all the same?"

Oh nothing, only true said \ tisha,  
smiling more brightly. "I only wanted to  
tell you that Pierre's today nurse was coming  
to take him from me, and I laughed, and  
even, and clung to me. I am sure he thought he  
was having a very sweet. Then now he  
cries. Well, good-bye," and she left the room.

Meanwhile downstairs in young Nicholas  
Bokanov's bedroom little lamp was burn-  
ing as usual. (The boy was afraid of the dark  
and they could not cure him of it.) Deshailes  
lept propped up on four pillows and his  
Roman nose emitted sounds of rhythmic snor-  
ing. Little Nicholas, who had just waked up, in  
a cold perspiration, sat up in bed and gazed be-  
fore him with wide-open eyes. He had a naked  
from terrible dream. He had dreamed that  
he and Uncle Pierre wore a helmet such as  
were depicted in his Platon's, were led by a  
huge army. The army was made up of white  
slaves. I was that he had seen. I like the col-  
or webs that float about in autumn and which  
Deshailes called *fil d'acier*. I from it  
was Glory which was similar to those threads

Countess Mary's soul always strove toward the infinite the eternal and the absolute and could therefore never be at peace. A stern expression of the lofty secret suffering of a soul burdened by the body appeared on her face. Nicholas gazed at her. "O God! What will be come of us if she dies?" As I always fear when her face is like that? thought he and placing himself before the icon he began to say his evening prayers.

## CHAPTER XVI

NATASHA AND PIERRE left alone also began to talk as only a husband and wife can talk that is with extraordinary clearness and rapidity understanding and expressing each other's thoughts in ways contrary to all rules of logic without premises deductions or conclusions and in a quite peculiar way. Natasha was so used to this kind of talk with her husband that for her it was the surest sign of something being wrong between them if Pierre followed a line of logical reasoning. When I am in the

verge of a quarrel

From the moment they were alone and Natasha came up to him with wide-open happy eyes and quickly seizing his hand pressed it to her bosom saying "Now you are all mine mine! You won't escape!—from that moment this conversation began contrary to all the laws of logic and contrary to them because quite different subjects were talked about at one and the same time. This simultaneous discussion of many topics did not prevent a clear understanding but on the contrary was the surest sign that they fully understood one another.

rea ing dreams so in this intercourse contrary to all laws of reason the words themselves were not consecutive and clear but only the feeling that prompted them.

Natasha spoke to Pierre about her brother's life and doings of how she had suffered and lacked life during his own absence and of how she was fonder than ever of Mary and how Mary was in every way better than herself. In saying this Natasha was sincere in acknowledging Mary's superiority but at the

is that now especially

after having seen many women in Petersburg he should tell her so afresh.

Pierre answering Natasha's words told her how intolerable it had been for him to meet ladies at dinners and balls in Petersburg.

I have quite lost the knack of talking to ladies he said. It was simply dull. Besides I was very busy.

Natasha looked intently at him and went on.

Mary is so splendid she said. How she understands children! It is as if she saw straight into their souls. Yesterday for instance Mitya was naughty.

How like his father he is! Pierre interjected.

Natasha knew why he mentioned Mitya's likeness to Nicholas: the recollection of his dispute with his brother-in-law was unpleasant and he wanted to know what Natasha thought of it.

Nicholas has the weakness of never agreeing with anything not generally accepted. But I understand that you value what opens up a fresh line said she repeating words Pierre had once uttered.

No the chief point is that to Nicholas ideas and discussions are an amusement—and most a pastime said Pierre. For instance he is collecting a library and has made it a rule not to buy a new book till he has read what he has already bought—Sismondi and Rousseau and Montesquieu he added with a smile. You know how much I he began to soften down what he had said but Natasha interrupted him to show that this was unnecessary.

So you say ideas are an amusement to him.

Yes and for me nothing else is serious. All the time in Petersburg I saw everyone as in a dream. When I am taken up by a thought all else is mere amusement.

Oh I am so sorry I wasn't there when you met the children said Natasha. Which was most delighted? Lisa I am sure.

Yes Pierre replied and when

But I succeeded in uniting them. Which was most delighted? Lisa I am sure. Yes Pierre replied and when you see the right and let the other be but

# Second Epilogue

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## CHAPTER I

History is the life of nations and humanity. These are the things that we want to know, and describe. The life of humanity even of a single man appears impossible.

The ancient historians all employed one and the same method to describe and state the apparent life of the people. They described the life of the people who ruled the people and rewarded the people. (Those men as represented the people and the people who ruled them.)

The question how did the dualism arise is as they wished and what was he will (these dualisms) and the dualism met by recognition and which subjected the nations to the will of the chosen man and guided the will of the chosen man so to accomplish ends that were predestined.

For the ancient these questions were solved by belief in direct participation of the Deity in human affairs.

Modern history theory rejects both these principles.

It would seem that has rejected the belief in the divine man's objection to the Deity and in predestined man's world which nations ruled. Modern history should find no manifestations of power but the causes that produce it. But modern history has not done this. It throws predestined view aside by the ancients, till it flows down in practice.

Its end is men endowed with divine life and direct. It is the will of God. Modern history has given us other heroes endowed with extraordinary personal capacities, or simple men of extraordinary talents, from monarchs to journalists, who lead the masses. Instead of the divinely appointed man of the Jewish, Greek, or Roman nations, which ancient historians regarded as predestined progress of human modern history has postulated its own man—the will of the French, German, or English people, in its

highest attraction on the welfare and life of humanity in general by which humanity meets that of the peoples occurring in a small northwestern port on of a large continent.

Modern history has rejected the belief of the ancient with its rejection of the new concept of the law of the state. It nullified the history laws, after they had apparently rejected the divine authority of the law and the life of the people, to reach the same conclusion by another road that is, to recognize the nation guided by dualism and the extent of known man to which these nations and humanity are large and

As he has is of the works of all the modern history from Gibbon to Buckle deny the divine elements and the apparent motif of the outlooks, he those two old, undivided assumptions.

In the first place the history man desires the history of dualism who has opened a directed humanity (history) and the old monarchs, general and man's behavior men while neither of these

of French realm to neither the best of the world and the first of a small corner of the world called Europe.

The German nation in Paris is the great power, and is expressed by the movement of peoples from west to east. Several times it moves eastward and collides with the movement from east westward. In the reaches its extreme limit, Moscow and then with remarkable symmetry counter-movement occurs from east to west, attracts the first movement had done, the next would. Europe. The intermediate character point of the first movement in the

but rather thicker. He and Pierre were borne along lightly and joyously nearer and nearer

Uncle Nicholas stood before them in a stern and threatening attitude.

Have you done this? he said pointing to some broken sealing wax and pens. I loved you but I have orders from Arakchéev and will kill the first of you who moves forward. Little Nicholas turned to look at Pierre but Pierre was no longer there. In his place was his father—Prince Andrew—and his father had neither shape nor form but he existed and when little Nicholas perceived him he grew faint with love he felt himself powerless limp and formless. His father caressed and pitied him. But Uncle Nicholas came nearer and nearer to them. Terror seized young Nicholas and he awoke.

My father! he thought. (Though there were two good portraits of Prince Andrew in the house Nicholas never imagined him in hu-

man form.) My father has been with me and caressed me. He approved of me and of Uncle Pierre. Whatever he may tell me I will do it. Mucius Scaevola burned his hand. Why should not the same sort of thing happen to me? I know they want me to learn. And I will learn. But someday I shall have finished learning and then I will do something. I only pray God that something may happen to me such as happened to Plutarch's men and I will act as they did. I will do better. Everyone shall know me love me and be delighted with me! And suddenly his bosom heaved with sobs and he began to cry.

Are you ill? he heard Dessalles voice asking.

No answered Nicholas and lay back on his pillow.

He is good and kind and I am fond of him! he thought of Dessalles. But Uncle Pierre! Oh what a wonderful man he is! And my father? Oh Father Father! Yes I will do something with which even he would be satisfied.

# Second Epilogue

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## CHAPTER I

Most *is* the life of *at* on *nd* of hum *n* ty  
T *a* d p *t* *t* *rds* to d e c r b e d  
re tly the *f* h m n ty r e e n *f* a single  
n t app mpo s ble  
The a t h t n all empl y d one  
d the me method i d e c r b e d e r e  
i d elus e—the l i f e f p e p l e

h ghest ab t act on the w l f a e and c il 1  
t on of h man ty g neral by wh ch s i su  
ally me nt th t f the peoples occi p) g a  
sm ll no t w e t rly port n of a larg con  
t ent

M dern h t r y h s rejected the bel efs of  
i w th ut repla g them by a new

h l e t

s m l u s on by nother road t i s o  
re og ( ) nat ons gu ded by nd du l  
men nd (s) the ex t i n e of a known a m  
to wh h these n t n a d human ty at l ge  
t nd g

At t e b s of the w ks of ll the modern  
l i r f m G b b n to Buckle desp te  
the r eem g d g reements and th app r  
n t n lty f th r outlooks l e those two old

De ty f m f m

Modern h t r y th r y r ject b th t l se

P p l e

I t w l d m th t h g j e t e d th b e  
l f f th m t m by t n t the  
D ty d p d i r m e d m t w d  
h h e l d mod h t r y h u l d  
t dy t l e m f e s t t f p o w b t the  
e t t p d e t But mode h tory  
l l e d th H m th r y r j e d  
th w h e l d by th u s t l l l l w s  
th m p r a

I e a d l m d w d n h d d  
y d d tly gu d d by th w l l f G d  
mod l i t r y l a s g th her  
d d th t r a d r y p l i m p  
t e s m p l y m f r y k d f m  
m l i t j l t w h l d th m s e s  
l d l i e s m r d l y p p o t d m  
f the J w h G k R m w l l  
e th g a d d p e s e t g the  
p o g r e s s f h m ty m d l s r y h a  
p o s t l i d w n m —t h e w h e f i t h e  
F h G e r m E f h p e p l o n t s

u

l y m n c h s m l s nd m n t e r a s b e  
n g u c h m e n w h l e n t h c l u d e a l  
t o r s l e a n d m e n e f o r m e r s p h i l p h e  
d p e t) S e c d i l y t u m d t h t t h e  
g l i w d w l c h i u m n t y i s b g l e d s  
k n w n t o t h e h s t t o m f t l t l  
l l t h e g r e t e f t h e R m a n S p l  
F e h t e a l m t t h e t l b e t y e l  
t y d t a n k d f l t n f a m a l l  
r f t h e w l d c a l l d E u p e

I n 89 f e r m e n t e s n P t g  
p e d s n d m p s e d b y m e m t f  
m p l f o m w e t t o e t. S e v e r a l t m e t  
e t w d n d l l d e s w t h a t  
m e m t f m t h e e t w e s t w r d I n 8 2 t  
e h t s t r e m l m t M c w d t l  
w t h e m k b l s y m m t r y a u n t e r m  
m t r s l o m t t o w e s t t a c t g t t  
t h m e m e t h d d e t h e t f  
m d d l E p e T h t e r m m t r e c l s  
t h s t a t g p n t f t h f t m e m e t i n t h e

west—Paris—and subsidies

During that twenty year period an immense number of fields were left untilled houses were burned trade changed its direction millions of men migrated were impoverished or were enriched and millions of Christian men professing the law of love of their fellow slew one another

What does all this mean? Why did it happen? What made those people burn houses and slay their fellow men? What were the causes of these events? What force made men act so? These are the instinctive plain and most legitimate questions humanity asks itself when it encounters the monuments and tradition of that period

For a reply to these questions the common sense of mankind turns to the science of history whose aim is to enable nations and humanity to know themselves

If history had retained the conception of the ancients it would have said that God to reward or punish his people gave Napoleon power and directed his will to the fulfilment of the divine ends and that reply would have been clear and complete One might believe or disbelieve in the divine significance of Napoleon but for anyone believing in it there would have been nothing unintelligible in the history of that period nor would there have been any contradictions

But modern history cannot give that reply Science does not admit the conception of the ancients as to the direct participation of the Deity in human affairs and therefore history ought to give other answers

Modern history replying to these questions says you want to know what this movement means what caused it and what force produced these events? Then listen

Louis XIV was a very proud and self confident man he had such and such mistresses and such and such ministers and he ruled France badly His descendants were weak men and they too ruled France badly And they had such and such favorites and such and such mistresses Moreover certain men wrote some books at that time At the end of the eighteenth century there were a couple of dozen men in Paris who began to talk about all men being free and equal This caused

killed many people because he was a great genius And for some reason he went to kill Africans and killed them so well and was so cunning and wise that when he returned to France he ordered everybody to obey him and they all obeyed him Having become an Emperor he again went out to kill people in Italy Austria and Prussia And there too he killed a great many In Russia there was an Emperor Alexander who decided to restore order in Europe and therefore fought against Napoleon In 1807 he suddenly made friends with him but in 1811 they again quarreled and again began killing many people Napoleon led six hundred thousand men into Russia and captured Moscow then he suddenly ran away from Moscow and the Emperor Alexander helped by the advice of Stein and others united Europe to arm against the disturber of its peace All Napoleon's allies suddenly became his enemies and their forces advanced against the fresh forces he raised The Allies defeated Napoleon entered Paris forced Napoleon to abdicate and sent him to the island of Elba not depriving him of the title of Emperor and showing him every respect though five years before and one year later they all regarded him as an outlaw and a brigand Then Louis XVIII who till then had been the laughingstock both of the French and the Allies began to reign And Napoleon shedding tears before his Old Guards renounced the throne and went into exile Then the skillful statesmen and diplomatists (especially Talleyrand who managed to sit down in a particular chair before anyone else and thereby extended the frontiers of France) talked in Vienna and by these conversations made the nations happy or unhappy Suddenly the diplomatists and monarchs nearly quarreled and were on the point of again ordering the armies to kill one another but just then Napoleon arrived in France with a lot of men and the French who had been hating him immediately all submitted to him But the Allied monarchs were angry at this and went to fight the French once more And they defeated the genius Napoleon and suddenly recognizing him as a brigand sent him to the island of St Helena And the exile separated from the beloved France so dear to his heart died a lingering death on that rock and bequeathed his great deeds to posterity But in Europe reaction occurred and the sovereigns once again began to oppress the subjects

It would be a mistake to think that this is

France a man of genius—Napoleon He conquered everybody everywhere—that is he

— his. d the ent n t on l ties and tendencies beg n to  
of describe the s me event, the repl es they g e  
the mmediately lose ll mean n<sup>o</sup> for th s for e  
rom s understood by them ll not only d fere ty  
es f but often in gu te contradi ct ry ways O e  
his hist r an says that an event was produced by  
e of Napoleon's power an ther that it was p o  
d ced by Alexander's a th rd that it was due

that period.

The tran es and b urdity of these re  
ples arise fr m th f ct th t modern history  
like deaf man nswers quest ns no one has  
asked.

If the purpose f h tory be to g e desc p  
tion f th mo ement f human ty d of th  
peoples, the first quest n— n the bse e of  
reply : which ll the est will be incomp  
p hensible— what is th power that mo es  
peoples T thus, modern hist ry l bor usly  
ep es ther that \ poleon was great  
gen us or that Louis XIV was ery p ud r  
that erta n writers wrote certa n books

All th t may be so nd mank nd m eady to  
ree w th t, but t us n t what was asked.  
All th f w uld be interest g f we recogniz d  
e power b sed n tself nd lways con  
siently direct is n tions through \ po  
lo Louis es, nd writers b t we do n t  
knowledge th a power and therel be  
f re peak bout \ poleon Louis es d  
thors, w hnt t besh wn the connecti  
usu between these men nd th m ement  
f th n us.

If tead f d s power some other  
force has ppeared, t sh ld be explained n  
hat th cwf cons s f th whol n  
terest f history f es p ecisely n thas f ce.

His ry seems to assume that this f is  
self-evide and k wn to every ne But in  
ll f every desire to regard t as kn wn  
readi m y his cal w ks cann t  
ll lp doubt w ether th cwf r so vari  
usl ders ood by tl hist and themsel es,  
is call q t w ll kn wn to everybody

## CHAPTER II

W ORCE moves th n us

ll graph cal h n n d historians of  
separa e understand th f ree  
power wheren n heroes d rulers. In th r  
tra events occur sol l by the w ll f a  
\ poleo d Alex der o general  
of the persons they describe. The n wers g en  
by this k d f h onian to th questi n f  
ha f causes events to happen ar satis  
factory ly as lo g there is but  
historian to each event. As soon as historians of

tial question.

Writers of un ersal history who deal w th  
all the n t on seem t recogniz how erro  
neous is the peci list histori n view of the  
f r e wh ch p oduces events. They do n t  
ecogn e tas power inh ent n heroes nd

t n n looks f r the cause of the e ent t  
th power f one man b t n the interacti  
of many persons connected w th the ent.

A cording to th v ew the power of hist n  
cal personages rep esented as the product of  
ma y f rees can n lo er t would seem, be  
regarded as f ce that tself p oduces events  
Yet in most cases un ersal historians ull em  
pl y th co ception of power as a fo e th t  
tself p od ces events nd treat t as their  
cause. In th ir exposu n hist n char  
cter first the product of his time, a d his  
power nly th esultant of various f ces a d  
then his power n tself f produ g  
events. Gerv us Schlosser nd others f n  
tance s one tm pro \ poleon t be  
prod ct of the Rev l u n, of th dea of  
-89 and so f rth nd s another pl nly say  
that th campaign of 82 nd other th s  
they do n t like were sump y the p od ct of  
\ poleon misdirected will nd that th ery  
deas of 89 were arrested n the dev lop  
men by \ poleon cap ce. Th deas of th  
Rev lution d th general temper f the e  
p od ced \ poleo s pow B t \ poleon s  
power upp ested th deas f the Revol u n  
and th general temper of the ge.



This curious contradiction is not accidental. Not only does it occur at every step but the universal historians' accounts are all made up of a chain of such contradictions. This contradiction occurs because after entering the field of analysis the universal historians stop half way.

To find component forces equal to the composite or resultant force the sum of the components must equal the resultant. This condition is never observed by the universal historians and so to explain the resultant forces they are obliged to admit in addition to the insufficient components another unexplained force affecting the resultant action.

Specialist historians describing the campaign of 1813 or the restoration of the Bourbons plainly assert that these events were produced by the will of Alexander. But the universal historian Gervinus refuting this opinion of the specialist historian tries to prove that the campaign of 1813 and the restoration of the Bourbons were due to other things beside Alexander's will—such as the activity of Stein, Metternich, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Fichte, Chateaubriand and others. The historian evidently decomposes Alexander's power into the components Talleyrand, Chateaubriand and the rest—but the sum of the components that is the interactions of Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël and the others evidently does not equal the resultant namely the phenomenon of millions of Frenchmen submitting to the Bourbons. That Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël and others spoke certain words to one another only affected their mutual relations but does not account for the submission of millions. And therefore to explain how from these relations of theirs the submission of millions of people resulted—that is how component forces equal to one  $A$  gave a resultant equal to a thousand times  $A$ —the historian is again obliged to fall back on power—the force he had denied—and to recognize it as the resultant of the forces that is he has to admit an unexplained force acting on the resultant. And that is just what the universal historians do and consequently they not only contradict the specialist historians but contradict themselves.

Persons having no clear idea of the cause of rain say according to whether they want rain or fine weather. The wind has blown the clouds away or The wind has brought up the clouds. And in the same way the universal historians sometimes when it pleases

them and fits in with their theory say that power is the result of events and sometimes when they want to prove something else say that power produces events.

A third class of historians—the so-called historians of culture—following the path laid down by the universal historians who sometimes accept writers and ladies as forces producing events—again take that force to be something quite different. They see it in what is called culture—in mental activity.

The historians of culture are quite consistent in regard to their progenitors the writers of universal histories for if historical events may be explained by the fact that certain persons treated one another in such and such ways why not explain them by the fact that such and such people wrote such and such books? Of the immense number of

what this indication is the cause. But despite their endeavors to prove that the cause of events lies in intellectual activity only by a great stretch can one admit that there is any connection between intellectual activity and the movement of peoples and in no case can one admit that intellectual activity controls people's actions for that view is not confirmed by such facts as the very cruel murders of the French Revolution resulting from the doctrine of the equality of man or the very cruel wars and executions resulting from the preaching of love.

But even admitting as correct all the cunningly devised arguments with which these histories are filled—admitting that nations are governed by some undefined force called an *idea*—history's essential question still remains unanswered and to the former power of monarchs and to the influence of advisers and other people introduced by the universal historians another newer force—the *idea*—is added the connection of which with the masses needs explanation. It is possible to understand that Napoleon had power and so events occurred with some effort one may even conceive that Napoleon together with other influences was the cause of an event but how a book *Le Comte de social* had the effect of making Frenchmen begin to drown one another cannot be understood without an explanation of the causal nexus of this new force with the event.

Undoubtedly some relation exists between all who live contemporaneously and so it is

possibly to find some connection between the intellectual current of men and their historical movements, just as such connections may be found between the movements of humanity and commerce, handicraft, agriculture or agriculture else you please. But what intellectual current is considered by the historians of culture to be the cause or expression of the whole historical movement hard to understand. Only the few lower considerations can have led the historian to such conclusions ( ) that the only writers of learned men and so is natural and reasonable for them to think that the current of their class supplies the basis of the movement of all humanity just as similar belief is in rural and reasonable tradesmen, theologians, and so others (if they do not express that is merely because traders and soldiers do not write history) and ( ) that spiritual culture is the highest civilization, culture, etc., or all in such indefinite conceptions under whose banner it is very easy to use words having no well-defined meaning, and which can therefore be easily introduced in an theory.

If not I speak of the intrinsic quality of  
his riches (the kind (which may possibly) even  
be of use to someone for something) the his-  
tories of culture, to which all general histories  
tend too, and more to prove that are as  
far from the fact that after seven and  
four of examining various religions, philo-  
sophies and political doctrines as causes of  
events, so as they have to describe  
what has even such as the campaign of  
France in their voluntarist descriptions as  
resulting from exercise of power—and in  
fact, that the campaign was the result of  
Napoleon and Spenser so, the histories of  
culture in universal tradition and  
show that the end of it has reduced  
does not out of what happens in history  
that the history can be explained by in-  
trinsic power which they apparently do  
not recognize.

## CHAPTER III

A locomotive moos in someone's kitchen. "What comes?" A peasant says. "I don't know," says another man. "The locomotive moos because it has no wheels." A third asserts that the cause is its motion. "Let us see the smoke," he says. "The smoke comes from the wheels." He peeps under the boiler. He has devised a new explanation. To him, however, some wheels have produced smoke, but there is

no devil or another peasant would have to explain to him that it is not the devil but a German, who moves the locomotive. Only then as result of the contradiction will they see that they are both wrong. But the man who says that the movement of the wheels is the cause eludes himself by having once begun to naturalize himself to go on and explain further why the wheel goes round and if he has reached the ultimate cause of the movement of the locomotive as the pressure of steam in the boiler he has no right to stop his search for its cause. The man who explains the movement of the locomotive by the smoke that carried back has noticed that the wheel do not supply an explanation and has taken the first step that occurs to him and in his turn has offered that as an explanation.

The only conception that can explain the movement of the locomotive is that of force commensurate with the movement observed.

The only concept in that can explain the movement of the peoples is that of some force common to all with the whole movement of the peoples.

Let us apply this conception to our historical forces of different kinds, all of which are incommensurable with the movement observed. Some see it as a force directly exerted in heroes, the peasant sees the devil in the locomotive, others as force resulting from several other forces, like the movement of the wheels others again as an intellectual influence like the smoke that is blown away.

So long as histories are written of separate  
small wars, whether Caesars, Alexanders,  
Luthers, or Voltaires, and not the histories of  
all bodily life those who take part in an  
event, it is quite impossible to describe the  
moment of human life without the concep-  
tion of force compelling men to direct their  
active word certain end. And the only  
such concepts known to historians that  
of power

This conception is the hand b means  
which the material of his re as t present  
expounded, can be dealt with. d two  
who breaks the handl on, as Buckl did,  
with u find. some other method of treat  
b nical material, merel depr es him  
f th o e poss b way of deal w th t  
Th ecessary of th conception of power as  
n explain n fust nical events is best dem  
nstrated by L. un nical historians and his  
ns of culture t ense, es f thre pro  
fessedly ject tha o tp on b  
merely

have recourse to it at every step

In dealing with humanity's inquiry the science of history up to now is like money in circulation—paper money and coin. The biographies and special national histories are like paper money. They can be used and can circulate and fulfill their purpose without

them. You need only imagine the

will of heroes produces events and such histories as Thiers will be interesting and instructive and may perhaps even possess a tinge of poetry. But just as doubts of the real value of paper money arise either because being easy to make too much of it gets made or because people try to exchange it for gold so also doubts concerning the real value of such histories arise either because too many of them are written or because in his simplicity of heart someone inquires by what force did Napoleon do this?—that is, wants to exchange the current paper money for the real gold of actual comprehension.

The writers of universal histories and of the history of culture are like people who recognizing the defects of paper money decide to substitute for it money made of metal that has not the specific gravity of gold. It may indeed make jingling coin but will do no more than that. Paper money may deceive the ignorant but nobody is deceived by tokens of base metal that have no value but merely jingle. As gold is gold only if it is serviceable not merely for exchange but also for use so universal historians will be valuable only when they can reply to history's essential question: what is power? The universal historians give contradictory replies to that question while the historians of culture evade it and answer something quite different. And as counters of imitation gold can be used only among a group of people who agree to accept them as gold or among those who do not know the nature of gold so universal historians and historians of culture not answering humanity's essential question serve a currency for some purposes of their own only in universities and among the mass of readers who have a taste for what they call serious reading.

## CHAPTER IV

HAVING ABANDONED the conception of the ancients as to the divine subjection of the will of a nation to some chosen man and the subjection of that man's will to the Deity history

cannot without contradictions take a single step till it has chosen one of two things: either a return to the former belief in the direct intervention of the Deity in human affairs or a definite explanation of the meaning of the force producing historical events and termed power.

A return to the first is impossible: the belief has been destroyed and so it is essential to explain what is meant by power.

Napoleon ordered an army to be raised and go to war. We are so accustomed to that idea and have become so used to it that the question why did six hundred thousand men go to fight when Napoleon uttered certain words seems to us senseless. He had the power and so what he ordered was done.

This reply is quite satisfactory if we believe that the power was given him by God. But as soon as we do not admit that it becomes essential to determine what is this power of one man over others.

It cannot be the direct physical power of a strong man over a weak one—a domination based on the application or threat of physical force like the power of Hercules nor can it be based on the effect of moral force as in their simplicity some historians think who say that the leading figures in history are heroes that is men gifted with a special strength of soul and mind called genius. This power cannot be based on the predominance of moral strength for not to mention heroes such as Napoleon about whose moral qualities opinions differ widely history shows us that neither a Louis XI nor a Metetrnich who ruled over millions of people had any particular moral qualities but on the contrary were generally morally weaker than any of the millions they ruled over.

If the source of power lies neither in the physical nor in the moral qualities of him who possesses it it must evidently be looked for elsewhere—in the relation to the people of the man who wields the power.

And that is how power is understood by the science of jurisprudence: that exchange bank of history which offers to exchange history's understanding of power for true gold.

Power is the collective will of the people transferred by expressed or tacit consent to their chosen rulers.

In the domain of jurisprudence which consists of discussions of law a state and power might be arranged where it is possible for all that is to be arranged is all very clear but when

applied to history that definition of power needs explanation

The source of jurisprudence regards the state and power as the ancient regarded (re-named) as something essential. But firstly the state as a power remains only in form just as a modern physics fire is not an element but a physical phenomenon.

From this fundamental difference between the world by history and that held by jurisprudence it follows that jurisprudence can

of

potum i can n we n u g

If po er be the collecti n of the people  
 tral lerted the rul was Furach  
 repre  
 tat f the w of the people? If n t  
 then hy wa N poleon I? Wh wa N poleon  
 Ill crum nal wien h wa t ken p soner t  
 Boulonne d why f er n wer th se crum  
 nal w m be rested?

to place but n - n which sometimes  
nly to or thr peopl take part-transfer  
the wll f the peopl t n w ruler in nter  
nat nal l s, is the wll of the peopl so  
tra ffered th c q ero W the wll  
f the Co federat n f the Rh n tra ffered

e. In the Austrians

These questions and the answers are possible

Either to sum ( ) the th will f th  
people is l ays to dis ally tranferred  
to the ruler rul as they h e chos n and  
that th of every emergence f net pow  
er are struggl na ith power n p  
pro ted sh uld be absolut ly awarded n

In em t f the ea po er- (2) th t  
h w ll f th peopl tra ferred t the  
lers co d t lly d defi t nd k wn  
d t s, d t how tha all l m tat ns  
R t s d destructu n f pow

It from no destruction I pow  
nd u d wh ch th power u n  
rus ed hem (s) tha h w l f the  
peopl u d leated o th rulers o d n ly  
b f tha th d n unkn wn and n  
def d cha th ppears of sev ral

hor ties, th struggles d th f ll re  
lt sol l f m h grea r lesser f 1611  
m t by th rulers of these u kn w d  
ns n which the w ll f th peopl trans-

ferred from some people to others.

And these are the three ways in which the historians explain the relation of the people to the rulers.

Some historian — those biographical and  
peculiar history — already referred to —  
if simplicity of thought to understand the ques-  
tion of the means of power seem to consider  
it the collection of all the people's uncon-  
ditional transfer to a particular person, and  
therefore when describing some singular case  
they assume it peculiar power to be the  
one absolute and real power, and that any  
other force opposing this is not a power but  
a violation of power — mere violence

The theory is applicable for primitive and peaceful periods of history but the consequence—application to complex and timely periods in the life of nations during which various powers arise simultaneously and struggle with one another—that a Legislative Council is not a necessary condition for the exercise of the power while the Republic and the British Empire co-exist in the Continent and the other that the Empire was the real power and that the others were its instruments of power. Evidently the explanation furnished by these historical beings mutually contradicted can only satisfy un-  
chilled

Recognizes the f l ty of this ew of h  
t ry othe set of h to s say th t power  
rests n cond t nal delegat on of th ll  
f the peopl t tl r rul rs, nd th t h t  
cal l ders h e po er only c ndit on lly on

his statements of they did they con  
usually contradict on an the

Each list in cord is to h view of  
wh z con z tutes n t on p ogress looks f  
these cond u s the great est, calth free  
d m nk h me t f th cit en f France  
o some ther country ll t n t ment on  
th h t n contrad ctio to the n ture

re d m nd l h t nment of the people how  
s rth t Louis \it d l n th T r r ble end  
d gn tra q lly whul Lou \it d  
ans- Cha les l re exa rted by the peopl ? To

this question historians reply that Louis XIV's activity contrary to the program enacted on Louis XVI. But why did it not react on Louis XIV or on Louis XV—why should it react just on Louis XVI? And what is the time limit for such reactions? To these questions there are and can be no answers. Equally little does this view explain why for several centuries the collective will is not withdrawn from certain rulers and their heirs and then suddenly during a period of fifty years is transferred to the

explaining these rapid transfers of the people's will from one individual to another especially in view of international relations conquests and alliances the historians are obliged to admit that some of these transfers are not normal delegations of the people's will but are accidents dependent on cunning on mistakes on craft or on the weakness of a diplomatist a ruler or a party leader. So that the greater part of the events of history—civil wars revolutions and conquests—are presented by these historians not as the results of free transfers of the people's will but as results of the ill directed will of one or more individuals that is once again as usurpations of power. And so these historians also see and admit historical events which are exceptions to the theory.

These historians resemble a botanist who having noticed that some plants grow from seeds producing two cotyledons should insist that all that grows does so by sprouting into two leaves and that the palm the mushroom and even the oak which blossom into full growth and no longer resemble two leaves are deviations from the theory.

Historians of the third class assume that the personages have power only because they fulfill the will of the people which has been delegated to them.

But in that case if the force that moves nations lies not in the historic leaders but in the nations themselves what significance have those leaders?

The leaders these historians tell us express the will of the people the activity of the leaders represents the activity of the people.

But in that case the question arises whether

all the activity of the leaders serves as an expression of the people's will or only some part of it. If the whole activity of the leaders serves as the expression of the people's will as some historians suppose then all the details of the court scandals contained in the biographies of a Napoleon or a Catherine serve to express the life of the nation which is evident nonsense but if it is only some particular side of the activity of an historical leader which serves to express the people's life as other so called philosophical historians believe then to determine which side of the activity of a leader expresses the nation's life we have first of all to know in what the nation's life consists.

Met by this difficulty historians of that class devise some most obscure impalpable and general abstraction which can cover all conceivable occurrences and declare this abstraction to be the aim of humanity's movement. The most usual generalizations adopted by almost all the historians are freedom equality enlightenment progress civilization and culture. Postulating some generalization as the goal of the movement of humanity the historians study the men of whom the greatest number of monuments have remained kings ministers generals authors reformers popes and journalists to the extent to which in their opinion these persons have promoted or hindered in any way

ization and as the connection of the people with the rulers and enlighteners of humanity is only based on the arbitrary assumption that the collective will of the people is always transferred to the men whom we have noticed it happens that the activity of the millions who migrate burn houses abandon agriculture and destroy one another never is expressed in the account of the activity of some dozen people who did not burn houses practice agriculture or slay their fellow creatures.

History proves this at every turn. Is the ferment of the peoples of the west at the end of the eighteenth century and their drive eastward explained by the activity of Louis XIV and XV and XVI their mistresses and ministers and by the lives of Napoleon Rousseau Diderot Beaumarchais and others?

Is the movement of the Russian people eastward to Kazán and Siberia expressed by details of the morbid character of Ivan the Terrible and by his correspondence with the Turks?

Is the movement of the peoples at the time

If the Crusades expl d by the l f e d  
 acy r f the Godfrey nd th Lou ses nd  
 the r l d es? For us that m ement of the  
 peoples from west to st w th ut le ders  
 th cro d f r ants and w th Pete the  
 Hermit, rem s n omp eh n ble. And yet  
 m e compr h n ble th essat on of that  
 mo eme t when rat nala d s cred a m for  
 the Cru de—the del era ce of Jerusalem—  
 b d bee cl rly d fin d by h tor c le ders  
 P pes ll g s a d kn ghts incat th peoples  
 l free the l ly Land but the people d n s  
 go f r th u kn wn cause h ch h d pr  
 ly imp lled them t g no l ger e uted.  
 Th h t r f the Godf eys nd the M n  
 s ers s dently n t co the l f e f the  
 peoples. A d th history f the Godf eys d  
 the M n gers h em ned the h t ry of  
 Godf eys d M n g rs but the h t ry of  
 th l f f the peoples a d the mpul es h  
 em edu k wn

St l less d es the h t ry of uth rs nd r  
 f rmers e pl n t us the l f e of the peoples  
 The h t ry of cult pl t us the  
 mples d co d t n of l f e nd th ht  
 f r t f rmer We learn th t Luther  
 h d a h t temp nd d uch d uch  
 th g s w learn th t R s s u w s p ous  
 d r t e ch d uch book but e do  
 t learn why ft th R f rm n th peo-  
 ples m sacred ther r why du g  
 th F e ch Rev l t n they gu l t ed o  
 her

If we t both the s k d of h t ry as  
 u do by the ewest h t r s we hall h ve  
 the h t ry f m chs d w r t s but not  
 th h t ry f l e l f of th peoples.

## CHAPTER V

T u e f th t n t co ta ed the  
 l e s f lew m f th co net n between  
 thos m d th t has been f und.  
 Th theory th t th t b ed n  
 th ra f f the l l c t w ll f peo-  
 pl t ta h cal p rson m by  
 pothes f rmed by h p r n l f e-  
 tory

Th theory f h tra f f th llec  
 ll f d peopl to hst perso m y  
 perhap expl m ch th dom a f j is  
 p d d bee s l f s purposes, b t  
 u ppl ca t h ry soon lu  
 q ests l wars occur—th t  
 w h ry be s—h t theory expla n  
 no h

If theory em r r tabl just because

the act of tran ference of the people s will can  
 n t be er sed f r t never occurred

Wh te er happe s and who e m y stand  
 t the head of aff us the theory can always  
 say t t such nd such a person took the l e d  
 becau e the collect e v ll was tran ferred to  
 ll m.

Th repl es th s theory g es to f i tor cal  
 quest on ar l ke the repl es of a man w lo  
 w tching the m ements of a herd of cattl  
 and p y n o no attent on to the vary ng qu l ty  
 of the p turance n d f rent parts of the field  
 to the dr ng of the herds m n sh uld at  
 tr b te th d ectu n the herd takes to what  
 an m l happ n to be at its head

The h rd goes in th t d rect on because  
 the an m l n f ont le ds t nd the collect n  
 w ll of all the oul cr an mals s ested in th t  
 l der Th s m wh t h t r n s of the f r at  
 cl s say—those wh ssum the uncondu l  
 tra se ence of the people s w ll

If th n m ls le d ng the herd ch nge th  
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 n m ls s tran ferr d from on le der to an  
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to one person? On condition that that person expresses the will of the whole people. That is power is power in other words power is a word the meaning of which we do not understand

If the realm of human knowledge were confined to abstract reasoning then having subjected to criticism the explanation of power that juridical science gives us humanity would conclude that power is merely a word and has no real existence. But to understand phenomena man has besides abstract reasoning experience by which he verifies his reflections. And experience tells us that power is not merely a word but an actually existing phenomenon.

Not to speak of the fact that no description of the collective activity of men can do without the conception of power the existence of power is proved both by history and by observing contemporary events.

Whenever an event occurs a man appears or men appear by whose will the event seems to have taken place. Napoleon III issues a decree and the French go to Mexico. The King of Prussia and Bismarck issue decrees and an army enters Bohemia. Napoleon I issues a decree and an army enters Russia. Alexander I gives a command and the French submit to the Bourbons. Experience shows us that whatever event occurs it is always related to the will of one or of several men who have decreed it.

The historians in accord with the old habit of acknowledging divine intervention in human affairs want to see the cause of events in the expression of the will of someone endowed with power but that supposition is not confirmed either by reason or by experience.

On the one side reflection shows that the expression of a man's will—his words—are only part of the general activity expressed in an event as for instance in a war or a revolution and so without assuming an incomprehensible supernatural force—a miracle—one cannot admit that words can be the immediate cause of the movements of millions of men. On the other hand even if we admitted that words could be the cause of events history shows that the expression of the will of historical personages does not in most cases produce any effect that is to say their commands are often not executed and sometimes the very opposite of what they order occurs.

Without admitting divine intervention in the affairs of humanity we cannot regard

power as the cause of events.

Power from the standpoint of experience is merely the relation that exists between the expression of someone's will and the execution of that will by others.

To explain the conditions of that relation ship we must first establish a conception of the expression of will referring it to man and not to the Deity.

If the Deity issues a command expresses His will as ancient history tells us the expression of that will is independent of time and is not caused by anything for the Divinity is not controlled by an event. But speaking of commands that are the expression of the will of men acting in time and in relation to one another to explain the connection of commands with events we must restore (1) the condition of all that takes place the continuity of movement in time both of the events and of the person who commands and (2) the inevitability of the connection between the person commanding and those who execute his command.

## CHAPTER VI

ONLY THE EXPRESSION of the will of the Deity not dependent on time can relate to a whole series of events occurring over a period of years or centuries and only the Deity independent of everything can by His sole will determine the direction of humanity's movement but man acts in time and himself takes part in what occurs.

Restating the first condition omitted that of time we see that no command can be executed without some preceding order having been given rendering the execution of the last command possible.

No command ever appears spontaneously or itself covers a whole series of occurrences but each command follows from another and never refers to a whole series of events but always to one moment only of an event.

When for instance we say that Napoleon ordered armies to go to war we combine in one simultaneous expression a whole series of consecutive commands dependent one on another. Napoleon could not have commanded an invasion of Russia and he did so. Today he ordered such and such papers to be written to Vienna to Berlin and to Petersburg tomorrow such and such decrees and orders to the army the fleet the commissariat and so on and so on—millions of commands which formed a whole series corresponding to a series

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receives orders for these actions from men above him he himself never gives an order. The noncommissioned officers (of whom there are fewer) perform the action itself less frequently than the soldiers but they already give commands. An officer still less often acts directly himself but commands still more frequently. A general does nothing but command the troops indicates the objective and hardly ever uses a weapon himself. The commander in chief never takes direct part in the action itself but only gives general orders concerning the movement of the mass of the troops. A similar relation of people to one another is seen in every combination of men for common activity—in agriculture trade and every administration.

And so without particularly analyzing all the contiguous sections of a cone and of the ranks of an army or the ranks and positions in any administrative or public business what ever from the lowest to the highest we see a law by which men to take associated action combine in such relations that the more directly they participate in performing the action the less they can command and the more numerous they are while the less their direct participation in the action itself the more they command and the fewer of them there are rising in this way from the lowest ranks to the man at the top who takes the least direct share in the action and directs his activity chiefly to commanding.

This relation of the men who command to those they command is what constitutes the essence of the conception called power.

Having restored the condition of time under which all events occur we find that a command is executed only when it is related to a corresponding series of events. Restoring the essential condition of relation between those who command and those who execute we find that by the very nature of the case those who command take the smallest part in the action itself and that their activity is exclusively directed to commanding.

## CHAPTER VII

WHEN AN EVENT is taking place people express their opinions and wishes about it and as the event results from the collective activity of many people some one of the opinions or wishes expressed is sure to be fulfilled if but approximately. When one of the opinions expressed is fulfilled that opinion gets connected with the event as a command preceding it.

Men are hauling a log. Each of them expresses his opinion as to how and where to haul it. They haul the log away and it happens that the command is fulfilled.

about what he was doing or reflect on or command what would result from the common activity while the man who commanded more would evidently work less with his hands on account of his greater verbal activity.

When some larger concourse of men direct their activity to a common aim there is a yet sharper division of those who because their activity is given to directing and commanding take less part in the direct work.

When a man works alone he always has a certain set of reflections which as it seems to him directed his past activity justify his present activity and guide him in planning his future actions. Just the same is done by a concourse of people allowing those who do not take a direct part in the activity to devise considerations justifications and surmises concerning their collective activity.

For reasons known or unknown to us the French began to drown and kill one another. And corresponding to the event its justification appears in people's belief that this was necessary for the welfare of France for liberty and for equality. People ceased to kill one another and this event was accompanied by its justification in the necessity for a centralization of power resistance to Europe and so on. Men went from the west to the east killing their fellow men and the event was accompanied by phrases about the glory of France the baseness of England and so on. History shows us that these justifications of the events have no common sense and are all contradictory as in the case of killing a man as the result of recognizing his rights and the killing of millions in Russia for the humiliation of England. But these justifications have a very necessary significance in their own way.

These justifications release those who produce the events from moral responsibility. These temporary aims are like the broom fixed in front of a locomotive to clear the snow from the rails in front they clear men's moral responsibilities from their path.

Without such justification there would be no reply to the simplest question that presents itself when examining each historical event. How is it that millions of men commit collec-

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it is unthinkable otherwise or in other words that it is a law

### CHAPTER VIII

IF HISTORY DEALT only with external phenomena the establishment of this simple and obvious law would suffice and we should have finished our argument. But the law of history relates to man. A particle of matter cannot tell us that it does not feel the law of attraction or repulsion and that that law is untrue but man who is the subject of history says plainly I am free and am therefore not subject to the law.

The presence of the problem of man's free will though unexpressed is felt at every step of history.

All seriously thinking historians have involuntarily encountered this question. All the contradictions and obscurities of history and the false path historical science has followed are due solely to the lack of a solution of that question.

If the will of every man were free that is if each man could act as he pleased all history would be a series of disconnected incidents.

If in a thousand years even one man in a million could act freely that is as he chose it is evident that one single free act of that man's in violation of the laws governing human action would destroy the possibility of the existence of any laws for the whole of humanity.

If there be a single law governing the actions of men free will cannot exist for then man's will is subject to that law.

In this contradiction lies the problem of free will which from most ancient times has occupied the best human minds and from most

subject of observation from whatever point of view—theological, historical, ethical or philosophical—we find a general law of necessity to which he (like all that exists) is subject. But regarding him from within ourselves as what we are conscious of we feel ourselves to be free.

This consciousness is a source of self cognition quite apart from and independent of reason. Through his reason man observes himself but only through consciousness does he know himself.

Apart from consciousness of self no observation or application of reason is conceivable.

To understand observe and draw conclusions man must first of all be conscious of himself as living. A man is only conscious of himself as a living being by the fact that he wills that is is conscious of his volition. But his will—which forms the essence of his life—man recognizes (and can but recognize) as free.

If observing himself man sees that his will is always directed by one and the same law (whether he observes the necessity of taking food using his brain or anything else) he can not recognize this never varying direction of his will other than as a limitation of it. Were it not free it could not be limited. A man's will seems to him to be limited just because it is free.

that this illogical reply is an irrefutable demonstration of freedom.

That reply is the expression of a consciousness that is not subject to reason.

If the consciousness of freedom were not a separate and independent source of self consciousness it would be subject to reasoning and to experience but in fact such subjection does not exist and is inconceivable.

A series of experiments and arguments proves to every man that he as an object of observation is subject to certain laws and man

experiments and arguments proves to him the complete freedom of which he is conscious in himself is impossible and that his every action depends on his organization his character and the motives acting upon him yet man never submits to the deductions of these experiments and arguments. Having learned from experiment and argument that a stone falls downwards a man indubitably believes this and always expects the law that he has learned to be fulfilled.

But learning just as certainly that his will is subject to laws he does not and cannot believe this.

However often experiment and reasoning may show a man that under the same conditions and with the same character he will do the same thing as before yet when under the same conditions and with the same character he approaches for the thousandth time the action that always ends in the same way he feels as certainly convinced as before that the experiment that he can act as he pleases. Every man



ing they can solve this question are like plasterers set to plaster one side of the walls of a church who availing themselves of the absence of the chief superintendent of the work should in an access of zeal plaster over the windows icons woodwork and still unbuttressed walls and should be delighted that from their point of view is plasterers every thing is now so smooth and regular

## CHAPTER IX

FOR THE SOLUTION of the question of free will or inevitability history has this advantage over other branches of knowledge in which the question is dealt with that for history this question does not refer to the essence of man's free will but to its manifestation in the past and under certain conditions

In regard to this question history stands to the other sciences as experimental science stands to abstract science

The subject for history is not man's will itself but our presentation of it

And so for history the insoluble mystery presented by the incompatibility of free will and inevitability does not exist as it does for theology ethics and philosophy History surveys a presentation of man's life in which the union of these two contradictions has already taken place

In actual life each historic event each human action is very clearly and definitely understood without any sense of contradiction although each event presents itself as partly free and partly compulsory

To solve the question of how freedom and necessity are combined and what constitutes the essence of these two conceptions the philosophy of history can and should follow a path contrary to that taken by other sciences

Instead of deducing a definition of the conception of freedom and inevitability themselves from the immense quantity of phenomena of which it is cognizant and that always appear dependent on these two elements

Whatever presentation of the activity of many men or of an individual we may consider we always regard it as the result partly of man's free will and partly of the law of inevitability

Whether we speak of the migration of the peoples and the incursions of the barbarians or of the decrees of Napoleon III or of some

one's action an hour ago in choosing

freedom governing the actions of these people is clearly defined for us

Our conception of the degree of freedom often varies according to differences in the point of view from which we regard the event but every human action appears to us as a certain combination of freedom and inevitability In every action we examine we see a certain measure of freedom and a certain measure of inevitability And always the more freedom we see in any action the less inevitability do we perceive and the more inevitability the less freedom

The proportion of freedom to inevitability decreases and increases according to the point of view from which the action is regarded but their relation is always one of inverse proportion

A sinking man who clutches at another and drowns him or a hungry mother exhausted by feeding her baby who steals some food or a man trained to discipline who on duty at the word of command kills a defenseless man—seem less guilty that is less free and more subject to the law of necessity to one who knows the circumstances in which these people were placed and more free to one who does not know that the man was himself drowning that the mother was hungry that the soldier was in the ranks and so on Similarly a man who committed a murder twenty years ago and has since lived peaceably and harmlessly in society seems less guilty and his action more due to the law of inevitability to someone who considers his action after twenty years have elapsed than to one who examined it the day after it was committed And in the same way every action of an insane intoxicated or highly excited man appears less free and more inevitable to one who knows the mental condition of him who committed the action and seems more free and less inevitable to one who does not know it In all these cases the conception of freedom is increased or diminished and the conception of compulsion is correspondingly decreased or increased according to the point of view from which the action is regarded So that the greater the conception of necessity the smaller the conception of freedom and vice versa

Religion the common sense of mankind the science of jurisprudence and history itself understand alike this relation between

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e t b l esults w l ch p e n t u con de ng  
anyth is po ble And the f r l e r we go  
b k ex m n g e v e n t s the less arb trary do  
they ppear

The Au tro-Pruss an ar appears to us un  
d ubt d l v th esult of the crafty c nduct of  
B m rck and so on The A poleo c wars  
t l l em t u th ough al eady quest n bly  
t b th outcome of thes l e r o e s w l l But  
n th Crus des we l e d y e n e nt occupy  
g is defi te pl e m h t r y a d w th ut  
wh h w cann t m o e th mod rn h tory  
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th e t b me nd the mo e m n fest the  
la f t a b l y

Th th d co derat n the degree to  
wh ch w pp hend that e dless ch of cau  
s t n es t a bly dem ded by eason n  
wh ch ch p h m n comp h nded and  
ther f m n s e cry ct must h e t s  
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f r e d a s cau f wh t w l l foll w

The b t w qu ted w th the phy  
olo cal p ych lo cal nd hust cal laws de

duced by observation and by which man is controlled and the more correctly we perceive the physiological psychological and historical causes of the action and the simpler the action we are observing and the less complex the character and mind of the man in question the more subject to inevitability and the less free do our actions and those of others appear

When we do not at all understand the cause of an action whether a crime or good action or even one that is simply nonmoral we ascribe a greater amount of freedom to it. In the case of a crime we most urgently demand the punishment for such an act in the case of a virtuous act we rate its merit most highly. In an indifferent case we recognize in it more individuality originality and independence. But if even one of the innumerable causes of the act is known to us we recognize a certain element of necessity and are less insistent on punishment for the crime or the acknowledgment of the merit of the virtuous act or the freedom

of mother or self sacrifice with the possibility of a reward is more comprehensible than gratuitous self sacrifice and therefore seems less deserving of sympathy and less the result of free will. The founder of a sect or party or an inventor impresses us less when we know how or by what the way was prepared for his activity. If we have a large range of examples of our observation is constantly directed to seeking the correlation of cause and effect in people's actions: their actions appear to us more under compulsion and less free the more correctly we connect the effects with the causes. If we examined simple actions and had a vast number of such actions under observation our conception of their inevitability would be still

The dishonest conduct of the son of

relapse into drunkenness. Actions that seem to us less free the better we understand their cause. If the man whose actions we are considering is on a very low stage of mental development like a child a madman or a simpleton—then knowing the causes of the act and the simplicity of the character and intelligence in question we see so large an element of necessity and so little free will that as soon as we know the cause prompting the action we can foretell the result.

On these three considerations alone is based

the conception of irresponsibility for crimes and the extenuating circumstances admitted by all legislative codes. The responsibility appears greater or less according to our greater or lesser knowledge of the circumstances in which the man was placed whose action is being judged and according to the greater or lesser interval of time between the commission of the action and its investigation and according to the greater or lesser understanding of the causes that led to the action.

## CHAPTER X

Thus our conception of free will and inevitability gradually diminishes or increases according to the greater or lesser connection with the external world the greater or lesser remoteness of time and the greater or lesser dependence on the causes in relation to which we contemplate a man's life.

So that if we examine the case of a man whose connection with the external world is well known where the time between the action and its examination is great and where the causes of the action are most accessible we get the conception of a maximum of inevitability and a minimum of free will. If we examine a man little dependent on external conditions whose action is performed very recently and the causes of whose action are beyond our ken we get the conception of a minimum of inevitability and a maximum of freedom.

In neither case—however we may change our point of view—however plain it may make to ourselves the connection between the man and the external world—however inaccessible it may be to us—however long or short the period of time—however intelligible or incomprehensible the causes of the action—may we ever conceive either complete freedom or complete necessity.

(1) To whatever degree we may imagine a man to be exempt from the influence of the external world we never get a conception of freedom in space. Every human action is inevitably conditioned by what surrounds him and by his own body. I lift my foot and let it fall. My action seems to me free but I ask myself whether I could raise my arm in every direction. I see that I raised it in the direction in which there was least obstruction to that action either from things around me or from the construction of my own body. I chose one out of all the possible directions because in that there were fewest obstacles. For my foot to be free it was necessary that it should encounter

get a c ept i f e e u  
u n c o m m u d a s e o d  
p u s e d T o c o n c m y s u  
t h e e x t r a m e t . B u t I m n t w a b t n  
u n f i m d g s o t t h e f i r s t m m e n t w h e n I  
a k e d t h q e s t o n . T i m e h a g o n e b y w h i c h  
I c o l d t d e t a t h r m f i t h n l i s t e d s n o  
l o o v e r t h e s a m e a s t h e a r m f i n w r f r a f r o m  
I f t g n o r i s t h r n w h c h I l i s t e d t h e  
s a m e t h i n w u r r u d s m e T h e m m e n t n  
w h c h t h f i r s t m m e t w a m a d e s r e o c a  
b l d a t t h a t m m e t I c o u l d m k e o l y  
m e m t a d w h t e r m m e t I  
m d e w l d b e t h l y T h t I d d n t  
I f t m y r m m o m n t i t d o e s n t p e t h a t  
I c o u l d h b u t e d I m l i s t g t t h e n  
A d s c e l c l d m k l e m m e n t t  
t h a t s g l m m n t o f t m e i t c o u l d n t h a  
b e e a n y t h e r T o m a g e t a f e t i s  
e s s a y t i m a e t n t h e p r e s e n t o n t h e  
b o u d a r y b t w e n t h p t n d t h e l t u r -  
t h i s i s o u t d u m w h i c h i m p o b l e

(3) H w e r e m c h t h e d i f f i c u l t y I u d e  
s t a d g t h e c a u s e m y b e c r e a d w e e t e r  
r e a h c o e p t I c o m p l e e f e e d m t h t  
m h l

s e a h t c a u s f w t h u t c a u n o p h e n o m  
u s c o a b l e I r a u s m y r m t o  
p e r f r m c t d e p d n t l y I n y c a u s e ,  
b t m y w h t p e r f r m c o w t h u t a  
c a u s e i s t h c a f m y t n

B t e r f - m a g g m a n q u e e x e m p t  
f r o m I l l e s e x a m n g o l y h m o m  
t r y c t t h p e s u e k e d b y  
c a u s e - w e e d t s o f i t l y m a l l  
r e m a d f t a l l t y a s e q u e l e d e r o  
w a h l d e v e n t h t h r m e d t t h e  
c o g I m p l e f e d m n m a n f  
b e g f i e n e d b y t h e x r m f w l d  
t a d t s d e f i m d d p e n d t o f  
c a u s e n o l r e s m a  
I h s a m w a y e n e r m g t h e  
c t u o f m a q d e v a d I f f e e d o m d

e n t r e l y s u b j e c t t o t h e l o f i n e t b l i t y

(1) H w e e r w e m a y e r e m u r k n o w l  
e d o f t h e c o n d i o s o f p a r e i i c h m n  
s s t u t e d t h a t k n o w l e d e c a n n e v e r b e c o m  
p l t e f t h e n u m b e r o f t h o s e c d i s s a  
f i n t t h e n i n t y o f s p e c e A n d i t r e f r e  
I n a n t I l l e c o n d i o n s s u n c n g  
m e n a e d f i n e d t h e r e s n o c o m p l e t e n e v t a  
b l i t y b u t a c e r t a i e s u r e o f f r e e d m r e  
m n s

( ) H o w e v e r w e m a y p o l n t h p e r i o d I  
t i m e b e t w e e n t h e c u n e a e e m n n g n d  
t h e j u d g m n t u p o n t h e p r o d w l l b e  
f i n t e w h i l e t m e n f i n t e a n d s o t h s e  
p e c t t o o t h r e c a n n e e r b e a b s o l t e i n e t a  
b l i t y

(3) H w e e r a c c e s s b l e m a y b e t h c h a n o f  
c a u s a t n f y c c o n w e l l n e v e r k n  
t h e w h l e c h a n n e i t i s e n d l e s s n d s o a g a i n  
w e n e r e c h b i a l u t e n e v t a b l i t y

B u t b e s d e s t h s m a l d r a t n g t h e r e  
m n g m m u m o f f e e d o m t o e q u i z e r o  
w e s u m e d n s o m e g n c a s e - a f r n t n e  
n t h a t o f a d y m n u n b o r n h b e o n  
d t - c o m p l e t e b e o f f r e e d o m b y s o  
d o n g w e s h u l d d e s t r y t h e c r y c o n c e p t n o f  
m n n t h e c a s e w a r e m n g l r a s o o n  
t h e e n o f r e e d m t h e r e i a l s o n o m n  
A n d s o t h e c o n c p t o n o f t h e c t o f a m a n  
s u b j c t s o l e l y t h e l w o f i n e t b l i t y w t h  
o u t a y e l e m e n t f l e d m s j u s t a s i m p o s s  
b l e t h c n p t o n o f a m a n s c m p l e t e l y  
f e e c t

A n d s o t o m d c t n f m n n  
t e l y u b j t t t h e l w o f n t a b l i t y w t h  
o u t y f r e e d m e m u t a s u m e t h e k o w l  
e d g e o f a n f t n u m b e r f p c e r e l t i o n s  
a n f i t l y l n p e r i o d o f t i m a d n  
f i t e r e s f c a u s e s .

T o m g n e m n p e r f c t l y f e e n d n t  
u b j e c t t h l w o f e c a b l i t y w e m u s t  
h a v e d n b e e d

t b l i t y i s I f t h a t m e r e f o r m w t h o u t  
c o t n t .

I n t h e c d c a f f e e d o m w e r e p o s i b l  
w t h u t t a b l i t y w h o l d h r e d  
t u n d u n e d f e d m b e y n d p e c t i m e  
d c a u s e w h i c h b y t h f c t f t b e g u n  
c o d u e d d u r i n g t e d w l d b n t h n g ,  
o m e e o t e n t w t h u t f r m  
W l l d f t h e a c h e d t h o s e t w  
f d m n t a l f w h c h m a n s w l l u t l o o k



on the universe is constructed—the incomprehensible essence of life and the laws defining that essence

Reason says (1) space with all the forms of matter that give it visibility is infinite and cannot be imagined otherwise (2) Time is infinite motion without a moment of rest and is unthinkable otherwise (3) The connection between cause and effect has no beginning and can have no end

Consciousness says (1) I alone am and all that exists is but me consequently I include space (2) I measure flowing time by the fixed moment of the present in which alone I am conscious of myself as living consequently I am outside time (3) I am beyond cause for I feel myself to be the cause of every manifestation of my life

Reason gives expression to the laws of inevitability Consciousness gives expression to the essence of freedom

Freedom not limited by anything is the essence of life in man's consciousness Inevitability without content is man's reason in its three forms

Freedom is the thing examined Inevitability is what examines Freedom is the content Inevitability is the form

Only by separating the two sources of cognition related to one another as form to content do we get the mutually exclusive and separately incomprehensible conceptions of freedom and inevitability

Only by uniting them do we get a clear conception of man's life

Apart from these two concepts which in their union mutually define one another as form and content no conception of life is possible

All that we know of the life of man is merely a certain relation of free will to inevitability that is of consciousness to the laws of reason

All that we know of the external world of nature is only a certain relation of the forces of nature to inevitability or of the essence of life to the laws of reason

The great natural forces lie outside us and we are not conscious of them we call those forces gravitation inertia electricity animal forces and so on but we are conscious of the force of life in man and we call that freedom

But just as the force of gravitation is incomprehensible in itself but felt by every man is understood by us only to the extent to which we know the laws of inevitability to which it is subject (from the first knowledge that all

bodies have weight up to Newton's law) so too the force of free will is incomprehensible in itself but of which everyone is conscious is intelligible to us only in as far as we know the laws of inevitability to which it is subject (from the fact that every man dies up to the knowledge of the most complex economic and historic laws)

All knowledge is merely a bringing of this essence of life under the laws of reason

Man's free will differs from every other force in that man is directly conscious of it but in the eyes of reason it in no way differs from any other force The forces of gravitation electricity or chemical affinity are only distinguished from one another in that they are differently defined by reason Just so the force of man's free will is distinguished by reason from the other forces of nature only by the definition reason gives it Freedom apart from necessity that is apart from the laws of reason that define it differs in no way from gravitation or heat or the force that makes things grow for reason it is only a momentary undefinable sensation of life

And as the undefinable essence of the force moving the heavenly bodies the undefinable essence of the forces of heat and electricity or of chemical affinity or of the vital force forms the content of astronomy physics chemistry botany zoology and so on just in the same way does the force of free will form the content of history But just as the subject of every science is the manifestation of this unknown essence of life while that essence itself can only be the subject of metaphysics even so the manifestation of the force of free will in human beings in space in time and in dependence on cause forms the subject of history while free will itself is the subject of metaphysics

In the experimental sciences what we know we call the laws of inevitability what is unknown to us we call vital force Vital force is only an expression for the unknown remainder over and above what we know of the essence of life

So also in history what is known to us we call laws of inevitability what is unknown we call free will Free will is for history only an expression for the unknown remainder of what we know about the laws of human life

## CHAPTER VI

HISTORY EXAMINES the manifestations of man's free will in connection with the external world in time and in dependence on it that is

## SECOND EPILOGUE

defines the feed m by the laws of re on  
nd so history s sce e only in so far as  
th fee will s defi d by the el ws.

The rec gn u f m n fre will some-  
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in the he e ly bod es ould be for astron  
my

Th t sumpt n would d troy the poss  
bity f the ex t nce f l s t t s f any  
sce ce wh t r If the se n a s n le body  
m g l e ly th n the l s of h pl r and  
Newt e neatu d and n co cept n of  
the m me t of the he enly b dies ny  
l gere m If any ngl ct on s due to f ee  
ll the n t a s gle h sto call can e t  
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erty common to all unknot n nfin tely sm ll  
elements

In nother form but alon the s me p th of  
h oter sc ences l e pr ceeded

erty of attract one a o  
ton of the cau e of tl mo e-

study of the mo eme i o u  
l m nty n n t l e n rrat n of ep les n  
m of nd d l t too sett ng aside the

## CHAPTER XII

bel o yes the m d la s  
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l the p bl m f h st ry  
F m t t dpo t f r m wh ch the s en  
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ow f l l ek g th cau e of nt n  
ma f e w l a c t f e unc t n f l  
l mpos s ble f h w r m n f e w l

m oraphy f th nc nts by u p  
l w t m h th e b en po ble to et n the

O l b ed t l m n t t l  
t h f es m l t h t by reo d g t  
f lly m l q t y ca w n e  
n l es f h b s l t n ess bity f the  
ca es d then te d f k g cau es h  
t r w l k h du ry f l w t s  
p l l m

Tl ch f l es l w h l g b n b  
n d l w thod f h glt h ch  
h r y m d p t b k d ou  
m l e l w h l lides t t w d  
h h e er d s s n d d se t l ca es  
f pl m t l l d m lod f h ry

All m c n es l tra l d al th t  
p l Arr g f es m l m tlem t es  
t f es b l l e p  
es f l d h ew p oces  
f h exrat n f k w f t l m l l  
qua es Ab d g t l co cept n f  
caus m h m cs cek l w th t th p p-

ll But e en afte the d co y u  
of Cope cus t l Pt lema c old vere t l l  
st l d f l g t e

F m the tme d first p rson s d and  
p ed th t l numb of b th r of cr me  
s by e t to m l m t call nd th t l  
m nt d term d by

n wh d h y l d be n bul t e ues y u  
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By refut g the n w l w th f r m v  
f h r y m h th e b e n ed but w th  
ut fut g d m t w uld em mpo ble to  
t u tudy l t c nts as th results

of m f l l F f t n m l e f g  
n t t b l h d t n m grat  
f peoples took pl n e equen of uch  
nd uch g oer pl et l nograph c o eco-  
co d t t l e n the f l l of t l  
l d l w l pp t u t h estab-  
lished th t m de f g o s nme t o occas ned

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And as the undefinable essence of the force moving the heavenly bodies the undefinable essence of history

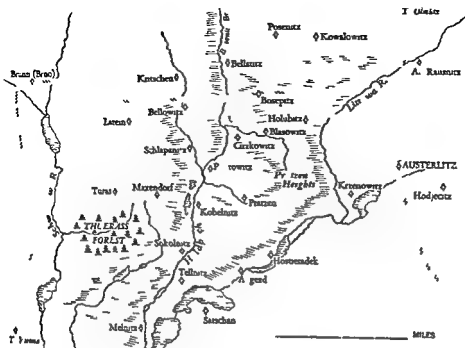
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## CHAPTER VI

HISTORY EXAMINES the manifestations of man's free will in connection with the external world in time and in dependence on cause and effect



I BATTLE OF AUSTRERLITZ



II WAR OF 1805

the migrations can no longer be regarded as the cause

And yet the former history continues to be

philology and geography would dictate its assumptions

The struggle between the old views and the new was long and stubbornly fought out in physical philosophy. Theology stood on guard for the old views and accused the new of violating revelation. But when truth conquered, theology established itself just as firmly on the new foundation.

accuses the new view of subverting revelation

In the one case as in the other, on both sides the struggle provokes passion and stifles truth. On the one hand there is fear and regret for the loss of the whole edifice constructed through the ages; on the other is the passion for destruction.

To the men who fought against the rising truths of physical philosophy it seemed that if they admitted that truth it would destroy faith in God, in the creation of the firmament and in the miracle of Joshua the son of Nun. To the defenders of the laws of Copernicus and Newton, to Voltaire for example, it seemed that the laws of astronomy destroyed religion and he utilized the law of gravitation as a weapon against religion.

Just so it now seems as if we have only to admit the law of inevitability to destroy the conception of the soul of good and evil and all the institutions of state and church that have been built up on those conceptions.

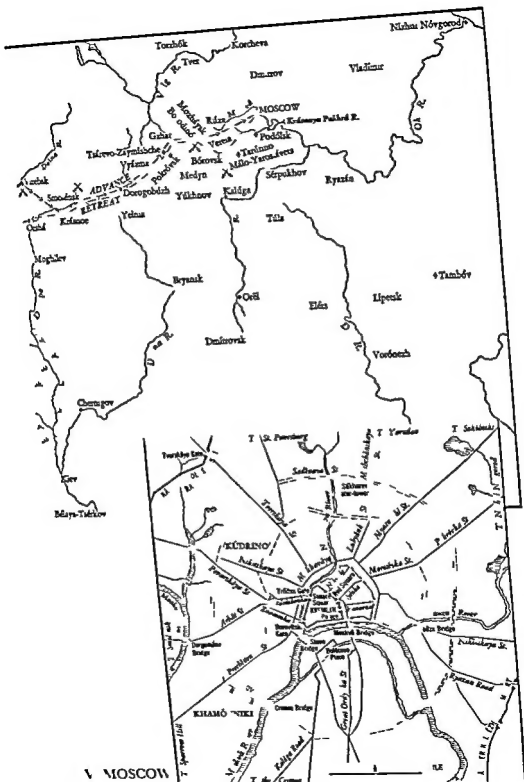
So too like Voltaire in his time, uninvited

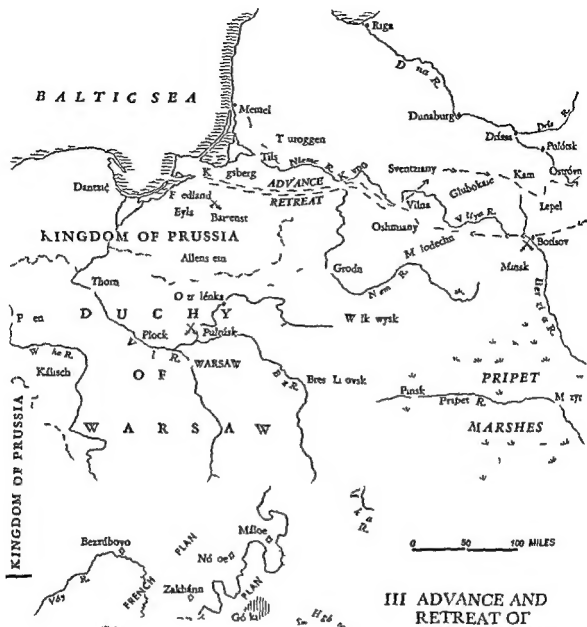
defenders of the law of inevitability today use that law as a weapon against religion though the law of inevitability in history like the law of Copernicus in astronomy far from destroying even strengthens the foundation on which the institutions of state and church are erected.

As in the question of astronomy then so in the question of history now, the whole difference of opinion is based on the recognition or nonrecognition of something absolute serving as the measure of visible phenomena. In astronomy it was the immovability of the earth in history it is the independence of personality—free will.

As with astronomy the difficulty of recognizing the motion of the earth lay in abandoning the immediate sensation of the earth's fixity and of the motion of the planets, so in history the difficulty of recognizing the subjection of personality to the laws of space, time and cause lies in renouncing the direct feeling of the independence of one's own personality. But as in astronomy the new view said, "It is true that we do not feel the movement of the earth, but by admitting its immobility we arrive at absurdity while by admitting its motion (which we do not feel) we arrive at laws," so also in history the new view says, "It is true that we are not conscious of our dependence, but by admitting our free will we arrive at absurdity while by admitting our dependence on the external world on time and on cause we arrive at laws."

In the first case it is necessary to renounce the consciousness of an unreal immobility in space and to recognize a motion we did not feel; in the present case it is similarly necessary to renounce a freedom that does not exist and to recognize a dependence of which we are not conscious.





### III ADVANCE AND RETREAT OF NAPOLEON 1812



### IV BORODINÓ

